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THE

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XVII.

FOR MAY, 1848.

ART. I.—1. *Narrative of the French Revolution of* 1848. By WALTER K. KELLY.
2. *The Three Days of February,* 1848. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN, an Eye-Witness of the whole Revolution.

THE careless observer among those of our countrymen who are even well acquainted with Paris, would have noted, at the commencement of this year, but little that was unusual in its general appearance and tone. He might, perhaps, have remarked, that he encountered fewer of his compatriots in the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Elysées, or Galignani's reading-room; and he might occasionally have heard dolorous complaints from trades-people, that there were far fewer English in the city than was usual. But in Paris itself and its Parisians, he would have found no material difference. If the Opposition was more clamorous, and the Ministry more imperious, this would have promised no more important result than rendering the Parliamentary debates more noisy, and the political journals less readable. All such war of words and shedding of ink had apparently no effect on the habitual gaiety of the mass.

The Cafés and Restaurants were as brilliant as usual with gilding, mirrors, and light; the shops were decked out with all their customary luxury and taste; the demand and supply of Christmas *bon-bons* undiminished. The theatres were as crowded as ever; the criticism of the *parterre*—now rapturous with Alboni's singing, now disgusted with Alexander Dumas' *Hamlet*—as dogmatical and dreaded; the mad riot of the Carnival balls at the opera as fast and furious. A sunny afternoon would bring out all the human butterflies to the Boulevards; a rainy holiday would send them to inspect the various museums as heretofore. There were neither fewer artists in the Louvre, fewer readers in the public libraries, nor more devotees in the churches. There was the usual amount of science and literature at the Institute—of epigram and repartee in the *salons*—of lectures at the Sorbonne—of soldiers loitering in the streets—of nursery-maids and children in the gardens of the Tuileries. Care-forgetting, pleasure-loving Paris wore her usual gay aspect. Yet before the second month of the year should be ended, the same Paris was to accomplish a revolution which should not only dethrone a king, but sweep away a monarchy.

But if the superficial observer saw little unusual in the aspect of Paris at the beginning of the year, any one who was better acquainted with the French character, and bestowed a more thoughtful glance at its existing manifestations, could have foretold the approach of some mighty change. It was not so much the stormy debates in the Chamber of Deputies, nor the eloquence of the Count de Montalembert and the pertinacity of the Marquis de Boissy among the Peers, nor the fierce denunciations of the Opposition press, nor the vacillating feebleness—alternately bullying and cringing—of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Conservateur;* it was not so much even the concentration of military force in and around Paris—so expressive of palace-apprehension and weakness; nor the positive prophecies of a revolution, such as we ourselves heard, which foreshadowed the event that was to come; —so often had such prophecies ended in ridiculous unfulfilment, such debates in vain words, and such assemblings of troops in mere parade. It was not, in fact, anything

outward or overt which foreboded the catastrophe; nor, indeed, do we see that any one individual fact, up to the very moment of the Revolution, could be pointed out as having been adequate to cause so mighty a result as a forced abdication, and a radical change in the form of government. But there was a suspicion abroad, throughout the land, which of long growth had ripened to conviction, that the king was false to his people—that an enormous system of corruption and extravagance was undermining the integrity of the country, and ruining its finances—that the interests of France at home and abroad were sacrificed to those of the Orleans dynasty—that a disguised, but not the less real, despotism occupied the throne—indeed, that everything which had been gained by two revolutions was in danger of being reabsorbed; and that all this was not an accidental or an evanescent state of things, but the result of a policy deeply planned and unrelentingly pursued—the working out of an elaborate system, which had been matured, it might be, even before its author was raised to the position from which it was to be put in practice.

This distrust of the king was all but universal; and to it he may ascribe the loss of his throne. For though the Republican party was far from being insignificant, it was still a small minority, and certainly would never have seen its hopes realized, if the universal people—attached to monarchical institutions as they were—had not felt that trust was no more to be put in princes, when they found that, under the Sovereign whom they had themselves set up, and whom they had fettered with so many restrictions in a carefully pondered and amended charter, they were in a worse condition than before, and that the whips of his predecessor had been exchanged for very scorpions.

This feeling of want of confidence in the king any careful observer might for a considerable time have read in the physiognomy of France. And to any thinking and unprejudiced man, considering the position of things, and aware of the character of the people, it plainly told that a change, and a great change, had become as imminent as it had long been desirable. For beneath much that is frivolous in their character, there lies an energy and intensity for which the French too seldom get credit in other countries. It is not merely excitability, it is a resoluteness and determination scarce paralleled among other nations, not sustained by the same determined perseverance which distinguishes the English, but irresistible in its first impetuosity, and terrible if it have been long restrained. No people, moreover, are more ready and more qualified to act without leaders, and to rise without previous concert. When an impulse sufficiently strong is communicated to them, they act as one man—animated by one spirit—extemporizing chiefs as they go along. And it is further very characteristic of them, that when labouring under any grievance, they are ever ready to act upon the maxim, that any change must be for the better: they endeavour to rid themselves of it without inquiry as to what will replace it, and "rather than bear the ills they have, they fly to others that they know not of." They exhibit, in short, at this day, the very character given to their Gallic ancestors in the concise words of Cæsar—"omnes fere Gallos novis rebus studere, et ad bellum mobiliter celeriterque excitari."

When, therefore, it was considered how acts the most arbitrary were openly practised, and acts the most corrupt were universally suspected, it was impossible for any thinking man—knowing the ardent and restless character of the nation—who mingled with the people, and saw the feeling—right or wrong—imprinted on their minds, not to apprehend a crisis, and that at an early period. And if the late Revolution took the people of Britain by surprise, it was very much because they are in general ignorant of those essential peculiarities of the French character which we have on that account shortly insisted on. Reasoning from themselves, and judging by their own way of going to work, they do not understand how revolutions can be accomplished without organization, without meetings and associations and leagues, all of which—constitutional, regular, and efficient modes of procedure, as we consider them, and as with us they are—together with their implied staff of leaders and pamphleteers and committees, of secretaries and treasurers and subscription-lists, so far from being indispensable to the French, would be the very means to chill the energy and repress any movement of a people who are so accustomed to act upon impulse, and require neither appointed chiefs nor preconcerted schemes.

Before proceeding to a narrative of the events during the late Revolution, it may be well shortly to recall to the reader's memory its real, however apparently inadequate, cause.

Not a session of the Chambers had for fifteen years gone by without a demand being made for Electoral Reform, couched in one shape or another. Yet reform was far from being a generally popular desire till the result of the general election of 1846. At that election the Guizot ministry obtained

an immense majority—as it was believed, by means of every kind of corruption and undue influence. Among its supporters were nearly two hundred salaried functionaries, most of them liable to removal at will. This gave a vitality and energy to the Reform movement it had never before known. In the stormy session of 1847, distinct and specific charges of corruption were made against the Ministry. The trial of M. Teste and General Cubières showed that there was at least good reason for inquiry; and the subsequent affair of M. Petit, when the scandal was carried on within the Cabinet of the incorruptible Guizot himself, has since indicated that the suspicions then existing were not wholly without foundation. But any inquiry whatsoever the Ministry refused. Trusting to their numerical strength, they took what may be called a vote of confidence; a great majority declared themselves "satisfied" with their conduct, and they considered their triumph complete. This ill-advised step produced a disastrous effect upon the country. If the Ministry, it was said, succeeded in packing the Chamber by corruption, who could expect that the corrupted would be otherwise than satisfied with the corrupters? And the result naturally was, that instead of regaining the confidence of the nation for themselves, they only impaired it for the Constitution under which such things could be; for men, having the fruit before them, and seeing it bad, argued that the tree must be rotten upon which it grew.

The Constitution, however, they were still loath to touch. In electoral reform they continued to place great hope. To promote it the Opposition resolved to appeal from the Chamber to the country. Agitation was to be their weapon. A series of "Banquets" was resolved upon; the author of this system being M. Duvergier de Hauranne. The first took place at the Chateau Rouge, a large tavern at the Barrier of Paris. Twelve hundred guests were present, of whom eighty were Deputies. Other banquets followed in the different provincial towns—Lille, Rouen, Orléans, Limoges, Montpelier, Lyons, Strasbourg, and more than fifty minor places had each its own.

Differences, it is true, arose between the various grades of the Opposition. The Republicans separated from the dynastic and more moderate section. The latter had begun by omitting to toast the king's health, meaning nothing more than a personal insult to the occupant of the throne; but the extreme party, in continuing the omission, declared that nothing less was meant thereby than a protest against the existence of a monarchy. A Gironde and a Mountain had already appeared. M. Odillon Barrot, the leader of the constitutional Opposition, was excluded from the banquet at Lille, and had puns made on his name at the banquet of Macon; M. Ledru Rollin, one of the Republican chiefs, and now Republican Minister of the Interior, being in revenge excluded from the banquet of Amiens.

But, notwithstanding these grave dissensions among themselves, the banqueters were doing serious injury to the Government. The Ministry resolved to face the danger and act firmly. Working, therefore, on his susceptible feelings, they persuaded the king to adopt, in his speech at the opening of the Session, the expressions which soon after became so famous, and which, in some respects, have now a melancholy interest.

"Gentlemen,—The more I advance in life the more devotedly I consecrate to the service of France, and to the care of her interests, dignity, and honour, all the measure of activity and power which God has given and continues to me. In the midst of the agitation fomented by hostile and blind passions, one conviction animates and sustains me; and it is this, that we possess in a constitutional monarchy, and in the union of the great powers of the State, sure means of surmounting all these difficulties, and of satisfying the moral and material interests of our dear country. Let us, in conformity with the charter, firmly maintain social order and all its conditions; let us, in conformity with the charter, faithfully guarantee public liberty and all its developments; so shall we transmit intact to the generations which shall succeed us the deposit confided to our trust, and receive their blessings for having founded and defended the structure, under shelter of which they will live happily and free."

Unhappily for Louis-Philippe, the blindness was all on his own side. He was not destined to devote the rest of his life to the service of France, to surmount all the difficulties before him, or to transmit intact to his posterity—and receive their blessings for it—the deposit confided to his charge. His real enemies were those whom he believed his friends. One voice, it is said, and that one generally of great authority with Louis-Philippe, was raised against this expression of royal pique and ministerial imprudence. His sister, Madam Adelaide, who (if his hesitation was real) did so much to decide him on accepting the Crown in 1830, is believed to have advised him against a course of policy which has ended in his losing it in 1848. But she was unheeded; and as if Heaven meant to punish his infatuation, the wisest and most faithful of Louis-Philippe's counsellors died—died just in

time not to witness her brother's fall, and share his misfortunes; for it was only in the first days of this year that he followed her remains to lay them in the family tomb at Dreux, by the same road which, within two short months, he and his were to take on their flight into exile.

The royal Address was delivered, and, as was to be expected, the epithets "hostile" and "blind" roused all the wrath of all the Oppositions. The debate on the answer, which was as usual a mere echo of the speech, and so reproduced the offensive expressions, was of the very stormiest kind; but the Ministry of course carried their point, and on the 14th of February the Address was voted. From that day the feud between the portion of the Chamber which found itself insulted, and that portion which had insulted them, became mortal. Defeated in Parliament, the Opposition were strong in public opinion, and an occasion for a trial of strength on a different ground soon presented itself.

Paris is divided into districts or wards, called *arrondissements*. The electors of the 12th of these had resolved to organize a Reform Banquet, and it was, at first, fixed for the 19th February. This was the little cloud which was to send down a revolutionary deluge.

The Banquet was forbidden by the Prefect of Police, M. Delessert, on the express injunction and responsibility of M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior. The Committee of the 12th *arrondissement* resolved to pay no regard to the interdiction, and intimated their intention to the Prefect. The members of the Opposition held a meeting, and unanimously agreed to accept the invitation they had received to the Banquet, which, after having been more than once postponed, was finally fixed for the 22d February. Here then was a mutual defiance; the quarrel was reduced to its simplest elements.

Both parties made their preparations—the Opposition for an overwhelming popular demonstration, the Government to vindicate its authority. On Monday, the 21st of February, the Opposition journals of the morning contained an address, issued by the General Committee of the Banquet. It set forth that they had chosen for locality a part of the capital where the width of the streets and the openness of the ground would admit of a multitudinous assembly meeting without inconvenience; for it was now resolved not only to have a banquet but a procession. Those who had been invited were to assemble on the Place de la Madeleine, at eleven o'clock, forenoon; but besides these the National Guards (unarmed), as well as the students of all the various colleges, were to form part of the *cortége*, and, of course, all Paris would have gone to witness the show. They were to proceed by the Place de la Concorde, to a pavilion erected for the purpose in the grounds of General Thian, nearly at the other extremity of the Champs Elysées, a distance of nearly a mile and a half. All this was arranged on the faith of a kind of understanding which had been come to with the Government, that they did not intend forcibly to prevent such a demonstration, but only to hinder the Banquet itself taking place; and, accordingly, it was resolved that the first summons from the authorities to disperse should instantly be obeyed under protest, in order that a clear and simple issue might be brought before the tribunals. Both parties stood strong on their legal right of doing all they did.

The Government on its part was not idle. The horse-artillery at the depôt of Vincennes, a fort about two miles to the east of Paris, infamous as having been the scene of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, was ordered to be ready harnessed on the morning of the day appointed for the Banquet. Fifty cartridges were served out to each man of the Municipal Guard and the garrison of Paris, who were kept confined to their barracks. The troops in the neighbourhood were in readiness to march on the capital. It was even said that the forts surrounding Paris had begun to be armed, and that those of Montrouge and Aubervilliers were already provisioned; and when all was over, a letter was found at the Ministry of War, in the hand-writing of the Duke de Montpensier, demanding the transport to Paris of seventy-two more pieces of artillery. The troops concentrated on Paris amounted to at least 70,000 men; and to conceive aright of the force at the disposal of the Government, it must be kept in mind, that by the peculiar disposition of the forts round Paris, the city might actually be starved in a few days, provided, that is to say, the troops remained faithful.

Their fidelity, however, might well have been suspected. Besides their notorious reluctance to act against the people, there was unquestionably a strong Republican spirit among the soldiery. Some eighteen months past we chanced to be driven by stress of weather in the Bay of Biscay into the Isle Dieu, which has a garrison, the acquaintance of whose chiefs we made. One of their favourite songs had for *refrain* the words, "Voilà pourquoi je suis Républicain," which, being sung by an officer, at the time astonished us not a little; but the

remembrance of the glories and honours which followed the establishment of the former Republic, possessed too many charms, for the army not to calculate the chances which another Republic might afford them of a war, to develope new Junots, Murats, or Napoleons.

Thus, on the 21st February, the two hostile parties were in presence. The day had passed over quietly, when in the afternoon a new act of the Government precipitated matters. They took upon themselves to forbid the whole affair. M. Delessert issued two proclamations. In the first, after declaring it had been the intention of the Government to have permitted the entry of the guests into the pavilion of the Banquet, hoping that they would have had the good sense to retire at the first summons, so as to bring the matter distinctly before the Supreme Court, he went on to say, that matters were entirely changed when a dangerous demonstration was intended, which went to set up another authority by the side of the constituted authorities of the country, and actually proposed a contravention of the law of 1831, by which any such convocation of National Guards as was contemplated was expressly prohibited. He therefore issued an order interdicting the meeting, at the same time intimating, that all necessary means would be taken to assure the execution of the decree. The second of these *ordonnances* was directed against the assembling of mobs; and besides these, an address, bearing the signature of General Jacqueminot, was issued to the National Guards, cautioning them against taking any part in the proposed demonstration.

These proclamations gave rise to another scene in the Chamber of Deputies, in which M. Odillon Barrot and M. Duchatel played the chief parts. The result was another meeting of the Opposition, and the issuing by them of a counter-manifesto, to the effect that they now found themselves in the dilemma either of provoking a collision between the people and the authorities, or of renouncing the "legal and pacific" demonstration they had contemplated; that they declined the responsibility of such a result as the former, and therefore left the Government to answer for the consequences that might flow from the alternative: finally, that they had resolved on impeaching the Ministry, and would immediately present their accusation. The real truth was that the dynastic Opposition now recoiled.

These successive acts produced, as may be imagined, a great ferment on the evening of Monday the 21st; but still none dreamt of what was yet to come. Rumours, it is true, had been rife of an approaching revolution, but they were usually treated as a jest. On the previous Saturday evening, for instance, we were present at a *réunion* in the Avenue des Champs Elysées—where, by the way, we signed two Anti-Slavery petitions to the Chambers—petitions which were never destined to be presented—when one of the party, addressing our host, said with mock earnestness—"Sir, I and some of our friends here have to beg of you to allow us to occupy your windows on Tuesday next, in order to see the Revolution pass." We saw the jester some days afterwards, and reminded him of his joke. "My friend," he replied, "as it turned out, we only required to go to our own doors to see the Revolution pass—and that both to and fro." And even on the morning of Thursday the 24th, the first day of the Revolution, happening to call on a clergyman of the Reformed Church, he invited us to attend a religious meeting in his house on the Saturday following, he and we little expecting that if we had then met, our prayers, instead of being for the king, must have been a translation of the formula—"Domine salvam fac Rempublicam."

The evening of the 21st, we have said, was agitated. Men saw that things had become more serious then. There was a kind of hollow ominous murmur throughout Paris, like the sound of the coming storm. It was the voice of the people—whispering; to which it is ever well to take heed while it yet whispers: otherwise it will speak, and that in thunder.

The evening papers which contained the ordinances, were eagerly bought at three or four times their usual price. Knots of people formed, and here and there, by the flare of a torch borne by a boy, one man would read aloud to the rest, who formed an eager auditory, and on whose faces the red light showed indignation or apprehension, according to the party they espoused. All, however, were equally gloomy, and though there was much laughter it was not of mirth.

Yet, by the morning of Tuesday, all this seemed, at first, to have evaporated. We walked up the Champs Elysées, nearly to their end. It was a raw, cold morning, with gusts of wind, and they looked most desolate, as indeed they always do look at this season from the contrast they present to their appearance in summer. Instead of the crowds of gay and gaily dressed people sauntering under the trees, or lounging on chairs, or sipping their coffee, and listening to the music at the cafés: instead of the laughing groups at the puppet-shows, charlatans, and conjurors, at the weighing-ma-

chines, merry-go-rounds, and pop-gun targets; instead of the tiny carriages full of happy children, and drawn by goats with tinkling bells, there is nothing in the Champs Elysées during winter that is not dismal. The cafés are deserted, the goats are gone, the chairs are piled upon each other, the ground is a mass of clammy mud, and as the keen blast howls past you through the trees, you wonder you could ever have felt grateful for their shade.

Thus desolate to us seemed the Champs Elysées, as we returned towards the Rue de Rivoli, wondering at our own curiosity, which had brought us to so empty a scene, and in such weather: for we had seen no sign of any effervescence, and indeed had scarcely met a human being. But as we got further down the avenue, we began to encounter more people. They came at first only two or three together, but soon there was a stream—lads, working-men in *blouses*, shabby-looking personages with republican beards composed the majority;—a great many were speaking German. They seemed to have no object, and merely to be loitering about.

But the further we proceeded, the more and more numerous did the people become, till on arriving at the Place de la Concorde, and looking up the Rue Royale, we saw that a pretty dense crowd was assembled at the Madeleine, and we found that notwithstanding the proclamations, and that the opposition had abandoned their Banquet, a procession was actually to take place. We overheard a man, who seemed to know something about the matter, declare that they proposed to march to the Chamber of Deputies, and sing the Marseillaise before the portico. Such was the trifling object of the demonstration, and yet it ended in a Revolution.

But there was much criticism. Almost universal blame was now attached to M. Odillon Barrot, and those of the Opposition who had retreated at the critical moment, after making themselves so busy previously. In the second *arrondissement* even their resignation of the seats in the Chamber was demanded, in order that the country might judge and express its opinion of their conduct. The concluding paragraph of their manifesto—"In abstaining from going to the Banquet, the Opposition performs a great act of moderation and humanity; it knows that it remains for it to accomplish a great act of firmness and justice"—was held up to ridicule as an empty bravado; for this "great act of firmness and justice" consisted in nothing more than the impeachment of the Ministry, which might have been a just, but assuredly was not a very bold proceeding. The conduct of M. Odillon Barrot and the majority of the Opposition, certainly contrasted but poorly with that of eighteen Deputies of the more advanced party—Dupont (de l'Eure) and Lamartine being of the number, which included besides no fewer than three Peers of France, Messieurs de Boissy, d'Alton-Shee, and d'Harcourt. These strongly protested against the recoil, insisting that the Opposition should go on with its purpose, and accomplish its threatened act of defiance to the Government. Who were and who were not, the men of nerve and action, began now clearly to be seen—it is unnecessary to say in favour of which division the popular voice pronounced.

Meanwhile the crowd continued to increase, and in proportion as it did so, the quarter of the town in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine became more agitated. Shopmen began to put up their shutters, crowds of the curious hurried to the scene, and those who remained at home stood in their door-ways, or under the *portes cochères*, and talked excitedly. Everybody was making inquiries, and none could give any satisfactory answer: we do not know how often we were asked what had happened, what was happening, and what was going to happen? for in point of curiosity not less than of excitability and love of change, the French—or at least the Parisians of the present day, answer in a wonderful degree to the description given by Cæsar of the Gauls—"It is their habit to make travellers stop, even against their will, and to ask them their news about anything they may have heard or may know."

We passed through some of the streets adjacent to the Madeleine. Part of the Place round the church was now occupied by the 21st Regiment of the Line, and there were also mounted Municipal Guards on duty. About eleven o'clock a body of students, about fifteen hundred strong, who had marched from the Pantheon, and had been joined on their way by about as many workmen from the Faubourgs, came up in a body —students and workmen mingling together in tolerable order. They sang at times the Marseillaise, and at times the hymn of the Girondins, at present so popular in Paris. We returned to the Place de la Concorde, which was now very crowded. As the western terrace of the Tuileries gardens commands a view not only of the Place, but of the Chamber of Deputies, we mounted there to see what passed.

The view from this point is one of the most striking in Paris. In front the avenue of

the Champs Elysées stretches away in a long straight line till it is terminated, at the distance of a mile and a half, by the Arc de Triomphe. To the right are the fine façades of the Ministère de la Marine, and the ancient Garde-Meuble ;—to the left is the Seine, crossed by the Pont de la Concorde, at the end of which is the Grecian portico of the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies. The Place de la Concorde, immediately in front, with its obelisk, its massy gilt lamps, its fountains, and its statues, presents a very noble appearance, while behind are the gardens of the Tuileries, bare and bleak enough just now, but beautiful in summer, when their square-cut trees present one mass of green, and their cool fountains sparkle in the sun.

We had not been long on the terrace when the procession made its appearance, issuing from the Rue Royale. It slowly worked its way through the crowd to the end of the Pont de la Concorde, which leads from the Place to the Chamber of Deputies. Here they found their march stopped by a double line of dragoons and chasseurs à cheval. But a heavy cart standing hard by, they conducted it to their front, and flogging the horse, sent the vehicle whirling in among the cavalry, while the crowd dashed in behind it. They then advanced to the Chamber of Deputies, forced the gates of the railing, and ran up the steps. Some, it is said, had even penetrated to the interior, when a sudden panic seemed to seize them, and they all ran down again.

Thus timorous were the men who, within two days, were to front death so fearlessly at the barricades, and such is the divinity which doth hedge those in possesion of authority, even in Revolutions, at the first. The crowd, however, were still in occupation of the area in front of the Chamber, when we saw advancing along the Quai d'Orsay, a strong detachment of mounted Municipal Guards at a sharp trot, headed by an officer on a white charger, whom we afterwards understood to be General Tiburce Sebastiani, brother of the Marshal of that name, and uncle of the unhappy Duchess de Praslin. The troopers drove the crowd before them along the bridge—but without drawing their sabres, and then formed in front of the Obelisk. A body of dragoons and a squadron of hussars also took up a position in the Place. There was a good deal of groaning and hooting at the Garde Municipale, but the dragoons and other troops were well received. *Vivent les dragons !* was frequently repeated. Some stones were thrown, slight charges were at times made, and expresses rode off in all directions, but there was not yet much feeling of irritation among the mass, or of anxiety among the commanding officers. A charge having been made, some of the crowd took refuge in one of the fountains, which are of great size, and were then dry ; but the water beginning suddenly to play, all speedily jumped out, looking very ridiculous.

Such was the first scene of the drama. The locality was singularly appropriate for the commencement of the Revolution. The Pont de la Concorde is formed of the stones from the demolished Bastile, and the Place, which first bore the name of Louis XV., afterwards took that of the Revolution, for which its present name, bestowed on it at the Restoration, is, we believe, again to be changed. Here, moreover, it was that the crowning sin of the first Revolution was perpetrated, for " near where the southern fountain seems eternally to lave the pavement," the head of good King Louis XVI. fell.

In the centre of the Place stands the Egyptian obelisk, brought some years ago from Luxor, after many difficulties, surmounted with great skill. How strange has been the lot of that block of stone—through how many changes has it passed! How much human passion has writhed round it since it first emerged from its quarry on the Nile ; what waves of mortal destinies have rolled by it! On its native shore, the Pharaohs, Cambyses, Alexander, the Ptolemies, Cæsar, Omar, Saladin, Selim, Napoleon, successively passed under its shadow ; and here, from its base, Louis-Philippe stepped out to exile !

We walked through the town and saw considerable excitement, but nothing at all alarming. Reports, however, were current, that there had been some fighting in the Faubourg St. Marceau, that some half-dozen municipal guards had been carried wounded to the hospital of Val-de-Grâce, and that they had had a captain killed ; that the guard on the Rue Geoffroi-Langevin had been disarmed ; that a gun-maker's shop near the Porte St. Martin had been broken into, and the arms carried off: but everybody had his own story, and all were different. In the quarter where we were, the guard-houses in the Champs Elysées were taken, and the troops driven away ; many lamps and some windows were broken ; the railing of the Church of the Assumption was torn away, probably with a view to its furnishing levers with which to turn up the pavement ; two poor fruit-women were unfortunately trampled down and killed in a charge made by the troops ; the shop of M. Lepage, an armourer in the Rue Richelieu, was broken open by means of the pole

of an omnibus used as a battering-ram; in the Rue St. Honoré barricades even began to be formed: but the affair was still only a riot, and the people a mob.

At three o'clock, however, matters became more menacing. A band of ruffians went along the Boulevards breaking the shop-windows on their way. New attempts were made to raise barricades. In the Rue St. Honoré, and the Rue de Rivoli, we saw two carriages and an omnibus overturned. A guard-house in the Champs Elysées was burned. The people were getting irritated.

The troops at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were reinforced, and no one was allowed to pass along the foot-pavement in that quarter. M. Guizot was perfectly aware of his unpopularity. Close to this a municipal guard was grievously maltreated by the mob; his horse had fallen with him, and the prostrate man was nearly murdered by blows and kicks; for the people were yet cowardly, and so of course cruel.

The crowd in the Rue Royale had become so dense that it was with difficulty we got through it to the Place de la Concorde. At the moment we arrived there, and were about to pass in front of the Ministry of Marine, the cavalry made a charge, and now no longer with sheathed swords. The people dispersed before the troopers, and closed again when they had passed; several persons, however, were wounded, for the charges were frequently repeated. The feeling towards the regular troops continued friendly, notwithstanding—as indeed it did in almost every case to the very last. It was very different with the municipal guard. That body seemed universally detested.—"*A bas la Garde Municipale*" greeted them everywhere. We saw one of them riding inoffensively along the Rue Rivoli, when he was suddenly assailed by a shower of stones from both sides of the way, from which, however, the poor fellow, putting spurs to his horse, escaped unharmed.

And here it may be as well to explain the nature of the different forces employed in Paris before the late Revolution. Besides the regular troops divided into the usual arms of the service, there were the Garde Municipale, the Garde Nationale, the Sapeurs-Pompiers, and the Sergens de Ville. There was no police similar to the police force in our large towns; for the "agents of police" were merely a detective force, except when they were employed as spies in political matters, and they were very few in number. The Sergens de Ville were picked men, armed with swords, but there were not more than three or four hundred of them. The Municipal Guards were also picked men, but they were formed into regular companies, disciplined like soldiers, and armed like them—the infantry with musket and bayonet, the cavalry with carbine and sabre. The Sergens de Ville have been dismissed since the Revolution, and the Municipal Guard has been disbanded. The Sapeurs-Pompiers were and still are the firemen. They, too, are regularly disciplined and drilled, have their own barracks, and wear a regular uniform. Lastly, the Garde Nationale consisted of all the citizens enjoying a certain degree of income. They received no pay, and their equipments were made at their own expense. This force amounted on the 1st of February to 56,751 men, and on the 18th of March to 190,299, for the Provisional Government has changed its constitution, and now every Parisian can join its ranks, as those who cannot afford it are equipped at the expense of the State. They now form the police of the town, whose duty formerly fell to the Sergens de Ville and the Garde Municipale. It was this, indeed, which made the latter so obnoxious during the Revolutionary struggle, and caused them to maintain an unflinching hostility to the people, long after most of the regular force had sided with the movement. During the whole course of the events, while cries of "*Vive la Ligne! Vivent les dragons!*" and the like, saluted the troops, the municipal guard were received with groans and execrations wherever they were seen. As for the Sergens de Ville, not one was to be met, at least in uniform. The people asserted that they were dressed in plain clothes and employed as spies; and so early as Tuesday one poor fellow fell a victim to this suspicion, having been stabbed on the Place de la Bastile under the eyes of the Municipal Guard, who were not quick enough to save him.

Proceeding by the Place Vendôme we met a regiment of the line preceded by its band; it forthwith took up its position along one side of the square, probably to be in readiness to act in case of any attack on the hotel of the Minister of Justice, M. Hébert, who was particularly disliked by the people, on account of some legal proceedings in which, as prosecutor, he had strongly urged a case of constructive conspiracy,—"*A bas Hébert, l'inventeur de la complicité morale,*" was one of the most frequent cries. We then returned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the excitement seemed on the increase. "*Vive la Réforme—à bas Guizot,*" was everywhere shouted and yelled. It is curious that Guizot's old rival, M. Thiers, was undergoing at this moment some rather rough treatment in the Champs Elysées.

Some lads and boys having recognised him, treated him to a kind of mock triumph, from which the quondam minister escaped with some difficulty. He had just left the Chamber of Deputies, which sat that day for the last time but one. M. Odillon Barrot laid on the table his motion for the impeachment of the Ministry, but, with the exception of this incident, nothing whatever passed relating to the existing state of things, the Chamber being occupied with the discussion of a bill concerning certain privileges of the Bank of Bordeaux! This silence on the state of the city was one of the strangest facts of the Revolution. Privileges of the Bordeaux Bank! Even so did the Byzantines discuss the light of Mount Thabor with Mahomet II. beneath their walls. "Oh! 'twas not then a time for tame debates, ye men of Gaul!"

In the Chamber of Peers the Marquis de Boissy made an ineffectual attempt to obtain a hearing on the occurrences of Paris. How could it be otherwise? If the worthies who composed the French Chamber of Peers had listened to anything on the subject, they would have exhibited a degree of intelligence of which they had long appeared bereft.

Things were in this sufficiently alarming state when we left Paris for one of the suburbs, intending to return in the evening, when we doubted not the tumult would increase, and we wished to be there to see. It is said that at noon, Marshal Bugeaud, on beholding the crowd in the Place de la Concorde, exclaimed, rubbing his hands—"We shall have a day of it!" and that M. Guizot replied—"For the day I can answer; but I am not without uneasiness for the night." M. Guizot's anticipation was natural enough; and yet the evening was less agitated than the day had been, and the night was perfectly tranquil. It is true that about five o'clock the national guards were called out—without, however, any great number of them answering the summons; that at eight the King, with two of his sons, passed in review the troops, amounting to several thousands, who were on the Place du Carrousel; and that several minor incidents occurred, which at another time would have been considered grave; but nothing surprised us more than the appearance of the city when we returned. Though many of the shops were at least half-shut, the Cafés and Restaurants were as gay as ever; at the corner of every street the wine-shops were doing a thriving trade, for shouting "*A bas Guizot*" and "*Vive la réforme*" makes men thirsty; the tobacconists, too, found themselves busy, for smokers and snuffers snuff and smoke most when they are agitated. The bakers' shops, so commonly the object of attack by a Parisian mob, were open; and even the *charcutiers*, with their displays of sausages, hams, tongues, preserved meats, and other delectable things likely to tempt hungry rioters, had not generally thought it necessary to close.

The city seemed relieved from much of its anxiety, as if it thought that the effervescence had worn itself out, and that all was right again. The streets were certainly more crowded than usual. Knots of persons talking eagerly were frequent; and from time to time the roll of drums was heard, as a body of troops passed along. But so different was the whole scene from what we had expected to find, that we were like most others deceived by the outward appearance of the place and people, and we were already saying to ourselves that the drama we had witnessed during the day had been no other than "Much ado about nothing."

We resolved, nevertheless, to make a tour through the town, and so directed our steps towards the Hôtel de Ville, so famous in revolutionary annals, and always in such cases a centre of commotion. When we arrived there we saw something that startled us. That part of the Place nearest the building was occupied by troops, and in the midst of them we thought we could distinguish in the darkness—a piece of cannon. To make sure, we asked a bystander, an intelligent-looking young workman in a blouse—one of the class, in short, who were to accomplish the Revolution—and we received for answer, in as emphatic a whisper as we ever heard, "Oui, Monsieur, c'est un canon." So then, thought we, those who should know best are far from being of opinion that all is over. They must think it now only beginning. Cannon in the streets! an unsightly spectacle—a sad necessity, indeed, even when justifiable!

Leaving the Hôtel de Ville we crossed the right branch of the Seine, to the Ile de la Cité, by the Pont d'Arcole, which takes its name, not as might be naturally supposed from the battle, but from a young man who was killed on it in 1830, when rushing on with a tricolor flag at the head of the insurgents. Passing under the dark shade of venerable Notre-Dame, we traversed the island—everything was tranquil in that easily excited quarter. We then went up the Rue St. Jacques as far as the Panthéon—the centre of another inflammable district—the Quartier Latin—where students and grisettes abound. Here, too, however, all was

perfectly quiet. It was now, it is true, getting late. We made a call in this neighbourhood on a philosophical friend, whom we found hard at work, as he had been since the afternoon. We observed to him that he resembled Archimedes in Syracuse; on which he smiled, and said, as he brandished a most formidable instrument of brass, used, we believe, in experiments on the polarization of light, that such might be the case, but that certainly he would die rather harder. He laughed when we expressed our opinion that the King would have to sacrifice either M. Guizot or M. Duchâtel, or both, as a sop to Cerberus—so little did even well-informed men believe in the instability of the Ministry, far less of the throne. Yet within thirty-six hours Louis-Philippe was a fugitive in a one-horse coach!

As we returned homewards we found the streets in general deserted, save by the occasional patrols. In some quarters, indeed, it was different—the troops bivouacked in many places. It was a strange and unpleasing sight to see these campings in the heart of a city, yet it was picturesque in the extreme. The piles of arms, the soldiers scattered about, the short march to and fro of the sentinels, the groups of dark-cloaked officers chatting and smoking, all seen by the dusky light of the watch-fires, with the houses high and dark for a background, formed a scene to please a painter's eye. At the fish-market the soldiers had apparently discovered that the stalls on which the fish are exposed for sale made very good bedsteads, and there they reclined, making themselves as comfortable as they could, with their knapsacks for pillows. "Pretty fish you make," we said to one as we went by. "Yes," replied the man good-humouredly, "fish like these" (and he waved his hand towards his comrades) "are not to be found in the market every day."

In the Faubourg through which we passed on our way home everything was still. There was not even a patrol. Everything, too, was dark. For a great capital Paris is very ill lighted. The brilliancy of the principal streets in the evening is entirely owing to the illumination of the shops, and when these are closed there is darkness—indeed, the more so from the contrast of the previous hours. We went on through the narrow streets, where there was now no sound save that of our own footfall, and no light, except occasionally, high up in the attics of the tall houses, where some poor needle-woman was still at her painful task, or some hard student burned the midnight oil. But in those dark and silent houses, though we knew it not, there were doubtless many a plotting head and ready hand at work. Many a cartridge was made that night, many a rusty weapon burnished; for if Paris had gone so unexpectedly to apparent rest, it was only to gather strength and material for the next day's struggle, which, whatever we may then have thought, we now know had been resolved on. Asmodeus would have been an invaluable counsellor for Louis-Philippe that night.

The next day came, Wednesday the 23d of February. Going through the town, we found that barricades had been raised in several streets, and that there had been some fighting—all, however, with advantage to the troops, who had destroyed the barricades, and that without any serious loss. Whatever plots and preparations were hatching in the secret haunts of the Republicans, there was in general nothing more than feverish excitement in the minds of the people, leading, indeed, at some points to grave riots, but likely to produce no great political result, and to die away of itself. Here and there a few men with arms were to be seen, more frequently, however, boys or lads, and the graver and more sensible part of the community looked on such with pity, as exposing themselves to sad consequences, without an object as without a hope.

The streets were once more crowded, but the crowd consisted chiefly of the curious, anxious like ourselves to know what was going on. The National Guards, however, appeared in greater force than before. "*Où vas-tu?*" said we to a friend whom we met in full uniform; "*Mourir pour la patrie*," replied he, laughing, in the words of the favourite *refrain* of the day.

At some points an irregular combat was carried on for a considerable part of the day. The apparent tranquillity of the night had not deceived the authorities, and they were well prepared. Early in the morning some occasional barricades had been thrown up, and a few of these were defended for a short time. The troops, however, or the Municipal Guard, easily carried them at the point of the bayonet, and scarce a shot was fired on their part; and, whatever may have been the views and hopes of the Republican Clubs, there was no prevailing expectation of a general battle—so little so, that in passing through a street which was afterwards a very important centre of action, we found a crowd of people regarding with great curiosity the mark which a single bullet had made on the side of a window. The same people who twenty-four hours later saw without concern scores falling dead at their side, regarded a wounded man carried past to the hospital with the usual interest that the in-

habitants of a peaceful town bestow on an accidental hurt.

The Government, however, had increased its preparations. More cannon had been brought from Vincennes, and planted on the Place de la Concorde, the Place du Carrousel, and the Quais. Troops were drawn up across many of the streets to prevent the passage even of pedestrians; so far was this carried, that in one instance we saw a workman prevented from entering a street near the Boulevards, though he declared he lived in it, and only wished to reach his home. The National Guards had been called out in the morning, and were under arms all day.

Towards noon we went along the Boulevards from one end to the other. They were strongly occupied by the troops, but the passage was free. We had not gone far before we found two pieces of cannon pointed along the street, and accompanied by their ammunition waggons as on a field of battle. Strong bodies of cavalry were posted at distances, others patrolled backwards and forwards. The troops and their horses seemed fatigued, the men had moreover a depressed air, as if they were engaged in a service they did not like. All were covered with mud, having been on duty throughout the night, and at each saddle hung a small bundle of hay for forage. In general they were not drawn up in order, but merely stood in readiness to act, many of them being dismounted, tightening or loosening a girth, or arranging as best they could their own disordered dress. The regimental farriers had all their instruments with them, and adjusted the shoes of the horses on the spot. All the balconies and windows were crowded: as a mere spectacle the effect was magnificent.

In the Place de la Bastile there were more cannon, and a very large body of troops. At the Hôtel de Ville, to which we thence returned, all passage by the Quai was refused, even to an old woman, who pleaded very earnestly and volubly for it. She went to one after another of the burly dragoons who barred the way: they were inexorable though polite, and the poor creature hobbled away scolding. At the moment we left the Hôtel de Ville, to seek a passage into the centre of the city by the tortuous streets in the neighbourhood, a discharge of musketry was heard, proceeding evidently from regular troops, as it was simultaneous and not spattering. The people, who had been eagerly talking, were in a moment silent, looked significantly in each other's faces, and listened. Only a young girl cried out, "On commence."

She was right; it had begun. Not only had numerous barricades been made, but they began to be defended. There was a good deal of fighting in the streets adjacent to the Rue St. Martin. But the most significant symptom was that the Garde Nationale began to fraternize with the people, or, at least, to refuse to act against them. The second legion made so open a manifestation of its temper, that its colonel, M. Baignères, went off to the Duc de Nemours, and declared he could not answer for his men. M. Besson, the colonel of the third, did the same to General Jacqueminot. Four or five hundred of the 4th marched to the Chamber of Deputies, and presented a petition for reform. M. Lemercier, colonel of the 10th, having with his own hand arrested a man who cried "*Vive la Réforme!*" the Guards interfered and liberated him, informing their commander that "*Vive la Réforme!*" was but the expression of their own sentiments, whereupon M. Lemercier wisely withdrew. The 13th, which forms the cavalry, discovered similar sentiments to their colonel, M. Montalivet. On our return to the Boulevards, we met a large body of them marching along the streets, accompanied by an immense crowd of every description, amid loud cries of "*A bas Guizot—vive la Réforme!*" in which they joined, waving their hats and shaking hands with the people, while handkerchiefs appeared at every window, and the streets rang with cheers. This movement of the National Guard of course decided the question; because then, if not now, it was the arbiter of fate. The troops, it was well known, would never fire on it. Those on whom alone the Ministry depended, were become its most serious foes—thus, often "from the means of safety dangers rise." Nevertheless, the troops of the line and the Municipal Guard were still engaged at several barricades, ignorant, of course, of what was going on beyond their own immediate vicinity.

Suddenly a rumour, speedily confirmed as authentic, ran along the Boulevards, which are almost an electric telegraph, for swift transmission of intelligence. Thence it was carried into the cross-streets, and in an incredibly short space of time was known in the remotest and obscurest parts of Paris; but hours were then as days. Never did news give more general satisfaction; everywhere as it passed, the musket was thrown up and the sword sheathed; the barricades were abandoned by the people; and the soldiers, fighting against their will, heard with evident pleasure the order to retire. Every face brightened; men drew their breath more freely, as if after long suspense; all was congratulation and triumph; men grasped each other's hands, clapped each

other's shoulders; very little more would have made them dance! The news of a great victory, at a critical juncture, could not have excited more enthusiasm. And, in truth, a great victory had been gained, and at a critical juncture. The Guizot Ministry had been dismissed! The Ministry which had cheated England, imposed on Spain, thwarted Italy, threatened Switzerland, and betrayed Poland, while it courted Russia, cringed to Austria, and humbled France—had fallen! Fallen too without pity, without honour, without dignity; fallen in full possession of all the eloquence and talent of its chief, which they now found were nothing without political honesty; fallen with all their boasted majority in the Chamber, whose representation of the country they now demonstrated by their own disaster, to be a juggling pretence. "All is over now, everything is going right," were the literal words in every mouth. Even the Republicans, who had been so long prepared, and had so impatiently waited for their opportunity, thought their time not yet come; still they appeared, if they did not feel, content. But though in general the satisfaction was for the time sincere, the impression did not last, and it only required an accident to rekindle the flame.

The King had sent for Count Molé; and though this was neither a popular nor a politic step, no one was at first disposed to gainsay it. "We have overturned the *system*," said a working man to us, "and it is all one to France who the *Minister* be." But when men reflected a little, they began to think it wise to suspend their judgment till they saw what the end should be. The dismissal of the Guizot Ministry had been a concession, not to the moral force of public opinion, but to the threatening aspect of a popular outbreak. It came too late. It had not been granted, but extorted. This taught the people how strong they were—a dangerous lesson in such cases, for if they had obtained so much, why should they not demand all? The Republicans—few, but very energetic—did not despair. The affair, they trusted, might still be turned to account. Unfortunate indeed for the monarch was the character of *rusé*—dissimulator, which he had acquired among his people—his sincerity was doubted, they feared some new trick. Paris remained watching the course of events, in tranquillity, but with suspicion. Towards evening, indeed, there were some additional barricades raised in the quarter of the Temple, and there was some fighting in the Rue Bourg l'Abbé between the people and the Garde Municipale; but the latter surrendered to the National Guard, and the people were appeased. In general, there was the appearance of contentment for the time; nothing more was demanded than the impeachment of the Ministry, in addition to their dismissal.

At nine o'clock that evening Paris presented a magic spectacle. Every house and every window was illuminated. Thousands of variegated lamps gave forth their mellowed light, and contrasted agreeably with the brilliancy of the gas. These lamps were generally arranged three by three, and were meant to represent the tricolor; but we remarked, that from some cause or other, what would have been white, red, and blue, were respectively yellow, orange, and green. This, however, though it might have displeased a patriotic eye, did not in any degree lessen the marvellous effect of the scene.

As might be imagined, the streets were crowded: every one had come out to enjoy the fairy-land into which Paris had been transformed. Working men in blouses, priests in frock and sash, trim grisettes without bonnets, *gamins* of all ages, Egyptian students in red Fez caps, Germans with yellow beards, Americans in extravagant cloaks, Englishmen in all their national composure, thronged the broad pavement, talking, jesting, laughing, smoking, and admiring. Even richly dressed women, for perhaps the first time in their lives, found themselves on foot in the streets, leaning on the arm of a husband or a brother—in the uniform of the National Guard.

All the marble tables in all the cafés were occupied, and the white-aproned waiters were in full employment. Everybody had a newspaper, and in every quarter the fall of M. Guizot was read by the light of the illumination it had caused.

We had seldom seen so brilliant a sight. We had, it is true, been present at the fêtes of July, but at these the illumination was confined to the Champs Elysées, and, though beautiful, had not the picturesque magnificence of a whole city in a blaze of light—and that city Paris, with its tall houses of five, six, or seven stories. The last fête of the kind at which we had been present was that of Louis Philippe in May last; we little thought then that the next illumination we were to witness should be on the eve of his abdication. Alas! it was also to many a brave man the eve of his last day on earth—nay, many of those now so gay and full of life, were to lie dead upon the Boulevard within the hour. A dreadful catastrophe was at hand.

We lounged along the Boulevard as far as the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères—in the morning the official residence of M.

Guizot. It was illuminated, very poorly however, for a single row of lamps along the wall of the court-yard constituted the whole affair. We found the passage barred by a double line of troops drawn up across the Boulevard, and we therefore retraced our steps. We had not gone far when we met a motley procession of boys and lads, with a few men, among whom were some National Guards. Those in the van carried torches, Some bore tricolor flags, and they had among them a few swords and guns. They advanced singing the Marseillaise, and shouting *Vive la Réforme*, but they were perfectly orderly, and so far from exciting apprehension in the crowd who stopped to look at them as they passed, the greater part laughed at the important air with which they waved their torches and flags, or bore their weapons. All they proposed to do was to go and sing the Marseillaise before the Ministry of Foreign Affairs! So insignificant did the demonstration appear to us, that we had not the curiosity to follow them, and we continued our course. But we had not gone a hundred yards when the roll of musketry rang sharp along the Boulevard—then came a confused cry—and in an instant after, a mass of people fled past—men without hats, women with torn dresses, terror in the faces of all. We turned back and made our way to the spot where the fire had been delivered; it was at the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères. The Boulevard was strewed with hats and fragments of dress, and, further on, close to the line of soldiers, lay killed and wounded men. We felt the pulses of between twenty and thirty, almost all of whom were dead. Those who were not, were carried with great promptitude to the neighbouring apothecaries' shops, where their hurts were examined. Some died on the way. In this massacre sixty-three persons were struck down, the victims being of both sexes and of every age and condition, for the fire had been delivered across the whole breadth of the Boulevard, which was crowded with people. Almost all of those who were struck were killed, for the muzzles of the muskets were actually touching those in front, and some of the soldiers had even, it is said, to retire a pace in order to present their pieces. In many cases the bullet had passed quite through its victim. Amongst the dead we noticed a soldier, who must have been passing at the time he was thus slain by his comrades; he was a remarkably fine looking young man, and lay on his back with his head supported by his knapsack, and a smile on his lips—"like a warrior taking his rest."

After ascertaining as far as possible that all the wounded had been removed, we went to the shop of O'Grady, in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, the apothecary to the British Embassy. There was a man of Herculean proportions lying dead at the door; he had ceased to breathe as they carried him thither, and there they had left him, not uselessly to encumber the place. Inside, several of the wounded were stretched on the floor, and the place was besieged by anxious people, who came to look at them, and fearful of recognising some dear face. We shall never forget the agony of one poor lad, whom grief seemed to have rendered frantic and incapable of doing anything; he had come to look for his father, but was obliged to lean against a tree to support himself. *Mon père, ah mon père!* he cried in heart-rending tones.

The circumstances which led to this tragedy were as follows:—The band of men and boys which we met, had encountered at the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères the soldiers who barred the way. Their leader, an officer of the National Guard, stepped forward and asked permission to pass. This was refused; but the National Guard persisting in his request, they were still in parley, when, from some cause not yet rightly explained, the officer commanding the troops thought his party was attacked, retreated behind his men, and, without the thrice-repeated summons preceded by the beat of drum—which is required by law, and corresponds to our reading of the Riot Act—gave the word, "*En jeu—feu,*"—present, fire! which order was obeyed with the blind obedience which constitutes one of the virtues of a soldier. Nevertheless, many of the troops must have humanely fired in the air, otherwise the results would have been still more serious, for they were two hundred in line, and as we have said, the Boulevard was crowded. The greater proportion of the victims were peaceable and harmless citizens, whom curiosity and the illumination had drawn from the homes so many of them were never to regain alive. The exact truth of the matter, however, will not be known till the trial of the officer in command, which he now awaits in prison.

Such was the disastrous accident which was the immediate cause of the Revolution. The Republicans, who had begun to think their opportunity was gone, immediately set to work—few in number, but very energetic and active—to improve the occasion; nor was it difficult. In two hours, late as it was, the event was known all over Paris. The illumination—everything was forgotten except a blind desire of vengeance for the slaughter of so many innocent persons. "It

was the 14th of the line who did it," they cried, for they had found out the number of the regiment to which the two companies belonged, "and we were such fools as to cry *Vive la ligne!* ah, 14th! you have signalized yourselves indeed!"

Seventeen of the killed were placed on a tumbrel, and drawn slowly through the town; those who conducted the melancholy procession every now and then uncovering the corpses and pointing to their death-wounds—the pale unmoved faces of the dead contrasting horribly in the glare of the torch-light with the features of those around, convulsed and flushed with passion as they were. And everywhere as the tumbrel passed, a thousand and a thousand voices cried, "*Aux armes, aux armes, vengeance pour nos frères!*"

We went to the house of a friend to wash off the blood with which our hands had been stained, and again proceeded along the Boulevards. The change that had already taken place was striking. The streets, which an hour before had been so brilliant in their illumination, were now comparatively dark, and the people that had been so gay, now wore a look half-sad, half-stern. Barricades were rising in all directions; the clank of the lever and the pickaxe, the rattle of stones, the measured blow of the hatchet, and the crashing of falling trees, told how the work went on. Strange to say, the troops offered no interruption, though barricades were raised within a few yards of some posts. They prepared to bivouac, as before, in the streets, piled their arms, and lit their fires. We walked through a considerable part of Paris, and everywhere the same scene met our eyes. At the Hôtel de Ville the bivouac was particularly picturesque. The troops of the line and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, seated on their knapsacks, and crouching round the fires, made what supper they could, or smoked their pipes, while the dragoons, wrapped in their long white cloaks, looked like so many ghosts by the light of the burning wood, whence ever and anon the wind, which was blowing strong, whirled up a myriad sparks, high over head on every side.

We returned to the Boulevard, and resolved to pass the night there. Accident made us choose, as our halting-place, the barricade at the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. It was already far advanced. That in the Rue Montmartre, directly opposite on the other side of the Boulevard, was finished. Amongst the materials of which it was composed, a hackney cabriolet had been overturned and laid against it, but so gently had this been done, that one of the lamps was still burning. We lit our pipe at it. We had furnished ourselves with a pipe as having an anti-aristocratic air; for, to say the truth, we had never hoped that the Parisians, with so little exception, would have shown the perfect good feeling which they manifested, and that absence of all animosity except against those with whom they were actually engaged, which so honourably characterized them in their late contest. When they entered a house for the purpose of demanding arms, they were scrupulously polite, and endeavoured in every way to calm the fears of the inmates; in many instances they refused arms because they were too highly ornamented; one man having got possession of a richly ornamented sword, took out the precious stones, and returned them to the owner, saying the blade was all he wanted.

The barricade where we were was finished before one man out of twenty of its defenders was armed. On making this remark to a young man who took an active part, he replied, "Soyez tranquille, Monsieur, nous en aurons bientôt!" And, in truth, by little and little, muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, sabres, daggers, and every description of weapon, appeared. Ammunition also became gradually provided. Everything was done with astonishing method, judgment, and coolness. There was neither hurry nor confusion. There was little of the talkativeness and bustle which often characterize the French. The barricade was not a mere mass of stones roughly heaped together, but was carefully built; when it was finished, a man armed with a musket took the post of sentinel, and a tricolor flag was planted on the top. The men had evidently counted the cost of their enterprise, and were prepared to go on with it, conscious of the desperate nature the contest was likely to assume—for no one expected that the victory would have been so cheaply purchased as it was. They had made up their minds to brave it, for now had broken out their long pent-up indignation against the king—every ancient grudge was called to mind, and they resolved to bear no longer. And so, "breathing deliberate courage," "le peuple souverain s'avance."

The tactics of the Government—said to have been planned by Marshal Gérard, the hero of Antwerp citadel, if heroism there were—were of the simplest but most efficacious kind; efficacious at least as long as the troops were willing to put them in execution. It will be seen by reference to a Plan of Paris, that the Boulevards, on the right bank of the Seine, form the arc of a circle, of which the Quais present the chord; that the Rue St. Honoré—terminating at the

Halles or Markets, and the Rue de Rivoli—skirting the gardens of the Tuileries, lie parallel to the river; and that the Rues St. Martin, St. Denis, Montmartre, and Richelieu, run nearly at right angles to it, and so connect it with the Boulevards. To keep all these lines of communication clear, to occupy in force some prominent positions, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Halles, the Place de la Bastile, and, above all, the Tuileries, with the contiguous Place du Carrousel and the Louvre—to keep light columns in motion, so as to disperse at once any large gathering of people, and to hold in hand some larger bodies capable of being thrown with celerity on any given point—these were the most important features of this strategy, and from the very first it was put in practice, for the Government certainly had expected a riot, or even an insurrection, though far from being prepared for anything like a Revolution.

The aim of the people, on the other hand, so soon as it came to fighting, was equally simple:—first to throw up as many barricades as possible in every direction; to harass the troops by this guerilla warfare, and disconcert their movements by cutting off their communications; then to converge as much as possible on the Tuileries, was all they had to do; except—and this was the most important part of all—to gain over the National Guards. This last, however, they found already done.

As to the Tuileries, another glance at the Plan will show that they are a long narrow building, one end of which abuts on the Quai, and the other on the Rue de Rivoli; that in front and extending to the Place de la Concorde, are the gardens which bear their name; and that in the rear, is the Place du Carrousel with the quadrangular Louvre at its other extremity. It will be seen also that the Palais Royal comes down nearly to this last mentioned place, from which it will be understood how the attack directed against the Tuileries came to be made from that quarter, and why the Château d'Eau, which is in front of it, made so desperate a resistance; for as regarded the attack, the possession of the Palais Royal gave the insurgents a base on which to act, and a rallying point in case of a reverse; while, for the defence, the retention of the Château d'Eau was important, inasmuch as it lay between the Palais Royal and the Place du Carrousel, and so commanded the communication between them.

About day-break we left the barricade, and went home, returning to the scene of action early in the forenoon of this, the decisive day. We found the barricade of the Faubourg Montmartre retrenched by another, about a hundred yards further up the street, and in each of them a piece of cannon was placed in battery. These had been abandoned by the troops on the Boulevard. There had been considerable fighting. The wounded were attended to in shops turned into temporary hospitals, those of the troops who were hurt receiving as much care from the people as their own friends. The garrisons of the barricades were now numerous and well armed; every one had a weapon of some kind. Of course, their general appearance was grotesque enough. One man had, perhaps, a sabre without a scabbard, swung from his neck by a cord; another, with a dragoon's helmet and the crossbelts of a foot-soldier, bore nothing offensive but a pike formed from a street-rail; boys of twelve or fourteen had muskets which they could scarce carry, while active men had nothing but knives. The variety of lethal weapons was astonishing, but every one had something, and hoped soon to have something more; for in many cases the military voluntarily yielded their weapons to the people.

While the Parisians had been busy witht heir barricades, Louis-Philippe had not been idle. Marshal Bugeaud, whose energy is well known, was appointed commander-in-chief both of the National Guards and of the troops of the line, in room of Generals Jacqueminot and Sebastiani; in other words, a terrible butchery was at one time contemplated. On being asked if he thought he could master the insurrection, the humane Marshal replied, "I cannot be sure of that; but I can promise to kill thirty thousand men!"

Shortly after this appointment Count Molé was set aside, and a Ministry composed of Messrs. Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, de Remusat, and Lamoricière, was installed. The latter took the place of his old commander, and the Duke d'Isly was superseded just about the very time his nomination appeared in the *Moniteur*.

And now, behold the glorious results of the banquets! Behold M. Duvergier de Hauranne, whose invention concocted the first, M. Odillon Barrot, whose want of nerve recoiled from the last, and M.Thiers, whose cunning detained him from them all, placed at last on the summit of their wishes, each with his portfolio in his hand. But, alas! they have been calling spirits from the vasty deep, and these, to their terror, have appeared! At all events, however, they are ministers—destiny allows them to enjoy the sweets of office for the space of seven hours. And yet, had M. Thiers and his colleagues been called in the day before, it would probably not have been—*too late*. But now, with the barricades reared and manned, it is absurd.

Their proclamation, though announcing that the firing is suspended, that the Chamber is to be dissolved, and that they—the leaders of the Opposition, are actually ministers, is torn down as fast as it is put up.

And now every street had its barricades; a long one was traversed by several. The Rue St. Martin, for example, was crossed by thirty or forty. Some of these were prodigious works, capable of resisting even artillery for a time. Some had regular loopholes. On all of them waved a flag—red or tricolor; men cannot fight without a flag. At the sound of the tocsin in the morning, the people had taken their places, and since then, they had maintained the conflict with almost unvarying success. Nor is this to be wondered at. If they wanted the discipline and experience of the troops, this was amply compensated by other circumstances. In the first place, they were fighting enthusiastically for a principle; the soldiers, against their will, and only in obedience to orders. They were protected by the barricades, their adversaries were exposed, not only to the fire from these, but to every kind of missile from the windows of the houses. And again, troops, who would mount with unshaken gallantry, the deadliest breach, become dispirited when they know that behind one barricade there is another, and another—and a hundred, while even those they may succeed in storming, will be occupied again as soon as they are left; for it would be impossible, in many parts of Paris, to cut off the communications of the insurgents, in the quarters of narrow and crooked streets, where the officers probably had never set foot. They could, of course, have no idea of the ground, and so, could never succeed in effectually occupying it, while every turn is familiar to their opponents, the inhabitants of the district.

As was to be expected, the battle, wherever it was seriously joined, was murderous. Two bodies of men, firing on each other at a distance of a few yards, cannot fail to do terrible execution. The severest conflicts during the course of the day were at the barricades in the vicinity of the Halles, near the Rue Rambuteau. At other points also it was very hot at times, but it is not our intention to dwell on particular localities, as the same general features everywhere prevailed. Nor is it our purpose to repeat the scores of tales which are current as to the acts of individuals—one-half of these being false, and many others trivial, exaggerated, or told of different individuals in different localities. One or two, however, are worthy of notice. In the Rue Mauconseil, a barricade was attacked by a detachment of troops. A young man among the defenders, was seen several times in succession to mount the barricade so as completely to expose himself, and to take deliberate aim with constant success. The soldiers repeatedly fired at him, but without effect, till at last their commanding officer gave orders to desist. On seeing this determination, the young man shouldered his musket and left the scene without again charging it! In the Rue St. Honoré, a lad mounted a barricade with a tricolor flag in his hand, which he wrapped round his body, calling to the soldiers, "it is your own colours, fire on it if you dare!" An officer was summoned to deliver up his sword to the victorious people; he broke it over his knee, and gave them the pieces. Another, a lieutenant of the Garde Municipale, was likewise called on to render his sword, and also to cry, "*Vive la république!*" A musket was presented to his breast; he drew his sword, yielded it to one of the party, and cried "*Vive le roi!*" They admired his courage and let him go unharmed.

Marshal Bugeaud, the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier, General Lamoricière, and finally the King himself, had successively passed in review the troops assembled in the Place du Carrousel. This looked as if things were to be pushed to extremities. Nevertheless, attempt after attempt was made to induce the people to lay down their arms. The first was at the Boulevards. M. Odillon Barrot, Horace Vernet the painter, and General Lamoricière, used all the power of their eloquence to calm the insurgents, but they only met with insult; "*Pas de trêve;* no truce! citizens, be on your guard against these wheedlers!" was the only answer they received. In the Rue Richelieu, General Lamoricière, and Moline Saint-Gon, the latter of whom bore a small palm-branch in his hand, met with no better success. A third attempt was made in the Rue Rohan, by General Gourgaud, who announced the abdication of Louis-Philippe in favour of his grandson: but even this came too late.

At twelve o'clock deputies from the people had been admitted to the Place du Carrousel, to announce the terms they would accept. The place was crowded with ammunition and provision wagons, and with troops of every arm, including several squadrons of cuirassiers. It seemed as if they were disposed to stand a siege. "But in the palace," says the *Presse*, the editor of which, Emile de Girardin, was present, "every one was in the deepest affliction. The saloons were full of generals and others, asking news, but offering no practical ad-

vice. Several members of both Chambers were present. MM. Thiers, de Lasteyrie, Dupin, Emile de Girardin, arrived in succession, the last-mentioned of whom, who had come alone across Paris, decided the King to sign his abdication." We shall only say in passing, that if M. de Girardin actually played the part he assigns himself, it must have doubled the bitterness of Louis-Philippe's draught, to receive the cup from such a hand.

The deputation of the people, after a short parley, had retired dissatisfied, and the fighting had recommenced. The abdication was now signed: but even this was not enough; the conflict continued. All the interest had become concentrated upon a single point. The men of the barricades had pushed their approaches in every direction close up to the Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel. The Palais Royal had fallen into their hands. This mass of building consists of two parts; the first—which faces the Château d'Eau—is the palace properly so called; the second, and much the larger portion, the source of the wealth of the Orleans family—being their private property, is a magnificent oblong, with colonnades running round it, and open only to pedestrians. The ground-floor of the houses forming the quadrangle, is devoted to shops and cafés, the upper stories to dwelling-houses and general purposes. The centre is ornamented with fountains, statues, and trees; and though the Palais Royal is no longer what it has been, the general view of it, especially at night, is one of the most striking things in Paris. This part of the Palais Royal, being all private property, was carefully respected, but the palace itself, belonging to the King, was completely sacked. Everything was broken in pieces, thrown out of the window, burnt. Furniture of the richest kind, books, papers, everything destructible was destroyed. The royal carriages were burned before the palace. The wreck afterwards presented a curious juxtaposition of articles. Among a heap of broken glass and torn papers, we remarked a piece of a piano-forte and the handle of a saucepan. Now that they were in occupation of the Palais Royal, the people directed their attack on the Château d'Eau, on the opposite side of the small Place and between them and the Place du Carrousel, which is as it were the key of the Tuileries. The Château d'Eau, a long building of two stories, with some seven or eight windows in each, was occupied by a detachment of two hundred men from that same 14th Regiment which had already so unhappily distinguished itself. They did not, however, at first confine themselves to the building, but defended their post with great gallantry from the inside of the railing in front. They fired by platoons, the people responding by irregular but brisk discharges. The siege lasted two hours. General Lamoricière was wounded in the hand, while attempting to mediate. At last some of the citizens rushed out from the side of the Café de la Régence—Etienne Arago, who has so often during the last eighteen years shown daring in every possible way, and who is now Provisional Postmaster-General, being among the first—a musket in his hand; a company of National Guards followed, the soldiers were driven into the building, and the attack was now one of close quarters. But the people had a powerful auxiliary at hand. Throwing themselves into the Rue de St. Thomas du Louvre, on which the wing of the Chateau d'Eau abuts, they heaped up immense quantities of straw against the wall of the building and set fire to it. The flames and stifling smoke began to surround the Chateau, the defence slackened—ceased. Cries arose from within—some of the unhappy victims made an effort to escape, but all were immediately massacred, among others their commander, a *chef de bataillon*, who was thrust through with a bayonet by a man of the people. Those who remained, to the number of about fifty, were all burned or suffocated, and among them several of the insurgents who had been made prisoners the previous evening, and temporarily lodged in that building.

Deplorable as it is to have to record such a scene, we must remember, in the first place, that, according to the savage laws of war, the attempt to defend an untenable post may be punished by putting the garrison to the sword, so that the troops only met with the fate which in similar circumstances they would probably have inflicted on others; and, secondly, that men do not fight in cold blood, and that the people had been engaged either working or combating—most of them without food—since the preceding day. After they had seen their fathers, brothers, sons, and even their wives struck down at their side, and in sight of their homes, it is not to be wondered at if a resistance so prolonged and so useless—for the capture of the Tuileries was already known—should have exasperated them to the last degree. Yet very little would have sufficed to calm them—"They killed my brother at the Palais Royal," cried a young man afterwards at the Place du Carrousel, "and I must kill some one of them." "Whom can you kill," said a National Guard to him, "who would not also be your brother?" It

was finely said, and the fury of the other instantly abated. This massacre at the Chateau d'Eau is, however, the only event of the kind which, as far as we know, occurred during the Revolution, except the same thing on a smaller scale, which took place at the Place de la Concorde, where a party of Municipal Guards were killed, with a solitary exception. He was saved by a brave young woman, who, at the suggestion of an officer of the Sapeurs-Pompiers, rushed forward at the risk of her own life, threw her arms around the poor fellow's neck, and claimed him as her father.

During the attack on the Chateau d'Eau, important events had been succeeding each other at the Tuileries and the Chamber of Deputies. The King and Queen had left the Palace by the semi-subterraneous passage, which—passing along the whole length of the gardens under the terrace, *du bord de l'eau*—emerges at the gate on the Place de la Concorde, in front of the obelisk. There Louis-Philippe, leaning on the arm of Marie-Amélie, crossed the Place as far as the asphaltic pavement, where their progress was somewhat impeded by the crowd. Though no insult was offered they appeared to labour under great apprehension. The ex-King took off his hat and waved it, ejaculating something which no one caught. Her Majesty misinterpreting some re-assuring words which a gentleman addressed to her, repulsed him with the words "Laissez-moi!"

Within a yard or two of the spot where Louis XVI. was guillotined, two small one-horse carriages were waiting. The King and Queen entered the first—in which were two of the royal children, and the vehicle drove off at a furious pace—the poor infants standing at the windows and looking out with all the unwitting curiosity of their age, at the scene around them. An escort of two hundred troopers rode beside. In the second carriage were two more of the children, and the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier. The latter, it is said, had been forgotten in the hurry of escape, and was very nearly left behind. One account describes the poor young creature as so terrified that she refused to quit hold for a moment of the arm of the gentleman who accompanied her; while another represents her as saying with a smile, at the moment of departure, that her own country had accustomed her to such things, for that twice she had only been saved by being carried off in a sack.

Thus did Louis-Philippe quit the splendid Palace which, eighteen years ago, he entered as the chosen of the people; thus did he now leave that people; and their only cry was—"Let him go!" Such was the departure of Louis-Philippe from Paris, which owes to him so many of its finest monuments—thus did Marie-Amélie leave the Parisians, whom her bounty had so often clothed and fed,—"and no man said, God bless them." Where were now the creatures of the king? Was there not one to show at least a decent regret at this funeral ceremony of his royalty? No; they were calculating for themselves—arranging their own plans—preparing to do as they so soon did, to adhere to the new order of things—professing enthusiasm for a republic, and intriguing for other places. Where was the chivalry of France, at once so eager to respect misfortune and to shield it? Dead—at least among the higher classes—or at all events afraid to compromise itself. Where were the king's personal friends? The answer would be painful. Charles X. had friends; but this deserted monarch went forth again into exile—not as before, in the vigour and with the hopes of youth—but in his old age, forsaken and forlorn, leaning on the arm of his wife.

Meanwhile, another scene was acting in the Chamber of Deputies hard by. We do not propose to enter into details, because we were not present, and accounts vary. The leading facts, however, are, that the Duchess of Orleans presented herself with her two sons, as if to claim the regency conferred on her by the late king at his abdication; that a warm discussion on the subject had commenced, when the hall was invaded by a mob of armed men, who broke open the doors, took deliberate aim at individuals—amongst others at M. Lamartine, who was in the Tribune—and by their acts and appearances vividly recalled to memory similar scenes in the Convention; that the Duchess retired during the tumult; and, finally, that by this Assembly a Provisional Government was approved of, named, and constituted. Not from France, not from Paris, not from any authority, not even from any Club, but from the sweet voices of the mob who burst into the Palais Bourbon, did the Provisional Government receive its commission. Its title is of course a bad one; but what power originally shows a better? It can boast, at all events, that it does not spring either from intrigue or violence of its own, whatever may have been the intrigues of the Republican Societies, and the violence of those who immediately named it.

Meanwhile the Tuileries had been captured, and entered by the people without opposition, the troops retiring precipitately as they advanced. When the Palais Royal

was taken, it was, as we have already stated, completely sacked. In the Tuileries, however, a distinction was made; they were not, like the Palais Royal, the private property of the House of Orleans, but the public property of the nation. Hence they were respected; and to guard against the thieves who were of course to be found among the multitude that entered, the people took upon themselves the protection of property, and the punishment of offenders. "Les voleurs seront mis à mort" was chalked upon the walls, and the threat was actually carried into execution; for a man being detected in the act of making off with a piece of plate which he had stolen, was immediately shot by some of the others, a label bearing the word "voleur" being hung round his neck, to designate his crime and explain the cause of his punishment. It was diverting to see the childish way in which the people amused themselves—throwing themselves laughing on the rich chairs and sofas, ogling themselves in the mirrors, and performing a thousand tricks of school-boys in the absence of their master. They carried the throne of Louis-Philippe on their shoulders to an open space, and there they burnt it, remarking as they marched along, that now the throne was really supported by the people. They tasted the wine in the cellars, and pronounced it bad; accounting for this by saying, that a king's wine had never time to become old in the Tuileries. While many instances were afforded of poor men and hungry taking faithful charge of coin, of precious jewels, and of other valuables, they were far from scrupulous as to things of no intrinsic value:—the papers of the ex-king, for example, were all ransacked; they had found the key of his private desk in a tea-cup—and letters from the different members of the royal family were soon in everybody's hands.

Next day the scene was not less curious. All fighting being over now, the principal localities of the conflict were visited with intense curiosity—the marks of the bullets on the walls were minutely examined—the barricades, which of course still remained, were centres of gossip and street-oratory. There were humorous things too:—on M. Guizot's late hotel a board was affixed, bearing the words, "*Boutique à louer*"—shop to let. A man of the people exclaimed—"And they say we are lazy! why yesterday we swept out a Court and two Chambers!" Another, alluding to M. Arago being one of the Provisional Goverment, cried—"Yes, my friends, all must now go well, since we have amongst them the man who manages the sunshine and the rain." One trait of generous feeling pleased us much. A placard full of gross insult to Louis-Philippe having been posted in the Rue Richelieu, it was immediately torn down with indignation.

On all the public buildings the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, were painted, and the destination of many of them was changed. The Tuileries, for example, were on the very first day assigned as an hospital for aged and infirm working people, and took the name of *Hôtel des Invalides Civils*. As is usual after a Revolution, there was a general changing of names, everything "Royal" being discarded, everything Republican being in fashion. The *Place Royale* became *Place de la République*, the *Place de la Concorde* is again to be the *Place de la Révolution*. The colleges changed their names—the theatres, some towns, and even ships—the corvette *La Couronne* became *La Barricade!* An unfortunate *chaudronnier* in the Rue Duphot had *Royal* for his family name; a friend of ours saw him outside his shop, eying wistfully the fatal word, and ready, probably, to change it to *National* on the first hint. It is even said that some zealous Republicans objected to one of the tigers at the Jardin des Plantes being allowed to retain the title "tigre royal," till it was pointed out that the tiger being a cruel, treacherous, and cowardly creature, it was really well named, which was admitted to be true. A *bon-mot* of Armand Marrast is also worth repeating. Prince Louis Napoleon having hastened to Paris to offer his services and sword to the Provisional Government, M. Marrast thus addressed him: "France accepts this sword if it is the sword of a private soldier, but not as that of a *petit caporal*." The prince, it is well known, received shortly afterwards a hint to leave the country for the present. "I came, I saw, but somehow I did not conquer," are the words put into his mouth on his return, by a witty contemporary. Prince Jerome Bonaparte has been more fortunate; he has had the honour of mounting guard as sentinel, being a private in the National Guards.

On the evening of Friday the 25th, we went, on invitation, to see a friend who had established a corps-de-garde in his bureau, situated in the Rue Meslay, adjoining the Rue St. Martin. Our friend being absent on duty when we called on him, it was past midnight before we left the quarter, which accident afforded us an opportunity of seeing how the safety of the city was assured by its self-constituted police. Self-constituted, for every volunteer made part of it,

men of every rank and age combining zealously to maintain order and tranquillity. We had not gone fifty yards before we were arrested by the cry "*Qui vive!*" accompanied by a certain significant sound, which denotes that a moment more will bring to bear upon your person the musket of the sentinel. "*Ami,*" we replied. "*Halte, ami!*" was the response. A patrol immediately came up to us, and we were re-conducted to our friend, to verify the truth of our statements—not, as they assured us, that they doubted our word, but that such were their orders, and we must see that at such a time they were necessary. Our friend having answered for us, we set out again for our home, accompanied, however, from poste to poste by a couple of men to secure us from further hindrance. We changed our convoy at least a dozen times, being treated by all of them with the utmost consideration, our guides offering us their aid in crossing the barricades—no easy labour in the dark. We mention this incident to show the admirable spirit which pervaded the people, and the excellent good sense which animated them, at great personal fatigue and inconvenience, to perform the duties of a regular police. Had they not done so, Paris would have been in a terrible state, for certain bands of robbers and assassins were watching their opportunity; some of these were arrested, others, making resistance, were killed on the spot. We were not, however, destined to reach home that night. We had still a long way to go when it began to rain very heavily, and we were glad to accept the invitation of the officer of a corps-de-garde, to remain till daybreak with his party. We were not sorry afterwards to have had an opportunity of seeing the interior of a corps-de-garde in Paris that night. It was a curious scene. In one part of the room a large quantity of straw had been thrown down, and there lay some dozen men of all conditions, fast asleep,—being worn out with the fatigues of the previous days. On benches round the fire sat the guard, maintaining an animated discussion on the recent events, and speculating on the effect they would produce abroad—more particularly in Britain. Outside from time to time was heard, now near, now far off, the sonorous caution, "*Sentinelle! prenez garde à vous!*" or the challenge of a patrol as it passed, and the whispered exchange of the watchword. Never were greater vigilance and order displayed. These men, most of whom were mechanics, seemed at once to have grown into careful and experienced veterans. There were, of course, many incidents that night.

A ludicrous story is told of an old woman who was stopped by a patrol.—"*Qui vive!*" they cried, to which a shrill voice replied, "C'est moi—*mais* ne craignez rien, citoyens!" Another fact shows the stern determination of the people to punish plunderers. A wretched woman had forced a lady to give her a gold bracelet she wore on her arm; two working-men observing this, returned the bracelet to its owner, and shot the female robber on the spot. The general temperance of the people was most praiseworthy. Many instances of this might be cited, but we content ourselves with one. A hungry workman entered a house and asked for a piece of bread. He was offered m at and wine, but refused both, saying —"Nothing but bread and water when I am not at my work," and yet the people were often half-starving during their resistance. At the Hôtel de Ville, so great was their hunger, that some horses which had been killed, were cut up and eaten—having been converted, according to a French pamphlet now before us, into *beefteacks*.

The next day, Saturday the 26th, the Provisional Government were still in deliberation at the Hôtel de Ville, after an unparalleled session, which had strained their physical endurance to the utmost. It was then that was seen the grand triumph of genius, character, and courage, in the person of Lamartine. Wave after wave of popular tumult rolled to the seat of Government. An angry and armed mob invaded their presence. Threats were uttered—a little more and they had been executed. Lamartine came forth and spoke—spoke bravely, honestly, and judiciously: the people were softened, and went away applauding. Five times was this scene repeated; five times did Lamartine wrestle with turbulence and control anarchy; five times the storm became a calm. His words to those who wished to force on the Government the red instead of the tricolor flag will not soon be forgotten:—"If we prefer the tricolor to the red flag, it is because the one has gone the round of the world in glory, while the other has only gone the round of the Champ-de-Mars in blood." Remarkable words, and very significant of the difference between 1848 and 1792.

In concluding this article, we believe that a short account of the Members of the Provisional Government will not be unacceptable; for though they are well known in France, and Arago and Lamartine have a wide-spread fame, the majority were probably unknown, even by name, till the recent events, to all who are not particularly conversant with French politics in these later years.

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) is the patriarch

of his party; a very Nestor among Republicans: he has seen two revolutions pass away, and now he rules in the third. In early youth he embraced democratic principles; in manhood he steadily maintained them; and now in his eighty-second year he finds them once more successfully asserted, and beholds the establishment of his favourite Government—himself presiding in its councils. It is not because of brilliant genius, profound learning, attractive eloquence, nor even because of the superior wisdom arising from long experience, that the Revolutionist of 1789 has been unanimously thought worthy to preside over the Revolution of 1848; but because of the spotless character he bears for integrity, disinterestedness, and independence. Dupont, who came to the bar in 1789, had filled with credit several successive offices of the law, when he was removed in 1818 by the Pasquier Ministry from the function of President of the Cour Royale at Rouen, in consequence of his democratic opinions. For this, however, he was consoled by being invariably elected Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and by the universal respect which his consistency as a politician, and his probity as a man had inspired. At the Revolution of 1830, Dupont was prevailed on, though with much difficulty, to accept the Ministry of Justice. Lafitte and Louis-Philippe were sufficiently sensible of the value of a man so much respected, and used every means to gain him. At last he consented, as he said, "*to try it.*" The trial, however, soon proved unsatisfactory. Within five months he resigned his portfolio, and took his place among the Opposition, there to remain till another Revolution should make him President of the Council in its Provisional Government. We trust this simple-minded, worthy man may live to see realized in the nascent Republic at least some of his long-cherished dreams. Of his disinterestedness, and also of a tendency to quaint humour, which he possesses, the following anecdote may be cited. When, in 1830, he took possession of the Hôtel de la Chancellerie as Minister of Justice, one of the officials brought him the sum of 25,000 francs. "What is this money for?" said Dupont. "Sir, it is the sum allowed for the expenses of your installation."—"In that case please to take it back again; my installation cost me two francs, which I paid to the porter for carrying my portmanteau." Dupont was the uncle of the unfortunate Dulong, killed in 1834 by Marshal then General Bugeaud, in a duel which caused much sensation at the time. Dupont resigned his seat as Deputy in consequence, being unable to bear the sight of the man who had slain his dearest friend and relative. In personal appearance, M. Dupont has the look of a sensible, good-natured old man whose white hairs command respect, and to whom an unostentatious simplicity adds dignity.

Not less noble in character than Dupont, and far superior to him in genius, is the Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs. Alphonse Prat—for Prat was the family name which Lamartine afterwards changed for that of a maternal uncle—was born at Mâcon, in 1790. After visiting Italy, whose sunny sky inspired the greater part of his *Méditations Poétiques*, he entered for a short time into the Royal Gardes-du-corps; for this Republican chief was born of a Royalist family, on whom the iron hand of the first Revolution had fallen far from lightly. His earliest recollections are of the prison whither he was daily taken to visit his father. Lamartine, however, left the army in early life; and an episode soon followed, which seems to have strongly marked his future character, and given it that tinge of melancholy which is as apparent in his speeches as in his writings:—the Elvira he has immortalized in his verses died. His first work, the *Méditations Poétiques*, had great success; and the reputation he then at a single bound acquired, has since been worthily sustained as a poet, while as a historian his *Girondins* entitles him to a high place. As an orator his celebrity was great, notwithstanding the sneers directed against him as a dreamer and a poet. As a Minister of Foreign Affairs we cannot yet judge him; his previous career, however, must to a certain degree have prepared him for the post, as he has filled diplomatic stations in Tuscany, in Naples, and in London. Lamartine married an English lady, who brought him a large fortune, and whose heart, as a man not less than as a poet, he was well calculated to gain; for a nobler countenance is not to be met with. It is equally expressive of greatness, of genius, and of goodness of heart.

Very different from that of Lamartine, yet equally intellectual, are the features of Dominique François Arago; the one the philosopher, as the other is the poet, of the new Republic. The scientific reputation of Arago is too great that it should be necessary to speak of it. His early life, however, and its romantic adventures, are not so generally known. In 1806, he was sent along with M. Biot into Spain, there to continue the great geodetical operation, by which the arc of the meridian comprised between Dunkirk and Barcelona was measured. The war broke out between France and Spain, Arago's labours having lasted for many months; and the Spaniards imagining

that the signals of the young Frenchman were intended to communicate with his countrymen in arms, he was glad to escape in the disguise of a peasant from the death he certainly would have met with. He arrived at Palma, and for his own safety was shut up in the citadel of Belver, where he passed several months absorbed in his calculations. At last he was allowed to leave for Algiers, with what were most precious to him—his instruments and papers. Arriving at Algiers in a fishing-boat, he soon after embarked for France in an Algerine vessel, which vessel was taken by a Spanish privateer, and Arago was thrown into a prison-ship at Palmos. The Dey of Algiers remonstrated; Arago with the ship's company were set at liberty, and the vessel restored. They sailed for Marseilles, which port they had nearly reached, when a tempest drove them towards the coast of Sardinia. As ill-luck would have it, Algiers was at war with Sardinia, and therefore, although they had sprung a leak, the Algerines made for the African coast. Once more at Algiers, Arago found that the Dey who had before befriended him, had been killed in an insurrection; and his successor not knowing him, inscribed him in the list of slaves, and employed him as an interpreter. At last, however, his sufferings were ended. The French Consul obtained his liberty; and having rescued his beloved instruments also, he embarked once more for Marseilles, and despite of the attempt of an English frigate to capture his vessel, regained his native France. He was immediately elected a Member of the Academy of Sciences, and that at the age of twenty-three. We need not say how this career has been followed up. His political life, which began in 1830, has been one of systematic and fiery opposition to all the anti-democratic Ministries which successively arose under the dynasty of July.

M. Cremieux, the Provisional Minister of Justice, is a distinguished advocate, and a Jew. In the prosecution of the Ministers of Charles X., M. Crémieux, though well known for his democratic principles, had the honour to be chosen by the family of M. Guernon-Ranville as his counsel. He acquitted himself of his task in a most distinguished manner, and was thereafter ranked amongst the first lawyers and orators of the Courts. His pleadings on behalf of prosecuted journals and political offenders were very numerous; with his appearances in the Chamber of Deputies they gained him the applause of the extreme Opposition, which his speeches at the Banquets of last year materially increased.

M. Marie, the new Minister of Public Works, is also an advocate of great eminence, and was formerly Bâtonnier of his order. After 1830 he, even more than Crémieux, devoted himself to the defence of those accused of contravention of the laws relating to the press, and of other political misdeeds. He defended one of those implicated in the conspiracy of the Pont des Arts; M. Cabet, now regarded as the head of the Communists, when arraigned on account of his work *La Révolution de* 1830;—— Pepin, the accomplice of Fieschi; and many others. He never, however, engaged in any of the premature revolutionary plots, and was always regarded as a cool and patient man who would bide his time. M. Marie has some literary and philosophical pretensions; he is for instance the author of a critique on the Philosophy of Reid. In the Chamber of Deputies he was always listened to with attention, and it was he who there on the 24th February first started the idea of a Provisional Government.

M. Garnier-Pages was originally employed in some commercial capacity at Marseilles. He is a man of probity, and is said to possess ability, but he owes his position very much to his name. His brother, Garnier-Pagès, the elder, was celebrated in his day among the democratic party, and they were of course inclined to look favourably on one who bears his name and professes his principles, even though he does not inherit his abilities. The exact measure of these we shall have abundant opportunity of taking, now that he fills the office, as difficult as it is important, of Financier to the crisis.

M. Ledru Rollin is the dangerous man of the Provisional Government: this his manifesto to the provincial authorities has abundantly shown. A member of a Government whose acts, strictly speaking, are null—or at least temporary, till they are ratified—he assumes the airs of a dictator. While France is waiting till her delegates shall pronounce what form of Government is to be adopted, he writes from his Ministry of the Interior, instructing the local authorities to see that they do their best to have none but staunch Republicans elected, seeming to agree with the extraordinary letter from the *Démocratie Pacifique* to the *Presse* of the 15th March, in these words:—"That the Republic exists by inherent right; and that while every one is free to discuss the conditions of the social contract, no one, not even a majority, can impose a monarchy." A more complete mockery cannot be conceived than an appeal to the people, while the determination exists not to submit to its decision should it be adverse. We trust that M.

Ledru Rollin may be withstood in time, for if he acquire influence with the people, as he is well calculated to do with a certain class, he may be the cause of much trouble in France.

M. Armand Marrast is the successor of Armand Carrel in the editorship of the *National*. His name has an ill-omened sound, but we believe in no other point does he resemble the "sea-green incorruptible" of the first Revolution. He has been actively mixed up with all the plots of the Republican party for the last eighteen years, and was one of the party who made the celebrated escape from the prison of St. Pelagie.

Ferdinand Flocon was the editor of the *Réforme* when he was appointed one of the Secretaries to the Provisional Government. He is understood to be a violent man, and a partsian of Ledru Rollin; but his subordinate situation prevents his being dangerous, at least for the time.

Albert, described in the proclamation of the Government as a working-man, is a native of Lyons, and was a chief of the *Société des Droits de l'homme* of that town. In 1834 he vainly attempted to restrain the insurrection which there broke out, or at least to retard it till it had a hope of success. Since then he has been one of the most active of the Republicans, and suffered persecution and imprisonment for his share in the premature attempts.

Louis Blanc is the author of the History of the First Revolution, only two volumes, however, of which have as yet appeared. He is a writer of some merit, and much pretension; a steady Republican, and the declared enemy of the *bourgeoisie*. His first work—*l'Histoire de dix ans*—possesses considerable interest at the present moment, containing as it does a curious narrative of the plots, trials, and sufferings of the Republicans from 1830 to 1840. Most of the names of those now in office under the new Government are there to be found; and those who wish an extended account of their previous history would do well to read the work of M. Blanc.

It will have been seen that in these short sketches of the Members of the Provisional Government, we are disposed to regard the great majority of them as able and honest men; and we trust that they may have the satisfaction of seeing their exertions prove a blessing to their country, and that the prize of their devotion to it at a very critical moment, may be the honour of having established its constitution on a stable and enduring basis. If France be destined to lead the march of improvement, we sincerely wish her all success; we only hope that it may be in a positive manner, that she will conduce to the safe advance of civilization, and not merely, as heretofore, be the wreck which warns others from the dangers on which itself has struck. May her motto of *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, be an expression of real existences, so that her liberty shall not become a chaotic anarchy, so that her equality shall not end in a crusade against rational rights and privileges, so that her fraternity shall not, as in the first Revolution, be accompanied with the threat—*Fraternity or Death!*

All depends on the temper and conduct of the approaching National Assembly. We confess we are not sanguine as to the success of the experiment. Nine hundred deputies, paid a guinea a day for their services, selected from any class, and nominated by universal suffrage, will not form a body in which, beforehand, we can put much trust.

It may be that it will succeed, and we hope so for the sake of France. Now that she has, for the present at least, nothing to fear from without, and so begins the trial without exterior embarrassment, should she fail in her attempt to re-constitute herself, she will have fairly demonstrated that she is not yet capable of self-government, and so cannot exist in the form of a Republic. She will have shown that her powers are still limited to potency of destruction, that they are inadequate to organize, and that with her, while the sceptre is uncertain in the hands of a prince, it is impossible in those of a democracy.

Art. II.—1. *Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson. 4th Edition. 1848.

2. *The Princess: a Medley.* By Alfred Tennyson. 1847.

Mr. Tennyson's productions, put forth at three rather widely separated periods, seem to be divisible into three classes, distinguished from one another by quite peculiar characteristics. The Poems constituting the first of the two volumes, which appeared four or five years ago, were first published when Mr. Tennyson was quite a young man; they are as laboriously finished and as rich in the poet's peculiar beauties of expression, as anything which he has since written; they are mostly distinguished from his next efforts, by being considerably more ambitious, and consequently on the whole considerably less perfect. Several of these early poems appear to have been undertaken without a sufficiently distinct object,

and to have been executed without that kind of inspiration which sometimes compensates for the absence of conscious intention. Others display the then immaturity of the writer's notions of the nature of verse, at the same time that they indicate his desire, and his latent power, of excelling in the invention and adaptation of metrical forms. In others, and in "The Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women" especially—the poet takes his venturous flight in the very highest regions of his art. The most successful of this poet's first efforts are the pieces in which he delivers himself up to some peculiar phase of sentiment or passion, and contents himself with its simple expression; such are "The Miller's Daughter," "Mariana," and "Fatima;" and the least agreeable, though not the least interesting, with a view to his way of developing his own powers, are a set of highly wrought descriptions of female character and beauty. "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Adeline," &c. &c., are displays of a kind of poetical rope-dancing, in which agility and skill are ends and not means. The whole volume bears the unmistakable character of youth; it is full of ambition, indecision, and immaturity, but it is brilliantly promising, and, in a few instances, brilliantly effective. All the peculiar faculties which have since been displayed by Mr. Tennyson, were distinctly announced in his publications of 1830 and 1832. The constant predominance of thought over feeling is manifest throughout them. The poet's intellect, to use his own words,

> Flowing like a crystal river,
> Bright as light, and clear as wind,

dazzles and amazes the reader in every page; and a certain defect of spontaneousness, which in all Mr. Tennyson's subsequent poems tends to limit the force of the impression to the time during which it is being made, is not less striking in his youthful than in his later productions.

During the long period which elapsed between the publication of these poems and their re-appearance, with about an equal number of others, Mr. Tennyson appears to have reflected much upon the character of his own powers, and upon the best method of turning them to account. We have said that the poems belonging to the second period are efforts of a less ambitious nature than many of the earlier pieces; but, if we are not mistaken, although they are less ambitious in themselves, they indicate that the ambition of the writer had suffered increase, rather than diminution. All the lengthy poems of this period have the appearance of being more or less experimental. They are pervaded by no general style, modified only as far as was demanded by the peculiarities of the subject. Mr. Tennyson's early poems, and one or two of those of which we are now speaking, are galaxies of brilliant words. In this style it seems to us that Mr. Tennyson feels himself to be the most at home; but in the second of the two volumes recently published, he has, in most instances, abandoned it, for the purpose, apparently, of exercising himself in all the most contrary modes of expression of which he has felt himself to be capable. It seems impossible that any one, upon comparing for example, "St. Simon Stylites," "Dora," and "The Vision of Sin," should come to a conclusion other than that the subjects were chosen to illustrate the different styles, and not the styles to illustrate the subjects. The passionate and dramatic rhythm of "St. Simon Stylites," the more than classical bareness of "Dora," and the fire-works of language and thought which dazzle us in "The Vision of Sin," upon comparison, declare themselves to be the deliberate experiments of the poet, to make trial of his powers in distinct manners of expression. Whether these experiments have been made simply with a view to the display of various power, or whether they were instituted as a discipline preparatory to some important work, it is impossible to say. The latter supposition, however, is most consistent with the dignity of a poet of Mr. Tennyson's pretensions; and it is one which has been, in some measure, supported by the subsequent appearance of "The Princess."

Had not the golden rule of criticism, that directs us, when we are unable to understand a writer's ignorance, to think that we may be ignorant of his understanding, met with the fate which is common to golden rules, it is probable that the disappointment which has been very generally expressed, in the minor Reviews, at Mr. Tennyson's last poem, would have been considerably more limited, or at least more hesitatingly declared, than it has been. If, indeed, Mr. Tennyson has striven to express in "The Princess" no more meaning than has been perceived in it by most of the critics who have, as yet, delivered judgment upon it, we have no scruple in stating our conviction that they have not judged this production severely enough; and that if it be in fact no worthier than they have made it out to be, it is one of the most worthless poems that ever came from the pen of a poet of Mr. Tennyson's rank.

Poets have often gained their popularity

by qualities which must have been regarded by themselves as the accidents rather than the essence of their productions. Few, hitherto, have been the "fit" auditors of those "great bards," who,

> "In *sage* and *solemn* tunes have sung
> Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
> Of forests and enchantments dear,
> *Where more is meant than meets the ear.*"

It is to be feared that modern readers in general need as much to be enlightened concerning the substantial significance of many famous modern poems, as did the students of Carthage, where, in the young days of Saint Augustine, "long white veils waving over the gates of the schools, elegantly typified the mystery with which the fables of poetry taught therein concealed the truths of philosophy." It is surprising how close to the surface an allegorical signification may lie, how manifest the indications given by a system of symbolical expression concerning its own nature, may be, without arousing the suspicions of the reading and criticising public. Even more surprising is the toleration with which the ruinous deformities often produced in the form of a work by the existence of an all-pervading, but totally unperceived significance, are viewed or overlooked by the immense majority of readers. For this toleration, and for the blindness consequent upon it, the modern reader, who commonly flies to the Muses for *a*-musement, may be excused; but not so the critic, who cannot, without intellectual dishonesty, wink at the existence of features, which, if they are not interpretable into important meanings, are imperfections which it is the first duty of the literary judge to perceive and to pronounce against.

The character of "The Princess: a Medley," and the nature of its reception, are phenomena which seem to us to be of the highest literary interest; and before we proceed to any further notice of Mr. Tennyson's poems in detail, we shall make these phenomena the occasion of some general remarks on criticism and art, the extent of which will, we trust, be justified, not less by their intrinsic importance, than by their relativeness to the present topic; a relativeness which will be sufficiently apparent when we come to consider the merits and demerits of "The Princess" in the only light in which they can properly be considered, namely, in that of a due understanding of the character and dignity of that art, of which the author of that poem must be regarded as no common votary.

Criticism of the fine arts has attained, in the present age, a degree of subtlety which is unparalleled in the criticism of any former time. With few exceptions, all the important works of art which are now in existence, have been submitted to a thorough analysis, by men whose criticism has been more or less inspired by the self-same spirit that produced the object criticised. Works which, no more than half a century ago, received for their best tribute a self-suspecting praise, or a vague enthusiasm incapable of rendering any account of its faith, are now the objects of a reasonable veneration. Such indeed is the excellence of modern criticism, that we are almost content to regard it as a compensation for the shortcomings of modern art, and as a consolation for the presentiment with which we are at times oppressed, that the best ages of the arts are departed, never to return. The world is old, and has produced much of immortal beauty; quite as much as any man, with the business of life upon his hands, ought to have leisure to appreciate. What can we want more? It is true that an opinion is gone abroad, that it is the sign of a degenerated age to be without its peculiar and appropriate art; but we are disposed to believe, that it is rather the sign of such an age to place art at the head of the claims of a period to our admiration and respect. Very little reflection will suffice to show the groundlessness of popular notions upon this subject. What were the ages of Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and Italian painting? Surely by no means the best and noblest through which humanity has passed. The tree may be known by its fruits; but the fact that these ages were those in which the fruits of good living and religion were deficient, proves that the fine arts are only flowers, though amaranthine and immortal.

Deep and vital as our modern criticism is, there are two very significant, and even fundamental points, which it has wellnigh forgotten to investigate. These are, first, the position holden by the arts as instructors of, and conveyers of aliment to, the soul, with reference to science, philosophy, and religion; and, secondly, the degree and kind of value of which verbal rules are capable in the hands of the true artist.

It may be said that these are questions belonging to philosophy rather than to criticism, and that the latter fulfils its office in estimating, and in teaching others to estimate, the worth of individual results of art. This indeed would be a valid excuse, were it possible that the office of criticism with respect to such results, could be adequately discharged without regard to the position of the

arts in the intellectual system; also, were it true of modern criticism, that it aspires to no higher vocation than that of individual analysis. But the value of any work depends entirely upon its adaptation as a means to an end. A precise determination of the end of art is therefore quite essential to the precise determination of the value of the artist's labours. Moreover, it is not true of our existing criticism, that it professes to confine itself to details. It claims to be wedded with philosophy; it frequently descants abstractedly of art, as art, without at all referring to its separate results; it loves to wander and expatiate in generalities; and yet we seek in vain in the writings of Coleridge, the two Schlegels, Gœthe, Schelling, Ulrici, Lord Lindsay, "the Oxford Graduate," and all the writers of all the Quarterly Reviews, for any consistent and considerate estimate of the vocation of the Muses, or for anything more full and satisfactory upon the subject, than various assertions of certain "exalting," "purifying," "expanding," and other influences, which they are said to exert upon the soul. This being the case, it would be difficult to account for the real excellence which, we repeat, that criticism has attained in our days, did we not remember, that truths are often very generally felt, and even acted upon, long before they are formally enunciated. Our modern philosophy seems to us to be extraordinarily pregnant with as yet unspoken truth. It is like a thin cloud, made pure light by the sun which is behind, and is concealed by it. A sense of the true position of art pervades and renders valid the writings of many critics, who have nowhere formally recognised the nature of that position. But the absence of such recognition, we are disposed to believe, has been the result, not so much of the difficulty that has been felt to be attendant upon making it, as of the boldness which its statement has hitherto demanded. Our best critics

> "Have heard the muses in a ring,
> Aye, round about Jove's altar sing;"

but whenever they have treated of them under this relationship, it has been a question of the Muses and Jove, and not of the arts and the religion of Christ; in other words, the relationship has always been discussed in a mood of Pagan sentiment, and not according to a straightforward Christian method.

It has been the inevitable consequence of their ill-understood position, that too little honour, and too much, has been attributed to the arts. Upon one hand, the word *imagination* has been regarded as a general expression for all that is unsubstantial; upon the other, its true substantiality has been impaired by exaltation to the highest place among the faculties which are the attributes of human life. The nearest statement of the truth upon the subject which has yet been made, is contained, if we mistake not, in the following verses by a modern poet:

> "The muses are the helpmates
> Of mankind, are born to be
> Supporters of our moments
> Slack in faith; their deity
> Is but our own reflected:
> Make them idols, and they flee;
> Or, worse, remain as tyrants,
> Who, most tyrant-like, employ
> The power we give against us."

However much modern art so called may have degenerated into an aimless imitation of natural objects and passions, with no consideration of their claim, or absence of claim, to artistical repetition, it is not to be doubted that art of every kind took its earliest and boldest flights in the immediate region of religion; and it may be affirmed without fear of rational dispute, that the soul of art is gone, when religion has finally taken her departure. It follows from this truth, that an irreligious criticism must needs be insufficient; and yet, the spirit of almost all our criticisms has been irreligious. We cannot help thinking, however, that religion herself has not been blameless in this matter. During the last three centuries, she has given little or no encouragement to her handmaiden, whose defection, together with that of her interpreter, criticism, and philosophy in general, which is the criticism of nature, has not been wholly unprovoked. It is not wonderful that the homage which the reformed faith has refused to notice, should have been withdrawn. Let religion remember her own, inviting back, as humble and loving servants, powers, which must otherwise long remain, what they long have been, and now too often are, very mischievous adversaries.

The fact that religion has been in a condition of decline during the most completely artistical ages, might appear to make against the utility of the services of art. But it can no longer appear to do so, when we remember what are the conditions of artistical production. The profound fable of the heathen mythology, made the Muses the daughters of Memory. It is as impossible for the artist to depict an emotion while himself within its primary influence, as it would be for him to delineate an object stationed at less than the focal distance of his vision. Never was a

good love-song made by a poet in love, but when his passion has only lately ceased to be a part of his life, when every recollection fills his heart with tender, but undisturbing echoes, when he can stand off and regard his affection as an object; then may he tell it abroad in words, which will serve lovers for their love language, and will startle pulseless bosoms with the fact, that they also have been young and passionate. As it is with the emotion of an individual, so is it with that of a nation, or an age: a secondary emotion, namely, that which is exerted during the period of vivid and immediate recollection, constitutes the proper inspiration of the artist. But this inspiration, once gone forth, whether under the form of architecture, poetry, sculpture, or painting, remains an everlasting memento of the primary sentiment, a means, possibly of reviving it, and an invaluable expression for it, if ever it should be revived. Thus, then, the truth that the best periods of art have followed, and have not been coincident with, those of religion, has nothing to do with the question of the usefulness of art, in the service of her divine mistress and mother.

Another, and still less tenable argument against art, has been deduced from the notions which have commonly prevailed concerning the characters of artists: these notions, however, by reason of the limitations given, by a just criticism, to the name of artist, are happily losing ground, and the world is slowly learning to believe that the greatest artists have been among the greatest men. But, had this not been the fact, we do not remember to have met with an application to any other case, of the maxim, that the product is worthless, because it has proved injurious to the health of the producer.

Not less shallow than the objections that have been urged on the part of religion against art, are those which pseudo-critics and artists have brought against religion, upon the part of art. The view of religion is a very narrow one, which induces a charge of narrowness against those, who would make religion the sole basis of art; and the view of art is still more imperfect, which does not recognise, in all its noblest works, the existence of that basis. A poem need not be avowedly didactic, in order to be expressly religious, nor need the moral of a painting reside in a label proceeding from the mouth of the principal figure. Art has its peculiar and far more effective method of teaching. It combines the efficiency of precept with that of example, and exerts, moreover, a third kind of efficiency, which depends upon its power to force the mind which would appreciate it to self-exertion. A few words upon the subject may not be unacceptable to our readers. For the sake of brevity, we give our views in terms which are common to art in general, though we do so at the risk of requiring a certain degree of attention to them.

Forms, upon which art depends for its expression, are always suggestive of ideas. They become so by means of the imagination; and in proportion to the power, whether natural, or assisted by cultivation, of the imagination, will be the facility with which the mind receives the suggestion. Hence, the highest art, which is chiefly dependent for its effect upon suggestion, is by no means universally appreciated, as mere skilful imitation is. The imagination in healthy adults rarely comes into play without some effort. By habit, the effort becomes as unconscious as are the extremely rapid movements of a skilful pianist. Therefore, the state of mind proper in an observer of a work of art is not only a preparedness to receive, but an endeavour to discover, the suggestiveness of forms, sounds, &c. The truth of this remark is proved by the fact, that truly original works of art have generally been unfavourably received by critics, who often come passively to the contemplation of that, which, for its comprehension, requires activity, and a desire to discover significance. The striking assertion of Mr. Wordsworth, that a great poet must form the taste by which he is to be appreciated, derives its truthfulness from what has now been stated. He must first find a few readers, who will be led by the mere superficial merits of his productions, to give him credit for meaning something by forms, which, on account of their unprecedented character, at first convey no significance. They then strive to attain to that significance, and, having succeeded, they point it out to others, who have been more idly, or less charitably, disposed; and the circle of admirers widens, until the number becomes so great, that even those sceptics who refuse to believe the evidence of their senses and consciousness when it is unbacked by authority, become convinced, and give the consent, and make the effort, without which they discover, and, at first, perhaps, irritably object, that they are unable to appreciate what every one else is praising.

Art, then, properly so called, and as it differs from mere imitation, is always, in a certain degree, metaphorical and enigmatical; consequently, when the meaning of a work of art is just, the work may be said, not so much to inculcate, as to be, the truth; and where it is appreciated, it acts, not by

giving "information" in the modern sense of the word, but by informing, in the sense in which the word was used by the accurate and thoughtful writers of the 16th and 17th centuries; that is to say, by inducing the mind actively to take upon itself, for the time at least, a new and excellent shape, namely, that of the artist's work, as the only clue to the comprehension of it. The open recommendations to holiness of any other preceptor than art, are likely to be heard and understood without being adopted, the mind is able to perceive their beauty, and can derive a lazy satisfaction from its contemplation, without at all becoming the thing contemplated; but art is like religion in the treatment of her votaries. She helps those who strive to help themselves. Only to those who have shall anything be given by her. Wordsworth's fine paradox concerning the poet is true of universal art,

> "You must love her, e'er to you
> She will seem worthy of your love."

But we must not fall into the fault frequently committed by modern critics, of affirming truths which are novel to the majority of readers, without conferring a power of popular influence upon those truths, by showing their connexion and coincidence with others which are already received and understood by every one.

By the poet, the poetical reader, and the critic, poetry is regarded in three different ways. The poet "possessed" by, rather than possessing, his idea, works, under its influence, with only a partial consciousness; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, that he retains no more than a very imperfect recollection of the consciousness by which his work is attended. Ask any true poet to analyse the process by which he has created a genuine poem, or passage of a poem, and he will, though probably with some difficulty, astonish you by the intricacy and rapidity of the mental action which has taken place in the production of some one happy sentence. A single line, which you imagine he had struck off, as it were, at a blow, occupies him half an hour with its analysis; and you are surprised, if not pained, at discovering that that which you have hitherto regarded as an inexplicable breathing of "the faculty divine," is the product of, and examinable by, well known laws of thought and association. A little reflection, however, shows you that the miracle is, in truth, even greater than you before believed it to be. You are now more astonished at the real intricacy, than you were charmed before at the supposed simplicity, of the inspired phrase. Further thought proves to you, that the very idea of simplicity assumes such intricacy as its basis. There is no unity without multiplicity included. Simplicity is not the absence of intricacy, but its solution. Most persons, were they to read an exact analysis of many a very simple-seeming passage of high poetry, would reject it at once as a clever fabrication, the falsehood of which required no further proof than the extreme difficulty, nay, impossibility, of writing with consistency, rapidity, and freedom, in presence, and without violating any, of the multiplicity of laws to which the analysis appealed. Such art is too wonderful for them. But, indeed, such art is very easy to the poet; and this constitutes the great difference between him and them.

Or, if they waive the question of apparently superhuman difficulty, they will perhaps think that it degrades the poet, and makes a kind of mental mechanic of him, to regard as the product of determinate motives that which will otherwise be attributable to an inspiration working above and without law. But although what Augustus Schlegel says of Shakspeare is quite true of every poet, although "nothing is more foreign to him than a dissecting mode of composition, which laboriously enumerates all the motives by which he is induced to act in this or that manner,"* motives, nevertheless, the true poet will have for everything he does. The common mistake, which we are now endeavouring to remove, is, that laws must exist in the mind of the poet in expressed forms and full consciousness, in order to possess the efficiency of motives; whereas, in fact, their poetical efficiency would be quite lost had they attained, in the poet's mind, to the objectivity of verbal statements. To employ the language of Platonic philosophy, laws exist, as living and actuating ideas, in the mind of the poet, when he is in the act of poetical production; and in exact proportion to the subjectivity of the laws which direct him, will be the perfection of his power of poetical expression; and when the poet ceases to depend upon his idea for guidance, and seeks the aid and support of an external law, he ceases for the time to be a poet. His production acquires a degree of formality, and loses fluency; and the sensitive and cultivated reader will miss the accustomed "inspiration." Now, it is certain that there never lived a poet so completely worthy of the name, as to have always relied, in entire

* We quote from memory.

and simple faith, upon his Idea for guidance; but it is also certain, that he who has never committed himself to its conduct, has never had the slightest pretension to the title of a bard. This is what many critics feel when, without well knowing what they mean, they refuse the name of poet to such writers as Pope and Boileau, and allow it to writers of far more limited repute and present influence, like Donne and Suckling.

We can conceive of no more useful and interesting addition to critical literature than would be a detailed account, given by a good poet, of all the operations of his mind, from beginning to end, in the composition of some short poem. Nothing else could give an adequate insight into the nature of the simultaneous working of external necessities and rules, and the internal idea, which always takes place on such an occasion. One of the most interesting accounts of this sort is one that is to be found in a recently published Life of Mozart, who writes thus to his friend, the Baron U——— :

"You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of any extent. I can really say no more on the subject than the following, for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer, say, travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal or during the night when I cannot sleep, it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. *Whence* and *how* they come, I know not; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me, I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it; that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c. All this fires my soul; and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodized and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture, or a beautiful statue, at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts *successively*, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. What a delight this is, I cannot tell. All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing dream."

These are manifestly the words of a man who had not been accustomed to watch over the operations of his own mind; but they amply prove the temporary subjectivity and imperfect consciousness, in the true artist, of the laws by which he is nevertheless unerringly guided; as subsequent analyses of his works, by critics, will always demonstrate to the satisfaction of every one, but of him who is such an abandoned sceptic, as to be capable of believing in nothing but that which he sees, or fancies that he sees, to be within the sphere of his own possibilities.

The vulgar objections of the asserted difficulty and supposed mechanical and unpoetical nature of the surprising art, the employment of which has always been attributed to poets by the profoundest critics, being thus removed, it remains for us to show the equal invalidity of another obstacle to the general acceptation of just views of Art. It is one which we believe to be very commonly felt, although we do not remember to have heard it very frequently urged; and we confess that, at the first glance, it bears a far more formidable appearance than that which is borne by either of the arguments as yet noticed. The following question has been put to us:—How comes it that this miraculous art has remained hidden and unsuspected for centuries in the productions of poets, who, nevertheless, as you admit, have been, during the whole of that time, in the receipt of their just meed of praise? The answer has been:—Because it was the intention of those poets that it should be so; and because the praise which they desired and have received, was no more required for and awarded to their art, than the admiration with which we regard a beautiful human face is attributed to and demanded by its anatomy. A great artist is always best satisfied when he thinks he has succeeded best in concealing his art from all eyes but his own. He aims not at his own glory: his efforts are directed to persuade men to pay the homage, which he believes they owe, to Beauty. We have said that the highest artist has not been so invariably inspired as never to have experienced the intrusion of consciousness upon his soul in its moments of production. This consciousness, when it occurs, exerts a powerful tendency to show itself in his creations, and to let in an undesirable light upon the intricate system of laws, which a perfect "inspiration," while it works by them, would yet keep steadily in the background. The true poet strains every nerve to destroy in his work all traces of these uninspired times; his object is to win from his readers a reasonable, but not a reasoning faith; and the writer, who in his conscious verses is ever intentionally foisting upon our notice his craft, is a coxcomb, and not a poet.

Poetry, then, as regards the poet himself, is a vivid principle, which strives after self-expression, and is capable of attaining it by means of a surprising knowledge and

agility in the application of certain laws of association. Such knowledge and agility in the poet, seem always to have been the product of a long observation of the means by which his own mind, and the minds of other men, are accustomed to be impressed. He has an eye to behold beauty; a heart to love, and to desire that others should love it; and boldness to win his desires by expressing it in an unprecedented way. He believes that there are grounds of perception which he possesses in common with mankind in general; but he gives the latter credit for a certain amount of obtuseness which is absent in himself, and which he will always bear in memory, in order that he may not become a poet to poets only. Withal, he constantly keeps in mind a few leading facts, with some of which, having gathered them from what we have heard and read of the accounts given by poets of themselves, as well as from occasional scrutiny of their works, we will endeavour to acquaint those of our readers who may require and wish to be enlightened upon this point.

Language, according to its first intention, and in as far as it is not become corrupt and arbitrary, is impressive as well as expressive, and constantly employs, as its best instrument, the representation of like by like; but the original character of language has long ceased to survive in any noticeable degree, in the phraseology which serves for the common wants of life. The language of poetry, however, is a return to first principles; the poet abandons the arbitrary and corrupt, that is to say, the prosaic, and again endeavours to express impressively, and indulges in the copious employment of resemblances, by way of new words. Hence it is quite improper to regard the use of similes as in any measure "a poetical license;" since the successful application of them is nothing more than an extension of language in its own direction, and according to its own original method. The real extent to which similitudes are employed in truly poetical expression is not generally understood. Those similitudes in poetry which consist in the avowed illustration of one thing by another are very few when compared with those which the poet seeks to suggest by skilful juxtapositions, by subtle analogies of sound and meaning, and by other artifices almost as many and as various as the lines which he produces. At the imminent risk, as we fear, of exciting the incredulous smiles of those of our readers to whom this subject is an entirely novel one, we shall give an instance or two of suggested similitudes, because a right understanding of their use and mode of action is most essential to the main objects which we have in view at present—namely, the development of the means of teaching employed by Art, and the rationalia of their peculiar efficacy.

The most ordinary means of suggestion, by indirect similitude, is that which is dependent upon the rhythmical analogies; and as this means is pretty generally understood and admitted, little shall be said about it, and that little in the words of S. T. Coleridge, who, in a manuscript note to Daniel's "Civil Wars," his copy of which is now before us, writes thus:—"A whole book might be written, neither diffuse nor uninstructive, on the metrical excellence of the fifth line of the hundred and fifth stanza."*

Another means of suggestion which is scarcely less frequently employed in high poetry, although its employment is less generally felt, and is seldom distinctly recognised by critics, consists in the choice of words, the letters of which convey subtle resemblances to sound, to the matter expressed. Out of the innumerable examples which suggest themselves, we select a well known couplet from Coleridge's Christabel,

"The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying."

Here the cold vowels *a*, *i*, *o*, are the only

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* The working Spirit ceased not, tho' work did cease," is the line referred to. Coleridge continues his remarks upon it in these words:—"The pause after *Spirit* compels a stress on *ceas'd*, and so makes *ceas'd not*, by the addition of the pause after *not*, equal to a spondee—a fine effect after the tribrach, or ˘˘˘."

"Spirit, body, money, honey, and two or three more perhaps, which I do not recollect, are remnants of genuine *metre* in our language; they are, or at least always may be pyrrhics, *i. e.* ˘˘ equal to ¯, as a delicate ear may instantly perceive; and they prove that accent, contrary to the almost universal opinion, shortens the syllable on which it rests, for in these words there is an equal accent on both syllables, hence they are both short. *Thĕ wŏrkĭng Spĭrĭt* (a pause equal to ˘) ceăs'd nŏt, thŏ' work did cease. *N. B.*—This a valuable remark."

It will be a sad loss to literature if a complete collection of Coleridge's marginal notes is not made before the work becomes impossible by the ever-increasing dispersion of the books in which they occur. These notes, as far as we are acquainted with them, are among the most interesting and valuable of Coleridge's productions. How characteristic of that great Christian philosopher is the following observation, which we find on another leaf of the volume before us:—

"Thousands, even of educated men, would become more sensible, *fitter to be Members of Parliament, or Ministers*, by reading Daniel—and even those few, who, *quoad intellectum*, would only gain refreshment of notions already their own, might become better Englishmen."

ones which are openly sounded, and of these *a* is repeated five times, and *i* three times; the *e* in the short *the*, preceding, as it does, the long syllable *brand*, is scarcely heard; the ear is wholly occupied with the eight cold vowels which occur in the long syllables of the eight feet that constitute these lines. The only effect of warmth is a very slight one, produced by the rapid succession of the consonants *b r* and *n d*, in the word *brand*. Again, there is an effect of weight conveyed by the word *brand;* and to this effect we are invited to attend, by the repetition of it, and by the juxtaposition and contrast of this word with other words, conveying the notion of softness and lightness; finally, the two ideas of lightness and weight are united, and the effect completed, by the word *amid*, in which the sound, passing through the soft *m* and its indistinct vowels, concludes in a heavy *d;* and completes, to a delicate ear and a prepared mind, the entire picture of the weighty and smouldering brands, sunken through the light mass of ashes, which remains after their undisturbed combustion. If the almost magically picturesque effect which all will allow to be conveyed by this couplet, be not due to these reasons, to what does it owe its origin? Explicable origin or reason of one kind or another, there must be for every effect of this nature. And if these reasons be admitted, they must also be confessed to have been intended. To imagine that an extensive and co-operating set of effects in art can have arisen without a first and intelligent, as well as a final and intelligible cause, were scarcely less stupid than atheism.

We dare not pursue any further this inexhaustible subject of suggested similitudes; that is to say of similitudes which depend, for their acceptance, upon cultivation and habits of ready association in the reader. One word more, however, concerning the powerful use which the poet makes of openly stated similitudes, and of the tone of mind which is assumed for their reception. Proverbs xi. 22, contains one of the most striking similes we know: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." The famous simile in Romeo and Juliet—

> "Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
> As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,"

though considerably, and from its subject, necessarily inferior to that of Solomon, was probably originated by it. How effectually does this kind of intellectual "rule of three" startle us into fruitful thought, at times when we should listen unmoved to statements of facts, made after any ordinary fashion! When the poet employs similes of this nature, and, still more, when he has recourse to what we may term pure suggestion, he assumes an audience made up of that better and happier portion of mankind, which loves to discover and dwell upon resemblances, rather than to detect and chafe at points of difference. The wit can appeal to few precedents, and small encouragement in sacred writ, for the practice of his sharp eye for incongruities; but which is that of the inspired books, wherein the poet, the apprehender of universal harmony, can perceive no strains of his own music?

So much for the poet's knowledge of the nature of language, and of the use which he makes of similitudes, either open or implied. Another constant principle of poetical expression, and that which we should imagine induced Aristotle to call poetry the most philosophical kind of writing, is the statement of things *as they seem*, particularly in cases where it is the common practice to think and speak of them as we suppose that they are; or, in other words, in connexion with their second causes.

The only other of the prevailing principles of poetical expression that we shall speak of here, is one, by the instrumentality of which the poet is chiefly enabled to keep the machinery or artifices of his art out of sight, and to avoid the existence of the obstacle which the exhibition of his method of working would offer to the reader's enjoyment of his work. This principle will apply, obviously, only to more or less elaborate productions, and when we say that it is one of the prevailing principles of poetical expression, the word *expression* is, of course, used in its widest sense, as signifying the aggregate power of expression in a lengthy passage or an entire work. It is, moreover, manifest that the necessity for the employment of this principle will be about in proportion to the elaborateness of the work. Hence we find it nowhere so frequently used as in the plays of Shakspeare; and hence it is, that the art of those until very recently misunderstood productions, has been so frequently identified—more wisely than has been supposed—with the art of nature. Few critics seem to have reflected much upon the method of working in either, or it would have been found that the plan of both is, to make each mean work several ends, and disappear as a mean, by itself becoming an end. An ignorance of this simple law, this grand art of concealing art, has been the cause of short-sighted criticisms innumerable. The critic has been contented to discover some one end of sufficient import-

ance to warrant the mean employed in attaining it, and in his indolent content with the perception of one of its collateral, and, probably, supplementary ends, he has frequently lost sight altogether of its principal objects and results.

Such, then, are some of the leading principles of the poet's unconscious, or semi-conscious art: and a man becomes a poet, in the sense of the term which seems to be the most commonly adopted one, by the simple possession and exercise, to any unusual extent, of the peculiar powers of language, which we have now endeavoured to describe; and which, we may add, are possessed and exercised, in some degree, by mankind in general, especially when under the influence of emotion that asks for impressive expression.

It need scarcely be said that the poet, in order to secure a high and permanent standing, must be in the habit of wielding his powerful instrument to some noble end. He must not flourish it for show and pastime, as too many have done, who have been true poets in powers of expression; but he must apply it to the great purposes, for the fulfilment of which it is so admirably and peculiarly calculated. And in order to do this, he must be a good man; for art concerns itself, not with the doctrines, but with the life of truth, which none, save those who have lived it, can imagine and depict. A work of art is the externalization of the artist's character; it does much of good by the almost irresistible power of example; and influences us, in this respect, exactly as character does; namely, less by few great and striking features, than by innumerable and minute glimpses and hints of an essential and unobtrusive nobility. Here a word more concerning the too frequently misunderstood character of the artist seems to be required.

All good men are lovers of the beauty of holiness, and how diverse soever may be the means adopted by them for attaining their end, the ultimate end of their existence is invariably the glory of God, and the exhibition of the perfect and only loveliness of his law. The artist whose energies are wholly absorbed in giving immortal expression, in his way, to the light and life which have been vouchsafed to him, is just as truly and as actively employed in the service of God as he is, who occupies himself, no less constantly, in expressing the Christian spirit by charities, which are more immediate and palpable in their effect, and, therefore, more generally impressive. Man, by his nature, seems fitted to acquire excellence in only one species of activity at a time; and we probably require more of him than will be required by his Judge, when we demand from one individual a display of two kinds of energy, each in the highest degree. It would be as unreasonable to blame the lark, raining soul-reviving music from his invisible station in the air, for not fulfilling the functions of the homely bird that abides in the farm-yard, and ministers to our most common needs, as to complain of the artist for lacking an equal energy in spheres of action which are opposed to one another. Those who give a willing consent to this truth sometimes err in their judgment of the artist's character through ignorance of the eminently active nature of art; but we trust that what has been said will go far towards removing from the minds of our readers the mistakes which have originated in this source.

The most serious charge which has been brought against the artistical character, generally, is that it has a tendency to sensuality. We believe that the charge has a certain amount of truth in it; but, in judging the artist upon this score, there are certain facts to be considered which are too often left out of the calculation. Every condition has its peculiar temptations, every habit its consequential weaknesses, and every body of men stands represented by its worst members in the opinion of the world. The temptations and weaknesses of a contemplative condition and habit are, however, of a nature to produce results more popularly interesting than the sins of selfishness, avarice, pride, &c., which are severally the predominant failings of classes who engage in other special spheres of action. Again, there is no other order of men, besides the ministry, whose characters are so generally inquired after, as are those of the votaries of the fine arts, because, with the exception named, in no other case is character felt to be so intimately connected with an occupation and its products. It must, moreover, be remembered, that the body of artists has stood represented in the popular opinion, for the most part, by men who have not really belonged to it at all; for it is not to be affirmed of Michael Angelo and Milton that they hold a name in common with Aretine and Rochester, or even with men of much higher note, who have been gifted, to a certain extent, with the language of art, but who have altogether lacked its divine spirit.

An error which is widely prevalent concerning the character of artists, and which attributes to them, as a body, a defect of religion, has arisen from an excellence by which the expression of the religion of great

artists has ever been especially, and even necessarily, distinguished from that of most other men. The great artist, who, we repeat, is always occupied with the externalization, and dissemination of a peculiar expression, of the life of religion, would act in contradiction to the prime law of his method, were he to neglect to give religion, like everything else, an unprecedented and *essentially* impressive expression. The phrase "didactic artist," understanding the word didactic as it is commonly understood, is a contradiction in terms; but it is not more expressly so than is the phrase "irreligious artist." A poet by becoming openly "didactic," would deprive his work of that essential quality of suggestiveness by which activity on the part of his reader is absolutely demanded, and upon which the peculiar character and excellence of the poet's teaching mainly depends; on the other hand, by ceasing to be an instructor of the spirit he would clip his own wings and drop to the earth, shorn of the glory in virtue of which the poet has been, at almost all times, and under almost all religions, associated with the priest. Far be it from us to attribute to the artist a dignity equal to that of the steward of the mysteries of God;

> "The muses are the *helpmates*
> Of mankind; are born to be
> Supporters of our moments
> *Slack in faith.*"

Their society is the theatre, in which, to quote Lord Bacon's remarkable words concerning them, "it is not good to stay too long;" a crutch may become necessary, by being used often when it is unnecessary; nectar will turn to "*vinum demonum*" if taken in excess; the poet, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, and the architect, in their ideal character, are the humble assistants of the ministers of God. There are already hopeful indications of the approach of an era, in which they will assume that character in practice. Painting, architecture, and, above all, poetry, are beginning to glow with a life which has long been unknown to them; and, we repeat, the life of art is religion.

Although, in the remarks which have now been made, we have necessarily fallen far short of presenting a complete view of the artist's aim, and of the means by which he works, enough has been said by us to assure the reader that we intended no ordinary praise, when we pronounced Mr. Tennyson to be an artist; and we have, moreover, established data and suggested a standard, by means, and in presence of which, we may be able to declare an opinion concerning this poet's productions, without risk of falling either into ignorant censure or unmeaning praise.

In original genius we conceive that Mr. Tennyson has been surpassed, during the present century, by Coleridge and by Wordsworth; but we have no hesitation in affirming, that in that portion of the art of poetry which is to be acquired by reflection and by study, he has not been equalled by any English writer since the time of Milton. To this praise we think that Mr. Tennyson would have been entitled, had he not written his longest, which is also his greatest work, "The Princess." The limits of our space will not allow us to enter into anything like an analysis of even the shortest of Mr. Tennyson's poems: we must content ourselves with declaring him to be an artist, both in theory and practice, one who comprehends and acts in accordance with all the leading principles of which we have endeavoured to give an account, and one who, by an extension of, and by an unprecedented method of employing, the principles of his art, has put forth undeniable claims to the laurel which is awarded only to originality. The most strikingly original feature of the writings of this poet is the success with which he seizes upon and poetizes the spirit of the present time.

The general aspects of poetry, with regard to the passing age, have, for some time, been very remarkable; if they have no other merit, they have at least that of being altogether new. The times of Aristophanes, of Horace, and of Pope, have been painted by their poets; but in colours of censure and satire, not in those of honour and of praise. In these days, we witness the novel phenomenon of a body of educated poets, who, instead of seeing in their age no more than a laughing-stock, or a subject for their serious reprobation, or an earnest of a fast approaching hour of doom, behold in it rather a dawning merit, that requires encouragement, deserves judicious praise, and should inspire good hope concerning the times to come. But, save in the case of one or two of our highest poets, these views have led to the adoption of a practice, the justice of which is very questionable. Strongly impressed with the hopeful character of the age's spirit, the majority of our living songsters have sought to imbue their verses with it, by describing therein its developments in incidents and external phenomena. A sad mistake! for the spirit in question is, at best, a hopeful one, and only prophetic of a spirit, the development of which shall be worthy to be embalmed in verse. The material features of the present age are wholly un-

fitted to become the final subject-matter of the poet; for they are full of the deformities attendant upon a period of rapid change, and bear upon them evident signs of their impermanence. Let it not be supposed that we question the legitimacy of the direction of poetic power upon matters of a temporary nature, whenever a worthy, though temporary end is to be wrought by this means. Poets that are not of an age, but for all time, might have prided themselves on the authorship of the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs;" indeed, the production of such poems is all the nobler for the sacrifice of enduring fame which is made in the choice of the subjects. It is only when the poet has no such temporary end in view, that we complain of his choice of temporary themes. For a long while past, poem after poem has appeared, each having been, avowedly, written of, or for, its particular place and year, without professing to subserve, in any especial manner, that year or place; as if, except in the case we have named, a good poem were not for all years and all places.

The advocate of this system of writing will perhaps urge the necessity of being governed, in the production of his effusions, by "the spirit of the age." We admit the necessity, but deny that he, in fact, does submit himself to being so governed, while he pursues such a plan of composition; nay, we affirm that, in pursuing it, he distinctly contradicts the spirit, of which he desires to become the representative. That spirit, as he himself asserts, is a spirit of hope, of looking forward; it looks to the events of the day for the sake of the promises which they contain; these events become the subject-matter of the poet, who is really inspired by this spirit, only in virtue of those promises. The true, the final subject-matter of the poet of our day, is the probable aspect of the days which are to come. The error of the author of "The New Timon," and of numerous other sticklers for the poetical claims of the present time, has been avoided by Mr. Tennyson, who, in "Locksley Hall," has the following characteristic lines:—

"Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
And I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:
When I dipt into the future—far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be."

The next great peculiarity which makes itself remarked in Mr. Tennyson's poetry, is the character of his language. We have said that it is a leading principle of poetical expression to state things *as they seem;* now poetry depends, for its variety, upon the variety of ways in which different poets see things. The happiest kind of expression would come from him in whose power of vision sense and spirit were most perfectly balanced. Such a kind is Shakspeare's. In Shelley, spirituality commonly predominates over sense, and everything, in his poetry, wears an unearthly and insubstantial aspect. With Keats's poetry it is just the reverse. His language is more than "sensuous," it is sensual, taking the term, of course, in its widest signification. Mr. Tennyson's ordinary style of expression is an intensification of the latter style; and it is often saved from becoming painful, only by its manifestly voluntary and conscious character. All our great old poets have, upon fitting occasion, made use of the sensual style; we have, in Shakspeare,

"The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause."

In Milton,

"And, when they list, their lean and fleshy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw."

Such instances are, however, exceptions to the general style of their poetry; but the poetry of Keats and Mr. Tennyson is, for the most part, entirely made up of passages of this character. The most purely moral and philosophical lines of the last-named poet are rendered, to a certain degree, sensual, by the strong consciousness and pride with which they are expressed; for instance,

"A man is not as God,
But then most godlike, being most a man."

We do not find fault with Mr. Tennyson for this style, which is abundantly productive of beauty, and of which the excess has been the reaction of the lax and inaccurate styles, which have prevailed in poetry for nearly two hundred years. We look, however, for a more perfect style from the next great poet who rises among us, now that that reaction has been gradually going on, for the last forty years, and has been completed in the poetry of Mr. Tennyson.

Let us now consider the claim which Mr. Tennyson has put forth, in "The Princess," to be regarded as a great constructive artist, as well as a poet of decided originality of thought and feeling, and eminently endowed with the faculty of impressive expression.

If, in the course of the following remarks, we fail in doing full justice to Mr. Tennyson's poem, as we almost necessarily must, if it be really great and original, we shall, at least, avoid the injustice of limiting his intentions to our perceptions, of leading our readers to suppose that there is no more to be discovered in his production than we ourselves may be able to unfold. Hegel is reported to have said, in his last days, that his writings were understood by no one but their editor, Michelet, and that they were *misunderstood* by him. If we fail in arriving at an accurate estimate of the views by which Mr. Tennyson has been inspired in the composition of his new poem, we shall, at all events, do him the justice of attributing to him, and proving the existence of, distinct and substantial intentions of some kind or other; thus rescuing his work from the charge of very insufficient meaning, to which it is subject, under the assumption that it carries its entire meaning and merit upon the surface. To show that, under this assumption, "The Princess" is justly subject to such a charge, will be the most powerful method of convincing those who are acquainted with Mr. Tennyson's other works, that we are not likely to be mistaken in attributing some hidden significance to the present poem. That this primary significance is hidden may be said to be a fault, but will not be urged as an argument against its existence, by any one who is not wholly unread in that school of criticism which has opened to our view the unsuspected mines of meaning, so long concealed beneath the splendid surface of the plays of Shakspeare.

"The Princess; a Medley," upon the first reading, has a very curious effect. It is so thoroughly "a medley," its heterogeneousness is so complete, that we wonder how any mind should have been able to escape the apparently inevitable continuity with which feelings and ideas suggest themselves. Tragedy, comedy, love, satire, the old and the new, modern conventionalisms and outrageous fancies, all contrarieties come together, and, at first, appear to clash.

The poem opens with a prologue, which is very gracefully written, and deals, in skilful allusion, with the most remarkable characteristics of the age. We have the mutilated statue of "Sir Ralph," a middle-age knight, clothed playfully with silks and satins, in ironical reference to the way we moderns treat the past; there is talk of

> "Rogues in grain
> Veneered with sanctimonious theory,"

which is a neat description of a class almost peculiar to our own time, and, numerically speaking, by no means insignificant; no small proportion of the prologue is occupied by pictures of the house and park of an English gentleman upon some day of festival, when the people are admitted to the latter. There

> "The patient leaders of their institute
> Taught them with facts;"

with model railways, telegraphs, steamboats, balloons, &c.; and in the house,

> "Upon the pavement lay
> Carved stones of the abbey ruin in the park,
> Huge ammonites, and the first bones of time;
> And on the tables every clime and age
> Jumbled together;" &c., &c.

All this part of the poem bears with sufficient distinctness upon the fondness for criticising all eras, and for investigating and applying all natural powers, whereby our day is especially characterized. Finally, a party of ladies and young collegians assembles among "the abbey-ruins," and a tale is called for, the "Prologue" concluding with the following lines, which, together with all the rest of this introduction, impress the reader with the notion that these first pages are of the nature of a skilful overture, and are intended to contain in embryo, and to suggest the general character of the entire poem:

> "A tale that really suited time and place
> Were such a medley, we should have him back
> Who told the Winter's Tale, to do it for us;
> A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
> A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
> A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
> And there with shrieks and strange experiments,
> For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
> The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.
> No matter: we will say whatever comes."

Such is the character of the Prologue to "The Princess: a Medley;" and every reader of it, who is not unacquainted with Mr. Tennyson's fondness for metaphysical allegory, and frequently declared interest in, and acquaintance with, the tendencies and promises of the day, must proceed to the perusal of the main portion of the poem, full of curiosity to learn what our great poet has to sing or say concerning that which he himself, in the concluding piece of his last publication, "The Poet's Song," has pointed out as the only fitting subject for the muse of the nineteenth century.

But such a reader is likely to be strangely disappointed with his first perusal of the main portion of the poem; in place of any

professed commentary on the time and its prospects, we come at once upon a fantastical love story, which, at first, appears not to have the remotest connexion with the matters obviously hinted at in the "prologue." The immense majority of readers will put aside the book, and, if they are honest to themselves, will pronounce it to be, upon the whole, "a failure." The innumerable hints which occur throughout, of the existence of a solid substratum of meaning, are too subtle to arrest attention and awaken thought among the many. Even the perfect correspondence of the "conclusion" with the "prologue," and the unaccountable apparent irrelevance of both, will be insufficient to startle readers of poetry, in general, into a notion that the "failure" may possibly be their own, and not the poet's. The following lines are part of the "conclusion:"

"Here closed our compound story, which at first
Had only* meant to banter little maids
With mock heroics and with parody;
But slipt in some strange way, crossed with burlesque,
From mock to earnest, even with tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest.
* * * *
But we went back to the abbey, and sat on,
So much the gathering darkness charmed; we sat
Saying little, wrapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man.
* * * *
Last little Lilia, rising without sound,
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well pleased we went."

The tale runs thus: "The Princess," Ida, had been betrothed in childhood to a prince, whom she had never seen. When she becomes a woman, she refuses to fulfil an engagement which was not of her own making. Marriage would interfere with her plans, which extend to the reformation and regeneration of woman; and, to carry out which, she has retired with a number of ladies from the world, and has founded a college for women exclusively. Over the gate is written

"Let no man enter here on pain of death."

The prince, who has fallen in love with a portrait and a lock of hair, endeavours to win his right by stratagem. With two friends, Cyril and Florian, he enters the college, in female attire; their disguise is discovered by accident, and they are turned out of the college; the penalty of death being waived, in consideration of the prince having saved the life of Ida, who, in her precipitate flight after the discovery, falls from a bridge into a torrent. Meantime the king, the prince's father, fearing for the safety of his son, has encamped with an army about the walls of the college, and retains as an hostage, Gama, the father of the princess, who has fallen into his hands. Matters lead at last to the decision of Ida's right to despise the contract, by a combat between the prince and a party of his friends, and the brothers of Ida, and an equal number of their adherents. The prince and his party are vanquished, and himself wounded. Whereupon Ida opens her gates to victors and vanquished, sets her pupils to tend on and fall in love with the hitherto detested males, tends herself the wounded prince, and marries him; and, in the very hour of her triumph, forgets all her plans for female regeneration.

Such is the plot of this story, which is about three thousand lines long. There are numerous other instances and characters, all wonderfully elaborated, which we have not noticed, because they have no connexion whatever with the main plot; but had we done so we should still have fallen far short of giving the reader a notion of the utter want of interest, unity, and purpose, in this production, considered merely as a narrative poem; and of its miserable weakness and want of integrity, if regarded, as some regard it, as a satire upon learned women. Now, by regarding it as neither one nor the other, and attributing to it some significance of which the incidents and characters are merely symbolical expressions, we at once do away with an overwhelming amount of difficulty and contradiction, and are enabled to reconcile its composition with the quality of Mr. Tennyson's genius.

No one who coincides with Mr. Carlyle's fine criticism of the second part of Faust, will be disposed to quarrel with us, for declaring the existence of a significance in "The Princess," before we pretend to be able to give anything like a full and accurate account of that significance. It is, however, our duty to set before the reader as far as our space will permit, such proof of the being of a central idea in this poem, together with such clue to the nature of that idea, as we

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* So the first edition. In the second the passage runs thus:

"Here closed our complex story, which at first,
Perhaps, but meant to banter little maids, &c."

Mr. Tennyson has been taught, by the reception of his first edition, a little of the wisdom which is commonly the last at which great writers arrive, namely, that of giving the "reading public" sufficient credit for obtuseness.

ourselves, after a very careful study of the work, have been able to arrive at.

An opinion has long been prevalent, that the phenomena of the present day, treated with respect to their more or less obvious consequences for the future, must constitute the subject-matter of the next great poem. We repeat that Mr. Tennyson himself has not been backward in declaring, directly and indirectly, his coincidence in the popular views upon this point. Of his recent poems, several treat openly, and with considerable foresight and profundity of observation, concerning those phenomena; and no thoughtful reader of "Locksley Hall," of the "Prologue" and "Epilogue" to the "Morte d'Arthur," "Amphion," "Ulysses," "The Golden Year," &c., could for a moment imagine that the poet, who, in such brief pieces, has discussed the features and prospects of the times, in a tone so lofty and generalizing, would, in the present poem, by which his permanent reputation must be in a great measure decided, descend to the exclusive treatment of one or two petty features, which, if it is true that they are characteristics of the time, are as impermanent as they are unimportant. Had a judicious student of the above named poems been questioned, before the appearance of "The Princess," as to his opinion of the probable character of the next long composition by Mr. Tennyson, we cannot but believe that he would have declared his expectation of a work, written with precisely the views which appear to be announced in "The Prologue" to that poem. Were such a student to experience any difficulty in deducing at once, from the poem itself, its primary thought, he would question himself as to what would probably constitute that thought; and it is most likely that he would immediately fix upon the vast struggle which has long been in progress against authority of every possible kind, as being the most vital, and, in its consequences, the all important characteristic of the age we live in. That such struggle, with all its complicated elements and bearings, does, in fact, constitute the very essence and soul of the poem before us, is a truth of which we have been more and more convinced during each one of many successive perusals. Let us frankly confess that an unusually careful study of this poem has not enabled us to discover any very distinct connexion between the greater portion of its details, and what we conceive to be the central thought; upon which, if the poem be a truly artistical work, they must every one of them depend, for their primary meaning and value. Very many are the thoughts, illusions, traits of character, and incidents, the true meaning of which we seem to perceive fully; very many appear to us to possess some only half-perceived capacity of application to the central thought; but very many more have proved too enigmatical for our patience, or our powers; yet even these, equally with the rest, bear upon their faces the strongest evidences of their symbolical character. Our space will necessarily limit us to the mention of some few of the most remarkable details. In the most prominent incidents of the piece, namely, the isolation of Ida and her followers, and her refusal to ratify the contract, which the two old kings had made in her infancy, and without proposing to consult her desires, the declaration of independence, which, in our day, for the first time is really being made, by secular knowledge, is shadowed forth with a distinctness of which it is impossible for us to convey a sufficing notion to those of our readers who are unacquainted with the poem. The character of Ida, who is "the very Ida of the Intellect," seems to be intended to represent that of science, or the simple intellect, in the most inclusive and exalted form which it is capable of reaching by its own unaided efforts. In its rebellion against an exorbitant authority, it has fallen into the grievous mistake of refusing to acknowledge any authority at all. It is much in the right and much in the wrong; and has to undergo a disastrous course of error before it can be taught the knowledge of the truth. Innumerable passages which are extravagant and unnatural absurdities, if we are to believe that they are the words of, or have allusion to, a woman of flesh and blood, are replete with profound philosophy, if Ida is to be regarded as the representative of the passive or feminine principle of the intellect, in a condition of total independence of, and opposition to, powers of higher activity and authority. Take, for instance, the following chant, with which Ida hails the victory of her cause—a victory which, be it remembered, she immediately throws away:

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n; the seed,
The little seed they laughed at, in the dark,
Has ris'n and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms, and rushes to the sun.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came—
The leaves were wet with woman's tears; *they heard*
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They marked it with the RED CROSS *to the fall,*
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came—
The woodmen with their axes: lo! the tree!
But we will make it fagots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam, for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges, *for the use of men.*

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves; nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
The arms were shatter'd to the shoulder-blade.

"Our enemies have fall'n; but this shall grow
A night of summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn drooping fruits of power; and roll'd
With music in the Eonian breeze of tune,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world."

Is this the language of fanciful satire, or that of philosophical allegory? Is this a literary lady's way of expressing her satisfaction at the success of a crotchet? or is it the song that is now bursting from thousands of hearts in every part of the civilized world? the proud hymn of the Intellect, over a triumph, which, according to Mr. Tennyson's allegory, has yet to be in considerable part modified, or reversed? Regarded in this light, the above song is magnificent; but if we are to rest in the superficial meaning of the poem, this chant is a senseless impertinence.

There are few passages of length equal to the above, which are equally obvious in signification. The greater portion of the poem is exceedingly, and perhaps necessarily, obscure; but in the obscurest parts, there are bright glimpses of the primary sense. What are Ida's tamed leopards, but the lower powers of nature in just submission to the enlightened Intellect? What is the baby Aglaia (Αγλαια, splendour, grace, &c.), but the splendid future, the daughter of the soul Psyche? What is the Lady Blanche,

"A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled dame,
With all her faded autumns *falsely brown*,"

if not the representative of some worn-out form of Intellect, which retains nothing of its former excellence but the name? What does her juxtaposition with the younger Psyche, by whom she is supplanted in the affections of Ida and the University, mean, if not the present juxtaposition of lifelessless and true vitality in the intellectual system, and the forced retreat of the one before the other? Does not the decrepit Gama, that "little dry old man, not like a king," who is "swamped in lazy tolerance," but who is the father of Ida, and of her powerful champions, Arac and his brothers, shadow forth the present condition of a power, the weakness and decay of which have produced the phenomenon which is typified by Ida's isolation? Is not the inscription above the palace-gate, "Let no man enter here on pain of death," a very just expression of the penalty incurred by those who seek to set up their habitation within the enchanted regions of the passive intellect? The sweet Melissa is the offspring of the hateful Blanche, the mighty Arac of the nerveless Gama: have we not here the generation of the opposites by opposites, which is so common a phenomenon in connexion with the birth of principles?

There are, we repeat, innumerable incidents, characters, contrasts, and allusions, the primary meanings of which are totally dark to us; but that they have such primary meanings is commonly manifest from the fact, that their superficial senses are wholly insufficient to justify their existence; Psyche, for instance, is "the Lady of three castles;" a fact which bears in no way upon the *outward* sense of the story, but which is, nevertheless, impressed upon the reader by two or three repetitions. It is much the same with the characters of Cyril, Florian, the twin brothers of Arac, and of one or two others, who appear to us to be not a whit the less manifestly allegorical, because, hitherto, we have been unable to assign to them their true position in the general allegory. A certain odd want of consecutiveness in the individual characters, which is obviously not the result of want of care in their development, considered together with an equally odd mechanical symmetry in their relationships, would at once stamp this production, in our opinion, as being allegorical, were the allegory itself much less manifest than it is, and had much less care been taken by the poet in the "Prologue" and "Conclusion," to direct the reader to the real character of his work.

The poem is crowded with incidents, characters, and thoughts, and with the most subtle and laboured contrasts and juxtapositions, all of which would have been wholly thrown away, and worse than thrown away, upon a very flimsy plot, and a satire the poignancy of which they would have constantly diminished. This lavish expenditure of unnecessary materials, this constant occurrence of features that have no vital connexion with the plot of the satire, gives, upon the no-meaning hypothesis, an inexpressibly unsatisfactory effect to the whole work, which, viewed in this light, reminds us of the box full of inanimate dolls, that we remember, in our childhood, to have

peeped into, before the commencement of Punch's drama ; or, to employ a more dignified illustration, of the meaningless jumble of colours and outlines, which a painted window presents, when viewed from the *outside*.

Thoroughly as the poem is redeemed, by the view which has now been taken of it, from the weightiest of the censures to which it is liable, in the absence of this, or of some very similar view, it is not to be denied that the work is deformed by faults, and by faults which are not to be found, at least to the same extent, in Mr. Tennyson's former writings. None of these faults, however, seem to have resulted from a defect of care in the finish. Mr. Tennyson seems rather to have erred in the other extreme ; or, to use his own words, by polishing, " till all is ripe and rotten."

The finish is too high for so large a work, giving it an effect something like that which would be produced by an immense pencil drawing. Mr. Tennyson also attempts to produce, by simple versification, effects of which versification seems to be incapable ; and artifice pushed beyond its limits, looks like a want of art. We protest against the unfair trial of harmony in verse, by printing it like prose ; but we think that nothing can justify such lines as these,

" With stroke on stroke, the horse and horseman came,
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flying off the roofs, and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champaign, till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar, that the earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry."

The gravest fault, however, and one which seriously affects the value of the work, is the fact, that it is *constructed upon*, rather than *inspired by*, the central idea. This gives it an appearance of weakness which must be felt by those who best appreciate the merits of the poem ; and which must be fatal to the impression made by it upon readers who will not take the pains required to get deeper than the surface. A poem of this kind ought to contain nothing to offend even a careless reader, possessed of tolerably accurate taste ; its meaning should not be destructive of its merely superficial beauty :—but the excellence, the absence of which we are lamenting, has probably never been attained by any poet since Shakspeare. Let us therefore thank Mr. Tennyson for having put forth an undeniable claim to

" The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets *sage*."

The promise which was held out by " The Palace of Art," " The Dream of Fair Women" and by one or two other poems, constructed upon much the same principles, but with far less power, has been, to a great extent, redeemed in " The Princess." But Mr. Tennyson has not yet done his best. We trust that the hints which are contained in the foregoing pages, and which we offer to his consideration, with the modesty that becomes commentators upon an original poet who has so lately made his appearance among us, may not be wholly unacceptable and useless to him, who is too much of an artist to be ignorant, that in art, outward law and inward inspiration must ever work hand in hand.

Art. III.—*Two Summers in Norway.* By the Author of " The Angler in Ireland." 2 vols. London, 1840.

In the preceding Number of this Review we indulged ourselves, it may be too discursively, with some observations on the Art of Angling. If we prolonged the discussion beyond the endurance of any reader, let him remember, that patience is an angler's virtue, and ought to be exercised by all concerned, whether it be with the exposition or the practice of so great an art. We now desire to take up, more briefly, certain scientific portions of the subject.

Mr. Stoddart's opinion in regard to the spawning of trout and salmon—and so we presume of fish in general—is different from that of all preceding observers, whether fishers or physiologists. He asserts that the female does all the work herself, without any assistance from the male. She forms her own redd or furrow, expels the ova by a process of self-exertion, and covers them by the action of her tail as they descend. The milter, he holds, during these operations, yields her no assistance whatever. " It is possible he may be at hand on the watch, waiting the completion of the process ; but he avoids, during its continuance, every show of contact with the female ; and his interference with the operation can amount to nothing more than the scaring away of small fry from the spawning-bed ; or perhaps he may indulge his own voracious appetite by picking up the stray ova as they roll towards him—a propensity not to be wondered at, while it is of common occurrence to capture large trout with individuals of their own species projecting from their

mouths."—P. 27. How then, it may be naturally asked, do these ova produce their young? This the author, in an ensuing portion of his work, proceeds to explain as follows:—

"I have come to the conclusion, therefore, first of all, that although the milter and spawner are very frequently discovered to be on the redd together as a pair, this pairing takes place only for the occasion; and that the same milter will serve several females in succession, according as they are in a state of preparation to receive him. Again, that this state of preparation happens *after the completion of the spawning process*, when the females are in the condition of what are called kelts. It is not an impregnation of the shedded or flowing ova that takes place, but an impregnation of the ovaria after spawning; and this for the purpose of endowing or fructifying *the next year's deposit*. I may also add, that the fact of the male parr of eight or nine months' growth being, as respects its milt, fully matured, while the female fish of the same age exhibits no corresponding forwardness in regard to the spawn, most unquestionably confirms the reasonableness of such views; and if it has not the weight and value of actual experiment in regard to them, yet, if looked upon as an anomalous and inexplicable circumstance, when taken into account by the experimentalist himself, as is the case in this instance, it certainly tempts to the inquiry, Have such experiments been conducted upon their legitimate bases? or, in other words, is there no error or oversight, no questionable postulate, on the faith of which they have been put into operation."—P. 199.

Now, Mr. Stoddart's notions on these points would be of no consequence in themselves, as he evidently is not, and does not profess to be, a scientific observer; but when taken up vaguely by other people, especially when conjoined with what is contemptuous on his own part, and therefore to be condemned on ours, they may lead not only to a misapprehension of Mr. Shaw's conclusions, but to a misconstruction of his character. For example, in criticising certain experiments performed by Mr. Shaw, by means of which he produced some hybrid broods, specimens of which we have ourselves seen and handled, but the final results of which Mr. Stoddart thinks have not been properly explained to himself and the public, he observes as follows:—"Some mishap has plainly taken place; the wild ducks have been at work,* the ponds robbed of their previous contents; or, so I fear, a new and important discovery is on the eve of coming to light; the error, *ab initio*, has been detected, and it will require not time or assiduity merely, but caution, craft, and resolution, to unravel the threads of former speculation, and reblend them together, so as to attract and harmonize. Seriously speaking, however," &c.—P. 201. And he then proceeds with his own views. Now we think the *serious* portion lies, not in what he is about to state, whatever that may be, but in what he has just already stated. He has made a serious insinuation, if not accusation—affecting, as appears to us, Mr. Shaw's truthfulness and sincerity of spirit, not only reprehensibly inconsistent with all that is known of that observer's character and conduct, but ridiculously contradictory of frequent laudation, bestowed upon those excellent attributes by the critic himself throughout the other portions of his volume,—surely in mockery; for what credit can be conscientiously assigned to any man for the results of one experiment, if we could believe him capable of intentionally deceiving us by craft and cunning in another? Poets have been by some one most irreverently designated "inspired idiots." Mr. Stoddart is a poet, and of some power; but it appears to us that even his prose on this occasion (if prose is ever inspired at all) has not been presided over by the goddess of wisdom.

Mr. Shaw, as is probably well known to many of our readers, succeeded several years ago in maturing the spawn of salmon, and producing living fry, by intermingling the milt and ova of the adults. The observed fact of the male parrs with the milt matured, being "at all times found in company with the adult female salmon while depositing her spawn in the river," suggested the idea that they were probably there for a sufficient reason. To demonstrate the power and nature of the function performed, he, in January, 1837, took a female salmon of fourteen pounds from the natural spawning-bed, from whence he also took a male parr weighing one and a half ounce, the milt of which he mingled with the expressed ova of the salmon; and the spawn thus commingled, he imbedded in the gravel of a streamlet connected with his experimental ponds. The process succeeded in every respect, as it had done when tried with adult parents. The young fish appeared in embryo, were hatched, increased in size as parr, assumed the migratory aspect, and became smolts, or salmon-fry. This experiment he tried *repeatedly*, and with every requisite precaution, whether of a positive or a negative nature; and he seems even at that early period to have anticipated, and rendered foundationless, the fanciful objections of such

* In the course of a previous experiment, some wild ducks had unfortunately stumbled on Mr. Shaw's boxes during winter, and swallowed up most of the collected ova of that year.

cavilling inquirers as Mr. Stoddart. Thus, early in January, 1838, he took another female salmon, weighing fourteen pounds, and two male parr from the same spawning-bed, and commingled two lots of milt and ova, placing them in different streams. Although by an accident (referred to in the preceding note) he lost most of this impregnation, the few that remained showed a progressive growth entirely corresponding to that of the former hatching. So also, in December, 1838, he took a female salmon of eleven pounds from the river, and four male parrs from the same spawning-bed. After impregnating four different lots of her ova, one lot to each parr, he placed the four parrs in a pond where they remained until the following May, at which period they assumed the migratory dress. The ova were placed in streams to which no other fish had access, and there they became mature in the same progressive manner as those produced from an adult pair of salmon; thus clearly demonstrating that the young salmon of eighteen months old, while yet in the parr or early state, actually perform the functions of the male parent before they quit the river.

It was in consequence, as we have already indicated, of Mr. Shaw having observed the curious fact, that male parr with the milt matured were at all times to be seen accompanying the adult female salmon, while the latter were depositing their spawn in the river courses (female parr being at the same time absent), that he was first induced to try the experiments above narrated. The cautious and considerate way in which he *fenced* himself, and *floored* Mr. Stoddart, is well explained in the following passage, which occurs in a note to Mr. Shaw's paper:—

"As I believe it has been objected to my views, or rather practice, regarding this mode of impregnation, that the generative influence may have been in some other way effected than through the medium of the parr, I therefore took every means to prove the truthful results of my experiments by varying, in some measure, their conditions. Thus, in two instances, I took a portion of the ova from a female salmon, and placed them, *without impregnation*, in a stream of pure water. The result was as I had anticipated: up to the termination of the general hatching season, they exhibited no appearance of vitality. The female, from which one lot of ova was taken and placed in water without impregnation, was the female with which the four parr above alluded to were spawned. They were placed in the same stream, but in a separate vessel from the four lots impregnated. The other lot was taken from the female with which the male from pond No. 3 was spawned. The unimpregnated lot was placed in the same stream with the former. The impregnated lot was placed in the stream of pond No. 3. To avoid contact, the unimpregnated lots were in each case taken first, and removed to a distance."*

Could anything be more prudent than this proceeding, or more legitimate than the conclusion come to? Masses of ova are divided into sundry portions. A certain process is carefully performed on some of these portions, and as carefully abstained from in respect to others, and the results are always found to be conformable in each—that is, all those portions which have been commingled with the milt become prolific and parr-producing, while those which have not been so commingled continue barren.†

Mr. Stoddart's commentary, which, we confess, we do not comprehend so clearly as we do the experiments themselves, is as follows:—

"The averment in the note in question I hold fairly open to challenge, upon the ground that it is, in fact, a slurring over of one of the most important points connected with the breeding of salmon, and also because it embodies an admission, on the part of Mr. Shaw, which is very apt to impress one with the idea that the experiment under detail was imperfectly, if not carelessly, conducted. I allude to the insertion of the words 'as I anticipated,' which phrase plainly indicates that Mr. S. had made up his mind to meet with but one fixed result to the experiment, although upon what grounds he had done so, apart from mere prejudice, he has not thought fit to enlighten the reader."—P. 189.

If Mr. Shaw's experiments are strange and illogical, we are sure that Mr. Stoddart's commentary is stranger and more illogical

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* See *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv. part ii. note to p. 562.

† The same diseased propensity to reason on facts without remembering them, is exhibited by the author of a really useful little volume "On River Angling for Salmon and Trout" (1840), by John Younger of St. Boswells. Alluding to Mr. Shaw's experiments with the parr and salmon, he observes —"However correct in his main opinion, derived from a class of excellent experiments, that the parr is the young of the salmon, or other red fish, of the first season, still the impregnation of the roe of a fifteen pound *baggit* salmon, by a two ounce parr of her last year's spawn, is too great a stretch for a vulgar fisherman's comprehension or credulity, however many 'learned Thebans' may believe it. May we not with more probability imagine, that the roe of the baggit salmon, with which Mr. Shaw spawned by compression, and at the same time brought in contact with the milt of the small male parr, and thereby supposed to have impregnated the female's spawn as emitted,—is it not as probable that at least a quantity of the spawn would have produced the young *as well without as with contact with the puny parr?*" Has Mr. Younger really read Mr. Shaw's observations, or has he written his own? The two doings seem incompatible with each other.

still; in fact we fear it possesses those attributes independent altogether of Mr. Shaw. But not only does the latter distinctly state the general or suggestive ground (the want of which is complained of) on which he had formed his opinion prior to experiment, but Mr. Stoddart himself actually quotes, as we ourselves have done, the very passage. He had seen the breeding parr haunting habitually the natural spawning beds of salmon, and this it was that induced him both to form his opinion and to perform his experiments. The one fortunately confirmed the other, and proved that he was right; but whether he had been right or wrong eventually, he had, in the first place, fair inferential ground to go upon, and has given us that ground surely apart from what his critic calls "mere prejudice."

Moreover, what possible effect could Mr. Shaw's *anticipations*, whether well or ill-founded, have upon the hatching of the salmon spawn? And is not an anticipated result arrived at, and solidly secured and demonstrated, by a series of what are called *tentative* experiments, performed in a hopeful and foreseeing spirit, if not more valuable in itself, certainly more creditable to the discoverer, than if that result had been attained by chance, or some hap-hazard and empirical set of observations? Thus the very features which render Mr. Shaw's discoveries the more interesting and satisfactory to others, because the more philosophically conducted, tend only to deteriorate them in Mr. Stoddart's view. He contends that the whole of these most signal and successful experiments are based upon a "false but popular notion, that the ova of the salmon, previous to its (their) being emitted is (are) in an unimpregnated state," and he himself not only maintains the contrary, but reiterates it, with his eyes open, a very few minutes after he has copied, no doubt with his own hands, the very passages in which Mr. Shaw has *proved* the fact to be otherwise than Mr. Stoddart thinks it.

So anxious seems Mr. Stoddart lest the worse should not appear the better reason, and *vice versâ*, that he does not always accurately report even what lies spread upon the printed page before him. Thus Mr. Shaw says—

"In conducting the experiment of artificial impregnation, it appeared to me to be very desirable that the male should be taken with the female of his own selection, at the very moment when they were mutually engaged in the continuance of their species. To take a female from one part of a stream, and a male from another, might not have given the same chances of a successful issue to the experiment."—P. 554.

Upon which the commentator remarks—

"Mr. S. evidently, in the instance detailed, acknowledges *as essential* the existence of a mutual understanding betwixt the sexes."—P. 194.

Now, Mr. Shaw does not in any way acknowledge that it is "essential," but merely mentions that he thought it "very desirable." He never could have acknowledged it to be essential, because he knew the contrary, and has stated it in that passage of his paper (p. 566) where he narrates the curious fact of his having performed the vitalizing process upon the ova of a salmon which had been killed and removed from the river a couple of hours before, and could therefore have had but a small share in any "mutual understanding" upon any subject whatsoever. So also, when Mr. Shaw is narrating a subsequent experiment in January, 1839, on a female salmon which was taken from the river "in the act of spawning, in the absence of the male," Mr. Stoddart immediately strikes in with—"What, then, I ask, is to be presumed from the fact that a female salmon can perform the generative functions, as Mr. Shaw terms them, unassisted?" Mr. Shaw does not consider, and therefore would not think of terming, the spawning of the female salmon *the generative* function. He regards it only as an essential, not a self-sufficing, portion of that function; but as, according to Mr. Stoddart's theory, or rather hypothesis, spawning constitutes the sole, and for the time being sufficient process, he makes Mr. Shaw, who thinks the reverse, say that it is so too. Whereas the latter most accurate observer's opinion is, that the absence of the male salmon is an exceptional case, foreseen and provided for, when it does occur, by the presence of the parr, and that the simple process of spawning by itself alone would go for nothing.

It would almost seem as if Mr. Stoddart was not aware, that the different physiological laws which regulate production, were greatly varied in the different classes of the animal kingdom, in accordance with the range of structure, so highly diversified, although in each so wondrously adapted to the end in view. He desires, by sleight of hand, to overturn the very foundations of all acquired experience and recorded knowledge in respect to these matters; and what renders his own views the more preposterous, is, that if they were true, the truth would have been made manifest from the first, and would have met the eye of old and young almost every hour in every running stream, and could in no way continue among

the hid secrets of nature, still to be ascertained. And what are the proofs adduced, besides his own vague reasoning on the subject? Merely this, that many years ago, a gentleman, his informant, and an eye-witness of the fact, "while angling along with his brother on the Earn at Strowan Bridge, near Crief, the latter got hold of what he at first supposed to be simply a river-trout; but on drawing it ashore, was surprised to find that he had captured two fish of the species, and these, strange to say, attached to each other." Note to p. 24. He names the persons referred to, who are, we admit, well-known gentlemen of the highest character for truthfulness and intelligence, and excellent anglers to boot; but that the contrary usage is that not only of fishes in general, but of trout and salmon in particular, is what we are well assured from a multiplicity of circumstantial observations of a directly opposite nature which place the old idea on a foundation so broad and deep that it cannot be shaken. This, of course, is not a matter, the physiological details of which can be entered fully into in an article like the present, which ought not to be altogether as "*Caviar* to the multitude;" and as the *onus probandi* rests, in the meantime, with those who seek to remove the ancient land-marks which our fathers have set, we hope they will no longer delay an ample illustration of the subject. We trust, however, that Mr. Stoddart will not any further "follow out the analogy," as he terms it, which he has adduced as to the eggs of poultry, but rather bear in mind, that although the functions of fishes may be still in several points obscure, of this fact we are already so far certain, that fishes themselves, being featherless, wingless, and without feet, can be neither cocks nor hens.

We fear we may have already prolonged this discussion beyond the patience of our readers; but they who "deem our prattle to be tedious," must remember, that as accurate a knowledge as we can attain to of the haunts and habits of salmon, whether parr or parents, is really a matter of the highest moment in an economical and commercial point of view, when we consider the extreme value of our fisheries; so that, setting aside the intellectual interest of the subject merely as one of science, it has an undoubted right of appeal from the pursuits of the philosopher to the purses of the people.

The *pairing* of salmon *during* spawning time has been often observed; and it is a habit which we may reasonably infer would not prevail at that particular period, if it had taken place, according to Mr. Stoddart's hypothesis, *after* the spawning of the preceding year, when the fish were *kelts*. Mr. Andrew Young, the skilful and long-experienced manager of the Duke of Sutherland's North-country fisheries, in an unpublished letter now before us, writes as follows:—

"Mr. Shaw is perfectly right in stating that salmon pair. I daresay I may say that I have seen more salmon spawning than any man alive at this time; and I am sure that I have never yet seen a female spawning without a male. But the services of one male are as good as those of another, if the milt of both is equally mature. A male fish, however, must be had, else the female will not remain a moment on the spawning ground. The experiment has been tried frequently (and is a well-known, though most reprehensible poaching practice), by killing the male from the side of the female, and her first proceeding was to fall back into the pool below the spawning-ford, and from thence return with another male fish. This practical experiment has even been carried the length of picking off nine males successively from the side of the same individual female, and frequently have from three to eight been killed in that insidious manner. The fact is certain, that in the process of spawning, the female fish will be unproductive unless the ova come in contact with the milt, and that contact must occur when both milt and roe are in a state of maturity. Of this there need be no doubt. Deposit the ova without impregnation at the time of exclusion, and treat them otherwise as carefully as you can, and nothing is produced: impregnate the ova, and in due course you have a swarm of salmon-fry. Or take the milt and ova from a pair of salmon in August, when neither is as yet mature, and deposit them with equal care, you produce nothing: take the same materials from a brace of fish at a later period during the natural and spawning time, and when the fish are themselves upon the fords, and you produce fry. Mr. T. T. Stoddart draws far-fetched inferences from barn-door cocks and hens. He ought to recollect, that whether he disbelieves all natural facts or no, he himself writes on *fishes*."*

Let us endeavour to ascertain Mr. Stoddart's views upon the same subject. His general argument against pairing is, that the

* In another communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Young, he adds as follows:—"Mr. Shaw is quite correct in the principle on which he conducted his experiments on the hatching of salmon. Mr T. T. S. admits that fishermen have seen (we wonder he has not done so himself!) the ova flowing from the female. So have I often, and also the milt from the male. Pray, of what use is the large quantity of the latter, found in salmon when they commence to spawn? Has nature formed that one thing in vain! Take a salmon from off the spawning ground in time of spawning, and hang it up by the head, and the milt will run off freely. The ova of the female fish will do the same. Mr. Tod Stoddart's work, so far as points of that kind are concerned, I assure you is entirely against nature." Our other MS. collections, which on this subject are curious and extensive, all confirm these views.

number of spawners which ascend the Tweed, and, as he believes, salmon-streams in general, exceeds that of the he-fish in the proportion of three to one ; and although he admits it as true that salmon frequently leave the sea in pairs, he denies that these are necessarily male and female. He thinks they are often both spawners, and adds, that during the early grilse season, when they enter the river in considerable shoals, it is not uncommon to find five-sixths of the lot females.

"I hold then as inaccurate the assertion, that salmon regularly pair off in the manner of partridges and grouse. [He is right in thinking that they do not betake themselves either to the corn-fields, or 'ower the muir amang the heather.'] They certainly pair, but it is not as they are described or understood by naturalists to do, one milter serving merely its appropriate spawner. On the contrary, a single male-fish is adapted to perform the requisite office to several females; in fact, is polygamous. I once witnessed, in a shallow pool in the Black-water, near Contin, Ross-shire, a collection of above fifty fish, among which there were only three males, and these, notwithstanding the immense disproportion in point of numbers, so jealously inclined towards each other, as to prefer fighting furiously among themselves, to engaging in acts of duty and affection towards the other sex. It appeared, in fact, as if one of the trio wished to obtain possession of the whole harem. With regard to the females, on this occasion, they were generally inert, showing no disposition to leave the exact spot they severally hung over, and evidently, I judged, engaged, many of them, in the act of spawning, and that without the slightest measure of assistance from any of the milters."—P. 197.

This is very vague and altogether inconclusive. But it must have been a fine sight to see in one shallow pool of such an unambitious river as the Blackwater at Contin, above fifty full-grown salmon, some splashing, some spawning, and some (at least a trio) trying to tear each other's eyes out. Polygamous indeed! They were worse than Sultan Solyman, and should have been speared upon the spot. Where was the sheriff of the county? where the water bailiff? where the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice?

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud
> Without our special wonder!"

Mr. Stoddart's second great error on the salmon question, is stated by himself parenthetically while expounding his error first.

"Now, I put to Mr. Shaw one single interrogatory. Did it never occur to him, in the course of his observations and experiments, to inquire how it happens that the male parr of seven or eight months old—(for I certainly differ from him in the notion that the young of the salmon remain during the course of two seasons in the parr state—most unquestionably such is not the case in Tweed, or in any other salmon river I am acquainted with, although in the ponds of Drumlanrig, indications of this disposition, the result of confinement, may very possibly have presented themselves)—is, with regard to its generative secretions, in a greater state of forwardness than the female fish,—why, when one has its roe just developed, and the pellets thereof are barely distinguishable to the naked eye, the other possesses its milt in a state of absolute maturity?"—P. 195.

To this we take upon us to reply for Mr. Shaw, who assuredly would not take the trouble, at this time of day, to answer for himself, that the point referred to did occur to him as a very singular one, that he inquired into it particularly, studied it in all its bearings, and has already publicly explained and accounted for it at full length, by showing the functions of the parr, and the nature of the same.*

And so the author of the "Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland," actually never caught a parr running well into its second year! We shall believe this statement upon only one condition—that he gives equal credit to others who like our-

* The fact is, these peculiar functions had been seen and commented on at a long prior period by writers whose works, although of the highest value, were necessarily unknown to Mr. Shaw. Old John Ray, the greatest of the English naturalists, published, in conjunction with his friend Willoughby, a volume on fishes—"*De Historia Piscium*," in the year 1686. We there find, first a description of the salmon, and then of a small (and as these authors thought it) distinct species, resembling the river-trout, and which is properly regarded as identical with the *branlin* of the north of England—that is to say, the parr of present times. Of the sexual habits of these our author records as follows:—"*Branlins*, nonnullis *fingerlins*, *i. e.*, digitalis, dicti, quia notas seu areolas transversas nigricantes quinque aut sex, veluti tot digitorum vestigia impressa, in lateribus obtinent, cum macula rubra in unaquaque areola. Caudæ sunt forcipatæ, salmonum ritu; *quodque mirum est omnes mares. Cum salmonibus procreandi causa, miscere eos mihi persuasum est.* Quum primum enim salmo ovorum editorum congeriem seu acervum malis dicere, relinquit, *branlinus* mox ei incumbit, ovaque (ut verisimile est) spermate suo irrigat et fecundat; nec alibi unquam inveniuntur *branlini* quam iis in locis quæ salmones frequentant. Quod ad mare descendant non ausim affirmare, siquidem quovis anni tempore apud nos inveniuntur. Fluentis rapidissimis acerrimisque versantur, in quibus nullum aliud genus piscis durare potest. Cum adoleverint sex circiter digitos longitudine æquant."—P. 193. So if Mr. Shaw has erred egregiously, he may console himself with the reflection, that he has great names to keep his own in company.

selves state that they have often done so, yea, many times in many waters. This equalizes the mere matter of testimony, that is, of assertion without proof, and we may now proceed to the facts.

Mr. Stoddart believes in the slow development of the parr during the first few months of its growth, as explained and illustrated by Mr. Shaw; but he thinks that the subjects of his experiments having taken two years to be transmuted into smolts, was occasioned by the confined life they led in the ponds. When Mr. Shaw began to experiment on these fishes, he scooped up a few dozen with a gauze-net from the gravel of the river on the 15th of May, 1834. They then measured about an inch in length, and were placed in ponds provided with a run of water, where they throve well. In the course of the ensuing May (1835) they had attained a length of 3½ inches on an average; "and it is important to remark," says Mr. Shaw, "that they corresponded in every respect with the parr of the same age *which occurred in the river*." He detained them till May, 1836, by which time they had grown to 6½ inches, with beautiful deep blue backs and silvery sides, and so had assumed the condition of smolts or salmon-fry, commonly so called. The undoubted smolts *of the river* were at this time descending sea-wards, "and the most careful comparison of these with those in my possession did not elicit the slightest difference between the two." Mr. Shaw's had completed their second year; and is it likely that those in the river, which he states so identically resembled them, were only a twelvemonth old?

But let us attend for a moment to the condition of the fry in April and May, when newly hatched, or only a few weeks old. They then betake themselves to the gentler eddies, being so small that many of them will conceal themselves in a single print of a horse's hoof—these little hollows, so frequent in the fords, being favourite resting-places for the fry. In these and similar quiet haunts, and covered by a slight current of a few inches of water, they may be observed with their little tails in constant motion, till such time as they are closely approached, when they dart beneath the stones, and disappear. They remain with these habits, and in such situations, during the months of April, May, and even June, and, in truth, continue comparatively unobserved throughout the whole of their first summer, being seldom taken by the angler during that season. But when the two-year-olds have disappeared as *smolts* in spring, these smaller fishes, now entering their second year, become bolder as heirs-*apparent*, and now constitute conspicuously the May or summer parr of anglers. They are salmon-fry advancing into their second year, and progressing towards the completion of that early state, the conclusion of which converts them into smolts, after which, on descending to the sea, they become glorified as grilse without delay. Now, if parr descended to the sea during that particular spring which completes only their first year, how could anglers, young or old, contrive to capture any of these small fishes during the months of May and June, several times the size of minnows? If the yearlings are all gone to the salt water, and those hatched during the immediate spring are confessedly still in "the hollows of the horses' hoof-marks," or other nursery-ground, then, so far as the angler is concerned, there would be no parr to be had at all. But as there is no intermediate spring or early summer period between the departure of the converted smolts and the manifestation of the young parr of that same season, during which these small fishes may not be either caught by the angler or identified by the naturalist, we think it follows obviously that the creature in question must exist in the rivers during the continuance of its second year.

The truth is, that towards the conclusion of spring, our running waters contain, though they do not necessarily exhibit to the eye of the uninitiated, *three distinct broods* of parr or young salmon. 1*st*, Such as, recently excluded from the ova, are either invisible to common eyes, or at least require a steady and attentive gaze to make them perceptible. 2*dly*, Such as have just completed their first year, but have gained as yet little accession to their size since the preceding autumn, owing to the low temperature of air and water during wintry weather, and the consequent deficiency of insect food. These increase, however, pleasantly in their own quiet way, as the gladsome summer season marches onwards; and they constitute, during that season, the obvious and admitted parr of anglers. 3*dly*, And simultaneously, *for a time*, with the two preceding broods (that is, during April, and, it may be, parts of May), we have large, manly-looking parr, which have completed their second year. These now measure five, six, or seven inches in length, and although still parr, they are all more or less in the act of assuming that radiant livery of blue and silver, and those remarkable migratory or sea-searching instincts, which

characterize the smolts, in their declared and undoubted condition of salmon-fry.*

The opinion of Ephemera (in his "Hand-Book of Angling," noticed in our last Number) on an important point of this nature, is not likely to be in itself of much value. He does not, in fact, express any opinion of his own at all, but wisely follows Mr. Scrope, than whom he could scarcely have chosen a better guide, as that gentleman seems, at an early period, to have seen as far into the truth as any one.† Of course he takes up the parr subject "like a *two-year-old*." But it might have been as well for the author of the "Hand-Book" to have consulted other authorities, more especially as he says in his preface, "the singular history and habits of that splendid fish (the salmon) I have detailed with considerable minuteness; nor will the reader be disposed to question the accuracy of my statements, when he is told that they are founded on the authoritative data of Messrs. Shaw, Young, and Scrope."‡ At all events, he should by no means say, at this time of day, that Mr. Scrope maintained the point (regarding the parr being the young of the salmon) in discussion "against the *contrary opinion of the Ettrick Shepherd*;" for if he had ever looked into the records he would have found exactly the reverse. Mr. Hogg was in truth one of the earliest and most pertinacious asserters of the very fact which Ephemera maintains that he denied; and although most doubted, and not a few derided the results reported by the poet, it is now certain that his imaginations were founded on facts. Hear the words of the Shepherd beloved of Ettrick:—

"I suspected all my life that parrs were the fry of salmon, not merely because they had the same form, the same eyes, and the same tails, but simply because I found over all Scotland, that where there were no salmon there were no parrs, and *vice versâ*. But as soon as I began to be an angler, which was rather late in life, the thing became self-evident to me. Here I would catch a parr with a few straggling silver scales upon him. I would look at this and think it queer; instantly I would catch another a little better covered with silver scales, but all loose, and not adhering to his body. Again, I would catch a smoult, manifestly a smoult, all covered with white silver scales, yet still rather loose upon his skin, and which would come mostly off upon my hand. On scraping them off, *there was the parr with the blue finger marks below the scales*. The case soon became as manifest to me as that a lamb, if suffered to live, would become a sheep.

"Of course from day to day, and from year to year, my heart was grieved that the natural history of that most glorious of all river fish, the SALMON, should have been so little understood, and that a leading fact of such consequence should have been so long overlooked. So one summer, about ten years ago, I set on and marked 280 parrs, generally of the most insignificant sort that were useless for making up a dish. I did this by what is called by farmers a back-halve of the tail, and returned them into the water. The next year, when close-time came in, I published among the poachers, and on the smithy doors, that all the *fish* (*i. e.* salmon) that were back-halved upon the tail were mine: That I would not claim a fish as my property, but whosoever would bring me word of such a fish having been taken, and seen by witnesses, *I would give him a dram*."*

We are sorry to say, that notwithstanding the irresistible nature of the bribe, not a single marked fish was found throughout the course of the ensuing year. Does Ephemera or Mr. Stoddart know the reason why? We shall whisper it as a secret in his ear. The Shepherd was not only an inspired poet, who saw and gloried in the fair effulgence of many an evening sun-set as it cast its far shadows across the green pastures from browsing cattle on a thousand hills, but he was also a hungry poacher who saw or deemed he saw another disk, darker yet not so distant, surrounded also by a ruddy glow, and not without its rising exhalations (the frying-pan shall not be even named), and so he *waled* out (*Anglicé*, selected), as he himself

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* Parr, in fact, occasionally continue for a considerable portion of, if not throughout, their *third* year in river water. We killed one such last July, in the Shin. Its pectoral fins had become black at the extremities, like those of smolts; but although its general aspect was brighter and bluer than an ordinary parr, it had not lost either the crimson spots or the transverse bars which characterize that early state. On the other hand, and in curious contradiction to Mr. Stoddart's theory, it has been found that the assumption of the smolt condition, so far from being retarded, seems sometimes actually hastened by confinement in a pond—that is, if the said pond be fed by spring-water, which is warmer in winter than that of the river—the latter, as *superficial*, being therefore more exposed to frost.

† See his valuable and beautifully illustrated volume (likewise referred to in our preceding Number) entitled—*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed*. London, 1843.

‡ We think it likely that Ephemera has really never looked upon the original papers of Messrs. Shaw and Young. He makes no detailed or specific reference to them, and he designates Mr. Shaw as "the manager of the Duke of Buccleuch's salmon fisheries," which he is not, while he mentions Mr. *John Young*, as the other excellent observer, who, however, rejoices in the baptismal name of *Andrew*, which he has unblushingly prefixed to his paper—"On the Growth of Grilse and Salmon."

* *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*. No. XV. p. 444. November, 1831.

admits, "the most insignificant sort, that were *useless for making up a dish*:"—in other words, he chose unluckily the parr within the year, not knowing that they had to remain another season in the river, and that they were actually *still small* in that very river, while he himself was perambulating its banks with a bottle of the *small still* in his horny hand, wherewith to reward the shivering, if successful, investigators of nature.

"But behold," exclaims our now exulting Shepherd, "on the close-time following, which was the second from the first marking, two years and a quarter afterwards, to my great joy, I learned that either twenty-six or twenty-eight (I have forgot which) salmon were killed in one week, on the very water where I had marked the parrs, *all bearing my mark*. Here then was proof beyond all disputing."*

We were at first inclined to wonder why, as the result of Mr. Hogg's experiments, grilse rather than salmon, were not first captured. But this may probably be explained by the somewhat vague and rather too comprehensive meaning which the poet attaches to the latter term. He afterwards proceeds to explain that more than one-half of his twenty-eight *fish* turned out to be sea-trouts—"the rest were all salmon, save three which were a sort of copper-coloured fishes of the trout species, but which likewise came from the sea; so that parr is apparently not the fry of any one particular species, of the salmon kind, but of all the fish that come from the sea to spawn in the rivers. This is quite true in regard to all the *Salmonidæ*, each of which has its own peculiar parr—the different sorts being in early life not always easy to distinguish, especially by pastoral poets in an upland country. What the copper-coloured fishes were, we shall not take upon us to declare at this time, but we hope that we have in the meanwhile relieved Ephemera's mind from the painful impression that any very serious misunderstanding continued (if it ever existed) between Mr. Scrope and the Ettrick Shepherd on the subject of salmon-fry. Were he to read more, and to write less, he would probably fall into fewer mistakes.†

In regard to the parr of the different kinds of Salmonidæ (three in number we believe) which frequent our rivers, Mr. Stoddart has afforded us some excellent remarks. As this is a subject but slightly known even to our most accurate and observing naturalists, we shall quote the passage in question.

"There are three distinct species of smolt that at this time descend Tweed. The black-fin or salmon smolt, the orange-fin or whitling, and the grey-fin or bull-trout smolt. Of these the last mentioned far surpasses in size the two others. I have caught them weighing five ounces, and equal in strength and activity to river-trout of nearly twice that weight. The orange-fin in this respect ranks next, and the black-fin or true parr-smolt is the least of all. In Tweed itself the real salmon smolt abounds more than the others, but in its tributaries, which are spawned in by vast numbers of bull-trout and whitlings, the fry of these fish greatly exceed those of the salmon."—P. 210.

This mixture of fry in the upper streams and tributaries no doubt accounts for the heterogeneous result of the Ettrick Shepherd's researches. Mr. Stoddart again observes, while referring to the difference between sea-trout and salmon—

"They are also, in respect to their feeding, of different habits. In fresh water the sea-trout is a voracious feeder, especially during river floods, and when the water is high-coloured, whereas the salmon, on such occasions, refuse every variety of sustenance. Even the parr or infant fish is then more capricious than usual. This is the reason unquestionably, why, before its descent to the sea as a smolt or black-fin, it is generally of smaller size and weight than the sea-trout smolt or orange-fin. The latter, while in fresh water, is as voracious in its habits of feeding as the common river-trout, and, consequently, at the time I speak of, grows with greater rapidity. On its entrance, however, to the sea, the change, as respects its food, being one of kind and quality, not so much one of quantity, its growth (irrespective of its being affected through specific inferiority), although proceeding at an improved rate, does not bear any proportion to that of the salmon."—P. 217.

There is reason to believe that this great bull-trout of the Tweed (*Salma eriox*) is

* *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.* No. XV. p. 445. November, 1831.

† In the paper just referred to, Mr. Hogg takes up with great earnestness the question of the damage done to salmon fisheries by the inconsiderate destruction of parr. "Now, let the proprietors of rivers only think of the millions of these precious fry with which every Cockney angler's basket in the United Kingdom is stuffed, and without which that species of fishermen would get no sport. Indeed, both parrs and smoults are so voracious and fearless that they will leap until hooked, even although pricked again and again. They take so keenly that they may almost be exhausted in a river. A double-rod fisher told me this year that he often catched upwards of twenty dozen in a day, and that he was sure he could not catch fewer in a season than *forty thousand parrs and smoults alone!* Good heavens! as the ladies swear. All the black-fish poachers, and all the stake-nets in the sea, are not so destructive as is the simple sport of angling, now so much increased, to the breed of salmon."—*Ibid.* p. 447.

now much more abundant than it was about the commencement of the present century. It is the opinion of some observers that it is even destined to destroy and supersede the salmon altogether. When Mr. John Younger first became a dweller on Tweedside in 1802, the old fishers then spoke of the bull-trout as of an infrequent monster of casual appearance, known under the name of *round tail*. They supposed it a hybrid between the salmon and common trout!

"Old water-bailiff Balmour primmed his lips and laughed at my boyish conceit when I presumed that it was a distinct though scarce species. It has multiplied gradually since, however, until now it is by far the most plentiful of all migratory salmon in our river, and is found of all sizes, from the grilse state, when it is named the sea-trout, to sometimes twenty-five pounds weight. It is the first to come up the river in the early autumn floods, by which all the smaller, and particularly the more easy running streams and tributaries,—such as the Till, Kail, and Teviot,—are filled with it, and often only a slight admixture of the real salmon and grilse.

"Bull-trouts," continues Mr. Younger, "do not rise to the salmon-fly so readily as the salmon on their first coming from the sea; but are voracious in winter and spring, after having spawned and got into the kelt state, and are then the worst of all our fish for eating. They are never indeed the most excellent eating, even in their clean state, being as coarse in this respect as in their appearance, when compared with the fine form and delicious richness of the salmon. More pale and stringy in their flesh, their roe also has not the fine rich redness of the salmon, being of a dull, yellow colour, and slabby, and almost useless as a trout bait.

"But the worst property of this species is, that they devour the salmon spawn so greedily that it is likely, ere forty more years elapse, they will have exterminated the breed entirely. Let any one keep a good look-out from an eminence over a spawning-bed, and observe a fine pair of salmon in the act of spawning, and he will as certainly also see, a little below them, a fish, probably the largest of the three, lying at ease in the hollow trough, catching the roe as it falls away from the female, having only to open its mouth to receive thus an abundant supply of food; and a continued observation will convince him that not a third or fifth part of the roe falls into its destined position. He may also observe a few smaller fishes, it may be of its own kind, or like trouts of various sizes, keeping at a cautious distance behind this blackmail marauder, but all as busy and as active as he in catching the stray roes, as they float down, or sink upon the gravel." *

As regards the true salmon, although the conversion of smolts into grilse is extremely rapid, after they have reached their marine pastures, the special operative cause of that conversion, that is, of their great and sudden growth, is still unknown. That there must be favourite and fattening food at their command, in inexhaustible abundance, we may rest assured, and the *saline* nature of the water may possibly exercise a direct and beneficial influence; but still the extraordinary growth of smolts into grilse, of these into salmon, and of the last into larger fish, is a fact, or series of facts, rather well known than clearly accounted for. We are acquainted with no such supernatural increase, as we may almost call it, in any other department of the animal kingdom. Mr. Stoddart states that he has frequently seen grilse captured in the Tweed weighing eleven or twelve pounds, and he says they have been known as heavy as sixteen pounds,—an extraordinary increase in the course of a few months (five or six at most) for a smolt of not many ounces. It is possible, however, that these very large grilse may, for reasons best known to themselves, have remained a longer time in salt water than we are aware of. Can any of them be actually as old as salmon (that is in their second salt water year), but have refrained from entering the rivers in consequence of some constitutional peculiarity? This is all conjecture; and the argument is rather the other way, from the fact of the gradual increase observable from spring to autumn, the largest grilse being always those of September and October. Now, if any of them remained over the winter in the sea, this would no doubt account for the great size of these juveniles, but then is it not highly probable that some of them would ascend the rivers in spring or early in the summer season? But this they are never known to do, although we may then kill small salmon, no heavier than the large grilse of the preceding year. The reason why a salmon is sometimes less than a grilse we presume to be this, that an individual in the latter state may remain longer in the sea during its first visit to the salt water, than may another during its first and second visits both combined. *A* and *B*, born of one and the same spawning, descend to the sea together in spring, so soon as they have taken that "bright shining leprosy," which the imaginative Shepherd supposes to be a disease which drives them shorewards for the sake of a saline draft. *A* returns to the river in a month or two, that is, early in summer, as a small grilse, and there she remains, spawns, and descends in winter to the sea, whence, if so inclined, she may reascend the river as a small salmon in spring. *B* remains in the sea continuously for many

* *Journal of Agriculture*, p. 499. November, 1847.

months, and comes up the river some time before winter, a large grilse. She also spawns, and descends again to the sea, whence she may issue a well-sized salmon in spring, or a still larger one in autumn, if she remains again in the sea continuously throughout the summer season. Of course every after visit to the sea increases their dimensions; which, however, are finally determined by stake-net, net, and cobble, or the cruel and insidious cruives—to say nothing of the angler's wily lure; for such is now the perfection and frequency of our fisheries in various forms, that it is extremely probable no salmon ever dies a natural death. Such as escape for a very few years, attain to a weight of twenty-five or thirty pounds; and if spared yet again for a time, they become even as the children of the Anakim.*

The ultimate size attained by salmon, that is, the largest dimensions which the specific mould of that fish admits of under any circumstances, it would be difficult to state with precision. That individuals from 30 to 40 pounds' weight and upwards, were much more frequent in former days than now, is certain, and we think the occurrence is best accounted for simply by the fact, that there is now no such thing as an old salmon on the face of the earth, at least in British waters. It is not in the nature of things, that is, of stake-nets, bag-nets, cobble-nets, and cairn-nets, to admit of any salmon travelling up and down betwixt the sea and the spawning-fords for a series of successive years, without being captured and slain by one or other of the modes made use of—and that so incessantly—for its apprehension. Even in Norway, the large fish which so astonished our anglers when they first sought the uproarious banks of the river Namsen, have now in a great measure disappeared. The great patriarchs of the tribe have been caught, killed, and eaten; and now that the spirit of commercial enterprise—in addition to the love of sport, has ascended from the fiords of the coast to the streams and pools of the Scandinavian rivers, we shall probably ere long hear little more of 50 pound fish, even in those remote regions. The only instance of a salmon of that weight occurring within our own sphere of observation, during the preceding season, was one disposed of by Mr. Groves of Bond Street. It weighed precisely fifty pounds, and for the honour of Scotland was a Tay fish. The heaviest we ever heard of being killed in this country with the fly, is that mentioned by Mr. Lascelles, who, however, gives no particulars as to period, or place of capture. It is said to have weighed 54½ pounds.* Pennant makes mention of one which weighed 74 pounds, but the largest of any on record, so far as we know, is that alluded to by Mr. Yarrell, as having, a good many years ago, come into the hands of Mr. Groves, above named. It was a female fish, comparatively short, but of unusual depth and thickness, and weighed 83 pounds.† The Norwegians say, that their salmon sometimes attain the weight of 100 pounds. Mr. Bilton is satisfied that in 1837, he raised one or two that were certainly between 50 and 60; and there is no doubt that a native angler, Claus Moen by name, caught a salmon in the Namsen, that was very nearly 60 pounds. It took three hours to kill, and carried him down from the Boat Pool, through the Long Rapid, to below Rossætter Næs.

Although we have great reason to be proud of, as well as highly pleased with, the angling of our own beloved country, there is no doubt that so far at least as concerns the *size* of salmon, the rivers of Norway are better than all the waters of Caledonia.‡ It

* Tabular views of the increase of these invaluable fishes will be found in Mr. Young's excellent paper "On the growth of grilse and salmon," in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xv. part iii.

The most interesting and remarkable example of this rapid increase of weight with which we are acquainted, is noted in the following extract from a private letter by his Grace the Duke of Atholl:—

"I have received the ticket No. 129 from Mr. Wilson, and on referring to my salmon journal, I find that I caught this fish as a kelt *this* year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dunkeld Bridge, at which time it weighed exactly ten pounds; so that in the short space of five weeks and two days, it had gained the almost incredible increase of eleven pounds and a quarter; for when weighed here on its arrival it was twenty-one pounds and a quarter.

"I assure you that I cannot too strongly express how much I am gratified by the interest you have taken in my experiments to ascertain the natural habits and growth of salmon. I only wish that all those connected with the fishing on the Tay would be induced to spare the kelts on their way down to the sea, for I fear much that most of those I marked last year were destroyed on their way down the river, and that it is owing to the favourable *spate* we had this year that this fish has been enabled to return as a salmon, and thus still further corroborate the statements made by Mr Young in his very interesting pamphlet you were so kind as to send me, and for which I now beg to take the opportunity of thanking you.—I am, &c.

(Signed) "GLENLYON.

"DUNKELD, 11*th May*, 1845."

* *Letters on Sporting*. Part 1st, p. 21.

† *British Fishes*. Vol. ii. p. 19.

‡ We are honoured by his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, the most experienced and successful angler in the south of Scotland, with a memoran-

may indeed be safely affirmed, that the Namsen is the largest and noblest river (*quoad* salmon) in the world. Our personal correspondence altogether confirms the surprising statements as to sport given by Mr. Bilton, in the work named at the head of this article.* But great changes are rapidly taking place from year to year. We have reason to believe that even already the fish are decreasing in size—that is to say, that the great chieftains of the tribe, courageous as well as strong, have been among the earliest victims to the wily lures of the newly introduced art of angling, and as most of the finest are thus picked off from year to year, few are now allowed that "fulness of days" which is required for the ultimate completion of their growth. An English gentleman, Mr. Postrook, visited the Namsen in 1839. He arrived on the morning of the 20th of June, a "raw and gusty day," as he describes it. But he put up his rod without delay, and immediately rose, hooked, and landed, three successive fish of the respective weights of 37, 38, and 39 lbs.—making the extraordinary total of 114 lbs. for his first three fish! We know of many men who would far rather accomplish such a feat than discover the Philosopher's Stone. Dr. Cumming, an accomplished and experienced angler, and possessing the natural advantage, so great to a salmon-fisher, of standing nearly six feet three without his shoes, was less successful in the summer of 1840. He did not succeed in landing any fish above 23½ lbs. He *had on*, however, two, "which," he observes, "I can make oath were full 40 lbs.; but, alas! they carried away my tackle, after making several magnificent springs out of the water, and thus displaying their huge proportions."

The author of "Two Summers in Nor-

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dum regarding the size and number of the Tweed salmon. His Grace has killed in one day 26 fish, but a large majority of these were grilse. He has never yet captured a salmon weighing 30 pounds, although he has killed them as heavy as 29 pounds, and in the month of April, 1843, he caught a fresh-run fish weighing 28½ pounds, a most unusual size to be taken—even by the net, at that early season of the year. He considers that salmon from 25 to 30 pounds are of rare occurrence in the Tweed. He was informed, however, that two of 36 pounds each, were taken last autumn near the mouth of the river. He recollects having on several occasions, during the autumnal angling, after the removal of the nets (which takes place in the Tweed three weeks before the commencement of the close-season), killed five salmon weighing from 100 to 110 pounds. His Grace is of opinion that the numerous nets so diligently worked in the tide fisheries, and the destruction of kelts, or spawned fish, in the upper districts, when on their return to the sea (a practice legal under the Tweed Act), tends greatly to keep down the size of salmon in that magnificent river.

The author of a rambling work (published by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh in 1841), entitled a "Voyage round the Coasts of Scotland and the Isles," makes the following, it appears in some measure erroneous, observations, regarding the decreased productiveness of the noted river Ewe in Ross-shire, a favourite station of the late Sir Humphrey Davy. "It is said that the angling here, as in most Scotch rivers, has of late deteriorated considerably. We know that in the summer of 1834, an English gentleman killed in it a hundred grilse and salmon, in the course of a few weeks, and the late Sir Hector Mackenzie is said to have frequently killed twenty in a single day." Vol. i. p 301. On this, Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch, the son of the above-named, taking alarm at the supposed slight cast upon his beautiful ancestral stream, addressed the author of the slight as follows:—"Sir F. A. Mackenzie presents his compliments to Mr. Wilson, and having with much pleasure read his tour in the Highlands, hopes he will excuse Sir F.'s pointing out a mistake when mentioning the river Ewe, and *correct it in a future Edition.* Mr. W. states that 100 salmon were killed there a few years ago by an English gentleman, which is quite true; but he also adds that since then the angling has much fallen off. Sir F. wishes that Mr. W. had endeavoured practically to prove the truth of this report given him, and he would have found *to a certainty*, that such was not really the case. Never within the last 50 years, have there been so many salmon killed in the Ewe as in 1841 and '42, and Sir F.'s Boiler, J. Young, wrote lately, stating that on the two first days of this season (1843), he had killed seven fine salmon, averaging 12 pounds each,—a thing not done by any angler at the same period on any other river. The last time Sir Francis himself fished there, he landed *twenty-five fish in* 10½ *hours*, three of them weighing upwards of twenty pounds. If Mr. Wilson will do Sir Francis the pleasure of paying him a visit, he shall be most welcome to enjoy killing Ewe salmon—the most lively and powerful fish he ever had on a hook." We doubt not but the author of the above mentioned slight (work) would gladly have corrected the mistake in the manner, and through the medium referred to, had the reading-public thought proper to give a harmonious call to

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the publishers for a second edition. Our own impression is that it has not yet done so, a fact which we can neither excuse nor account for. But meanwhile, as a sincere well-wisher of the author, and as holding the memory of a most patriotic proprietor in high esteem (Sir Francis himself being now no more), we here state our unfeigned belief that the river in question is one of the finest for its length in all the world, and it will give us great pleasure to be informed that Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, the present amiable representative of an honoured House, has renewed the above recorded invitation, so soon as he attains to years of discretion.

* Dr. Cumming, who visited Norway in 1840, writes to us as follows:—"By far the best work on the rivers and angling of the north of Europe, is that called, 'Two Summers in Norway.' The book came out in 1840, and will interest you extremely. You may rely on its perfect truthfulness, for I had the same boatmen as he had, and they never ceased talking of the piscatorial exploits of Herr Bilton. The year after his book came out, half the Cockneys of London went to Norway, and I am told that every river of any note is now let at high rents to Englishmen."

way" enters largely into the subject of angling, the northern rivers being in fact "the burden and main region of his song;" but, as he says truly, that there are none devoted to that pursuit who do not keenly relish those varied beauties of nature with which it renders them conversant, so he has not omitted to describe the wild and romantic scenes (almost unequalled in their way in Europe) by which he was so constantly surrounded, nor failed to take cognisance of the moral and social features of its inhabitants, besides giving us what he terms "the general information befitting a gentleman and a Christian."*

Our knowledge of the Namsen, in a piscatorial point of view, is of very recent acquirement. The "Ultima Thule," in respect to angling, was in our early days the Stænkjær river, at the head of the Triondhjem Fiord, that water, however, being generally so full both of floating and sunken deals, as to render the capture of a large fish extremely precarious. But about sixteen years ago, two Irishmen who had heard of the Namsen's fame, made their way as far northwards as Fiskum Foss (the great cataract on that river), of which vicinity they brought back so favourable a report, that others were ere long induced to follow where they had led. Stænkjær is about seventy-four English miles from Triondhjem, and a short distance beyond it two roads branch off northwards, by either of which the Namsen may be reached in a couple of days. This now famous river takes its rise from several large lakes embosomed among the mountains, which form the southern boundary of the province of Nordland. After passing through a wooded wilderness of almost uninhabited country, it flows past a lofty mountain mass, called Heimdalhougen, and then enters a capacious upland valley, extensively cultivated. At the lower end of this more tranquil country, it suddenly meets with and tumbles over a perpendicular wall of gneiss (forming the Fiskum Foss), about a hundred and fifty feet high, from whence it roars and struggles through a succession of rocky gorges, the last of which is just above the ferry of Mediaa. From this point the river is broader and more placid in its goings, but still affords those fine alternations of rapid runs and beautiful capacious pools which so delight the angler's heart. As it flows over a lengthened tract of primitive or siliceous rock, its waters, so soon as freed from melted snow, are extraordinarily pure and transparent. It becomes sufficiently cleansed in this way to admit of angling by the very beginning of July, although a good deal of discoloration may continue for another fortnight. But the Norwegian salmon are of hardy constitution, and will take the fly well enough even with a very chilling intermixture of what Scotch anglers call "snaw brew." It clears away rapidly after heavy rains, "and happy is the man that is ready on its banks to attack the shoals of greedy salmon which are then seen to rush up its flooded streams."

This river is so broad, and the character of its shores so peculiar, that it is impossible to fish it except from a boat. The current is too great to row against in such a way as to admit of casting with sufficient regularity, and the better plan is to commence at the top of a stream, and work the boat, holding its head upwards, diagonally across the current, returning after the same fashion, some five yards lower down, and so proceeding alternately, from side to side, until the entire stretch is well fished over. The fly is to be kept playing from fifteen to twenty yards below the boat, and a practised angler (no other need go so far as Norway) will soon ascertain the special spots on which to dwell most lovingly.

"This is doubtless," says our author, "a very killing method, for if the boat is well managed, the fly can be presented in the most tempting manner, to almost every salmon in the river. But on the other hand, it reduces the inexperienced tyro and the accomplished angler nearly to the same level; since the most difficult feat in the art—that of casting the fly far and well—is done away with; and consequently the hooking a fish depends at least as much upon the boatman as the fisherman. This is the great defect of the Namsen as an angling river."—Vol. i. p. 225.

* We are pleased to see that during both of his excursions he always made the Sabbath a day of rest (refraining even from travelling), which is more than can be said of others, who followed in his track. "The first year I was on the Namsen all whom I employed, or to whom I gave fish, expressed the greatest gratitude; this summer, it seemed that those who were excluded took offence, while the others received our guerdon almost as a right. I am inclined to believe, that much of this wrong feeling was attributable to the conduct of some Englishmen, in the preceding year, who, from ignorance of the language and customs of the country, had not only fished on the Sabbath, which gave deep offence, but had habitually taken their Fossland boatmen to all parts of the river, where they had no shadow of right, and had never made a fair distribution of the salmon among the farmers in whose waters they were taken. They consequently left an unfavourable character behind them, except with those who were immediately benefited by their expenditure, and a load of obloquy for their countrymen to fight against. Should this feeling and the passion for angling increase, the *beaux jours* of the Namsen are past."—Vol. ii. p. 9.

There is no difficulty in procuring good boats, as the river is used in preference to the roads for the conveyance of all heavy goods. They are built of fir, sharp and high at either end, and are as light and buoyant as a cork. They will ride on the tops of breakers, or bound over fearful rapids,—which they also ascend in a manner highly creditable to the skill, strength, and intrepidity of the Namsen boatmen. The natives of the Naumdal (or valley of the Namsen) are almost all extremely careful and expert; and the tariff established by English anglers is four marks a day (3s. 4d. sterling) for two men and a boat, the men finding their own victuals. Mr. Bilton informs us, that he made it an additional rule to give a dollar (about 4s. sterling) for every salmon over thirty pounds, or for a total weight of a hundred pounds caught in one day. This gave his men an interest in his success, without materially increasing the expenses of his tour. He also gave, at the various houses where he dwelt after reaching the angling stations, half a dollar a day for his lodging, cooking, barley bread, potatoes, milk, and butter (the last, he says, the best in all the world); everything else he provided; and as his hosts got a good share of the fishes he caught, and often took their turn in the boat, and their consequent share of wages, they were abundantly satisfied.*

"I scarcely dare describe the feelings with which I approached Spillum, the first stage from Bangsund, and where I knew I should obtain the first view of the Namsen: they would appear both incomprehensible and ridiculous in the eyes of any but an 'Anglomaniac.' I had hitherto met with such very indifferent sport in Norway, and had been so grievously disappointed with every river I had yet tried, that I could not help dreading that I was doomed to encounter a still heavier disappointment at the stream, to fish which I had already travelled 1500 long miles.

"It was therefore with a feverish excitement that I ran up a hill that overhung the Post-house of Spillum, and promised evidently to command the lower course of the Namsen, near its entrance into the sea. The very first glance satisfied me I had at last reached the real river for an angler: a deep broad stream rolled majestically into a beautiful bay, that in its turn opened into a noble Fiord. For a long way up I could see that the river maintained the same equable course: and the character of the country, combined with the information I had obtained along the road, satisfied me that there was not, for thirty or forty miles, any obstruction to the ascent of the salmon. That single glance relieved my breast of an indescribable load of doubt and anxiety."—*Ibid.* p. 127.

We may here refer briefly, in a general way, to the climatic and constitutional character of the Scandinavian rivers. Their size and number are extraordinary for the extent of country which they traverse; and this strikes a traveller all the more in consequence of the main roads being necessarily carried along the banks of the largest streams and lakes. It may also be borne in mind that Norway is a most mountainous region, almost entirely covered for a length of time by a pure mantle of deep snow, which, during the short but sultry summer, pours down into the lower valleys an almost inexhaustible supply of water. The rocks over which these rivers run are for the most part primary; the fall is great, the rush of water consequently rapid and tumultuous, and their course is often crossed by hard, unyielding, rocky barriers, called *fosses* in the Norsk tongue, which give rise to cataracts of such force and fury as to stay the upward progress of all fishes. Salmon are abundant along the coast of Norway; and there is scarcely a river of tolerable size which they do not enter; but, unfortunately, the fosses just referred to, occur in several of the finest rivers, *near their mouths*—an accident of nature, which debars the upward progress of these magnificent creatures to the proper spawning ground, and so not only greatly circumscribes the angling range, but also renders the breeding less productive. This indestructible kind of barrier occurs on the Glommen, the Drammen, and the Skeen rivers—in fact, with the exception of the Laurvig, on all of any consequence that empty their waters into the beautiful and far-stretching Fiord of Christiania. Thus the obstruction of the Drammen, which occurs at Hougsund, not many miles distant from the sea, stops the further ingress of all marine fishes, so that the vast basins of the Tyri Fiord and Rands Fiorden, with their many feeders, stretching inwards and northwards for eighty or a hundred miles, are uninhabited by salmon. The Tyri Fiord (a fresh water lake) no doubt contains enormous trout, weighing from twenty to thirty lbs.; but even these are checked in their own domain, when they attempt proceeding onwards, by the characteristic falls, or rather rapids, of the Hönefoss. The foss across the Glommen debars all upward access to the lovely lake Miösen, a narrow river-like stretch of water which extends northwards from Minde to beyond Lillehammer, a length

* Lorenz of Mediaa, and Eric of Grong (both stations close upon the Namsen, near the ferry, but on different sides of the river), may be mentioned as excellent and obliging boatmen.

of seventy miles.* So also on the Swedish Gotha, the rocky gorge and roaring rapids of Trollhættan cut off all communication between the lower reaches of that river and the vast expansion of the Wenern Lake, with its innumerable streams, to the fine spawning grounds of which millions of genuine salmon and sea-trout would resort in due season, but for those impassable and most injurious falls. A single glance at the map will show what a vast portion of the water-shed of Eastern Norway and of Western Sweden flows into the sea by those splendid rivers, and with what other than a painter's eye the disappointed piscator must view the wild gorges of Trollhættan, of the Sarpfoss, and Hougsund, which deprive the countless streams which feed the vast basin of the Wenern, the narrower waters of the Tyri and Rands Fiorden, and the almost interminable Lake Miösen, from any participation in the brightness of the king of fishes.†

In regard to the general character of the Scandinavian rivers, we shall only further remark, that the same observation applies to most of them, as to some of our own Highland streams, to wit, that the rocky nature of the beds through which they flow, their deficiency in food, and absence of sedimentary deposits, render them less adapted for trout than salmon. We shall now follow the author of "Two Summers in Norway" to the Namsen.

The lower portion of this river flows through a fertile and extremely level district. It is affected by the tide at least six or seven miles above Hund, that is, about sixteen miles upwards from its mouth. Higher up the hills present more of an alpine character, and come closer on the water, while the scenery increases in grandeur, and the river exhibits those alternate streams and pools, so symptomatic of the angler's sport. Our author at last reached the ferry near Grong, with the intention of proceeding to Ekker, an excellent house, which belongs to an excellent man, but two miles distant from the water-side. Perceiving two or three decent-looking Gaards, or farm-houses, close upon the ferry, he made overtures which were favourably received, and so he was soon installed in the best rooms of Iver of Mediaa.*

"With what nervous anxiety did I get my gear in order that evening! How carefully did I examine the splices of my rod, and try the strength of my lines! for I knew that they were no pigmy grilse that I was about to encounter. Before five o'clock on the morning of the 15th of July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen—a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order, and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should nowhere else have dreamed of using even in March.

"What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had

* This singularly lengthened loch is, however, full of pike, which would probably incommode the salmon. The latter are themselves arrested in their way up the Longen river by the fall of Hundfoss.

† We may here note that the large fish found in Lake Wenern are there called *Lax*, the northern name for salmon, and that this lax use of the term seems to have misled Mr Lloyd (as it afterwards puzzled Mr Laing), the author of "Northern Field Sports," into the belief that they were actual salmon, dwelling continuously in fresh water, and having no access to and from the salubrious sea. "Near Katrineberg," Mr. Lloyd observes, "there is a valuable fishing for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken annually. These salmon are bred in a lake, and, in consequence of cataracts, cannot have access to the sea. They are small in size, and inferior in flavor. The year 1820 furnished 21,817."—Vol. i. p. 301. Even Mr. Yarrel, who might have known better, adduced this as an instance of salmon existing permanently in fresh water (*British Fishes*, 1st edit. vol. ii. p. 20): but we perceive that in his more recent *Supplement* (p. 14), he states his opinion, that the great trout from Lake Wenern, killed by Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, were the same as our Scottish kind. They were taken by spinning with bleak, and the largest measured forty-two inches in length, and weighed about thirty-four pounds. As Mr. Lloyd resides near Trollhættan, where he carries on a fishery, and likewise kills largely by trolling, his experience must have been so ample and long-continued, that the opposing opinion of a casual critic might go for nothing; but, besides that the existence of true salmon in any water above a cataract, acknowledged to be impassable upwards from the sea, is contrary to all the known facts in the history of that fish, we took occasion to examine the species in question while at Trollhættan, so far back as the autumn of 1819, and were quite satisfied that they were loch-trout, closely allied to, if not identical with, our own well-known Highland species—*salmo-ferox*. Although no fish can ascend these thundering rapids, there is no doubt that the huge trout just mentioned occasionally make their way downwards (possibly drawn against their will) among the rapids, and take shelter, as they best can, in some of the side pools, where they seek for peace and plenty. They are sometimes killed there with the fly, ranging from four to twelve pounds; but it is hazardous as well as heavy work to both parties; and the flashing of the foamy waters, and the ceaseless roar of the rebounding cataracts, remain impressed on eye and ear throughout the greater portion of the ensuing winter.

* For the detailed itinerary from Christiania to Triondhjem onwards, and the most advisable mode of reaching those northern regions, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked; and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap upon the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks; and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

"Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning-reel, to my great alarm. Many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land with diminished energies after every struggle. My Swedish attendant, being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed fisherman would have considered certain; but at length, after three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the greensward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds—exactly the weight of the largest salmon I had ever caught."—*Ibid.* p. 228.

He afterwards rose four fish, two of which, each weighing fourteen pounds, he killed; but by eight in the morning the sun became so hot that not another fin would move, and so he returned home to breakfast, well pleased with his fifty-six pounds weight of fish in two or three hours. In the evening he again sallied forth, and speedily killed a fifteen pounder below the village of Grong. He then raised two in the beautiful bend of the river just above Moe, called the Spækkan Pool. One of these escaped in a moment, but the other appeared to be well hooked, and notwithstanding his impetuous rushes and enormous size (for none of those present estimated him at less than forty pounds), there was little fear of the result in such a spacious unencumbered pool. But scarcely were his first and most dangerous sallies in some measure subdued, than the tackle touched the branch of a sunken tree, and Salmo also sank to rise no more —at least on that occasion.

The ensuing was the Sabbath day, and therefore one of rest. On the 17th he took the water by four in the morning, having already ascertained that after eight o'clock the heat became insupportable. He fished over two miles of very likely water, with the greatest care, but saw nothing till he came to Spækkan Pool, when he killed a finely-shaped nineteen pounder, with which he returned to head-quarters, and rested for the remainder of the day. In the evening he angled for two hours without a rise; but on gaining the reach below Quittum, he killed a salmon of thirteen and a half pounds, and a four-pound grilse. Then descending to the fine pool above Moe, he there killed a beautiful fish of twenty-six pounds, and speedily thereafter, in the lower portion of the same pool, another of fourteen pounds. By this time it was eleven o'clock at night, and he was about to conclude, out of compassion to his men, when, while rowing across the pool for that purpose, he hooked, and after a long struggle landed, a handsome fish of eighteen pounds, "by the glorious twilight of an arctic midnight." On reaching Mediaa he found the farmers working busily by moonlight, in order to avoid the intense heat of the day. The warmth of these high latitudes—

"Even in the grim and sultry hour of noon,"

is, in truth, as great as in southern Italy; and such is often the unbreathing stillness of the air in the secluded valleys, that a sense of oppression is felt, incompatible with labour, or bodily exertion of almost any kind. Then comes the angler's plague of life—midges and mosquitoes numberless—which despise the poor device of the cigar, regard even the fuming meerschaum as a vain thing for safety, and so probe and penetrate the face and hands of each veilless and ungloved adventurer, that no man can call his blood his own. The unfastidious Laplanders besmear themselves, their wives and families, with rancid oil, but some regard the remedy as worse than the disease.

There is a fine gorge between Mediaa and the village of Fossland, about two miles higher up. The river for a space is hemmed in by dark crags, extremely bold, and very lofty, which sink perpendicularly into fathomless pools as pure as crystal. In other places, the rocks recede a little from the water's edge, but lose nothing of their towering height, or savage aspect. There is good angling ground all the way up (a distance of eight or nine miles from Mediaa) to the great cataract of Fiskum Foss, where the fins of all fish are stayed for ever on their upward way. The road is a wretched one, extremely narrow, and in some places winds up and down most frightful precipices. There is also on it a good deal of clay, and as the horses, little used to draught, are shoeless, they can scarcely keep their footing after recent rain. On passing the small village of Glashoug, the traveller comes within sound, and soon after within sight of the great fall, which is one of the finest in Norway.

"The whole river precipitates itself at once over an almost perpendicular ledge of gneiss, or mica slate, in which quartz forms by far the principal ingredient. I should estimate its height to be from 100 to 150 feet; the scenery around is appropriately savage, and the water of the most silvery brightness that element can possibly assume. Often as I have viewed this noble fall beneath the powerful rays of the noon-day sun, or in the azure depth of an autumnal midnight, I never omitted on my way to and from my boat, to linger for a few moments on the knoll whence it is best commanded, and contemplated each time with fresh pleasure its varying aspects."—*Ibid.* p. 240.

The hamlet of Fiskum, the angler's only near station, and by no means a comfortable one, stands about a mile further up. Of course, he may supply both himself and others with abundance of salmon, but beyond milk and delicious butter, he will get nothing except barley cakes, and bad salt herrings. Eric the host, and his son Ole, are excellent rowers, and obliging men; but the matron of the house (on whom of course the comfort of domestic economy, there as elsewhere, so much depends) is neither cleanly, industrious, nor intelligent. She has no objection to finger the money, but takes wondrous little trouble in the earning of the same.

"Yet was the scene not without its charms, that soon made us forget our meagre meal, and chilling reception. The majestic Heimdal Hougen, and many other heights of lesser note, give an alpine character to the back-ground; while the broad vale that bordered the river at our feet, was covered with luxuriant crops of barley and potatoes. The smooth sweep of the river was visible up to the very verge of the precipice over which it so suddenly plunges; a perpetual column of spray rose from the abyss, wherein it is received; and the cataract's eternal roar, now dying in the distance, now swelling on the ear with fitful sound, added nature's voice to complete the magic of the scene. Such was my first introduction to 'Minimum House;' for so we named our quarters, as affording the minimum of comforts with which an Englishman, accustomed to the conveniences of life, will put up for the sake of sport."—*Ibid.* p. 242.

We shall not follow our author through each day's angling, but merely make such a selection as will exhibit the peculiar character and excellence of the Norwegian sport. In "Jacob's Pool," a little below Rossætter, he rose twelve fish within two hours, six of which he lost. One of them he believes to be the largest he ever hooked. It was lying on the verge of a sunken ledge, immediately beyond which the water is said to be fifty feet deep. The instant the fish took the fly, he plunged head foremost into that crystal depth, just like a whale "sounding," and so contrived to cut the line against the edge of the rock. From the fair view obtained of his length, breadth, and thickness, as he dived and disappeared, and from the great whirlpool caused by his descent, this fish was supposed to have probably exceeded fifty pounds. Another, of at least thirty pounds, ran out the line with the rapidity usual to the giants of the Namsen, but unluckily the whirling-reel "caught for a moment in a chain which I foolishly wore round my neck, and in an instant the enormously strong gut was snapped asunder like pack-thread."

"I have seldom," says our author, "seen a large fish in this river take his capture quietly; his first rush is usually tremendous; and if at that time he meet with the least check, no tackle, however good and strong, will bear the sudden strain. Several times have I had 150 yards of line run out within the first half-minute; and it was not before I had lost many noble fish, that I learned how to manage them properly. At first I made it a rule, under all circumstances, to row to land as soon as possible after hooking a salmon: the consequence of which often was, that the fish was already more than 100 yards down the rapid stream ere I reached the shore, and before I could shorten my line there was every risk, from the length and character of the stream, of its being carried under a rock. After I had become better acquainted with the tactics of these monsters, and had taught my boatmen what to do, I found it in general by far the best plan to follow the fish in the boat, with a short and tight line (the point of the rod being well raised up) until his first energies were baffled, and he was brought into a good roomy place, and then to land. Sometimes, indeed, after running down the stream, he would rush up it again with almost equal rapidity, and perhaps on the opposite side; when, unless he were soon turned, he was almost sure to escape, as the torrent inevitably carried the line far below the fish, and deprived me of all command over the struggling victim."—*Ibid.* p. 246.

On the 25th of July he descended to the Gartland Pool, at the head of the "Long Reach," and he there killed six fresh run fish, four of them of good size, the largest, which was above thirty pounds, taking upwards of an hour to conquer. Next day he fell down upon the Fossland water, and at the head of it hooked two very large fish, which consecutively broke his strongest treble gut by running it beneath the rocks with which this portion of the stream abounds. Neither of them seemed under thirty pounds. He afterwards killed six salmon and two sea-trout—one of the former, a very powerful fish, hooked close to a large rock in the centre of the river, at the bottom of the "Eagle's Pool," made wild play in danger-

ous places, and caused his captor to quake for the result. He proved to be a male fish close on thirty-two pounds. It is in the Fossland portion of the river that the largest individuals are almost always killed.

Returning ere long to Fiskum, our author found the river quite flooded by heavy rain; but he sallied forth in the afternoon, and in spite of the foaming and discoloured aspect of the water, he soon hooked five salmon, not one of which he thought under twenty pounds. The two he killed weighed twenty-eight and twenty-seven pounds, and as it was by this time evident that the heavy fish had now really begun to ascend the Namsen, he anticipated great success on the ensuing day, which was the 1st of August; nor was he mistaken. The water had subsided, clouds were scudding merrily across the welkin, and the air was clear and bracing. None but salmon of the largest size were on the move. He killed five fish, which weighed together one hundred and seventeen pounds, besides rising seven others, of at least equal size. On the day succeeding the above, he killed four salmon, weighing seventy pounds in all, and hooked, played, and all but landed, several others of the first class. On this occasion he fished as close under the fall as he could approach with safety. None but those light boats, guided by brave and skilful men, could live in such contentious waters.

It is easy to conceive the force with which so immense a river tumbles itself over a precipice of about 150 feet in height, and then boiling upwards, as if indignant at its fall, from an abyss of unknown depth, rushes ragingly against a lofty wall of rocks which breast the cataract, from whence it retreats tossing and foaming in a thousand eddies, and finally tears its headlong and outrageous way through a narrow passage into a deep capacious basin, called "Karnen's Pool," from an unfortunate woman who was drowned there long ago. Next follows a shallow stream, where spawning fish are speared in autumn with the "Lyster," *more Scotico*, but where few occur at any other season. This short run flows into the "Boat Pool," one of the best and most spacious on the river, especially towards the close of the season. We then come to the "Long Rapid," which is an inclined plane of water of six or eight hundred yards in length, but full of huge stones just beneath the surface, which catch the torrent, and throw it upwards and backwards in many mad tumultuous waves. Great strength, dexterity, and coolness, are required to steer in safety through these jumping breakers, any one of which would swamp the angler's craft.

"It is, however, but a momentary operation: the boat is carefully placed stern foremost at the head of the Rapid; you see a fearful vista of wild waves below you; the frail bark shoots down with lightning speed; in an instant more the glancing waters rise fiercely on either side, as if to overwhelm you; you seem just to elude their grasp; and before you have time to ascertain whether you are frightened or not, you are safely arrived at the lower end. The narrow stream issuing from the Foss Pool, called the 'Foss Rapid,' though shorter is still more dangerous: but an accident at either spot must necessarily be fatal, and I confess it was not until experience convinced me of the entire dependence I might repose in my boatmen, that I learned to encounter either passage with perfect equanimity."—*Ibid.* p. 260.

At the foot of the "Long Rapid," the Namsen is divided for a time into two reaches by an island, below which its waters are again conjoined, and flowing past Rosstetter, form, near the angle where the river takes a westward turn, the justly celebrated "Jacob's Pool." Take it for all and all, this is perhaps the best salmon pool in the known world. It is never without fish, "and there is ample verge and scope enough to play the hugest and most violent leviathan from morn till dewy eve." The river then, as we have said, trends in a westerly direction for about an English mile, and afterwards resumes its former course, when it comes to "Gartland Pool." The angling in this last is precarious (as it is more or less on all the earth). Sometimes not a fin will stir: again, more are taken there than in any other portion of the river. Then comes the "Long Reach," consisting of about a mile of comparatively still water, resembling the "Doves" of Tweed. But the angling is indifferent. The Fossland water is the next in order, and for two or three miles presents a "succession of splendid pools, and rapid streams, full of rocks, perilous to the tackle, but not dangerous in any other sense. These pools cannot always be depended on for sport; but they are at most times the favourite resort of the largest fish—a great proportion of the heaviest salmon killed on the Namsen, having been caught here." Ere long we come to the Gorge before mentioned, above the "Ferry Pool," and passing through the latter, and along the "Grong Reach," we cross the mouth of a tributary river, called the Sundöten, after which another westward stretch takes us to the "Spækkan Pool."

The splendid portion of the Namsen, which we have now briefly sketched, presents to the angler a stretch of water extending from the last-named pool upwards to the rapids under Fiskum Foss, of not less than

ten miles, if we include the bendings of the river. We often wish it lay somewhere among the Peebles-shire hills, or at least rather nearer hand than on the wrong side of the North Sea, in N. Lat. 64°, 30′, and 40″, and E. Long. 12°, 30′, or thereby.

On the 3d of August our angler had another excellent day's sport. At the very first start in the Boat Pool, he killed a male fish of twenty-five pounds, the longest in shape, and finest in character, he had yet encountered; and he lost another of equal size, from the hold giving way, just as the gaff was about to be applied. In the Gothland Pool he succeeded in landing one of twenty-eight pounds, and at the bottom of the Eagle's Pool, he killed another splendid fish, upwards of thirty pounds, which gave him great sport, being exceedingly wild and strong. He afterwards killed a sixteen pounder, and a small grilse. But he was now interrupted by the unlooked for, and by no means desired, companionship of a fisher of another kind, who often proves successful without either hook or line. One of the boatmen called out, that he saw a "cobbe," that is, a seal. On trying his favourite Fossland Pools next day, he had scarcely any sport, and on returning upwards towards Fiskum on the day after, was scarcely more successful.

"In the Long Reach, however, I received a full explanation of all my misfortunes; for there I saw in the wake of the boat, the bull-dog head of an enormous seal, gazing intently at us. I took an opportunity when he was not more than fifty yards off, to send a charge of duck-shot into his head and breast; and from the violent splashing he made on the top of the water, we at first imagined he was killed. However, he soon reappeared for a single second, a couple of hundred yards below us; and then as momentarily rose and sank, lower and lower down the river, as far as we could see, in such a way as quite satisfied us that he would not rest until he had regained his native ocean. On reaching Jacob's Pool, we observed the salmon diving in a very agitated manner, which made us suspect the presence of another enemy; and it was not long before we perceived a much smaller seal in determined pursuit of the scared creatures, but unfortunately I could not get a shot at him. Finally, in the Boat Pool, just as we were on the point of leaving off, an enormous salmon dashed at my fly, but missed it, and although I afterwards tried him with every variety of flies, I could not persuade him to rise again; and thus for the first time upon the Namsen, I was compelled to return home without a single fish, either for my boatmen, or my own Sunday's dinner."—*Ibid.* p. 267.

The 7th of August was oppressively sultry, but by taking a few casts in the early morning, and again towards the close of the day, our judicious and persevering persecutor of the cobbe, killed two fine fish, of twenty-two and eighteen pounds. Then came a day of rain in torrents, which so flooded the river that he thought his occupation gone. However, on the 9th, the sky cleared so pleasantly, that although the water was still as a roaring flood, and much discoloured, he was at it again by the afternoon, and to his own astonishment, as well as delight, slew a pair of twenty-five and eighteen pounds, in the very first pool; and just before nightfall—for alas! the days were now shortening rapidly—he landed another beauty of twenty-two pounds. This great sport in so short a time, made him very sanguine as to the ensuing day, but vain are the hopes of man!—for "cobbe" was in advance again. Having learned, from fatal experience, that one or other (that is either himself or the seal) must quit the river, he seems to have decided in his own favour, as he took his gun rather than his departure, but unfortunately the former hung fire. On this, cobbe, as is the custom of his kind, for we know them well, became shy if not sulky, and would scarcely show the tip of his nose (probably not even that, but for the sake of his nostrils), so that it was some time before a long shot could be got at him. It evidently told, however, on his head, and sent him down the river at a great rate. But only a single salmon, of eighteen pounds, could be killed. The following day was even worse: it was again intensely hot, and not a fish was on the move, except immediately beneath the falls, where the quantity of water made a near approach impossible. It was obvious that the seal had completely scared the fish in all other places, and although, on the next ensuing day, our angler, with considerable risk, reached the Foss Pool, he could not induce a single salmon to show himself upon the surface. So for the fourth time he returned, as the whalers say, *clean*, to his rustic quarters.

The return homewards now became the subject of serious meditation, when another flood came, which determined the traveller to tarry for a time, to see what it might bring. On the 15th, the rain had not abated, but being unwilling to remain within doors all day, he put on (of course he had other garments besides) the largest and gaudiest fly that he could find in all his stock, and descended to the river, flooded and foaming as it was. He rose five salmon, but only struck two, one of which immediately escaped from the breaking of the hook, which had probably come upon a bone. The other he hooked from the land, in a well-known

back water, by the side of Karnen's Pool—a noted spot for large fish, in time of *spates*. His very first plunge showed him to be a monster of his kind. He gave severe and heavy play for three quarters of an hour, and then yielded to his fate. He weighed thirty-four pounds, and measured exactly three feet eleven and a half inches, his length being greatly disproportioned to his girth. This fish, if better proportioned, would have weighed upwards of forty pounds.

On the 19th of August the sportsman descended the Namsen on his homeward way, and while so doing, enjoyed the best day which had yet befallen him. He rose twenty-five fish, and landed six, five of which made the great aggregate of one hundred and eighteen pounds. His tackle (now becoming rather the worse for wear) was this day most unceremoniously broken seven or eight times. His sport next day in the Fossland Pools, was scarcely inferior. He rose nineteen fish, and killed eight, of which one was a thirty-pounder. The weather had become again far too warm and bright, and the 18th was still more sultry, in addition to which disadvantage, he found three additional Englishmen at Gothland, fishing the same water. However, such was the abundance of large salmon now in this part of the river, that he rose fourteen, almost all of first-rate calibre. Of these he killed six, of which the four largest alone made an aggregate of 115 pounds. One of them weighed nearly thirty-four, and another fully thirty-seven pounds. He seems, during these *three* days, to have taken the somewhat curious numerical amount of exactly 333 pounds weight of fish.

"These last few days," he observes, "had given me some idea of what salmon fishing may be on this glorious river. Although the weather was extremely unfavourable, there was not a single day that I did not hook many fish considerably over thirty pounds: and if I had not been either unlucky or inexpert to the highest degree (I dare not say which), I might have each day more than doubled the amount that appears on my list. At this distance of time I can scarcely conceive how I tore myself away from a spot where such magnificent angling was to be had."—*Ibid.* p. 276.

Excluding Sundays and other (*quoad* salmon) blank days, he fished more or less during 27 days, and in these he killed 106 salmon, weighing together 1558 pounds, to say nothing of sea-trout.* Of that number nine were 30 pounds or upwards, and thirty-three, or nearly one-third of the whole, were

* The best sea-trout fishing we ever enjoyed was in Loch Scourst, a few miles northwest of Tarbet, in the Island of Harris. In conjunction with Sir Thomas Dick Lauder (whose delightful sketches of the Rivers of Scotland in Tait's Magazine, have recently afforded so much pleasure to the lovers of the picturesque and historical), we killed two hundred and twenty-three pounds weight in the course of three days, not exclusively devoted to the art of angling. The heaviest weighed between twelve and thirteen pounds the pair, and there were scores of beautiful fish of two and three pounds each. They ran out like grilse, and on one occasion, during a violent though transitory gale of wind from some of the corries above, when they rose to the agitated surface, the broken spray struck against their silvery sides, and then mounted with them into the air, in jets of several feet high, adding greatly to the sparkling turmoil of distracted waters in the nearer portion of the loch, which was itself very wild and desolate, being encompassed on both sides by barren, rocky mountains, unvaried by the leafy shade of either shrub or tree. So woodless, indeed, is that craggy portion of the pastoral world, that we were sorely perplexed by the breaking of one of the rollock pins of a boat which the lamented Lord Dunmore had the kindness to desire his people to draw over the heather for our use, for a couple of miles from the sea coast. There is first rate angling also in the lochs to the north of his Lordship's shooting lodge of Buonavonsaidh, particularly in Loch Ouladaule. There are salmon in the river which discharges itself into the Bay of Loch Losivagh, and which flows from a chain of neighbouring lochs, but just above where it meets the tide-way, it falls over a broad smooth expanse of sheeted rock, on the face of which its waters spread diffused, until they are in many places not more than a few inches deep, so that it is hard work for the fish to ascend; and even above that shelving sheet they meet with obstructions in the smaller but more restricted rapids which occupy a higher rocky gorge, the dark cavernous sides of which may be seen in certain places to be all bespangled with the scaly covering of these adventurous creatures, worn from their lustrous sides, as they seek (and often seek in vain) to bound upwards to those more tranquil waters where they had their birth. That they do eventually, by hook or crook (more probably the latter than the former), make their way into the upland streams, we however ascertained by finding a dozen or two of salmon parr among the smaller fishes for which we angled one morning, with a view to ascertain the point in question. We fished Loch Scourst and other lochs in Harris, during the third week of the month of August, and the sport seemed to be improving every day. As the streams are necessarily small in that narrow range of country, the autumnal rains are required to bring the sea trout up into the lochs.

We greatly regret that our already more than exhausted limits (we have a dim recollection of having used the word "briefly" in the opening paragraph of the present Article) debar us from making any lengthened extracts either from our own notes, or those of our correspondents, regarding the general angling in the Long Island, as the extended insular range, including Lewis, Harris, &c., from the Butt to Barrow Head is usually called. Neither Mr. Stoddart nor any other writer has given us information as to the angling capabilities of these outer Hebrides, of the slightest use to man or boy. The great district of Lewis now rejoices

20 pounds or upwards. In regard to common trout, there seem to be scarcely any of these at all in the Namsen. We find the following entry on the 14th of August:—

"I this day also caught two brown trout of two and three pounds respectively; they are almost the only ones of that species (the river-trout) which I have taken in the Namsen, where they are rare, from the scarcity of food contained in rivers that flow over siliceous rocks."—Vol. i. p. 272.

The second of the "Two Summers in Norway," was that of 1839. Our author reached his old quarters at Mediaa by the 11th of July, and was cordially welcomed by his former friends. He was pleased to find that the money he had left with them had been well laid out in furnishing their houses with many domestic comforts before wanting. The Namsen was still of a milky hue, and was *rising without rain*,—a fact which proved that the snow was still melting in the uplands whence it draws its source. His expectations of success were increased by his being conscious that he was now far better prepared than during the preceding season. He had brought with him an abundant store of gigantic flies, made by Evatt of Warwick Street, London, and Kelly of Dublin, as well as some of the largest of such as are used in the Tweed for Spring fishing. They also answered well, though most severely tested. In general, the most brilliant colours were the most successful—such as blood-red, bright orange, or brilliant blue, with splendid wings from the golden pheasant, and other gaudy birds. But darker colours answered fully best when the waters were low and clear. At times a fly with a perfectly black body, and jet-black hackle entwined with broad silver twist, the wings light or even white, was found very killing. All this shows that in Norway, as nearer home, there is a charm in variety, and that probably more depends upon the proper working of the fly than on the special aspect of the lure itself.

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in a good provisional government, under James Matheson, Esq, M.P., the fortunate and accommodating owner, in another quarter, of Loch Craggie, near Lairg, commemorated in our last Number. We can here only make way for one or two very brief memoranda, with which we were favoured in August, 1844, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. "Loch Roag, on the western side of Lewis, is peculiarly interesting, from there being a very fine Pictish tower, called Dun Callowa, near which a lake is said to abound in trout. But although we tried it, we could expiscate none of them. At the upper end of Loch Roag are the finest and most perfectly arranged Druidical remains I have yet met with. The moss, or peat-bog, has grown up six feet upon the stones. Here we fished a famous salmon stream and lake, but there are cruives at the mouth, and all I killed was eight pounds of herrings and small fry. But I have more encouraging accounts to give you of our after progress. Coming down the east side of the island, we ran into Loch Clay, to the north of the entrance to Loch Seaforth. There I found a certain Loch Laxdale (I know you love the name of *Lax*, endeared by Scandinavian recollections), a short mile inland from opposite our anchorage ground. It is a beautiful small fresh water lake, with a nice little river running from it, and every inch of the lake may be fished (if you so desire) without wetting the sole of your foot I went up there about four in the afternoon, and was on board the cutter in good time in the evening, with twelve sea trout, weighing twenty-four pounds, besides three pounds of small fry, making in that short time twenty-seven pounds in all. Next day I fished now and then at intervals, for it was almost a dead calm, and the water as smooth and motionless as a mirror I killed, however, one sea trout of four and a half pounds, and a few others of a smaller size. On the following day I went up again by three or four in the afternoon, and at the very first cast, I hooked and killed a sea trout of five and a half pounds, and soon afterwards, one of four pounds ten ounces, and then a third of three and a half pounds, besides half a dozen smaller ones, weighing together five and a half pounds. So that during these three short and casual trips to Loch Laxdale, I killed fifty-three pounds weight of fish. Don't forget to tell C. N. that my largest was taken with a 'yellow professor.'" "At Rowdil we got a pilot to thread us through the dangers of the Sound of Harris, and there we had occasion to anchor at Buonantroo, where I tried a loch of considerable size, and very peculiar character. It is at all times of the tide as salt and bitter as any part of the sea, only a very small stream running into it from a fresh water lake a little higher up. Its shores all round are covered by sea-weed, and the tide rises and falls within it quite regularly. While a man was killing capital rock cod from one boat with hook and hand-line, I was catching excellent sea trout with rod, line, and fly, from another, and I took some also from the side. The day was far too bright for angling, but yet we killed in those saline waters nineteen sea trout, weighing fifteen and a half pounds, and what you will probably think more surprising, I here caught a fine real lake or fresh water trout, about a pound in weight, and in prime condition."

We shall only add, that on the west side of Barra (we crossed towards it from Kishmul, or Castle Bay, upon the eastern shore), there is a fresh water loch called Tangestal, in which we found lake-trout of great beauty, and the finest flavour, closely resembling in either attribute, the kind so common in Loch Leven in Kinross-shire. Like these, they wanted the crimson spots, and were of similar dimensions, not many exceeding a pound in weight, and a few falling much below three-quarters. We killed thirteen in the afternoon (31st July, 1841), and just before the setting of a blazing sun, we emptied the contents of our fishing pannier, and then spread them out upon a small though very gorgeous purple bed of full-blown clover:—

"Where verily the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed:
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare."

A few of the Tweed flies, with one-half of the body black, and the other bright orange, were occasionally successful, "but I lost so many large fish, either by the Scotch hooks breaking, or the gut snapping close to the head, that I latterly seldom employed them." The best line was found to be a silk one, well oiled, made by Martin Kelly. It ran out better, was more easily wound up, and was also stronger than the patent mixture of hair and silk. The casting line ought to be of the strongest treble gut, the reel of large size, and single action, the gaff strong and of wide curve. "As for the rod, each angler has his favourite maker; but I confess that after trying many, I have found none equal to those manufactured by George Eaton of Crooked Lane, for perfection of finish, truth, and durability."

The second day after his arrival, he started with the intention of paying his respects to Priest Sorensen at Værum, which is towards a couple of miles below the Spækkan Pool, at which latter he was fortunately delayed by a storm of rain, and "where the most glorious sport subsequently detained him till the evening." Fresh fish were continually running up, as was shown by the "sea lice" still adhering to them. He rose sixteen fish in the above-named pool, of which he killed ten, and of these, five were from eighteen to twenty-two pounds. This day produced a total of 137 pounds. On the following Monday he killed a twenty-eight pounder in the Fossland Reach; but this was nothing to what awaited him when he came to the Elbow Pool:—

"Here a fish rose, evidently of great size, but unfortunately missed the fly; and although I tried two or three other beautiful deceptions, I could not induce it to stir again, until an irresistable red fly of Evatt's tempted it to its destruction. Yet even then it took not the fly into its mouth; but by good luck I struck the barbed steel into the muscle of the pectoral fin, which afforded as good a hold, though of course not so much command over the fish as if it had been fixed in the jaw. For the first ten minutes the monster was highly 'indignant of the guile'—shooting up and down and athwart the stream with a speed extremely difficult to follow; and to attempt to curb him at the first was entirely out of the question. At length, however, by what appeared to myself and the boatmen to be dexterous handling, I succeeded in steering him into a deep still pool, where I bore upon him with my whole strength, and after several ineffectual struggles, brought him near enough to be gaffed. In a few seconds more it was weighed, and proved to be over forty pounds—the heaviest fish I had ever killed on this or any other river. When I saw the huge creature stretched upon the shore, with his deep thick flanks, and enormously powerful tail and fins, I could scarcely comprehend how I had in so short a time baffled his utmost strength in his native element."—Vol. ii. p. 13.

This giant only took half an hour to kill—a fact which confirms our own experience, that it is not always the largest salmon that occupy the longest time. Our author found that those of twenty-eight pounds were usually both stronger and more active than the others of greater size.

On his way upwards to Mediaa, he observed to his infinite annoyance, a seal also making its way in the same direction, evidently in pursuit of the shoal of salmon which had recently arrived; and on the following day, near Værum, another of those unwelcome intruders showed his bulldog visage above the surface just as the angler reached a favourite pool, and so he hied away to Fiskum Foss. There, by the side, or rather on the surface of his old familiar places, where two short summers back he was "monarch of all he surveyed," he was now doomed to disappointment from the spread of knowledge.

"I had immediate and most disagreeable proof that the passion for angling had wonderfully extended since I was last here. On reaching the Boat Pool, I saw it was already pre-occupied by a couple of men from Gothland; and either they or others regularly fished the best places on every favourable evening. By far the most annoying of these interlopers,* was Jacob of Rossætter, who lived close to the splendid pool I have named after him. The very first day I attempted to fish there, he came down in his boat, and signified to me, in most uncivil terms, that he expected I should give him up all the fish I might catch, although, even by their own customs, he was only half owner of the water. And upon my telling him he should have his fair share of what I caught, in the same way as he well knew I treated all the neighbouring farmers, he proceeded in a very impertinent way to fish the pool in conjunction with me—a process which he only varied subsequently by doing the same every day before me. One evening, however, he was more than usually obnoxious, for, after having spoiled my sport in the lower pools, directly that he observed me on my return homewards, he pushed on before me to anticipate me in my own [?] Boat Pool, where he knew I always took my latest cast. Seeing his object, I allowed him plenty of time, thinking he would become tired and depart; but I misjudged my man! On my arrival at that immense pool, he instantly left the upper part where he was fishing, and bearing down upon me, in the most

* The annoyance, we doubt not, was great; the "interloping," by a *native*, was another and a different question, and might possibly have admitted at least of the retort courteous. Was the excellent author of "Two Summers in Norway" born and bred in that country?

insolent manner, swung his boat round actually upon my line. It was well for him that I was not a man of war, or the indignant remonstrances I showered on him in my best Norsk, would have been replaced by more intelligible indications of my feelings."—*Ibid.* p. 17.

But notwithstanding these and other ills that life is heir to, he had great sport at times in the upper portions of the river. Thus, one morning, after shooting some capercailzie, he took his boat up the rapids into the Foss Pool, which is the highest of all. There was such a heavy swell of water in the river as to render this both a dangerous and a difficult operation. The thundering torrent which rushed over the great precipice, and into the boiling abyss beneath, threatened every moment to carry them away downwards, but they made good their entrance to the pool, although entirely drenched by the heavy spray. From a rock, that advanced as near to the cataract as they dared to penetrate, he rose an immense fish amid the roaring breakers. He seemed not less than forty pounds, and dwelling in a wild abode, proved about the wildest of his clan, for he plunged at once into the very centre of the cataract, apparently with the intention of sounding its lowest depths. The line was nearly run out, no one knowing exactly where the fish had gone, when he was suddenly seen springing amidst the foaming surge, at a distance of more than a hundred yards. He then made some desperate efforts to escape into the lower pool, whither it would have been in vain to follow, except by shooting a rapid of so perilous a character, that our angler preferred the other risk of holding on by main force, in hope to stay his struggles. Each instant it was expected that some portion of either rod or line would give way, but so good and true were both that they bore the enormous pressure bravely, and the monster was beginning already to come up the stream with manifest symptoms of incipient weakness, when after half an hour's most splendid play—"the hook came out of his mouth and he escaped." Without wasting time in vain regrets, the sportsman returned again to the same rock, and at the first cast hooked another fine salmon, obviously, however, greatly less than that which he had lost. "Yet did he look most magnificent from the elevated spot on which I stood, as he darted forwards through the eddying foam to seize the fly." He pursued at first exactly the same tactics as his predecessor, and persisting still more pertinaciously in rushing down the rapid, it was resolved to follow him at all hazards, rather than run the risk of losing the second of so fine a pair. They were dreadfully knocked about, and very nearly swamped in the attempt: however, they descended safely into Karnen's Pool, still holding by the salmon, and there the glittering spoil was laid upon the shore in peace. It weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds.

It is of the highest importance, when angling on the Namsen, to make a point of being on some choice pool, whenever, from the condition of the water, fish may be expected to be running up. They rest in certain places only for a time, during which, however, they take the fly cheerfully, and then rapidly passing upwards leave the place deserted. Our author gives a good example of this at Gunhild's Berg, near the pastor's house, at Værum.* He could distinctly see the salmon springing up the rapid at its lower end, and these seemed to be fresh fish each time. Altogether he rose eighteen in the course of three or four hours, several of them very large and strong. He landed two of twenty-eight pounds each, two of nearly twenty pounds each, and five grilse. But when he tried the same pool again in the evening, not a fish was to be seen. They had probably all passed upwards. On the 27th of July he killed nine salmon, four of which made an aggregate of eighty-five pounds. On the 29th he likewise killed the same number—two of them weighing together fifty-one pounds. On the 6th of August he captured a hundred and eighteen pounds weight, one fish being thirty pounds. But the most successful day of all (and with it we shall conclude this killing catalogue) was achieved while paying a farewell visit to Fiskum Foss. We believe that there is nothing equal to it recorded in all the annals ofthe piscatorial art.

He had scarcely commenced when, off a rock in the Boat Pool, he hooked, and after lengthened play, killed a beautifully shaped fish of thirty-four pounds: then a fine twenty-four pounder, and a third of only eleven pounds. This was of itself a fair day's wage for a short day's work, but in the Foss Rapid he ere long killed a thirty-three pounder, besides one of eighteen pounds and a grilse. He then with great difficulty worked his frail bark into that wildest of all wild waters, the Foss Pool, already mentioned

* The inhabitants of this forlorn *manse* for thirteen weeks of winter never see the sun. The luminary makes but a small rise above the horizon, and it so chances that the rocky and precipitous range of the Steen-Feld so overhangs Værum to the eastward as to conceal the source of light. The well-remembered and much hoped for day on which the long lost orb first shows its disk in partial brightness among rocky crags is observed as a fête by all around.

more than once, and at the risk of being overwhelmed proceeded to fish a small extent of flat surface, by the side of the boiling torrent. Scarcely had he cast his fly into it, than it was seized by an enormous salmon, which, however, proving slightly hooked, escaped. The very next minute a monster of similar size dashed through the rushing waters "and I instantly felt that he was firmly hooked." The salmon felt so too, and with a *sauve qui peut* kind of purpose, threw himself into the midst of the fall. Baffled by the power even of his own accustomed element, he now rushed wildly up and down, with great courage and determination, but with such irregularity of course as made it extremely difficult to retain a correct or commanding hold upon him. "I could not stand in the boat that danced on the bounding breakers; scarcely could I see or hear, so blinded was I with the spray, so deafened by the cataract's dreadful roar;" at last the fish made down the stream as if to quit the pool, and the angler, nothing daunted, prepared to follow through the dangerous rapid. But the courage of the former failed him in the hour of need, and he took refuge behind a deep sunk rock, from which it required great labour to dislodge him. At length he yielded to his fate, and on being landed "was found to weigh thirty-seven pounds; but though therefore not the heaviest he was by nearly an inch the longest salmon I had ever killed, measuring rather over four feet."

In the same spot, and on the same occasion, our redoubtable angler and author afterwards slew two beautiful fresh-run fish, of twenty-four and eighteen pounds each. He then hooked two others of great size, one of which (certainly not under thirty pounds) he played for a considerable time, but he broke his line during the contest by entangling it round a rock—a misfortune to be less wondered at than regretted, in so outrageous a place. He finally concluded this great achievement by landing a pretty salmon of ten pounds, and a small grilse, making eleven fish in all, with a total weight, for one day's work, of 216 pounds! We shall only add in the words of Mr. Macaulay:—

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never done before."

We dare not now trust ourselves with any detailed description of the peculiar features of the Scandinavian scenery; but assuredly, nowhere does a "Midsummer Night's Dream" appear more beautiful than to him whose feet are on the mountains of Norway—who overlooks, from some lofty peak, the far-gleaming waveless Fiord, stretching its liquid lustre inland for many a mile, its broadening sea-ward way broken up by countless wooded isles—while a flush of golden lustre, midnight though it be, suffuses all the northern sky; or who, emerging from

"The lone pine-forest's immemorial shade,"

looks far upwards into the blue profound, and there beholds the eternal snows of the Sneehatten range—all pure and stainless in their majesty, yet responding visibly by radiant summits to that northern splendour, where the sparkling verge of the scarcely breathing ocean shares with many a deep recession seen through "gorgeous cloud-land," in the unveilable lustre of the sun—itself invisible, though full of glory. Or, let the traveller descend into the vale below—(if an angler, he is there already)—just where it becomes restricted by a rocky gorge. Even in that lower region it is scarcely darker than a sombre day, but far more solemn, and serene, and dream-like. The very shrubs and trees are all as still and motionless as death.

"The sleep that is among the lonely hills,"

seems more placid and profound than ever. The "beautiful horrors" of the garish day assume a dim and fixed solemnity—a softened austerity of aspect, when seen through the tranquillizing medium of that nocturnal holy twilight. Nothing conveys a sense of life or motion, save the ceaseless sound of rushing waters, bursting their way through wave-worn precipices, and seeking, as if in boisterous joy, their final bourn in the insatiate sea. Standing alone beside a great cataract during the midnight hours, it is then that the solitary tourist feels, as it were, the overpowering influence of the voice of many waters, all combined in one. The earth itself, as if subdued, is silent as the grave. Great battlements of rock, like giant sentinels, keep watch on either side; while grey and ghastly-looking crags appear to rise amid the silvery spray and whirling, endless eddies,—till by degrees we are entranced as those that dream, and soon lose the perception of all other sights and sounds, except the dazzling mass of the descending and rebounding torrent, and the ceaselessly resounding roar of that tumultuous "Hell of waters."

The important subject of salmon legisla-

tion (we now return to our own country) would require, as it deserves, a separate article for its discussion. It is one, in truth, of great difficulty, when the various and discordant interests concerned are taken to account; and it may be found much more easy to alter than amend the present laws. In regard to some of the great northern rivers, where one or two landowners of the highest class possess the entire country, and so many exercise judiciously their own controlling powers, there are fewer difficulties in the way, as a wise concern for their own interests, and the increase or preservation of the same, must make them considerate of whatever plans or expedients may be shown to be most productive of abiding advantage to themselves and successors. But in a far-flowing river like the Tweed, which lifts its early voice,

"a fitful sound,
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,"

and after flowing through innumerable intermediate possessions, lordly and of low degree, finally expands its glittering waters until

"hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topp'd hills behold them from afar!"

the circumstances of the case are changed. The great practical difficulty arises from this—that the most valuable portions of all salmon rivers are at or near their mouths, which portions, at the same time, strictly speaking, do not *produce* a single fish—that is, the breeding grounds are in the comparatively shallow streams and tributaries of the upper country, where the grown salmon, besides being fewer in number, have become greatly deteriorated as articles of food. It thus happens that while one set of proprietors act as *nurserymen*, in sparing instead of spearing the parent fishes, and rearing the young for a couple of years continuously, till they become smolts, and so make their way sea-wards, another set reap almost the entire and exclusive advantage of their after-growth, by intercepting their return upwards, as grilse or salmon, by means of stake-nets, or by hauling in hordes of glittering hundreds, at a single sweep along the slimy shores. This is much as if a flock of young or yearling lambs, after depasturing, during their innocence, on one man's mountain, were to betake themselves suddenly to some far distant valley, and when they sought to return, after attaining to a more mature condition, were to be greedily seized and intercepted as the entire and exclusive property of the last feeders, without the slightest reference to the owner of the natal pastures. No doubt, as regards fish, the deep marine valleys, where the great increase of growth has taken place, are no man's property, being beneath the highway of the world, and so cost nothing to any heritor, either high or low, who on that score can claim no compensation; but still, the most magnificent salmon that ever showed its broad and silvery lustre through the net's black cordage, must have begun by being a parr (most probably another person's), and must have been born and bred in some far distant rippling ford, which never felt the swelling of the injurious sea. For every pair of adult salmon which an upland proprietor, whether great or small, preserves till the completion of the spawning process, hundreds of grilse and salmon accrue to the owners or lessees of the lower portions, in the course of two or three years thereafter; so that unless some encouraging compensation is awarded to the owners of the breeding and early feeding grounds, by those who capture ninety-nine out of every hundred of the adult fishes, we can scarcely wonder that so little is done to stop the destructive slaughter of unwholesome breeders throughout the winter season. It is by no means easy to convince any one (least of all a hungry poacher) that a bad salmon is worse than no salmon at all; and as the small proprietors in the upland vales reap no advantage from encouraging the breed, their indifference to the spearing of the parents is in entire accordance with the natural constitution of man.*

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*The spearing of salmon during the breeding season is practised not only in the fords and shallows of the upper districts, but systematically, on a great scale, in the deeper and more productive waters lower down.

"All who have witnessed," says Mr. Stoddart, "night leistering on Tweed, during the autumnal or winter months, will acknowledge that even the romantic character which torch light and scenery invest it with, fails as an apology for the ignoble, wasteful, and injurious nature of the occupation. In nine cases out of ten it is pursued either during the spawning season itself, or when the fish are heavy with roe,—when they are red or foul, having lain a considerable time in the river, and, moreover, when they have lost all power of escape, or are cut off from exercising it, both by the lowness of water, and by the circumstance of their being hemmed in at the head and foot of the pool or place of action, by nets and other contrivances stretched from bank to bank.

"It can scarcely be credited,—but I relate a fact known to many on Tweedside—that about four or five years ago upwards of three hundred breeding fish, salmon and grilses, were slaughtered in the course of a single night, from one boat, out of a stretch of water not far from Melrose, two leisters only being employed, and of this number—I allude to the fish—scarcely one was actually fit to be used as food, while by far the greater part of them were

Some advantages arise even from prolonging the period of rod-fishing beyond that of the purely commercial modes of capture, such as those by stake-nets, and net and cobble. All our salmon fisheries north of the Tweed close on the 14th of September to all modes of capture whatever; but even the net-fishing of the Tweed and her tributaries is open till the 15th October, while rod-fishing is allowed thereafter till the 7th of the following month. Now, this is at least some concession, though by no means an adequate compensation, to the proprietors in the upper parts of the river, whose position is so much less favourable for sport, and like most other acts of fairness, it carries its reward along with it; for during that period the proprietors in question become the willing guardians of the river, and debar the *burning* of the water, and other nocturnal mal-practices, for the sake of a little legitimate angling during daylight. Thus the most secure protection from the poacher of the heavy-spawning fish, during these three weeks, is where the streams are looked after for legitimate purposes, by the honest angler, whose most successful achievements with rod and line can never prove injurious to the general stock.

But under the present law, as applicable to Scotch rivers in general, the few streams that may be partially preserved for angling, are, as a matter of course, usually well swept with the net on the 14th of September, being the last day in which fishing of any kind is permitted by law. The proprietor, in the majority of cases, would most willingly forbear using the net, were he permitted to continue or bestow the privilege of angling for three weeks longer; but this boon being denied him, he has not, as on the Tweed, any inducement to forbear, and so he appropriates to himself parents and progeny by one relentless haul. A single example may be mentioned, among the numerous cases of a like nature which have come within our knowledge. In a small Highland river, a protected pool was drawn on the 14th of September last, when 35 salmon and grilse, and upwards of 200 sea-trout were taken at one sweep—the proprietor declaring to those above and below him, that he would gladly have forborne the use of the net, had three weeks' additional angling been allowed by law—in which case the majority of these fish would, in all probability, have been left in the river, to people with parr each rippling shallow in the course of the ensuing spring.

Again, the Legislature has very properly prohibited the use of the net during the principal period of the spawning season, but without trenching too deeply on the productiveness of the great fisheries near the river's mouth, where no spawning takes place, and where clean fish are always hovering in the tide-way, it could not debar the net for a sufficient length of time; and thus it happens, that while the seaward proprietors are reaping an early harvest from the high price of well-conditioned winter fish, those in the uplands, if they use the net at all when the season opens (1st day of February), get nothing but lean and hungry Cassio-looking kelts, intermingled, it may be, with a remanent portion of still unspawned breeders. These fish are all comparatively useless till they reach the sea, and of this the upper heritors are well aware; but they also know and consider that that marine amelioration takes place for other people's benefit, and that it is a thousand to one that they themselves will never see them more, and so the improvident and unproductive slaughter is not stayed. But make, by whatever means, the fishing of the upper proprietor worthy of his care as an angling station, and he will often cease to use the net at all. The practice of leistering will be also put an end to; and landowners, or their wealthy English tenants for the time being, will then protect the salmon in the streams, just as assiduously as they now do the game upon the hillsides.* It is certain that the severest laws

female salmon, on the eve of depositing their *ova*. In the neighbourhood of Kelso upwards of ninety have frequently been butchered with this implement during a single night, from one boat, all of them fish in the same rank and unhealthy condition above described. In September, 1846, according to the most moderate calculation, no fewer than 4000 spawning fish, consisting chiefly of full-grown salmon, and comprehending the principal breeding stock of the season, those fish which, from their forward state, promised the earliest and most vigorous supply of fry, were slaughtered in Tweed, with the consent and under the auspices of the upper-holders of fishings in the manner I speak of. Need it be said, that the injury done to the salmon fishings in general, by this mal-practice on the part of two or three lesser proprietors, is incalculable, and when linked with the doings of poachers during close-time, to which it unquestionably gives encouragement, and the system pursued on Tweed, of capturing and destroying the kelts and baggits, it must operate most prejudicially against any plan to further the breeding of this highly prized article of food."—*Angler's Companion.*—*Note to p.* 254.

* A great rise of rent is frequently obtained from a limited portion of a river by devoting it exclusively to *artistical* instead of commercial purposes. We some time ago read as follows in the *Kelso Chronicle*:—"Increase of the value of the salmon fishings on the Tweed.—The fishings on the Tweed at Edenmouth, belonging to John Waldie, Esq., of

of a merely prohibitory nature will not suffice to secure the object aimed at. Simple forbearance on the part of a proprietor is not enough, while acts of a positive nature are required. He must not only obey the law himself, but by toilsome and expensive watch and ward, must enforce the obedience of his tenantry, of their families and servants, and of all curious cronies and country cousins carrying long poles toothed with iron, from the other side of the hill, or some "lang toun," where weavers congregate,—too wise in their generation to work within doors after dark, while good flambeaux can be made of tarry staves, and a slice of fried kipper is an excellent relish, what time well-boiled potatoes burst their cerements, and there is no tax on salt.

Proprietors must therefore not only protect breeding salmon in winter (as they protect breeding birds in spring), by abstaining from any act which, though legal (such as drawing nets in the upper pools on the 1st of February), may tend to prevent increase, but they must destroy their natural enemies in the one case just as much as in the other. We do not mean to say that the aforesaid weavers are actually to be put to death, but they must be disarmed, though not destroyed. It is a well known fact, that fish intent on breeding disregard the angler's fly; but it is an equally well known and more affecting fact, that they do not, because they cannot, disregard the leister. The delicately constructed rod—so beautiful as a work of art, with its glittering gut, and cunningly devised though most unnatural-looking lure, affords a much-prized and long-continued sport, with little or no ultimate injury to the general stock, for the reason just assigned, that spawning fish usually avoid the fly, even although it should fondly hover over them like an angel "bright and fair:" but the polish lancers are a cruel inconsiderate crew, destroying by one fell blow a countless progeny yet unborn, with comparatively slight advantage to themselves, as after all these kelts and baggits afford a poor unwholesome food. But as matters now stand, to mutual disadvantage, between the lower and upper heritors, and with the present careless control of the latter, the temptation of an eighteen or twenty-pounder, with its back-fin occasionally breaking the water of a shallow ford, cannot be resisted by ordinary human nature,—

"While that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Hendersyde Park, and which not many years ago only brought the annual rent of £21, have been let within these few days to Mr. Scruton in the county of Durham for £210,—being an increase of £189 per annum. From this extraordinary rise of rent, some idea may be formed of the anxiety manifested by sporting gentlemen to secure the right of fishing for salmon on the Tweed, and enjoy an amusement which attracts many distinguished individuals to our locality during the season for angling." There is no doubt that the total rental of a great river might be raised by the adoption of some other plan than that which now prevails. We believe that even the lower proprietors would not eventually suffer by a more enlarged and liberal procedure on their part; because, if a greater number of adult fish were allowed to make their unimpeded way to the spawning grounds, the latter would become infinitely more productive, and so, after a few seasons, the advantage would be common to all parties.

ART. IV.—1. *Report from Select Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath-Day; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6th August, 1832.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Sunday Trading (Metropolis); together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th July, 1847.

3. *Tracts of the Lord's-day Society.* Nos. 1–31.

4. "*Tracts of the Times*" *on the Sabbath.* Glasgow. Nos. 1–5.

5. *The Sabbath and the Railway Trains. A Letter addressed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Breadalbane, Chairman of the Scottish Central Railway Company.* By Sir ANDREW AGNEW, Bart. 1848.

6. *The Position of the Churches of Christ in England in relation to the Sabbath Question. A letter addressed to Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart.* By the Rev. ROBERT NEWSTEAD. London, 1848.

7. *The Protestant or Popish Sabbath?* By the Rev. J. G. LORIMER. Glasgow, 1847.

8. *Scriptural Views of the Sabbath of God.* By Rev. JOHN JORDAN, B.A., Vicar of Enstone, Oxon. London, 1848.

9. *Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ: or, Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath.* By RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., DD., Leeds. London, 1848.

10. *A Letter to the Parishioners of Strathblane on the Sanctification of the Sabbath.* By WILLIAM HAMILTON, D.D. 1833.

11. *The Sabbath Railway System Practically Discussed.* By JAMES BRIDGES, Esq. Edinburgh, 1848.

12. *Statement of the Proceedings of the Sabbath Alliance.* By R. K. Greville, LL.D.
13. *Esquisse d'une Mère Chrétienne au Milieu de sa Famille.* Par A. Rochat. 2 tomes. Paris, 1847.

The Sabbath is God's gracious present to a working world, and for wearied minds and bodies it is the grand restorative. The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping: and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium, and death come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—moiling on from day to day and week to week, the bright intuition of his eye gets blunted, and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power; but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humour sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol. To an industrious population so essential is the periodic rest, that when the attempt was made in France to abolish the weekly Sabbath, it was found necessary to issue a decree suspending labour one day in every ten. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced, as the week drew near to a close, just because the tact, alertness, and energy of the workers began to experience inevitable exhaustion. When a steamer on the Thames blew up, a few months ago, the firemen and stokers laid the blame on their broken Sabbath: it stupified and embittered them—made them blunder at their work, and heedless what havoc these blunders might create. And we have been informed that when the engines of an extensive steam-packet company, in the south of England, were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was instantly repaired by giving the men, what the bounty of their Creator had given them long before, the rest of each seventh day. And what is so essential to industrial efficiency is no less indispensable to the labourer's health and longevity. It has often been quoted, but as we have encountered nothing which in extensive observation and philosophical acumen excels it, we must quote Dr. Farre's evidence again:—

"Although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a *long* life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day of the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigour with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his wellbeing.* Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigour of his mind, so that the injury of *continued* diurnal exertion, and excitement in his animal system, is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute: but in the long-run he breaks down more suddenly: it abridges the length of his life and that vigour of his old age, which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. * * * This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity, namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man, you will perceive in this source of renewed vigour to the

* "Not many years ago a contractor went on to the west with his hired men and teams, to make a turnpike road. At first he paid no regard to the Sabbath; but continued his work as on other days. He soon found, however, that the ordinances of nature, no less than the moral law, were against him. His labourers became sickly, his teams grew poor and feeble, and he was fully convinced that more was lost than gained by working on the Lord's day. So true is it that the Sabbath Day labourer, like the glutton and the drunkard, undermines his health, and prematurely hastens the infirmities of age, and his exit from the world."—Dr. Humphrey of America, quoted in the Evangelical Magazine, March, 1848.

mind, and through the mind, to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from this higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest."

Could we catch the eye of the industrious reader this is the primary view which we would seek to impress upon him: That the Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and that one chief object is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond: it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigour, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding. And in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a Savings' Bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The Savings' Bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath-day.

Another purpose for which the Father of Earth's Families has presented the workman with this day, is to enhance his domestic comfort and make him happy in his home. If it were not for this beneficent arrangement, many a toiling man would scarcely ever know the gentle glories and sweet endearments of his own fire-side. Idle people are sometimes surfeited with the society of one another, and wealthy people, however busy, can buy an occasional holiday. But though the working man gets from his employer only one or two days of pastime in all the year, his God has given him two and fifty Sabbaths; and it is these Sabbaths which impart the sanctity and sweetness to the poor man's home. If he has finished his marketing and cleared off his secular engagements on Saturday night, it is marvellous what a look of leisure and bright welcome ushers in the morrow, and what a spirit of serene expectancy breathes through the tidy and well-trimmed chamber. The peace of God lights up the pious labourer's dwelling, and reserved from a toil-worn week the radiance of true love pours forth in these gleams of Sabbath sunshine. With graceful tint it touches the deal chairs and homely table, and converts a fathom of gay carpet into "a wonder of the loom." It plays iridescent among the quaint ornaments of the mantel-shelf, streams over the hearth-stone, and perches on the eight-day clock—the St. Elm of rough weather past—the omen of good days to come. It penetrates affectionate bosoms, and revives old memories deep and tender, which, but for such weekly resurrection, might have died for ever; and with early interest and endearment it suffuses that face which on Sabbath morns is always young, and reminds the proud possessor of that wealth of quiet wisdom and thoughtful kindness with which the Lord has blessed his lot. And in the thaw of friendly and thankful feelings, in the flow of emotions cordial and devout, silent praises sparkle in the eye, and the husband's love and the father's joy well up to the very brim.

"Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely; the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree.
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God."

But beyond all these, God's gift of the Sabbath should be precious to the working world as its main opportunity for moral and spiritual improvement, and as its best preparative for a happy immortality. Whilst eternity is hastening apace, the exigencies of each successive moment are banishing the thought of it, and many are surprised into the great hereafter before they have distinctly perceived that themselves are on the road to it. The Sabbath brings a weekly pause, and in its own mild but earnest accents, says to each, Whither art thou going? whilst its benignant hours invite the pilgrim of earth to that better country of which it is at once the angel and the specimen. The Sabbath brings leisure; it gives a day for thinking: and it brings seclusion. From the every-day vortex—from the crowd so rapid, noisy, and profane, it snatches the whirling waif—it pulls him aside into its little sanctuary, and leaves him alone with God. On the table of the busy man, whether rich or poor, it spreads the open Bible, and wakes again the Oracle which has spoken the saving word to thousands. To the intent and adoring eye it unveils that wondrous Cross where redemption was

achieved and God was reconciled; and by the vista of one radiant Tomb it guides the musing spirit far beyond the land of graves: whilst perfumed gales and Eolian pulses from its open window bespeak the nearer Heaven, and stir the soul with immortality. To the man who has got the Sabbatic sentiment—to the man who has received from above the spiritual instinct, what a baptism of strength and joy does the Lord's-day bring! From prayerful slumber he wakes amid its gentle light, and finds it spreading round him like a balm. There are hope and comfort in its greeting, and from prayerful retirement he joins his family circle with peace in his conscience and freshness in all his feelings. The books which he reads, and the truths which he hears, expand his intellect and fill it with thoughts noble, pure, and heavenly. The public worship gives rise, and by giving outlet, gives increase to hallowed emotions and Christian affections. The psalmody awakens gratitude, cheerfulness, and praise; and the comprehensive prayers and confessions remind him of evils which he himself has overlooked, and perils and temptations of which he was not aware. Interceding for others, his soul dilates in sympathy and public spirit. Friends vaguely remembered—friends long parted or on foreign shores, and on bustling days well-nigh forgotten, now join his earnest fellowship, and prayer hallows while it deepens ancient amity. The poor, the sick, the broken-hearted, prisoners, slaves, the whole family of sorrow, flit before the suppliant's eye and leave him with a softer heart. And the realm and its rulers recur at this sacred moment, and every sentiment is merged in loyalty and Christian patriotism. And the heralds of salvation, pastors, teachers, missionaries, with all the evangelistic agency, are recalled to mind, and whilst his interest in Christ's cause becomes more personal his soul expands in Catholicity. And, if in a willing mood, from the Word read and expounded, he carries home enlightenment, invigoration, impulse; and with big emotions, and blessed hopes, the Sabbath sends him forth on a busy week and a restless world, a tranquil presence and an elevating power.

We do not forget that Sabbath-keeping is the command of God; but we are very anxious to see it more prominent in Sabbatarian arguments, and more engraven on public sentiment, that Sabbath privileges are the gift of God. To our apprehension this would not only be the popular view of the question, but is the actual view in which Scripture presents it. The Bible teaches us that the Sabbath is not an impost but an immunity, not so much a precept as a present. God "gave" the Sabbath. He "made it for man." And while it has all the solemnity of an injunction, and all the sanction of penalties, its best observer is he who through the superadded precept and penalty, recognises and hails the original privilege. "If thou call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable;" amidst its more august and authoritative circumstantials, discerning its amiable purpose and delectable uses. The Lord of the Sabbath has given this institution an attractive rather than a coercive character; and it is to be regretted that controversial exigencies should so often have made a gracious aspect seem severe. The loving-kindness of the Lord finds little counterpart in the saturnine and suspicious heart of man; and even our sweetest mercies we transmute into prescriptions and bitter potions. Heaven's own manifesto, the blessed Gospel, with its invitations so bland and benignant, we are apt to crumple up into homiletic pellets, and scatter in harsh reproofs and hard sayings on the promiscuous throng; and it is too often to martial music that the angel's anthem is set when repeated here below. And so with the Christian Sabbath. The true idea of it was sung by George Herbert long ago:—

> "Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
> And made a garden there for those
> Who want herbs for their wound."

But in reading books and hearing sermons on the subject, we have sometimes borne away a painful impression. Much was said about the things which ought to be forborne, but not so much about the many good and lovely things which we ought to do. We carried with us the image of something stern, and prohibitory, and threatening; and if we had been asked to project upon canvas the Sabbatic idea surviving in our memory, it would not have been the enraptured seer of Patmos, nor the ecstatic travellers in sight of Emmaus, nor the weeping congregation at Troas, but the man stoned for gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day. Doubtless, the profanations which abound, and the oppositions of gainsayers, account for the tone so polemical and peremptory in which the argument is usually urged; but would it not be better for the final triumph of the cause, as well as more accordant with the genius of an institution so truly evangelical, to dwell more on the appropriate occupations of the day, and the delights and present rewards of a Sabbath

sanctified? Instead of hewing down the rosy fence with which its owner originally encircled it—instead of baring "to those that are without," its secondary rampart of spikes and bristling palisades, would it not be better to invite careless passengers to enter and acquaint themselves with the fair exotics and pleasant fruits of this "garden enclosed?" Would it not be more accordant with the mind of our Master, and with the spirit of the existing economy, to show in how many respects, physical, intellectual, and moral, the Sabbath is "made for man?"

To apprise the industrious community of their great Sabbatic privilege, is the present duty of the Christian philanthropist; and if the truth were only told—were the subject handled simply and skilfully—we do not despair of seeing the Sabbatic movement highly popular. As a public question, its strength lies in its humanity. The Legislature has already conceded the labourer's title to his nightly rest; it is only fair that, listening to the voice of observation and experience, it should recognise his right to the hebdomadal repose. But Parliament will never give it till the population asks it; and we fear that it is vain for the religious minority in the realm to ask it for a community who do not ask it for themselves. We therefore hail with the liveliest satisfaction the efforts now making to instruct on this forgotten privilege the popular mind. The Tracts of the Lord's Day Society have done good service. A still higher service we expect from the abundant dissemination of arguments and appeals, so elaborate and cogent as these new "Tracts for the Times." And from no measure do we anticipate happier results than from the proposal of prizes to working men for Essays on Sabbath Observance. This latter expedient originated with the same munificence to which the public owes the Series of Sabbath Tracts; and the sagacity of the scheme, and the interest which it has awakened, are sufficiently evinced by the thousand competitors whom its announcement has brought into the field. Many prejudices have yet to be overcome—by far the most formidable being the "little faith" in the land; but even with a community so secular as is our own, were the question rightly understood, we are secure of carrying one large instalment. As a mighty check on over-production and under-payment, and as the grand means of preserving a people's energy and stamina—setting intelligence and principle out of view—the Sabbath is the Wealth of Nations; and as the restorative of his wasted strength and spirits, and the reviver of his domestic joys and noblest feelings, it is the palladium of the poor man's happiness. Let but its temporal benefits be made sufficiently prominent and palpable, and more vehemently than jaded spinner ever clamoured for a Short Hours' Act, we expect to find Post-Office clerks, and Railway labourers, boatmen, and engine-drivers, and all our industrious classes wakening up to their ancient birthright, and cheering for a Six-Days' Bill.

Of this tendency we have at the present moment an instructive example in the capital. For some years past there has been a large increase of Sunday trading in some districts of London—*e. g.* Westminster, Lambeth, Whitechapel, Somers Town. Originating in the rapacity of a few, it has now become in these districts the practice of almost all. In self-defence, rival tradesmen felt constrained to open their shops; and if a conscientious grocer or draper still locked his door on the Lord's-Day morning, the loss of his customers soon compelled him to abandon his business, or seek a new locality. It is a fearful oppression. First of all, the labouring men in these districts oppress their fellow-labourers the shopkeepers, and compel them to surrender the Sabbath to their accommodation. And then the shopkeepers oppress one another; for a few recreant traders in a street compel all their fellow-traders in that street to compete with them in their Sunday traffic. It is the poor tyrannizing over the poor; and the consequence now is, that among the butchers, bakers, grocers, clothiers, shoemakers, ironmongers, &c., of these vicinities, upwards of 20,000 working men, in the capacity of shopmen and assistants, are compelled to toil on the day of rest as the servants of their brother-workmen. It is a tremendous slavery; and the traders now begin to groan and cry out under it. As one of themselves expresses it—"they would be extremely thankful to do away with the nuisance;" but all their own attempts at extrication have hitherto been baffled by a few recusants of their own number. They have therefore gone to Parliament; and in a proportion of something like ninety-seven in the hundred, they petition Parliament to lift them out of the ditch into which they have pulled one another. Their cause has been generously taken up by Mr. Hindley, and there is good hope that before the session has closed, the metropolis may be delivered from the more flagrant scandals of Sunday trading.

In the course of the inquiry which Mr. Hindley's Committee conducted, a large mass of interesting information was brought out; but we confess, that of all the evidence, none has been to us so novel and impressive

as that of Mr. Isaac, an intelligent Israelite, in part proprietor of a mart in Houndsditch, where people congregate for the sale of jewels, old clothes, &c. We must supply the reader with a specimen :—

"1145.—What is the kind of obligation which seems to press upon them so much, for I must say, to your credit, that you observe the Sabbath much more conscientiously than the Christians do; what kind of obligation is it which seems to have so much more force with you than with Christian men in our own country? I can answer you in one way, and in one way only; I think that the Jews generally, from infancy, are taught their prayers, and that in a very solemn manner. There are few Jews but can read the Hebrew and understand it, though he knows not a single letter in the English alphabet; he is taught, every meal he goes to, to say his prayer, and to say a prayer after he has eaten his meal; and I do not suppose you will find one out of every twenty Jews—I will say only twenty—one out of every twenty in London, let him be what disposition he will in other ways, that ever forgets a prayer night and morning; it is part and parcel of his living. I do not say that they are anything better in disposition for it in other ways, but really that is part and parcel of a parent's duty to their children; and if they do not go in the right way, the parents cannot help it.

"1146.—You attribute the observance of the Sabbath, on the part of the Jew, to the force of early education? I am satisfied it is so.

"1147.—You stated, in the early part of your evidence, that you enjoyed a better trade before there was any Sunday trading; do you mean to inform the Committee by that, that your trade was better during the five days than it is now during the six days that you sell? I do.

"1148.—And that you actually sold more goods during the five days than you do now in six? Yes; and my reason for saying so is this (I have it from the shopkeepers generally, I am not in the trade myself), that originally, when there was no Sunday trading, they were more particular in their mode of trading, and traded for a connexion. A shopkeeper traded for a connexion; he gave value for the money he received, expecting to see his customer again; but that is not the case with the Sunday morning trading. They come down in crowds, in shoals, buyers from all quarters and sellers from every quarter; they buy in a crowd, and of course they get the best price they possibly can, not caring as to the value of the article, or either as to the article itself; so that the shopkeeper has no chance to compete with these stall-sellers.

"1188.—Would you propose not only to close those marts, but to close all shops on Sunday? No question about it.

"1189.—Throughout the whole day? As to matters of trade of that description.

"1190.—You would recommend the Christian Sabbath to be kept as strictly as the Jewish Sabbath? Yes.

"1191.—And that from religious principle, as well as from other motives? No question about it.

"1193.—If the Christians were as strict in the observance of their Sabbath as you are of yours, there would be no necessity for legislative interference? That is a decided fact. They are only isolated cases, where the Jews break through their trading practices on Saturday.

"1213.—With regard to butcher's meat: I believe that you have peculiar butchers, that it is killed in a peculiar manner, and that very great care is taken that no diseased meat, or no meat that can be considered so, shall be sold; are there any retail butchers belonging to the Jewish persuasion? A great number of them.

"1214.—Do they get meat from those who are licensed by the Rabbi? They must be licensed by the Rabbi before they can sell. The inspectors are paid by the congregation, and the killers too.

"1215.—With regard to those retail butchers, how do they manage on the Sabbath-day, do they keep their own shops open? No; if you were to pay £20 for an ounce, you could not get it; nor yet is a baker open; no business whatever. It matters not what it is, they do not open. In fact, the bakers and the butchers are under the surveillance of the Rabbi and the elders; for instance, if a butcher did anything wrong, the Rabbi would not allow the congregation, at least he would admonish them, and say, 'You are not allowed to eat or deal with that man; I do not consider that he is,' what is called, 'clean according to the faith.'

"1219.—Is it within your knowledge that they do not sell on the Saturday? There are certain instances. I dare say many of them do. As I said before, you cannot compel a man not to sell.

"1220.—You are inclined to believe that the sellers of fruit and vegetables do in some or many instances; perhaps you will say if there are many sell on the Saturday? I do not know one that sells vegetables who sells on Saturday. There is one or two shops in Covent Garden, fruiterers, who sell on Saturday. I do not know one that sells vegetables.

"1224.—Have you a greater number of poor Jews in England than formerly? Yes.

"1225.—Do you find great inconvenience from that? I never heard of any: I do not think that the Jews are a criterion to go by. You find very few drunkards among the Jews, and I have reason to know this, by seeing so many hundreds and thousands of them. We really make the strongest push in the world to put the best side forward for the Sabbath.

"1226.—You will perhaps admit that the absence of drunkenness may be caused by the excellent regulations you have with regard to the Sabbath? It is that.

"1227.—It may not be any inherent virtue in the nation, but the result of an excellent custom? Yes; but where there is a habit of drunkenness there is generally a habit of forgetfulness; they do not care either for their faith or their home, or anything else. Among us, a Jew knows as well the hour that his Sabbath will commence; he makes his provision; it is perhaps

made at home for the Sabbath commencing; but if he was at the west end of the town, he would make a calculation in his mind how long it would take him to walk home to say his prayers at the commencement of the Sabbath, and he may have business to call him away. Say that the Sabbath commences at half-past three in the winter, he will prepare for home long before that.

"1236.—Do you believe that by the strict observance of their Sabbath they are the worse off? On the contrary.

"1237.—You do not believe that any ill results to them on that account? I am satisfied to the contrary.

"1238.—Are they less fond of a holiday than other people? They are only glad when there is a holiday to enjoy themselves. I am a native of Liverpool, and I am satisfied that the Sunday is observed more strictly (I speak of the Christian Sunday) as a day of rest with the Jews than it is even with the Christians; they hail it, independently of their Saturday, as a day of recreation.

"1256.—You support your own poor, and pay the poor-rates for the support of the Christians? Yes; they sent me a rate for the repair of the church in my parish, but I do not mean to pay that, if I can avoid it.

"1257.—Does the number of your community increase? I really think they do; the Jews, generally, have large families.

"1258.—You being a Jew, looking at the practice of the English nation, do you think that we ought to have a law for the observance of the Sunday, which should be effectual and just to the different tradesmen? I really do."

We agree with Mr. Isaac, and we hope that Parliament will listen to the prayer of the London shopkeepers, and protect the conscientious trader from his less scrupulous rival. And we trust that it may not be long till other departments of industry follow the example set by the Sunday traders of the capital, and pray for a general emancipation. In the meanwhile a prodigious work has to be accomplished before the different classes are rightly instructed in their obligations and privileges as connected with the sacred day. A vast multitude regard it as a mere engine of priest-craft, and many would feel even its negative enforcement as an intolerable stretch of arbitrary power. For such Sabbatism—the temporary Sabbatism which a religious minority might impose on an irreligious or reluctant multitude—we have little desire, and it is at something much grander and more enduring that the Christian Church should aim. And just in proportion as we despond of the legislation which would coerce an immature community, we would long and labour for that healthy state of public feeling, which would hail a protected Sabbath as a boon. And with a glance at those appliances by which an object so vital to patriotism and philanthropy, and so dear to piety, may in the meanwhile be best promoted, we close this rapid article.

And it seems very obvious, that it is in individual example and effort that the radical strength of the Sabbath movement lies. In an American newspaper,* we were lately interested by an account of a Sabbath-keeping steamer. Like some others on the New World waters, it lies-to over each Lord's day, and the men have the opportunity of rest and worship. On one of these occasions, a minister being on board, there was preaching morning and afternoon in the cabin, and the captain sent word to the settlers on shore. Many attended, and among the rest was a man who had not heard a sermon for years. He had his horse saddled, and was ready to start on a journey, when he was overtaken by the singular invitation to visit their church in the steamer. It instantly struck him, that if the owner of this vessel could afford to stop all hands, and keep the Sabbath, a single traveller surely could afford to stop himself and his horse. He sent the beast back to the stable, and the day which he had destined to business, was spent in the worship of God. And were similar examples of consistency more abundant, it is impossible to calculate the wide impression. The observance of the Lord's day is something more than a conventional decency; it is obedience to a Divine command; it is the worship of Heaven's Majesty; it is an act of faith; God himself is in a Sabbath thus sanctified; and a fear of God comes over lookers on. And were our domestic Sabbaths sufficiently amiable and august; were they filled up with Christian intelligence and benign occupation, and fenced around with sanctity, "the stranger within our gates" would often carry away a lesson which God would bless, and a feeling which he himself would be loath to lose. And much might be accomplished in our several localities by personal, and especially by pastoral influence. Our early lot was cast in a region where many elements were adverse. The population was partly migratory, and the main industry of the parish was concentred in public works. The Aborigines were remarkable for the stolid apathy with which they regarded everything religious, and there was nothing in the prevailing ministrations of the neighbourhood to disturb that apathy. We remember sad traditions of Sunday doings, which long lingered in the district;

The Presbyterian. January 22, 1848.

and ourselves can recollect a parish clergyman signing a petition in favour of a Sunday post. It was into one of these parishes with its Sunday taverns, and christening revels, and its Sabbath-breaking smugglers, that before our time a man of God had come: and it might almost be said, that the Sabbath came with him; for in the realization of his ardent faith, and in the grandeur of his elevated walk, he was every inch and every hour a Sabbatic man. With godly heroism he encountered the more flagrant outrages, and by dint of his fervent and awakening preaching he won successive hearers to the more cordial and intelligent keeping of the day, till, at the period we speak of, betwixt the crowded congregations, and the busy Sabbath-schools, the roads on which no idlers lounged, and the cottages from which the Bible had long banished oaths and tipsy brawls, we never saw such a spectacle of wakeful joy and worshipping repose as vanished the first evening of every week in the shadows of that happy vale. And for the encouragement of similar efforts we may add, that this Sabbatic Oasis was the benefactor of the whole vicinity. Repeated and most resolute attempts were made to transmit a Sunday post to the parishes beyond; but so gallant was the resistance that they could never carry this Thermopylæ. The postman was one of its parishioners, and solemnly refused to do any work on the Sabbath-day—and his neighbours joined in vigorous remonstrance; and so powerful was the opposition, that the few gentlemen who wished their Sunday News were baffled; and it was not till their pastor and champion had fallen, and his flock were assembled to hear his funeral sermon, that these peaceful solitudes were startled by the first Sunday mail. There is now lying before us a letter which, near the close of life, he addressed to his people on the subject so near his heart; and in the hope that it may possibly stir up some mind by way of remembrance, we quote the closing paragraph:

"For three Sabbaths I have been laid aside from my usual delightful public employment. This may be the last address I shall be able to give you. You never again may hear my voice, nor see my face. I entreat you to meditate on the importance of the Sabbath; and to rest assured that without a love for its services you can have no portion in the kingdom of God. I beg you to regard this letter not only as the language of a dying man, but of your dying minister; who loved you and watched over you in life, and now, when all things earthly may be closing over me—long to see you all, in the day of the Lord, on the right hand of the throne of God, and of the Lamb."

Much might also be accomplished by particular companies and communities, as well as by public personages, desirous to honour the Lord of the Sabbath, and promote the better observance of his day. The moral value of such testimonies as the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have given, and more recently the shareholders of the Scottish Central, cannot be rated too high; and we trust that other companies will soon emulate their splendid example.

"This new and wonderful application of the power of steam, which so greatly diminishes the effects of distance, and thereby affords us so much more time for the transaction of our worldly affairs, ought to be gratefully regarded by us as an additional means afforded to mankind for the better observance of their religious obligations, and especially for the keeping holy the Sabbath-day."*

It is too much to hope that this golden sentiment—worthy to be quoted alongside the opinions of Hale and Blackstone and Wilberforce, and which confers on its author new nobility—may yet be adopted by every British Railway, and the suspended traffic of an Empire be the weekly tribute to Him who teaches man wisdom, and who has made the modern six days equal to the ancestral twelve? Nor can we hail with any other sentiments, save those of the liveliest satisfaction, the important declaration of the Post-Master General, that he is willing to close the Post-office on the Lord's day in every place where a decided and influential majority wish for it, and where the minority do not strongly oppose it. We doubt not that many other towns will do as Bath has done; and if light and good feeling spread, it may not be long till every city and village in England conform to the capital, where the knock of the Sunday postman has never yet been heard. Every visitor of Brighton has been struck with the comparative decorum and tranquillity which reign every Sabbath in the princeliest and most populous of watering-places; and it does not abate from the praise due to its devoted and faithful ministers to say that their exertions were powerfully furthered by the pious example of the present Queen Dowager. The discontinuance of Sunday cabinet dinners has greatly contributed, in the higher circles, to foster that better sentiment and practice of which it was partly the consequence; and, amongst the influential classes of this land, it is cheering to ob-

* The Marquis of Breadalbane's Letter anent the Scottish Central Railway, February 14, 1848.

serve a marked increase of respectful and reverential feeling towards this Divine institution. As indicating the lower tone of continental Protestantism, it is with surprise and sorrow that we observe a Prince so justly dear to British Christians as the King of Prussia is, and, so far as civil station goes, the most influential member of Luther's Church, always fixing the Lord's day for the opening of his Parliaments. Have none of his Majesty's clergy represented the national peril and religious inconsistency involved in such proceedings?

Amongst the most legitimate and the likeliest means of advancing this great object, we cannot forget the one which our own province supplies, viz. publication. The pamphlets of Sir Andrew Agnew and Mr. Bridges have already done excellent service, and will yet do more. Of the London and Glasgow tracts we have already spoken; and of many miscellaneous broad-sheets and bulletins—amongst the most effective artillery of all—our limits will not let us speak. But there lie upon our table many volumes, from which we have derived so much instruction and delight, that we are loath to let them go with this passing notice. In authoritativeness and extent of information surpassing all, we have the Report of the Commons Committee presented sixteen years ago. Fondly would we hope that the day is coming when its statements will survive only as the humbling evidence of how guilty our land once was—the painful memorial of evils passed away; but no day can ever come which will abate from its historical interest as the first document where, after an interval of ages, British senators employed the language of an outspoken piety, and boldly avowed as their rule of legislation, Bible principle. When we find in the Committee the names of Lords Ashley, Morpeth, and Sandon; Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir Geo. Sinclair, Sir Robert Inglis; Mr. J. E. Gordon, Mr. Evans, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Andrew Johnston, we are the less surprised; but it is with something of national pride that we recognise in the chairman, and in the originator of the movement, our own countryman, Sir Andrew Agnew. It will need another and a better generation to do justice to the zeal and courage and perseverance which this Christian patriot expended on the cause before it assumed its present urgency, and before it rallied many open advocates. In statistical fulness and precision, almost rivalling a Parliamentary Report, but ranging over a wider field, we have the facts and figures of Mr. Lorimer, along with an instructive contrast between Popish and Protestant Churches in their treatment of the hallowed day. At the head of this Article we have set down two little volumes by a Vaudois pastor, just deceased—M. Rochat; and we have put them there because one great cause of Sabbath-breaking is, that many people do not know the art of Sabbath-keeping. To a few details in this beautiful "Sketch" some readers might take exception; but we are sure no Christian mother can read it without getting hints which might shed new fascination over its hours; and in the case of the youngest child, convert it into a season of lively interest and cheerful preparation for heaven. The work of Mr. Jordan is vigorous, fresh, and clear—peculiarly felicitous as to the institution of the day, and its transference from one end of the week to the other; and from its level of conclusive logic, ever and anon ascending in passages of manly eloquence. From their poetic glow, and the high standing of their author, we hope that Dr. Hamilton's "Disquisitions" may carry a Sabbath into the study of many a lettered man. It glads us to encounter such firmness of faith in union with philosophical enlargement, and it is pleasant to recognise, in terse and classic phrase, the tone and maxims of the Puritan. Not as the finest in the book, but perhaps the most home-coming, we extract the following:—

"And had a household narrative of that Sabbath been preserved, how cheerful and sunny would have been the tale. We may write it from memorials and diaries, from legends and traditions. There are families of lineal descent, not yet extinct, honourable in ancestral consistency, unswerved among the supple manners of the age. There are homesteads which may yet be traced, whose possessors stood midway between the older Puritan and the Nonconformist confessor, sometimes the noble grange; at others, the lowlier hall; monuments of principle and persecution, as they were asylums of devotion and piety—which cruel laws long continued to disturb—such as Hoghton Tower in which Howe found refuge—like Broad Oak, where still we seem to commune with our 'Henry's holy shades.' Was that religion stiff and dull? Were those Sabbaths ascetic? An early hour of the previous evening had witnessed the disposal of all business; and the necessary preparations for the morrow allowed a full season to meditative retirement, and afterwards to special domestic sacrifice in respect of the Sabbath which drew nigh. Soon as the morning broke, children anticipated their parents, and while they rose, sang at their chamber-door some hymn in salutation of the day. From their knees, they met each other with cheerful embrace and greeting, their first duty leading the gathering group to prayer and praise; never forgetting the perusal of the holy book, the family copy, which, perhaps, had been the companion of prison hours and forest hiding-

places, worn by the hands and blotted by the tears of the patriarchs of their house. Supplication could not be made for kindlier times and growing liberties, without thanksgiving that fiercer oppression was somewhat stayed. They forgot not what their fathers had told them. They blessed their God and their father's God for every little lightening of their bondage. Once there would have been peril in this indoors' rite. Psalmody arose, as a proper part of such worship, not without taste and choral effect, for it was that in which they were accustomed to delight. Comfort and simple elegance crowned their meal; for order and neatness, beyond our more luxurious parade, presided in their home and were rather more prominent than less on this happy dawn. If they might attend, by the suspension of some penal statute, their sanctuary, they were seen wending towards it in a natural procession, attired not carelessly but in no flaunting dress, in their country's staple and texture, unpretending yet substantial as themselves—some of which the mother's distaff had produced. Sermons full of thought and powerful in application, having much unity and closeness, with *doctrine raised* and *improvement enforced*, repaid the long-exacted attention. They knew not our miscellany of vocal praise, but breathed their gratitude and adoration through the strains of the sweet singer of Israel. Public prayer was systematic, still various, abounding in intercession, such as the minister's closet had indited and his heart had already made his own. Homeward, with no loitering pace and frivolous manner, they returned—impressed, happy, thankful, and found no scanty board. They healthily partook, but no surfeit oppressed them. What they had heard supplied their conversation—they discovered something better than to cavil; the heads of the family would have discouraged whatever would have lowered the weight of their teacher in the notion of their offspring and servants; and all could forget an uncouth manner, if such it was, in edifying matter and deep experience. The men on whom they attended were mighty in the Scriptures. None other could have been endured. A second service, early in the afternoon, invited their presence once again in the sanctuary. More awakening appeals to conscience, more general overture to the guilty and perishing sinner, relieved the massiveness of the former discourse, and disturbed any drowsiness of the season. Maternal fondness provided for the little ones, when the door of the dwelling closed for the last time on that day, some little deviation from their common fare—the confection—the participation with parents of their less simple diet; winning childhood to obedience and observance—impressing everything by cheerfulness and love. They began with the infant mind. They sought early conversion. They pondered that saying, 'while there is hope.' They knew that if that ductile, ingenuous temper was left untaught and unsanctified, little 'hope' could be entertained. They improved the seed-time: they bent the sapling in its pliancy. The evening came, the household Sabbath's claims and share. The children, if advancing in youth, now repaired to different apartments, conducted according to sex by their appropriate guides. A father counselled his boys, a mother instructed her daughters. Catechism was heard. Free questions were elicited. There was review of what had been that day preached. The lad leaving his roof was warned and blessed. The girl cowered like the dove beneath the wing stretched over her. There, at the father's side, at the mother's knee, was the true school of character and principle. That made their generations strong. Instead of the fathers were the children. Thus were they trained and formed. They shrank not from danger; they yielded not to dalliance. They left histories. They established names. But where is now 'the seed of the righteous?' Where are the 'faithful children?' In the change of all this we are weak. An interval followed, and each one took his book. Janeway's Token for Children, or Gouge's Young Man's Guide, fixed many a youthful eye. The prayer-bell was then rung, and devotions were presented, suited by their brevity to wearied powers, and by their pointedness to youthful minds: not rarely different hymns, charming the childish choir by their variety and succession. The simple hours of that period, and the still simpler hours of that day, gave fitness to the spreading of their table ere they separated for sleep. The all but infant regarded this as honour and indulgence, and it was the scene of chastened joy. Parent, child, knew no happier banquet than this! It was the feast of subdued familiarity, of confidence, of love! Nor had servants been forgotten. Theirs was the fellowship of privilege. They had been exhausted by no labour, they had been debarred from no means. Often growing old in the family, they seemed a part of it; they felt the sympathy of its griefs. In the passages of domestic joy and festivity they took no niggard interest. They reimbursed the tenderness and good-will they received. They showed fidelity. 'The believing masters' treated them in all religious matters as 'brethren;' and they 'counted them worthy of all honour, and rather did them service because they were faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit.' The house now is hushed. Children lie cradled in each other's arms. Servants want but the light slumber for to-morrow's labour, and not to rest from what they have this day done. Parents commit themselves and their endeared charge to their heavenly Father, and angels come down and keep the watch. 'So he giveth his beloved sleep.' We need not inquire what was their week. That home would know no idleness, no contented ignorance, no constrained hospitality, no fretful bickering, no controversial strife. Worship still dressed its altar, prayer and praise still awoke, instruction and discipline still prevailed. The pastor was often seen at its hearth the welcome casuist, comforter, and guest. Good men resorted thither, and left behind a blessing. That wicket was the gate of heaven. The law of kindness was on every lip. They forbore one another, they preferred one another. Some of us know the likenesses well. We have seen the counterparts. These customs had come down to us. Such were the families to which birth added us. Such were our fathers, and such the mothers who bore us. We declaim no inventions, we draw no pictures, we speak no unknown things. In them was reflected the Puri-

tan race. In them those saints revived and stood up once more. In this resemblance, but little degenerated, we may measure their worth, and as by a personal observation, 'fully know their doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long suffering, charity, patience.' "—Pp. 181-187.

But of all the means employed towards bringing about a better state of things, we regard with greatest hope and interest, the new Sabbath Alliance. Not only is it an organization, but an organization of the healthiest kind. Excluding nothing save elements of weakness, it is framed so as to comprehend nearly all that is strenuous and sound in British Christianity; and from its Scriptural constitution and prayerful spirit, we would predict for it an athletic and triumphant career.

"The basis of the Alliance is the Divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, as declared at large in the Word of God, and more formally and particularly in the Fourth Commandment of the Moral Law.

"Its objects are—

"1. To diffuse Scriptural views on the subject of the Sabbath, and the proper observance of it as one whole day in seven, by means of the public press, periodicals, tracts, lectures, public meetings, and such other modes as may suggest themselves.

"2. To procure and circulate statistical information in reference to the prevalent forms of Sabbath desecration, and their pernicious consequences.

"3. In particular, to take steps for opposing and preventing the running of railway trains and all other public conveyances, on the Lord's-day, that being one of the most prevalent forms of desecration, and which threatens, if not opposed, to be rapidly and indefinitely extended.

"4. To use every exertion to obtain the entire cessation of work in the Post-Office department, over the whole empire, on the Lord's-day, that being one chief excuse for the running of Railway trains, and other modes of conveyance on that day.

"5. To make every effort for suppressing all Sabbath traffic, especially in strong drink.

"6. To endeavour to promote all arrangements which have a tendency to procure the observance of the Lord's-day, and to discourage and obtain the suppression of all such as have a contrary tendency.

"The members wish it to be understood, that the cultivation of a devotional spirit, in the bonds of Christian brotherhood, should be identified with all their exertions."

An effort like this should gather round it the patriotism and philanthropy, as well as the piety, of the Christian Public; and with a basis so secure, and an object so hallowed, it is impossible that perseverance and union should fail. Our own end of the island has already acknowledged its salutary influence; and thanking Mr. Newstead for his word in season, we wait till the accession of our English brethren give imperial grandeur and joyful presage to the movement.

Fairly stated, and in every aspect—theological, political, and humane—we can scarcely imagine a stronger case than that which is presented by the Sabbatarian argument. It is the cause of God, the cause of nations, and pre-eminently the cause of the working man. But in order to insure its triumph, we must adapt the argument to each tribunal; and, for our own part, we confess that we are mainly anxious to urge its claims at the bar of British industry. Before such a tribunal, comprehending at present a mournful amount of infidelity and irreligion, the Scriptural plea would have little force; but, if palpably brought out, there is enough in the physiology and ethics of this wonderful institution to carry the suffrage of every man who values health, intelligence, and character. And could we by a popular movement once achieve the first instalment—were it either enacted or universally agreed for the purposes of trade and travel, the first day of the week should be the *dies non*, which it already is in courts of law; were either Parliament or public opinion to concede this Sabbath of cessation, it would fall to the piety of the land to complete the movement, and by spiritual means convert it into a Sabbath of holy resting. And in this endeavour to Sabbatize the Sunday, we shall find nothing permanently successful which does not evangelize the citizens. Even now, were every beer-shop and railway station closed, and all toil and traffic interrupted, we might be as far as ever from a Scriptural Sabbath. The urchin in Newgate, whose usual avocations are suspended during next calendar month, but who cannot forbear from picking imaginary pockets, and who feels it a sore stretch of honesty to give back to the turnkey not only the porridge-platter but the pewter-spoon, is honest after a very different fashion from his thief-brother, whom the City Missionary or the Ragged-School Teacher has won over to the eighth command. And it is not an Act of Parliament—however remotive of hindrances—but it is the law of God hidden in the hearts of the citizens, which will give us a national Sabbath. And that law nothing can deposit there except the Gospel. Everything, therefore, which tends to make that Gospel more effective—disinterestedness, elevation, and sanctity in the pastoral character; freshness and gainliness in pulpit addresses; tracts no longer well-meaning truisms, but terse and vigorous appeals to a clever and thinking community; sermons something better

than a languid echo from our earnest sires; town missions and rural itineracies—the mounted and foot patrol of a campaigning Church; Sabbath schools and Bible classes—all these, by promoting vital piety, diffuse the Sabbatic spirit. And a Lord's-day fully furnished—a sanctuary with pleasant psalmody and attractive preaching; a home with kindly intercourse and appropriate exercises; a closet supplied with missionary periodicals and edifying books; a day, not dreary with negations and non-performances, but made delightful by abundant occupations, would secure its own observance, and be the Christian Sabbath which Isaiah prophesied, and the Pentacostal Church enjoyed.

ART. V.—*Physical Geography.* By MARY SOMERVILLE. Authoress of the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," &c. With a portrait. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1848.

EARTH—OCEAN—AIR—With what events, moral and physical—with what sympathies, social and domestic—with what interests, present and future, are these magic words indissolubly associated! When we view, as from afar, our terrestrial ball, wheeling its course round the central sun, and performing with unerring precision, its daily circuit, we see it but as a single planet of the system—we admire the grandeur of the terraqueous mass, and the mind, in its expanding survey, is soon lost in the abyss of space, and among the infinities, in number and in magnitude, of revolving worlds. But, occupying, as we do, a fixed place upon its surface—treading its verdant plains—surveying its purple-lighted hills—gazing upon its interminable expanse of waters, and looking upwards to the blue ether which canopies the whole, the imagination quits the contemplation of the universe, and ponders over the mysterious realities around. The chaos, the creation, the deluge, the earthquake, the volcano, and the thunderbolt, press themselves upon our thoughts, and while they mark the physical history of the past, they foreshadow the dreaded convulsions of the future. Associated with our daily interests and fears, and emblazoning in awful relief, our relation to the Great Being that ordained them, we are summoned to their study by the double motive of a temporal and spiritual interest, and of an inborn and rational curiosity.

When we stand before the magnificent landscape of hill and dale, of glade and forest, of rill and cataract—with its rich foreground at our feet, and its distant horizon on the deep, or on the mountain range tipped with ice, or with fire, the mind reverts to that primæval epoch, when the everlasting hills were upheaved from the ocean, when the crust of the earth was laid down and hardened, when its waters were enchannelled in its riven pavement, when its breast was smoothed and chiselled by the diluvian wave, and when its burning entrails burst from their prison-house, and disclosed the fiery secrets of their birth.

When we turn to the peaceful ocean, expanding its glassy mirror to the sun, embosoming in its dove-like breast the blue vault above, and holding peaceful communion with its verdant, or its rocky shores, the mind is carried back to that early period when darkness was over the face of the deep—when the waters were gathered into the hollow of the land—and when the broken up fountains of the deep consigned the whole earth with its living occupants to a watery grave. But while we thus linger in thought over the ocean picture, thus placid and serene, we are reminded of the mighty influences which it obeys. Dragged over its coral bed by an agency unseen, and stirred to its depths by the raging tempest, the goddess of peace is transformed into a Fury—lashing the very heavens with its breakers—bursting the adamantine barriers which confine it—sweeping away the strongholds of man, and engulphing in its waves the mightiest of his floating bulwarks.

But it is in the pure atmosphere which we breathe, and within the ethereal envelope of our globe, that the most remarkable revolutions must have been effected; and it is in this region also, that nature presents us, in our own day, with the most fearful contrasts—with the most peaceful repose of the elements, and the most terrific exhibition of their power. The primæval transition from the chaos of the atmosphere to a pure and cloudless sky, must have been the result of frequent and convulsive actions. The exhalations from the green and fermenting earth—the gaseous currents from its heated crust, the empoisoned miasmata from its crevices and pores, and the watery vapours from putrid lake and troubled sea, must have formed an insalubrious compound, which it required the electric stroke to purify and decompose. While there was yet no light on the earth, and the sun and moon were veiled with thick darkness, the "waters above the firmament" must have descended in torrents—the hail-storm must have rushed from the upper air, and the

tempest, and the lightning, and the thunder-bolt, must have combined their tremendous energies before the rebellious elements were insulated and subdued. In now contemplating the aerial granary which so peacefully surrounds and sustains us, we could scarcely anticipate the character and extent of its abnormal phases. The same powers which were needed for its original distillation, seem to be required to maintain it salubrious and pure; and though these powers are in daily operation near us and around us, we know them only as destroying agents, and take little interest in the wonderful arrangements which they subserve.

When on a Sabbath morn the sounds of busy life are hushed, and all nature seems recumbent in sleep, how deathlike is the repose of the elements—yet how brief and ephemeral is its duration! The zephyr whispers its gentle breathings—the aspen leaf tries to twitter on its stalk—the pulse of the distant waterfall beats with its recurring sound—the howl of the distant forest forewarns us of the breeze that moves it—the mighty tempest supervenes, cutting down its battalions of vegetable life, whirling into the air the dwellings and the defences of man, and dashing the proudest of his war-ships against the ocean cliffs, or sinking them beneath the ocean waves. When thus awakened from her peaceful trance, nature often summons to the conflict her fiercest powers of destruction. The electric agents—those ministers of fire, which rule so peacefully when resting in equilibrium, and which play so gently in the summer lightning-sheet, or so gaily in the auroral beams—frequently break loose from their bonds, to frighten and destroy. When the heat of summer has drawn up into the atmosphere an excess of moisture, and charged the swollen clouds with conflicting electricities, the dissevered elements rush into violent re-union, and compress in their fiery embrace the vaporous mass which they animate. Torrents of rain and cataracts of hail emerge from the explosion, and even stony and metallic meteors rush in liquid fire from the scene. The forked lightning-bolt flies with death on its wing, rending the oak-trunk with its wedge of fire, and transfixing with its lurid dagger the stalwart frame of man and of beast; and before life is extinct, the thunder-clap rolls in funereal echo from cloud to cloud, and from hill to hill, as if a shout were pealed from the cloud of witnesses, in mockery of the helplessness of man, and in triumph over his fall.

A subject embracing topics like these, connected with the past history and the present condition of our globe, must necessarily possess an exciting interest; and it is strange that in our language no separate work has appeared, in which the grand truths of physical geography are illustrated and explained. From our youth we have been accustomed to look at the Earth, or its delineations, as mapped into regions, from which the great boundaries of nature are effaced. Empires purchased by blood, and held by force, are, in the political geography with which we are familiar, bounded by chains of custom-houses and barriers of forts. Ambition has replaced the sea-line, and the river, and the mountain range, with frowning battlements, cordons of troops, and rapacious agents—parcelling out the earth into unnatural divisions—forcing its population into jarring communities—severing the ties of language and religion—breaking up into hostile principalities the fatherlands of united hearts—extirpating even the native possessors of the soil, and thus treating intellectual and immortal man as if he were but the property and the tool of the tyrant. Thus founded on the severance of nature's bonds, thus sustained by the suspended sword, thus outlined in blood still crying for vengeance, the geography of conquest, like the quicksands of the ocean, is ever shifting its frontier, ever subject to the inroads of avarice and ambition. Taught us in our youth, taught anew in our manhood, and requiring to be taught again in our old age, it is ever associated with gigantic crime—nationally, with bloody revolutions and desolating wars—individually, with broken hearts and bleeding affections. Did truths like these require confirmation, we have but to look around us at subverted and tottering thrones, at armies routed by popular union, at statesmen precipitated from the helm, and princes driven into exile.

How different is the geography of our globe—how permanent in its character—how stable in its boundaries! Gathered into islands, or expanding to continents—sloping to the sea in valleys, or rising in table-lands—washed by the ocean, or bounded by the mountain range, the surface of the earth presents one great phase of durability and permanence, looming to the eye a mighty whole, fresh as when it came from its Maker's hand, and became the abode of his intellectual creation. The destroyer of animal life, the destroyer even of his species, the hand of man has not been able to alter even the expression of one of the features of the globe, and still less to break one of the smallest bones of its carpentry of adamant. He may have turned a few of its streams from their bed—he may have perforated its

hills of rock or of clay, or scratched its yielding surface with his lines of intercommunication; but he has in vain attempted to enchain its ocean, or precipitate even the slenderest of its peaks of granite. There the great globe stands—unchanged by man—such as it was seen by the first of his race, and such as it will be seen by the last—washed, indeed, by the waters of a mighty deluge, but washed only from the impurities of its guilty occupants. In scanning, therefore, the terraqueous wonder, the philosopher takes cognisance only of the handiwork of its Maker. Neither the cloud-capt tower, nor the gorgeous palace, meet the intellectual eye. The din of war and the tumult of contending factions are by him alike unheard. He treads without interruption the grassy savannah, the heath-covered mountain, and the barren desert. He encounters no spot where the human worm claims the perennial right of pursuing its slimy course. He discovers no land under the canopy of heaven where man may not carve a niche for his idol, or rear a temple to his God.

How interesting, then, must it be to study such a structure—the earth, the ocean, and the air combined—to escape altogether from the works and ways of man—to go back to primæval times to learn how its Maker moulded the earth—how he wore down the primitive mass into the strata of its present surface—how he deposited in its bowels the precious materials of civilization—how he filled it with races of living animals, and again buried them in its depths, to chronicle the steps of creative power—how he covered its surface with its fruit-bearing soil, and spread out the waters of the deep as the great highway of nations, to unite into one brotherhood the different races of his creatures, and to bless them by the interchange of their produce and their affections.

Such are some of the lessons which Mrs. Somerville has undertaken to teach us in the very interesting work which we propose to analyse. From the loftier theme of physical astronomy in which she achieved her maiden reputation, and from the wide and rich field of the physical sciences, whose "connexion" she traced with a master's hand, Mrs. Somerville has descended to the humbler though not less important subject of natural or physical geography, and we have no doubt, from the popular character of the science, as well as from its relation to our sympathies and interests, that she will command a wider circle of readers, and enjoy the "gratification" so much desired by herself, "of making the laws by which the material world is governed more familiar to her countrywomen."

Mrs. Somerville's Work commences with a preliminary chapter on geology,* which is introduced by the following brief and striking notice of the present condition and past history of the earth :—

"The increase of temperature with the depth below the surface of the earth, and the tremendous desolation hurled over wide regions by numerous fire-breathing mountains, show that man is removed but a few miles from immense lakes or seas of liquid fire. The very shell on which he stands is unstable under his feet, not only from those temporary convulsions that seem to shake the globe to its centre, but from a slow, almost imperceptible elevation in some places, and an equally gentle subsidence in others, as if the internal molten matter were subject to secular tides, now heaving and now ebbing, or that the subjacent rocks were in one place expanded and in another contracted by changes of temperature.

"The earthquake and the torrent—the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power—have torn the solid earth, and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on 'the perpetual hills, and the everlasting mountains.' There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races which, in their turn, have vanished from the scene till the creation of man completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? and who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? Yet man is also to vanish in the ever-changing course of events. The earth is to be burnt up, and the elements are to melt with fervent heat—to be again reduced to chaos—possibly to be renovated and adorned for other races of beings. These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves and He who has ordained them."—Pp. 2, 3.

The various substances which compose the earth, exist either in shapeless masses, or in regular strata horizontal, or inclined to the horizon. Our knowledge of these substances extends but to a small depth beneath the surface; but from the thickness and extent of the stratified masses, geologists have obtained a pretty accurate idea of the

* In order to preserve the continuity of this Article, we have followed Mrs. Somerville, in giving a brief and popular notice of the different formations which compose the crust of the earth; but the reader will find a more detailed account of them, particularly as they exist in the north of Europe and Asia, in this *Journal*, vol. v.

earth's structure to the depth of about ten miles. The earth's crust consists of plutonic and volcanic rocks of igneous origin, of aqueous or stratified rocks, deposited by water, and of metamorphic rocks also deposited by water, but subsequently crystallized by heat. The *plutonic* rocks, namely the granites and some of the porphyries, on which no fossil remains are found, were formed under high pressure in the earth's deepest caverns, and subsequently upheaved into mountain peaks by the central forces, or injected in fluid state into the deepest fissures of the overlying strata, or even into the crevices of a more ancient granite. *Volcanic* rocks, such as basalt, greenstone, porphyry, and serpentine, differ widely from the plutonic ones in their nature and position. They contain no fossil remains, and are generally found near the surface of the earth, consisting of the different kinds of strata fused by the internal fire, and exhibiting much variety in their appearance and structure, owing to the melted matter having been cooled under different conditions in contact with the atmosphere.—

"There seems," says Mrs. Somerville, "scarcely to have been any age of the world in which volcanic eruptions have not taken place in some part of the globe. Lava has pierced through every description of rocks, spread over the surface of those existing at the time, filled their crevices, and flowed between their strata. Ever changing its place of action, it has burst out at the bottom of the sea as well as on dry land. Enormous quantities of scoriæ and ashes have been ejected from numberless craters, and have formed extensive deposits in the sea, in lakes, and on the land, in which are imbedded the remains of the animals and vegetables of the epoch. Some of these deposits have become hard rock, others remain in a crumbling state; and as they alternate with the aqueous strata of almost every period, they contain the fossils of all the geological epochs, chiefly fresh and salt water testaceæ."—P. 5.

The metamorphic rocks, according to Mr. Lyell, consisting of gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, and statuary marble, &c., have been deposited in regular sedimentary beds, near the plutonic rocks, by the heat of which they have been greatly altered, and subsequently crystallized in cooling, without losing their character of stratified deposits. Those rocks which contain no organic remains sometimes lie in horizontal beds, but are generally inclined at all angles, and form some of our highest mountains and table-lands.

The aqueous or stratified rocks have all been formed at the bottom of seas and lakes, by the debris of the land, carried into them by streams and rivers. They consist chiefly of sandstone or clayey rocks, and of calcareous rocks, composed of sand, clay, and carbonate of lime. Indurated by internal heat, and subsequently elevated by internal forces, the aqueous rocks form three great classes, which, commencing from below, have been named, the *primary* and *secondary fossiliferous* formation, and the *tertiary* formation.

The *Primary* formation, consisting of limestones, sandstones, and shales, still distinctly marked by the ripples of the wave, have been deposited at the bottom of a very deep ocean, and contain only the remains of marine animals. They have been subdivided into the Cambrian, and the lower and upper Silurian systems. There are no organic remains in the Cambrian rocks, which are sometimes many thousand yards thick, but they abound in the Silurian system, increasing as we ascend in the series. Shell-fish, and crinoidea or stone lilies, trilobites, and sometimes true fishes, are found in the lower series; and in the upper, seashells of every order, with crinoidea, corals, sea-weeds, a few land plants, and sauroid fishes, the principal vertebrated animals that occur in these early formations. While the Silurian rocks were being deposited, the northern hemisphere of our globe was under water. Lands and islands had begun to emerge from it, and earthquakes and volcanoes, insular and submarine, marked the close of the period.

During the great geological period which succeeded, the *Secondary* fossiliferous strata, forming the present High Land of Europe, were deposited at the bottom of a sea, by the streams and rivers which entered it. This interesting series consists, reckoning upwards, of the *devonian* or *old red sandstone rocks*, the *carboniferous* or *coal strata*, the *permian* or *magnesian* limestone rocks, the *triassic* or *new red sandstone* rocks, the *jurassic* or *oolite* rocks, and the *cretaceous strata*.

The *Devonian* rocks, sometimes 10,000 feet thick, consist of dark red and other sandstone, marls, coralline limestones, conglomerates, &c., contain sauroid fishes of gigantic size, and others, some with osseous shields, and some with wing-like appendages.

During a long period of great tranquillity, which followed the deposition of the Devonian rocks, tropical forests, and jungles of exuberant growth, covered the lands and islands which had sprung from the deep. Submerged by inroads of the sea, or carried down by land-floods, the plants of that period were deposited in estuaries, with the sand

and mud which accompanied them, and formed the *carboniferous strata* which lie above the Devonian rocks.

The *Carboniferous system* is composed of countless layers of various substances, filled with an enormous quantity of fossil land plants, intermixed with beds of coal. Upwards of 300 fossil plants have been collected, with their seeds and fruits, among which ferns, some of which have been 40 or 50 feet high, predominate. Huge forest trees—the pine and the fir—equisetaceous plants of gigantic magnitude, and tropical club mosses, occur in the shale. In the mountain limestone of this group, which is sometimes 900 feet thick, crinoidea, marine testacea, and corals, are found in abundance. The strata of coal had been greatly disturbed by the earthquakes which prevailed during this period.

The *Permian* rocks or *Magnesian* limestone, which overlie the coal measures, consist of conglomerates, gypsum, sandstone, marl, &c.; but its leading feature is a yellow limestone rock, called *Dolomite* when granular, and containing carbonate of magnesia. The earlier Flora and Fauna begin to disappear, and peculiar ones take their place. Two species of saurian reptiles mark a new creation of animal life.

The *Triassic*, or new red sandstone system, consists of red marls, rock-salt, and sandstones, produced by the disintegration of metamorphic slate and porphyritic trap. This formation is in England singularly rich in *rock-salt*, which, with beds of gypsum and marl, is sometimes 600 feet thick. The *Musselkalk*, a member of this series, and full of organic remains, is wanting in England, but exists in Germany. Gigantic *frogs* have left their foot-prints on the rocks, and no fewer than 47 genera of fossils, shells, cartilaginous fish, encrinites, &c., have been found in the German trias.

The *Jurassic* or *Oolite* rocks—sands, sandstones, marls, clays, and limestones, were deposited in a sea of variable depth, during a long period of tranquillity. The European ocean deposited beds consisting almost wholly of marine shells and corals:—Belemnites and ammonites, from an inch in size to that of a cart-wheel, were entombed in myriads—forests of crinoidea flourished on the surface of the oolite, and encrinites in millions were imbedded in the enchoreal shell marble, which forms such extensive tracts throughout Europe. Not one of the fossil fish which are numerous, exist at the present day. Ferns, cycadeæ, and the pandanæ or screw-pine, occur in this formation.

"The new lands," says Mrs. Somerville, "that were scattered in the ocean of the oolitic period were drained by rivers, and inhabited by huge crocodiles and saurian reptiles of gigantic size, mostly of extinct genera. The crocodiles came nearest to modern reptiles, but the others, though bearing a remote similitude in general structure to living forms, were quite anomalous, combining in one the structure of various distinct creatures, and so monstrous that they must have been more like the visions of a troubled dream than things of real existence; yet in organization a few of them came nearer to the type of living mammalia than any existing reptiles do. Some of these saurians had lived in the water, others were amphibious, and the various species of one genus even had wings like a bat, and fed on insects. There were both herbivorous and predaceous saurians, and from their size and strength they must have been formidable enemies. Besides, the numbers deposited are so great that they must have swarmed for ages in the estuaries and shallow seas of the period, especially in the lias, a marine stratum of clay the lowest of the oolite series. They gradually declined towards the end of the secondary fossiliferous epoch, but as a class they lived in all subsequent eras, and still exist in tropical countries, although the species are very different from their ancient congeners. Tortoises of various kinds were contemporary with the saurians, also a family that still exists. In the Stonefield slate, a stratum of the lower oolitic group, there are the remains of insects; and the bones of two small quadrupeds have been found there belonging to the marsupial tribe, such as the opossum; a very remarkable circumstance, because that family of animals at the present time is confined to New Holland, South America, and as far north as Pennsylvania at least. The great changes in animal life during this period were indications of the successive alterations that had taken place on the earth's surface."—Pp. 15, 16.

The *Cretaceous* formation, consisting of clay, green and iron sands, blue limestone, and *chalk*, derives its name from the predominance of the last substance in England and other countries, though it is actually wanting in some localities where the other strata occur. The Wealden clay, the lowest member of this formation, is of fresh water origin, and contains the Portland fossil forest, with ferns and Auracarian pines, and plants allied to the tropical zamias and cycadeæ. Tortoises and saurians swarmed in its lakes and estuaries, and fish and wading birds also occur in the Wealden clay. The chalk above it abounds in marine fossils, turtles, corals, and marine shells. The colossal saurians are few in number, but a gigantic animal, between the living Monitor and Iguana, lived at this time.

Old things were now passing away, and all things becoming new. We approach things as they are. Old life is extinct as if by a magic stroke, and new life springs up around us. The great features of the earth

are blocked out. The master-hand is now at work, to lay on the drapery, and to bring out the permanent expression of his handiwork. The *tertiary* strata were deposited in the basins and hollows of the previously existing crust of the globe, and though frequently of enormous thickness and extent, they occur in irregular tracts. The Eiocene, Meiocene, and the Pleiocene* groups of this formation, containing shells differing less or more from those which now exist, generally lie horizontally in the localities where they were deposited, though they are frequently found heaved up on the flanks of mountain chains, as on the Alps and Apennines. The gigantic reptiles found in preceding formations had nearly disappeared, and terrestrial mammalia now occupied the land. The remains of marine mammalia have also been found at great elevations in the tertiary formation, and likewise those of extinct species of birds allied to the owl, the buzzard, the quail, and the curlew.† During the tertiary period, the climate passed from a tropical to an arctic one, owing to the additional elevation of the land, and a great part of the continent of Europe was covered by an ocean full of floating ice. Towards the close, however, of the Pleiocene period, the bed of the glacial ocean was upheaved, and the continent of Europe assumed nearly the same form and climate which it now possesses.

"The thickness of the fossiliferous strata,' says our author, "up to the end of the tertiary formation, has been estimated at about seven or eight miles; so that the time requisite for their deposition must have been immense. Every river carries down mud, sand, or gravel to the sea; the Ganges brings more than 700,000 cubic feet of mud every hour, the Yellow River in China 2,000,000, and the Mississippi still more; yet, notwithstanding these great deposits, the Italian hydrographer, Manfredi, has estimated that, if the sediment of all the rivers on the globe were spread equally over the bottom of the ocean, it would require 1000 years to raise its bed one foot; so at that rate it would require 3,960,000 years to raise the bed of the ocean alone to a height nearly equal to the thickness of the fossiliferous strata, or seven miles and a half, not taking account of the waste of the coasts by the sea itself; but if the whole globe be considered, instead of the bottom of the sea only, the time would be nearly four times as great, even supposing as much alluvium to be deposited uniformly both with regard to time and place, which it never is. Besides, in various places the strata have been more than once carried to the bottom of the ocean, and again raised above its surface by subterranean fires after many ages, so that the whole period from the beginning of these primary fossiliferous strata to the present day must be great beyond calculation, and only bears comparison with the astronomical cycles, as might naturally be expected, the earth being without doubt of the same antiquity with the other bodies of the solar system. What then shall we say if the time be included which the granitic, metamorphic, and recent series occupied in forming? These great periods of time correspond wonderfully with the gradual increase of animal life and the successive creation and extinction of numberless orders of being, and with the incredible quantity of organic remains buried in the crust of the earth in every country on the face of the globe.

"Every great geological change in the nature of the strata was accompanied by the introduction of a new race of beings, and the gradual extinction of those that had previously existed, their structure and habits being no longer fitted for the new circumstances in which these changes had placed them. The change, however, never was abrupt, except at the beginning of the tertiary strata; and it may be observed that, although the mammalia came last, there is no proof of progressive development, for animals and plants of high organization appeared among the earliest of their kind."—Pp. 27, 28.

"Such," says Mrs. Somerville, in concluding her Geological chapter, "is the marvellous history laid open to us on the earth's surface. Surely it is not the heavens only that declare the glory of God—the earth also proclaims his handiwork." *

Having described the formations which compose the superficial envelope of the earth, Mrs. Somerville proceeds to treat of the form of the High Lands of the Great Continent, which embraces Europe, Asia, and Africa—a whole hemisphere nearly of the globe. The dry land in both hemispheres has an area of nearly thirty-eight millions of square miles. No fewer than twenty-four millions are contained in the great continent of the Old World, eleven millions in America, and scarcely three millions in Australia and its islands. Africa is three times, and Asia more than twelve times larger than Europe. Owing to the number of inland seas, the maritime coast of Europe is greater compared with its size than that of any other quarter of the world. It stretches about seventeen thousand miles from the Straits of Waygatz in the Polar Sea to the Strait of Caffa, at the entrance of the sea of Azoff. The coast of Asia extends to the length of thirty-three thousand miles, and that of Africa to sixteen thou-

* See this Journal, vol. v.

† Other animals of this and preceding periods have been described in this *Journal*, vol i. and vol. iii.

* See Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas, Geology*, Plates I., VII., VIII., and X.

sand. The whole continent of America has a sea-line of thirty-one thousand miles. The ratio of the number of linear miles in the coast to that of square miles in the area is, for Europe 164, America 359, Asia 376, and Africa 530.

Referring our readers for an account of the High Lands of the Great Continent to our review of Humboldt's Researches in Central Asia,* and to our notice of Elie de Beaumont's "Systems of Mountain Chains according to their age,"† we must limit ourselves to a very cursory notice of this part of Mrs. Somerville's work. The Great Continent has taken its general form from a belt of mountains and extensive table-lands, lying between the 38th and 65th parallels of latitude, and stretching from the coasts of Barbary and Portugal to Behring's Straits at the extremity of Asia. An immense plain, nearly on a dead level, lies to the north of this belt, interrupted only by the mountain systems of Scandinavia and Britain, and the low chain of the Urals. The lands to the south of the belt, including the fertile plains between the Indus and the Chinese Sea, and the barren wastes between the Persian Gulf and the foot of the Atlas mountains, are marked with but a few mountain systems of any considerable elevation and extent. The immense mountain zone of the Great Continent commences in the west about the Atlas and Spanish mountains, which must have been once united, raising their granite peaks in Africa to the height of 15,000, and in Spain to 7300 feet. It crosses France at the height of 6000 feet in Auvergne and among the Cevennes, carrying its principal crest to an altitude of 14,000 feet in the Alps, and throwing out, as outlying members, the Apennines, the Calabrian chain, and the mountains of Sicily, Greece, and Southern Turkey. The Alpine range divides itself at the Great Clockner into the two branches of the Noric and the Carnic Alps. The last of these, or the principal branch, separates the Tyrol and Upper Carinthia from the Venetian States, and taking the name of the Julian Alps at Mount Terglou, 10,000 feet high, it joins the eastern Alps at Balkan, the central ridge of which rises at once into a wall 4000 feet high, and "everywhere rent by terrific fissures across the chains and table-lands, so deep and narrow that daylight is almost excluded." In speaking of the Alpine valleys, Mrs. Somerville gives the following notice of the glaciers which they contain:—

"It is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity of ice in the Alps; it is said, however, that, independent of the glaciers in the Grisons, there are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alpine range, from eighty to six hundred feet thick. Some glaciers have been permanent and stationary in the Alps time immemorial, while others now occupy ground formerly bearing corn or covered with trees, which the irresistible force of the ice has swept away. These ice rivers, formed on the snow-clad summits of the mountains, fill the hollows and high valleys, hang on the declivities, or descend by their weight through the transverse valleys to the plains, where they are cut short by the increased temperature, and deposit those accumulations of rocks and rubbish, called moraines, which had fallen upon them from the heights above. In the Alps the glaciers move at the rate of from twelve to twenty-five feet annually, and, as in rivers, the motion is most rapid in the centre. They advance or retreat according to the mildness or severity of the season, but they have been subject to cycles of unknown duration. From the moraines, as well as the striæ engraven on the rocks over which they have passed, M. Agassiz has ascertained that the valley of Chamouni was at one time occupied by a glacier that had moved towards the Col di Balme. A moraine 2000 feet above the Rhone at St. Maurice shows that at a remote period glaciers had covered Switzerland to the height of 2155 feet above the Lake of Geneva.

"Their increase is now limited by various circumstances—as the mean temperature of the earth, which is always above the freezing-point in those latitudes; excessive evaporation; and blasts of hot air, which occur at all heights, in the night as well as in the day, from some unknown cause. They are not peculiar to the Alps, but have been observed also on the glaciers of the Andes. Besides, the greater quantity of snow in the higher Alps the lower is the glacier forced into the plains."—Pp. 51, 52.*

Passing over the lofty range of the Caucasus, extending 700 miles between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and rising to the height of nearly 17,796 feet in the Elbrouz;—the Russian mountains, whose highest point is 14,600 feet;—the great oriental table-land of Thibet and its mountains—as sufficiently described in our article on Central Asia, already referred to, we come to the *fifth* chapter of the work before us, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the secondary mountain systems of the Great Continent, commencing with the Scandinavian system, which "has been compared to a great wave which, after rising gradually from the east and forming a crest (8412 feet high), falls perpendicularly into the sea in the west." This range is 1000 miles long, beginning at Cape Lindesnaes and ending at Cape Nord

* See this Journal, vol. v.

† Ib., vol. vi.—See also Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*. Plates II., III., V., and VI.

* See Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, *Geology*, Plate IV.

Kyn in the Polar Sea. The southern portion of it is 150 miles broad; and at the distance of 360 miles from Cape Lindesnaes, "the mountain forms a single elevated mass, terminated by a table-land, which maintains an altitude of 4500 feet for 100 miles." A surface of 600 square leagues of this range is occupied by the Snae Braen, *the greatest mass of perpetual snow and glaciers on the continent of Europe.*

As the mountains of Great Britain, Ireland, Faroe, and the north-eastern parts of Iceland, have the same general character and direction as the Scandinavian range, they are supposed to have been elevated at the same time and by the same forces acting in parallel lines, and have therefore been placed in the same system. The Faroe Islands to the west of Norway, rise immediately into a lofty table-land 2000 feet above the sea, and are bounded by precipitous cliffs. In a zone lying between 55 and 62½° of latitude, including the south of Sweden, the Faroe isles, and the west coast of Greenland, the crust of the earth is *gradually sinking beneath its former level*, while the coast of Norway, from Sölvitsberg northward to Lapland, where the elevation is greatest, *is rising at the rate of four feet in a hundred years!* Mrs. Somerville has given the following interesting notice of the mountains of our own country, as part of the Scandinavian system, but which, we trust, are neither sinking nor rising like some of its other portions.

"The rocky islands of Zetland and those of Orkney form part of the mountain system of Scotland: the Orkney islands have evidently been separated from the mainland by the Pentland Firth, where the currents run with prodigious violence. The north-western part of Scotland is a table-land from 1000 to 2000 feet high, which ends abruptly in the sea, covered with heath, peat-mosses, and pasture. The general direction of the Scottish mountains, like those of Scandinavia, is from north-east to south-west, divided by a long line of lakes in the same direction, extending from the Moray Firth completely across the island to south of the island of Mull. Lakes of the most picturesque beauty abound among the Scottish mountains. The Grampian hills, with their offsets and some low ranges, fill the greater part of Scotland north of the Clyde and Forth. Ben Nevis, only 4374 feet above the sea, is the highest hill in the British islands.

"The east coast of Scotland is generally bleak, though in many parts it is extremely fertile, and may be cited as a model of good cultivation; and the midland and southern counties are not inferior either in the quality of the soil or the excellence of the husbandry. To the west the country is wildly picturesque; the coast of the Atlantic, penetrated by the sea, which is covered with islands, bears a strong resemblance to that of Norway.

"There cannot be a doubt that the Hebrides formed part of the mainland at some remote geological period, since they follow the direction of the mountain system in two parallel lines of rugged and imposing aspect, never exceeding the height of 3200 feet. The undulating country on the borders of Scotland becomes higher in the west of England and North Wales, where the hills are wild, but the valleys are cultivated like a garden, and the English lake scenery is of the most gentle beauty.

"Evergreen Ireland is mostly a mountainous country, and opposes to the Atlantic storms an iron-bound coast of the wildest aspect; but it is rich in arable land and pasture, and it possesses the most picturesque lake-scenery; indeed, fresh water lakes in the mountain valleys, so peculiarly characteristic of the European system, are the great ornaments of the High Lands of Britain.

"Various parts of the British islands were dry land whilst most of the continent of Europe was yet below the ancient ocean. The high land of Lammermuir, the Grampian hills in Scotland, and those of Cumberland in England, were raised before the Alps had begun to appear above the waves. In general all the highest parts of the British mountains are of granite and stratified crystalline rocks. The primary fossiliferous strata are of immense thickness in Cumberland and in the north of Wales, and the old red sandstone, many hundred feet thick, stretches from sea to sea along the flanks of the Grampians. The coal-strata are developed on a great scale in the south of Scotland and the north of England, and examples of every formation, with one exception, are to be found in these islands. Volcanic fires had been very active in early times, and nowhere is the columnar structure more beautifully exhibited than in Fingal's Cave and the Storr of Skye in the Hebrides; and in the north of Ireland a base of 800 square miles of mica slate is covered with volcanic rocks, which end on the coast in the magnificent columns of the Giant's Causeway."—Pp. 85–87.

Passing over the Uralian chain and the Great Northern Plain, as sufficiently described in this work,* we come to the *sixth* chapter, in which Mrs. Somerville treats of the southern Low Lands of the Great Continent, with their secondary table-lands and mountains. She describes the empire of China—the Indo-Chinese peninsula—the plains and peninsula of Hindostan—the Island of Ceylon—the great Indian desert, about 400 miles broad—the peninsula of Arabia, and the plains and valleys of Syria. On the northern side of the granite ranges of Arabia Felix, where the table-land rises to an altitude of 8000 feet, Mrs. Somerville

* See this *Journal*, vol. v .

mentions a track of sand, so extremely loose and fine in its grain, *that a plummet was sunk in it by Baron Wrede to the depth of* 360 *feet without reaching the bottom!*

"Jebel Housa, Mount Sinai, on which Moses received the Ten Commandments, is 9000 feet high, surrounded by higher mountains, which are covered by snow in winter. The group of Sinai is full of springs and verdant. At its northern extremity lies the desert of el-Teh, seventy miles long and thirty broad, in which the Israelites wandered forty years. It is covered with long ranges of high rock, of most repulsive aspect, rent into deep clefts only a few feet wide, hemmed in by walls of rock, sometimes 1000 feet high, like the deserted streets of a Cyclopean town. The whole of Arabia Petrea—Edom of the sacred writers—presents a scene of appalling desolation completely fulfilling the denunciation of prophecy."—Pp. 105–106.

The mountains of Lebanon begin at Mount Cavius, which rises in a single peak from the sea, at the mouth of the Orontes, to the height of 7000 feet. Running south and twenty miles inland, in a chain of peaks which reaches a height of 4300 feet, to the sources of the Jordan, it divides into two parallel branches bounding the fertile plains of Cœlo-Syria, near Beka, which contains the ruins of Balbec, and terminates a few miles north of Ancient Tyre. The Anti-Libanus, beginning at Mount Hermon, 9000 feet high, runs through Palestine till it disappears in the rocky ridges of the Sinai desert. The following description of a region associated with our highest interests will be gratifying to the Christian reader:—

"The valleys and plains of Syria are full of rich vegetable mould, particularly the plain of Damascus, which is brilliantly verdant, though surrounded by deserts, the barren uniformity of which is relieved on the east by the broken columns and ruined temples of Palmyra and Tadmor. The Assyrian wilderness, however, is not everywhere absolutely barren. In the spring-time it is covered with a thin but vivid verdure, mixed with fragrant aromatic herbs, of very short duration. When these are burnt up, the unbounded plains resume their wonted dreariness. The country, high and low, becomes more barren towards the Holy Land, yet even here some of the mountains—as Carmel, Bashan, and Tabor—are luxuriantly wooded, and many valleys are fertile, especially the valley of the Jordan, which has the appearance of pleasure-grounds, with groves of wood and aromatic plants, but almost in a state of nature. One side of the Lake of Galilee is savage; on the other there are gentle hills and wild romantic vales, adorned with palm-trees, olives, and sycamores—a scene of calm solitude and pastoral beauty. Jerusalem stands on a declivity encompassed by severe stony mountains, wild and desolate. The greater part of Syria is a desert compared with its ancient state. Mussulman rule has blighted this fair region, once flowing with milk and honey—the land of promise.

"Further south desolation increases; the valleys become narrower, the hills more denuded and rugged, till south of the Dead Sea their dreary aspect announces the approach to the desert.

"The valley of the Jordan affords the most remarkable instance known of the depression of the land below the general surface of the globe. This hollow, which extends from the Gulf of Accaba on the Red Sea to the bifurcation of Lebanon, is 625 feet below the level of the Mediterranean at the Sea of Galilee, and the acrid waters of the Dead Sea have a depression of 1230 feet. The lowness of the valley had been observed by the Romans, who gave it the descriptive name of Cœlo-Syria, 'Hollow Syria.' It is absolutely walled in by mountains between the Dead Sea and Lebanon, where it is from ten to fifteen miles wide.

"A shrinking of the strata must have taken place along this coast of the Mediterranean from a sudden change of temperature, or perhaps in consequence of some of the internal props giving way, for the valley of the Jordan is not the only instance of a dip of the soil below the sea-level; the small bitter lakes on the Isthmus of Suez are cavities of the same kind, as well as the Natron lakes on the Libyan desert west from the delta of the Nile."—Pp. 107–109.

The Continent of Africa, 5000 miles long, forms the subject of Mrs. Somerville's *seventh* chapter, and completes her description of the Great Continent. With the exception of the elevated region of the Atlas Mountains, Africa is divided by the Mountains of the Moon into two parts only, a high country and a low. A table-land, extensive though not elevated, occupies all Southern Africa, reaching the sixth or seventh degree of north latitude. To the north of the Cape the land rises 6000 feet above the sea. The Komri, or Mountains of the Moon, which form the northern boundary of the great plateau, have never yet been seen by any European. It is probable that they are very high, as they supply the perennial sources of the Nile, the Senegambia, and the Niger. They extend south of Abyssinia at one end, and at the other they join the High Land of Senegambia, and pass into the Kong range, which, running for 1200 miles behind Dahomey, terminates in the promontory of Sierra Leone. The Mountains of Abyssinia, and those at the Cape of Good Hope, have granite for their base, which is generally surmounted by vast horizontal beds of sandstone, with limestone, schist, and conglomerate. In Abyssinia the enormous flat masses of sandstone on the mountain tops are accessible only by ladders, or by steps cut in the rock, and are used as state pri-

sons. North of the Mountains of the Moon lies the great desert of Sahara, stretching 800 miles in width from its southern margin, and 1000 miles long between the Atlantic and the Red Sea. It is a hideous barren waste, prolonged eastward into the Atlantic for miles, in the form of sand-banks, and interrupted to the west only by a few oases and the valley of the Nile.

"This desert," says Mrs. Somerville, "is alternately scorched by heat and pinched by cold. The wind blows from the east nine months in the year, and at the equinoxes it rushes in a hurricane, driving the sand in clouds before it, producing the darkness of night at mid-day, and overwhelming caravans of men and animals in common destruction. Then the sand is heaped up in waves ever varying with the blast, even the atmosphere is of sand. The desolation of this dreary waste, boundless to the eye as the ocean, is terrific and sublime—the dry heated air is like a red vapour, the setting sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at times the burning wind of the desert is the blast of death. There are many salt lakes to the north, and even the springs are of brine; thick incrustations of dazzling salt cover the ground, and the particles carried aloft by whirlwinds, flash in the sun like diamonds. * * Sand is not the only character of the desert, tracks of gravel and low bare rocks occur at times not less barren and dreary. * * On these interminable sands and rocks, no animal, no insect breaks the dread silence, not a tree nor a shrub is to be seen in this land without a shadow. In the glare of noon the air quivers with the heat reflected from the red sand, and in the night it is chilled in a clear sky sparkling under a host of stars. Strangely but beautifully contrasted with these scorched solitudes is the narrow valley of the Nile, threading the desert for 1000 miles in emerald green, with its blue waters foaming in rapids among wild rocks, or quietly spreading in a calm stream amidst fields of corn, and the august monuments of past ages."—Pp. 118–120.

The American Continent, next in extent to that of the Old World, forms the subject of the next *five* chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work. It is 9000 miles in length and consists of two great peninsulas, united by a narrow isthmus, and has been divided into South, Central, and North America, all connected by the lofty chain of the Andes, rivalling almost the Himalayas in altitude, and stretching along the coast of the Pacific, from within the arctic to nearly the antarctic circle. South America is about 4550 miles long, and 2446 miles wide in its maximum breadth, between Cape Roque on the Atlantic, and Cape Blanco on the Pacific Ocean. "It consists of three mountain systems, separated by the basin of three of the greatest rivers in the world." The Andes, commencing with the "majestic dark mass of Cape Horn, runs northward along the western coast to the Isthmus of Panama as a single narrow chain, descending on the east to vast plains extending for hundreds of miles in a level as dead and as uninterrupted as that of the ocean. A detached mountain system rises in Brazil between the Rio de la Plata and the Amazons; and between the latter river and the Orinoco, lies the mountain system of Parima and Guiana. The mighty chain of the Andes commences in Terra del Fuego, a snow-clad mountain 6000 feet high, descending in glaciers to the narrow bays and inlets of the sea. For 1000 miles northward to the fortieth parallel of south latitude, the Pacific washes the very base of the Patagonian Andes." "The coast itself for sixty miles is begirt by walls of rock, which sink into an unfathomable depth, torn by long crevices or fiords similar to those in the Norwegian shore, ending in tremendous glaciers, whose masses, falling with a crash like thunder, drive the sea in sweeping breakers through these chasms." Opposite the Chiloe Archipelago four magnificent volcanoes blaze on the Andes, which, on entering Southern Chili, retire from the coast, leaving plains crossed by parallel mountain ranges 2000 or 3000 feet high. The Great Cordillera itself runs in a chain twenty miles broad, with a mean altitude of 12,000 feet. The mountain tops lie nearly horizontally, surmounted at distant intervals by groups of points, or a solitary volcanic cone finely relieved by the clear blue sky. One of these, Descabezado, or "the *Beheaded*," is 12,102 feet high; and behind Valparaiso, in the centre of a knot of mountains, the magnificent volcano of Aconcagua attains an elevation of 23,000 feet! In central Chili *no rain falls for nine months in the year*. In Southern Chili *rain falls only once in two or three years*. The Peruvian Andes commence about 24° of south latitude. They are separated for 1250 miles from the Pacific by a sandy desert about sixty miles broad, *on which a drop of rain never falls*. At the Nevada of Chorolque, in 21½° of south latitude, the Andes "become a very elevated narrow table-land, or longitudinal Alpine valley, in the direction of the coast, bounded on each side by a parallel row of high mountains rising much above the table-land. These parallel Cordilleras are united at various points by enormous transverse groups or mountain knots, or by single ranges crossing between them like dykes, a structure that prevails to Pasto, in 1° 13′ north latitude." There are no transverse valleys in the Andes, excepting a few opposite Patagonia and Chili, "there is not an opening through these mountains in the remainder of their course to the Isthmus of Panama."

The following account of the table-lands of the Andes is extremely interesting:—

"Unlike the table-lands of Asia," says Mrs. Somerville, "of the same elevation, these lofty regions of the Andes yield exuberant crops of every European grain, and have many populous cities enjoying the luxuries of life, with universities, libraries, civil and religious establishments, at altitudes equal to that of the Peak of Teneriffe, which is 12,358 feet above the sea level. Villages are placed and mines are wrought at heights little less than the top of Mont Blanc. * * *

"The table-land of Desaguadero, one of the most remarkable of these, has an absolute altitude of 13,000 feet, and a breadth varying from 30 to 60 miles: it stretches 500 miles along the top of the Andes, between the transverse mountain-group of Las Lipez, in 20° S. lat., and the enormous mountain-knot of Vilcañata and Cusco, which, extending from east to west, shuts in the valley on the north, occupying an area three times as large as Switzerland, and rising 8300 feet above the surface of the table-land, from which some idea may be formed of the gigantic scale of the Andes. This table-land or valley is bounded on each side by the two grand chains of the Bolivian Andes: that on the west is the Cordillera of the coast; the range on the east side is the Cordillera Reale. These two rows of mountains lie so near the edge that the whole breadth of the table-land, including both, is only 300 miles. All the snowy peaks of the Cordilleras of the coast, varying from 18,000 to 22,000 feet in absolute height, are either active volcanoes or of volcanic origin, and with the exception of the volcano of Uvinas, they are all situate upon the maritime declivity of the table-land, and not more than 60 miles from the Pacific; consequently the descent is very abrupt. The eastern Cordillera, which begins at the metalliferous mountains of Pasco and Potosi, is not more than 17,000 feet high to the south, and below the level of perpetual snow, but its northern portion contains the three peaked mountains of Sorata, 25,000 feet above the sea, and is one of the most magnificent chains in the Andes. The snowy part begins with the gigantic mass of Illimani, whose serrated ridges, elongated in the direction of the axis of the Andes, rise 24,000 feet above the ocean. The lowest glacier on its southern slope does not come below 16,500 feet, and the valley of Totoral, a mere gulf 18,000 feet deep, in which Vesuvius might stand, comes between Illimani and the Nevada of Tres Cruces, from whence the Cordillera Reale runs northward in a continuous line of snow-clad peaks to the group of Vilcañata and Cusco, which unites it with the Cordilleras of the coast.

"The valley or table-land of Desaguadero, occupying 150,000 square miles, has a considerable variety of surface; in the south, throughout the mining district, it is poor and cold. There Potosi, the highest city in the world, stands at an absolute elevation of 13,350 feet, on the declivity of a mountain celebrated for its silver mines, at the height of 16,060 feet. Chiquisaca, the capital of Bolivia, containing 13,000 inhabitants, lies to the south-east of Potosi, in the midst of cultivated fields. The northern part of the valley is populous and productive in wheat, maize, and other grain; and there is the Lake of Titicaca, twenty times as large as the Lake of Geneva. The islands and shores of this lake still exhibit ruins of gigantic magnitude, monuments of a people more ancient than the Incas. The modern city of La Paz d'Ayachuco, with 40,000 inhabitants, on its southern border, stands in the most sublime situation that can be imagined, having the vast Nevada of Illimani to the north, and the no less magnificent Sorata to the south. The two ranges of the Bolivian Andes in such close approximation, with their smoking cones and serrated ridges, form one of the most august scenes in nature."—Pp. 128-131.

One of the largest and most interesting table-lands in the Andes is that of Quito, 200 miles long, and 30 wide, 10,000 feet above the sea, and flanked by the most magnificent volcanoes and mountains in America. The snow-clad cone of Cayambe is traversed by the equator; and on the summit of Pinchincha, 15,924 feet high, stands the signal cross erected by Bouguer and Condamine, when they were measuring a degree of the meridian, nearly a hundred years ago. The city of Quito, with a population of 70,000, stands on the side of Pinchincha, at the height of 9000 feet above the sea.

Among the numerous passes over the Chilian Andes, that of Portilla, 14,365 feet high, is the most elevated. The pass from Sorata to the auriferous valley of Tipuani in Bolivia, is reckoned the highest, and about 16,000 feet. The most difficult, though only 11,500 feet high, is that of Quincha in Colombia.

"Nothing," says Mrs. Somerville, "can surpass the desolation of these elevated regions, where nature has been shaken by terrific convulsions. The dazzling snow fatigues the eye; the huge masses of bald rock, the mural precipices, and the chasms yawning into dark unknown depths, strike the imagination; while the crash of the avalanche, or the rolling thunder of the volcano, startles the ear. In the dead of night, when the sky is clear and the wind hushed, the hollow moaning of the volcanic fire fills the Indian with superstitious dread in the deathlike stillness of these solitudes.

"In the very elevated plains in the transverse groups, such as that of Bombon, however pure the sky, the landscape is lurid and colourless; the dark-blue shadows are sharply defined, and from the thinness of the air it is hardly possible to make a just estimate of distance. Changes of weather are sudden and violent; clouds of black vapour arise, and are carried by fierce winds over the barren plains; snow and hail are driven with irresistible impetuosity; and thunder-storms come on, loud and awful, without warning. Notwithstanding the thinness of the air, the crash of the peals is quite appalling, while the lightning runs along the scorched grass, and sometimes, issuing from the ground, destroys a team of mules or a flock of sheep at one flash.

"Currents of warm air are occasionally met with on the crest of the Andes—an extraordinary phenomenon in such gelid heights, which is not yet accounted for: they generally occur two hours after sunset, are local and narrow, not exceeding a few fathoms in width; similar to the equally partial blasts of hot air in the Alps. A singular instance, probably of earth-light, occurs in crossing the Andes from Chili to Mendoza: on this rocky scene a peculiar brightness occasionally rests, a kind of indescribable reddish light, which vanishes during the winter rains, and is not perceptible on sunny days. Dr. Pœppig ascribes the phenomenon to the dryness of the air; he was confirmed in his opinion from afterwards observing a similar brightness on the coast of Peru, and it has also been seen in Egypt."—Pp. 137, 138.

We regret that the numerous subjects yet before us will not permit us to follow our authoress any further through these lofty regions of fire and of snow, stumbling over their peaks of granite, threading their hideous gorges, blinded by the smoke of their still smouldering fires, suffocated by the sulphurous vapours from their still burning lungs, or panting under the thin air of their azure summits. Nor can we descend under her intelligent guidance to the no less sublime scenery of its lower regions—to visit the vast Patagonian desert of shingle, extending over 800 miles—to examine the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, 1000 feet above the sea, and the insalubrious swamps of 1000 square miles at their base, where two millions of cattle were starved between 1830 and 1831, and where millions of animals are destroyed by the conflagration of the dry grass which covers them—to gaze upon the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, covering 153,000 square miles, and so perfectly smooth and level, "that there is not an eminence a foot high in 270 square miles—or to wander among the silvas or forests which cover the basin of the Amazons, extending 1500 miles along the river, with a breadth of from 350 to 800 miles, limiting even its mountain chains, and *covering an area six times the size of France*. We cannot, however, part with Mrs. Somerville, in this interesting chapter, till we admire her poetical description of this woodland desert:—

"A deathlike stillness prevails from sunrise to sunset; then the thousands of animals that inhabit these forests join in one loud discordant roar, not continuous, but in bursts. The beasts seem to be periodically and unanimously roused, by some unknown impulse, till the forest rings in universal uproar. Profound silence prevails at midnight, which is broken at the dawn of morning by another general roar of the wild chorus. Nightingales, too, have their fits of silence and song: after a pause, they

'——all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps.'*

The whole forest often resounds, when the animals, startled from their sleep, scream in terror at the noise made by bands of its inhabitants flying from some night-prowling foe. Their anxiety and terror before a thunder-storm is excessive, and all nature seems to partake in the dread. The tops of the lofty trees rustle ominously, though not a breath of air agitates them; a hollow whistling in the high regions of the atmosphere comes as a warning from the black floating vapour; midnight darkness envelopes the ancient forests, which soon after groan and creak with the blast of the hurricane. The gloom is rendered still more hideous by the vivid lightning and the stunning crash of thunder. Even fishes are affected with the general consternation; for in a few minutes the Amazons rages in waves like a stormy sea."—P. 148.

The geology of South America possesses a peculiar interest. There are no fewer than three groups of active volcanoes in this region; the most southern forming a line of volcanic action 800 miles in length, from Patagonia to Central Chili; the second occupying 600 miles of latitude, between Arequipo and Patas; and the third stretching 300 miles between Riobamba and Popayan—the whole line of volcanic action being 1700 miles long. The chain of the Andes has experienced many upheavings and subsidences, especially at its south extremity. "Stems of large trees, which Mr. Darwin found in a fossil state in the Upsallata range—a collateral branch of the Chilian Andes, near 700 miles distant from the Atlantic—exhibit a remarkable example of such vicissitudes. These trees, with the volcanic soil on which they had grown, had sunk from the beach to the bottom of the deep ocean, from which, after five alternations of sedimentary deposits and deluges of submarine lava of prodigious thickness, the whole mass was raised up, and now forms the Upsallata chain. Subsequently, by the wearing of streams, the imbedded trunks have been brought into view in a silicified state, projecting from the soil on which they grew—now solid rock."

In the *tenth* chapter our authoress treats of Central America (including the West India Islands), a "tortuous strip of land" between 7° and 20° of N. Lat., stretching about 1000 miles from S. E. to S. W., and with a variable breadth of from 30 to 300 or 400 miles. The plains of Panama, a little above the sea level, follow the direction of the Isthmus for 280 miles; and from the

* Wordsworth.

Bay of Parita, where they terminate, table-lands 3000 feet high, and covered with forests and complicated mountains, extend to the lake of Nicaragua. The plain of Nicaragua, which, with its lake, is only 128 feet above the Pacific, and separated from the sea by a line of active volcanoes, occupies 30,000 square miles. The table-land of Guatemala, 5000 feet high, consists of verdant plains of great extent, fragrant with flowers. The city of New Guatemala stands beside the three volcanoes of Pacayo, Del Fuego, and D'Agua, from 7000 to 10,000 feet high, which exhibit "scenes of wonderful boldness and beauty." The volcano of D'Agua, with Old Guatemala at its feet, which it has twice destroyed, is a perfect cone, verdant to its summit, and occasionally ejecting torrents of boiling water and stones. "In a line along the western side of the table-land and the mountains, there is a continued succession of volcanoes, at various distances from the shore, and at various heights on the declivity of the table-land. It seems as if a great crack or fissure had been produced in the earth's surface along the junction of the mountains and the shore, through which the internal fire had found a vent." Between 10° and 20° of N. Lat., there are upwards of twenty active volcanoes, some of them higher than the central ridge, and subject to violent eruptions.

The West India Islands, which have been called the Colombian Archipelago, are the wreck of a great convulsion, in which a part of South and Central America, now the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, subsided; while the table-land of Mexico was at the same time upheaved. The period of this subsidence must have been after the destruction of the great quadrupeds, and therefore geologically recent. The line of volcanic islands, beginning with St. Vincent and ending with Guadaloupe, have conical mountains bristled with rugged rocks.

Mrs. Somerville concludes the Physical Geography of America in her *eleventh* and *twelfth* chapters, treating in succession of the table-lands and Mountains of Mexico—the Rocky Mountains—the maritime chains and mountains of Russian America—the great central plain or valley of the Mississippi—the Alleghany mountains—the Atlantic Slope, and the Atlantic Plains. The table-land of Mexico is 1600 miles long, equal to the distance between the north extremity of Scotland and Gibraltar! About 7000 feet high on the east, it rises to 9000 at the city of Mexico, and declines to 4000 towards the Pacific.

"One of the singular crevices through which the internal fire finds a vent, stretches from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, directly across the table-land, in a line about sixteen miles south of the city of Mexico. A very remarkable row of active volcanoes occurs along this parallel. Turtla, the most eastern of them, is in the 95th degree of west longitude, near the Mexican Gulf, in a low range of wooded hills. More to the west the snow-shrouded cone of Orizabo is 17,000 feet high; and its ever-fiery crater, seen like a star in the darkness of the night, has obtained it the name of Citlaltepetel, the 'Mountain of the Star.' Popocatepetl, the loftiest mountain in Mexico, 17,884 feet above the sea, lies still further west, and is in a state of constant eruption. A chain of smaller volcanoes unites the three. On the western slope of the table-land, thirty-six leagues from the Pacific, stands the volcanic cone of Jorullo,* on a plain 2890 feet above the sea. It suddenly appeared and rose 1683 feet above the plain on the night of the 29th of September, 1759. The great cone of Colima, the last of this volcanic series, stands insulated in the plain of that name, between the western declivity of the table-land and the Pacific. * * * *

"Some points of the Sierra Madre are said to be 10,000 feet high, and 4000 above their base; and between the parallels of thirty-six and forty-two degrees, where the chain is the watershed between the Rio Colorado and the Rio Bravo del Norte, they are still higher, and perpetually covered with snow. * * * *

"Deep cavities, called Barancas, are a characteristic feature of the table-lands of Mexico. They are long narrow rents, two or three miles in breadth, and many more in length, often descending 1000 feet below the surface of the plain, with a brook or the tributary of some river flowing through them. Their sides are precipitous and rugged, with overhanging rocks covered with large trees. The intense heat adds to the contrast between these hollows and the bare plains, where the air is more cool."—Pp. 169–171.

The Rocky Mountains stretch in two parallel chains, occasionally united by a transverse ridge from the Sierra Verde to the mouth of Mackenzie River. The eastern line rises even to the snow-level, and in mountains Hooper and Brown, to 15,590 and 16,000 feet above the sea. The chains along the shores of Russian America are still more Alpine in their character, rising in the case of Mount Elias to 17,000. There are many active volcanoes in the branch running to Bristol Bay; and in the Prince of Wales' Archipelago, there are no fewer than seven active volcanoes.

The great central plain of North America, between the Rocky and Alleghany Mountains, has an area of 3,240,000 miles. It is 5000 miles long, rarely more than 700 feet high, and nowhere more than

* See this *Journal*, vol. iv.

1500 feet. In part of its northern portion it contains the most fertile territory in the United States—in its middle are interminable grassy savannahs, or prairies, or enormous forests; in the south are sandy deserts 400 or 500 miles wide; and in the far north are deserts rivalling those of Siberia in dreariness.

When America was discovered, an uninterrupted forest spread over the country, from the Canadian lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic into the valley of the Mississippi, "forming an ocean of vegetation of more than 1,000,000 square miles, of which the greater part still remain." For hundreds of miles the mighty Ohio flows through magnificent forests with an undergrowth of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other beautiful shrubs. "There the American forests appear in all their glory; the gigantic deciduous cypress, and the tall tulip-tree overtopping the forest by half its height; a variety of noble oaks, &c., &c., and the liriodendron, the most splendid of the magnolia tribe, the pride of the forest." In describing the immense forests of Canada, consisting of spruce and pine trees, which grow to a great height, like bare spars with a tufted crown, Mrs. Somerville describes, after Mr. Taylor, the effects produced upon a forest by a heavy fall of snow.

"After a heavy fall of snow, succeeded by rain and a partial thaw, a strong frost coats the trees and all their branches with transparent ice often an inch thick: the noblest trees bend under the frost, and icicles hang from every bough, which come down in showers with the least breath of wind. The hemlock spruce, especially, with its long drooping branches, is then like a solid mass. If the wind freshens, the smaller trees become like corn beaten down by the tempest, while the large ones swing heavily in the breeze. The forest at last gives way under its load; tree comes down after tree with sudden and terrific violence, crushing all before them, till the whole is one wide uproar, heard from afar, like successive discharges of artillery. Nothing, however, can be imagined more brilliant and beautiful than the effect of sunshine in a calm day on the frozen boughs, where every particle of the icy crystal sparkles, and nature seems decked in diamonds."—Pp. 178, 179.

In her *nineteenth* chapter, Mrs. Somerville includes the arctic and antarctic regions of Greenland, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Jan Mayen's land, and the Antarctic lands recently discovered by Sir James Ross. The coasts of Greenland, with which we are acquainted, are indented by fiords stretching into the interior often for 100 miles. These inlets, hemmed in by walls of rock, often 2000 feet high, terminate in glaciers, which are sometimes pressed down by the superincumbent ice, so as often to fill the fiord, and project like bold headlands into the sea. Undermined by the action of the waves, huge masses, like little mountains, fall into the sea, with a crash like thunder, and form the icebergs, which are either stranded by currents on the arctic coast, or driven into lower latitudes till they are thawed under a tropical sun. In 68° of N. latitude a great fiord is supposed to stretch across the table-land and divide the country into S. and N. Greenland, "which last extends indefinitely to the very pole" of the earth.

Iceland, 200 miles E. of Greenland, though a fifth part larger than Ireland, is, generally speaking, a country of volcanoes and ice, only about 4000 square miles of it being habitable.* "The peculiar feature of Iceland lies in a trachytic region, which seems to rest on an ocean of fire." It consists of two parallel ranges of Jokul or Ice Mountains, rising from table-lands, passing through the very centre of the island, from N.E. to S.W., and separated by a longitudinal valley. The most extensive of these ranges is the eastern one, which contains Oræfa Jokul, the highest mountain in Iceland. Many thousand square miles are covered with glaciers which descend far into the low lands.

"The longitudinal space between the mountainous table-lands is a low valley 100 miles wide, extending from sea to sea, where a substratum of trachyte is covered with lava, sand, and ashes, studded with low volcanic cones. It is a tremendous desert, never approached without dread even by the natives; a scene of perpetual conflict between the antagonist powers of fire and frost, without a drop of water or a blade of grass: no living creature is to be seen, not a bird nor even an insect. The surface is a confused mass of streams of lava rent by crevices; and rocks piled on rocks, with occasional glaciers, complete the scene of desolation. * * * The extremities of the valley are more especially the theatres of perpetual volcanic activity. At the southern end, which opens to the sea in a

* In treating of Iceland, Mrs. Somerville quotes by mistake, "Trevelyan's Travels in Iceland." Sir Walter Trevelyan never was in Iceland, and never wrote any book of travels, or any work upon Iceland. The work to which Mrs. S. has, by an oversight, referred, is a memoir *On the Vegetation and Temperature of the Faroe Islands*, published in the Ed. New Phil. Journal, Jan., 1837, and reprinted, with corrections, at Florence, in 1837. Sir Walter visited Faroe in 1821; and in a letter, dated July 24, 1822, addressed to the writer of this article, and published in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix p. 461, he has given a very interesting notice of the "Mineralogy of the Faroe Islands."

wide plain, there are many volcanoes, of which Hekla is most known, from its insulated position, its vicinity to the coast, and its tremendous eruptions. The cone is divided into three peaks by crevices which are filled with snow: one of these fissures cleaves the mountain from the summit to the base; it is supposed to have been produced by the great eruption of 1300. Between the years 1004 and 1766, twenty-three violent eruptions have taken place, one of which continued six years, spreading devastation over a country once the abode of a thriving colony, now covered with lava, scoriæ, and ashes; and in the year 1846 it was in full activity. The eruption of Skaptar, which broke out on the 8th of May, 1783, and continued till August, is one of the most dreadful recorded. The sun was hid many days by dense clouds of vapour, which extended to England and Holland, and the quantity of matter thrown out in this eruption was computed at fifty or sixty thousand millions of cubic yards. Some rivers were heated to ebullition, and others dried up: the condensed vapour fell in snow and in torrents of rain; the country was laid waste, famine and disease ensued, and in the course of the two succeeding years 1300 people and 150,000 sheep and horses perished. The scene of horror was closed by a dreadful earthquake. Previous to the explosion an ominous mildness of temperature indicated the approach of the volcanic fire towards the surface of the earth: similar warnings had been observed before in the eruptions of Hekla."—Pp. 193, 194.

The Boiling Springs or aqueous eruptions of Iceland, called Geysers, which were long ago well described by Sir John Stanley, Sir W. Hooker, and Sir George Mackenzie, are among the most interesting phenomena in physical geography, and have been ranked even among "the greatest wonders of the world." As Mrs. Somerville has devoted to them only a brief paragraph, and has scarcely described the Great Geyser itself, we must endeavour to supply this defect, trusting that in another edition she will enlarge this portion of her work. These volcanic fountains are situated about 16 miles north of Skalholt, to the east of a small ridge, separated by a swamp from a group of high mountains. The principal fountains are the Great and Little Geysers and the Tunguhver. The *Great Geyser* rises from a cylindrical pipe or pit, 8 or 10 feet in diameter, and 75 feet in perpendicular depth, opening into the centre of a basin from 46 to 56 feet in diameter, and four feet deep. Hot water, having silex in solution, rises gradually through the pit till it runs over, depositing siliceous sinter at the bottom, and round the cavity. When the basin is full, subterranean explosions, like the firing of distant cannon, are heard at intervals of some hours, accompanied with a tremulous motion of the ground. The water then rushes up from the pit, and sinking again, agitates the water in the basin, and causes it to overflow. A stronger rush of water now takes place, clouds of vapour follow, and loud explosions are heard. Steam escapes in large quantities, and the water is thrown up to the height of 100 or 150 feet.* The cold air condenses the steam into vapour, which is tossed about in dense clouds, tumbling one over another with singular rapidity, and forming a sight of great interest and magnificence. When the basin and its pipe are thus emptied the explosions cease, and are renewed after they have been again filled from below. Mr. Henderson found the temperature of the water in the basin 203° before an explosion, and 183° after it. The *New Geyser*, or *Strockr*, 140 yards from the Geyser, is an irregularly shaped pit, nine feet in diameter and 44 deep. The water is seen in a state of great agitation about 20 feet below the orifice, which is not encircled, like the cavity of the other Geyser, by siliceous sinter. At variable intervals a prodigious rush of steam issues with a roaring noise; and so great is the force of propulsion, that the mass of vapour rises perpendicularly to the height of 100 and sometimes 200 feet, even when there is a good deal of wind. When large stones are thrown into the pit they are shivered to pieces, and thrown upwards to a height often greatly exceeding that of the columns of vapour and water.† In the valley of Reikholt is situated, among a great number of boiling springs, the celebrated spring of *Tunguhver*: it consists of two cavities, distant only 3 feet, from which the water is ejected in alternate jets. While the water is thrown up from the one cavity,

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*Mr. Henderson discovered, that by throwing stones into the spring, he could make it play whenever he chose, and throw its waters to nearly double their usual height. In describing the three hot springs, next to the Geysers in magnitude, called Nordur-hver, Oxu hver, and Sydster-hver, Mr. Henderson mentions the extraordinary statement made by Horrebow in his Natural History of Iceland, that "when the water of the Nordur-hver is put into a bottle, it continues to jet twice or thrice with the fountain; and if the bottle be corked immediately, it bursts in pieces at the commencement of the following eruption of the spring!!!—*Journal*, vol. i. p. 55, *note*, and p. 146.

† In the time of Olafsen and Povelsen, the height of the jet was 360 feet. In 1772, when visited by Von Troil, it rose to 92 feet. In 1789, Sir John Stanley found it 96 feet. In 1804, Lieut. Ollsen found it by a quadrant to be 212 feet. In 1809, Sir W. Hooker mentions 100 feet; and in 1810, Sir George Mackenzie makes the height 90 feet. In 1814, Mr. Henderson made the height of the jet equal to 75 feet, but in August, 1815, he saw it reach an elevation of 150 feet.—*Journal of a Residence in Iceland*, vol. i. p. 53, *Note*.

in a narrow jet, 10 feet high, the water in the other cavity is in a state of violent ebullition. The narrow jet, after playing for about four minutes, subsides, and the water in the other cavity instantly rises in a greater column, to the height of three or four feet. After playing three minutes this greater jet subsides, and the other rises to repeat its singular alternations.

The general phenomena of the Geysers are obviously caused by the generation of steam in cavities containing water, and of such a strength that when the steam occupies a certain space it overcomes the pressure of the water, which is thrown out and followed by the steam. It is not easy, however, and has not been satisfactorily done, to explain the irregular alternations of the Tunguhver springs. Although the principal Geysers have been playing for 600 years, yet they are subject to great changes, arising from changes in the internal fires by which they are produced. One of the springs which Sir John Stanley describes as incessant, and which Sir George Mackenzie mentions as very active when he visited the island in 1809, was found by Mr. Barrow to be extinct in 1834, and the surface of the neighbourhood so changed, that the appearances described by the older travellers could not be recognised. In the same valley there is a small rock, from the top of which hot springs issue ; and at Reikholt, the celebrated hot bath, excavated 600 years ago, by Snorro Sturleson, is still to be seen. It is 14 feet in diameter and six feet deep, and is supplied with hot water from a spring 100 yards distant, by means of a covered channel, which has been injured by an earthquake, and by cold water from another neighbouring fountain.

In the district of Guldbringé, in the Sulphur Mountains, there are natural cauldrons of a black boiling mud, and also numerous jets of steam. One of the most remarkable of these springs is the mud volcano of Reykiahlid near Myvat. It issues from the crater of Mount Krabla, in the N. E. extremity of the island, and has been well described by Mr. Henderson, who visited Iceland in 1814 and 1815. At the bottom of a deep gully there is a pool 300 feet in circumference, containing black liquor and mud. From the orifice in the centre of the pool there is emitted, with a loud thundering noise, a huge column of mud, equal in diameter to that of the great Geyser, rising at first to a height of 12 feet, but soon ascending by starts to its greatest elevation, which is often above 30 feet. The column rapidly subsides, and when it has completely fallen, the orifice can be recognised only by a gentle bubbling up of the surface. These eruptions, lasting only about $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, are repeated every five minutes. "The above," says Mr. Henderson, "is an outline of this wonderful pool, *but its horrors are absolutely indescribable*. To be conceived they must be seen ; and I am convinced that the awful impression they left on my mind no length of time will ever be able to erase."* M. Mengé of Hanau, who visited Iceland in 1819, informs us that the siliceous water of the hot springs contains sulphur, gypsum, alum, bole, &c., that these substances disappear as soon as the water cools, and that the residuum is *trap-porphyry* in the Geysers, *lava* in those of Reikaness, *basalt* in those of Kryswick, and even *amygdaloid* in others ! M. Mengé satisfied himself that the Westmanna Islands, 18 miles from Iceland, were once continuous with it ; and he was informed that the volcano of Heimo-Ey, in these islands, was "formed probably by a subterranean communicating canal, during an eruption of Eyafialla Jokul."

We would willingly linger over this land of wonders did our limits permit us. We would describe its *Odada Hraun*, or district of "Horrible Lavas ;"—its moving ice-mountains 20 miles long, 15 broad, and 400 feet high, approaching to and receding from the coast ;—its *Ale Wells*, which intoxicate those who drink a considerable quantity on the spot ;—its magnificent *Elldborg*,† or "*Fortress of Fire*," with its lava battlements 200 feet high and 1800 in circuit ;—the *Lon-dranqur*, or two "curious looking natural obelisks, the highest of which is 240 feet from its base ;"—the sulphur mountains of Krisuvick ;—the wonderful mountain of Oræfa Jokul, which burst with a dreadful explosion in 1367, and again in 1727, pouring out deluges of hot water, in which 600 sheep and 160 horses perished ; and, finally, the volcanic *Jokul Kotlugia*, which poured forth such floods of ice and water that the church of Hofdubrecka was observed to swim among the masses of ice to a considerable distance in the sea, before it fell to pieces !‡

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* *Journal, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 171–175.

† A Plate representing this extraordinary volcanic hill is given by Dr. Henderson, in vol. ii. p. 28.

‡ These extraordinary scenes, no doubt, from want of space, are not described by Mrs. Somerville. Regarding Iceland as one of the most extraordinary spots on the surface of the earth, the very focus of subterranean fires still raging beneath it, and producing phenomena of the most gigantic and interesting character, we would strongly recommend to the notice of our readers the valuable and able work of Dr. Henderson, entitled, *Iceland, or the*

Mrs. Somerville has mentioned only in a few lines the islands of Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, which are peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, as they are within the reach of our more adventurous whale ships. Captain, now Dr. Scoresby, visited both of these islands, and has published a very valuable description of them, from which we shall glean a few interesting facts. The principal object in Jan Mayen is the volcanic mountain of Beerenberg, or the Mountain of Bears, situated at the north extremity of the island. It rises from a mountainous base, and rears its ice-clad summit to the height of 6870 feet. Captain Scoresby ascended another volcanic mountain, between 1000 and 1500 feet high, with an elliptical crater, 400 by 240 feet wide, on the side of which was a subterranean cavern, from which issued a spring of water, that afterwards disappeared in the sea. Between the north-east and south-east Capes there are three remarkable icebergs, which occupy three hollows in the almost perpendicular cliff, which stretches from the base of Beerenberg to the water's edge. Their perpendicular height was about 1284 feet. These icebergs, unlike any he had seen, resembled cataracts suddenly frozen.

A little to the north of Prince Charles's Island, on the east coast of Spitzbergen, there are extraordinary accumulations of ice, known by the name of the *Seven Icebergs*. Each of them is about a mile long, and nearly 200 feet high at the sea edge; and each occupies a deep valley opening towards the sea, and flanked by hills 2000 feet high, and terminated in the interior by a chain of mountains, about 3500 feet in height. The largest iceberg which Captain Scoresby saw was a little to the north of Horn Sound, extending eleven miles in length along the coast: the highest part of its sea-front was 2102 feet, and its breadth towards the interior about 1600. Captain Scoresby had the good fortune to witness the fall of a mass of ice into the sea, about 50 feet square, and 150 feet high. It descended with an awful crash, like that of thunder, and broke into a thousand pieces. "The water into which it plunged was converted into an appearance of vapour or smoke like that from a furious cannonading."

Mrs. Somerville concludes her description of the polar regions with an interesting abstract of the discoveries of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic Zone; but we must refer our readers to the more ample details, which we have already given in our analysis of Sir James's important work.*

In the *fourteenth* chapter of the work before us, and the last which relates to the physical description of the EARTH, Mrs. Somerville treats of the continent of Australia, Van Diemen's Island, New Zealand, New Guinea, and Borneo—a region full of interest both to the philosopher and the statesman. The continent of New Holland, 2400 miles long, and 1700 broad, is marked on its eastern coast by a chain of mountains 1500 miles long, which has generally a meridional direction, and never deviates much from the coast. Their average height is only from 2400 to 4700 feet; and the loftiest of them, Mount Kosciusko, does not exceed 6500 feet. The character of these mountains is peculiarly rugged and savage, in some cases round at top, and crowned with forests; but generally, though wooded on their flanks, terminating in bare aiguilles, tooth-shaped peaks, and flat crests of granite or porphyry, mingled with patches of snow. The triangle of Van Dieman's Island contains 27,200 square miles. The mountainous chain from New Holland starts from Cape Portland, passes through the Island in the shape of the letter Z, with an average altitude of 3750 feet, and an average distance of forty miles from the coast.†

New Zealand is divided by dangerous and rocky channels into three islands—the Nortern, or New Ulster, the Middle, or New Munster, and the Southern Island, or New Leinster, which is in an exceedingly small one. Chains of lofty mountains pass through the islands, rising in New Ulster 14,000 feet "above the stormy ocean around, buried two-thirds of their height in permanent snow and glaciers, and exhibiting, on the grandest scale, all the Alpine characters, with the addition of active volcanoes on the eastern and western coasts." In New Munster or

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Journal of a Residence in that Island during the years 1814 *and* 1815. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1818. The object of the author "was exclusively to investigate the wants of its inhabitants with respect to the Holy Scriptures," and to adopt measures for supplying them: The personal narrative is exceedingly interesting, and the description of the physical wonders of the island correct and scientific; while a tone of elevated and unobtrusive piety runs, in a gentle under-current, through the whole book. We are surprised that such a work is not better known; and while we recommend the republication of it in a cheap form, we would bespeak for it the especial patronage of the Christian reader. It is impossible to follow the author in his adventurous journey without feeling at every step that the great Architect of our globe is at that moment working with a tremendous agency, before us, above us, and beneath us.

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* See this *Journal*, vol. viii.

† An account of the fossil forest of the Derwent will be found in this *Journal*, vol. viii.

the middle island, where, according to Major Bunbury, the bleak and savage appearance of its chain of mountains, covered with eternal snow, was forcibly contrasted with the real amenity of its climate, and the fertility of its soil near the coast, is situated the interesting Free Church settlement of Otago, now establishing under the patronage of the New Zealand Company. The river Clutho, which forms the southern boundary of the settlement, is a magnificent river, a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth, and winding, with a navigable channel, six fathoms deep, through extended plains of great beauty and extraordinary fertility. Coal in thick beds, iron and copper—the material elements of civilization, are found in this district; and we trust that its better and nobler ingredients of churches and schools, will soon consecrate the sites of Dunedin and Port Chalmers, and rear a Christian population who will do honour to their Scottish ancestors by their piety and virtues, and diffuse the blessings of knowledge and religion over the benighted regions around.

After describing very briefly the principal islands of the Indian Archipelago—the largest of them Papua or New Guinea, 1400 miles long, by 200 in breadth, and with mountains 16,000 feet high, embracing two active volcanoes; and Borneo, the next in size, with its diamonds, and gold, and spices, and its noble British Rajah—Mrs. Somerville proceeds to give a very interesting account of the coral formations in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, presenting a valuable abtract of the admirable generalizations of Mr. Darwin. But as we have already had occasion to direct the attention of our readers to this curious branch of Physical Geography, we must refer our readers to a former Article,* and follow Mrs. Somerville to the volcanic islands in the Pacific. Although these islands are very numerous, yet there is not one of them within the immense areas of subsidence marked out by the coral islands and reefs of the Pacific; and "there is not an active volcano within several hundred miles of an archipelago, or even group of the Atolls or Lagoon islands. The volcanic islands are, generally speaking, arranged in zones, one of the most active of which is the Banda group, including Timor, Sumbawa, Bali, Java, and Sumatra, forming a curved line 2000 miles long." The little island of Gounong-api, belonging to the Banda group, contains a volcano of great activity; and such is the elevating pressure of submarine fire on that part of the ocean, that a mass of black basalt rose up, of such magnitude, as to fill a bay sixty fathoms deep, and so quietly, "that the inhabitants were not aware of what was going on till it was nearly done." The second zone of volcanic islands, containing many open vents, begins to the north of New Guinea, and passes through New Britain, New Ireland, Solomon's Island, and the New Hebrides. The third, and greatest of all the volcanic zones, commences at the north extremity of Celebes, including Gilolo, "bristled with volcanic cones," the Philippine isles of Formosa, Loo-Choo, and the Kurile isles of Kamtchatka, which contain several active volcanoes of great height. Volcanic eruptions in the Japan Archipelago occur in six islands east of Jephoon; and in the Kurile islands the internal fire has shown itself in eighteen volcanoes. In the beginning of this century there *appeared two new islands, one five miles round, and the other* 3000 *feet high*, in a part of the ocean so deep, that a line of 1200 feet did not reach the bottom. "On the other side of the Pacific, the whole chain of the Andes, and the adjacent islands of Juan Fernandez and the Galapagos, form a vast volcanic area, which is actually now rising." In the table-land of Western Asia, where the internal fire had once been intensely active, we have now only the spent volcano of Demavend, from whose snowy cone smoke occasionally issues. In the table-land of Eastern Asia there is only one volcano in the chain of Thian-Chan.*

In those parts of the earth where the internal fire has not found an easy exit, earthquakes of various degrees of intensity frequently occur. When the boiling lava within forces itself up beneath the ocean, it gives birth to two waves—one along the bed of the ocean, which is the real shock of the earthquake, and the other on the aqueous surface, which, travelling with a slower motion, reaches the shore with its desolating surge, long after the real shock has spent its violence on the land. The earth wave varies from an inch in height to two or three feet, and when it comes to shallow soundings "it carries with it to the land a long flat aqueous wave." On arriving at the beach, the water drops in arrear from the superior velocity of the shock, so that at that moment the sea seems to recede before the great ocean wave arrives.

* See this *Journal*, vol. vi.

* See this *Journal*, vol. v. An interesting map, showing "the phenomena of volcanic action, the regions visited by earthquakes, and the distribution of volcanoes over the globe," will be found in Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, part iv., Geology, Plate VII.

"Three other series of undulations are formed simultaneously with the preceding, by which the sound of the explosion is conveyed through the earth, the ocean, and the air, with different velocities. That through the earth travels at the rate of from 7000 to 10,000 feet in a second in hard rock, and somewhat less in looser materials, and arrives at the coast a short time before, or at the same moment with the shock, and produces the hollow sounds that are the harbingers of ruin; then follows a continuous succession of sounds, like the rolling of distant thunder, formed, first, by the wave that is propagated through the water of the sea, which travels at the rate of 4700 feet in a second; and, lastly, by that passing through the air, which only takes place when the origin of the earthquake is a submarine explosion, and travels with a velocity of 1123 feet in a second. The rolling sounds precede the arrival of the great wave on the coasts, and are continued after the terrific catastrophe when the eruption is extensive."—P. 229.

The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon had its centre of action immediately below the city, and shook "an arc of 700,000 square miles, equal to a twelfth part of the circumference of the globe."*

Mrs. Somerville now proceeds, in her *fifteenth* chapter, to treat of the OCEAN—its size—colour—pressure and saltness;—its tides, waves, and currents—its temperature —its Arctic and Antarctic ice, and its inland seas. The bed of the ocean is diversified like the land with mountains and plains—with table-lands and valleys, here barren, there covered with sea-plants, but everywhere teeming with life. The detritus of the land is continually filling up its bed, but this is counteracted by the elevation of the land, which keeps its shores invariable. The *Great Pacific Ocean* has a larger area than all the dry land on the globe. It covers 50,000,000 of square miles, and 70,000,000 including the Indian Ocean. From Peru to Africa it is 16,000 miles wide. It is generally unfathomable between the tropics, where its depth is so great, that *a line five miles long has in many* places not reached the bottom. The *Atlantic Ocean*, apparently stretching from Pole to Pole, is 5000 miles wide, and covers 25,000,000 square miles. The following are its depths in different places:—

	Feet.
In 27° 26′ 3″ Lat., and Long. 17° 27′,	14,550
West of the Cape of Good Hope 450 miles,	16,062
higher than Mount Blanc.	
In 15° 3′ 5″ Lat., and W. Long. 23° 14′, as high as the Himalaya.	27,600†

The German Ocean, now rapidly filling up by the detritus from the land, has in a great part of its bed a depth of only 93 feet! and even near the precipitous coast of Norway the depth is only 5460 feet. At the depth of a mile and a quarter the pressure of the sea is equal to 2809 lbs. on every inch of surface. In the Arctic Ocean shells are seen at the depth of 1180 feet, and among the West Indian Islands at 180 feet, so that the light which fell upon these shells would have been visible to any eye at least 960 feet deep in the one case, and 360 feet in the other. The colour of all water when pure is a fine *bright blue*, becoming *green* when mixed with certain vegetable matters, and *brownish yellow* when derived from mosses. The saltness of the sea is greatest at the parallel of 22° N. Lat. and 18° S. Lat., diminishing towards the Equator and the Poles where it is least, owing to the melting of the ice. At the Straits of Gibraltar the water is four times as salt at a depth of 670 fathoms as it is at the surface.

The central area of the Pacific and the Atlantic is occupied with the great oceanic tide-wave, which is raised by the joint action of the sun and moon. From this continually oscillating wave, partial waves diverge in all directions, finding their way into seas and estuaries, with various velocities, depending on the channel, and the nature of its bed. In some parts of the coast of Britain the tides rise 50 or 60 feet. In the Bristol Channel and the Gulf of St. Malo they rise 47 feet, according to Captain Beechey, and at the Bay of Fundy 60 feet, while at St. Helena they never exceed three feet, and are scarcely visible among many of the tropical islands in the Pacific. At Cortown, according to Captain Beechey, there is little or no rise of the water, and at Swanage the spring-tides are scarcely five feet.

The tide at the equator follows the moon at the rate of 1000 miles an hour. In the Turury channel at Cayenne the sea rises 40 feet in five minutes, and as suddenly ebbs. The highest waves which occur at the Cape of Good Hope do not exceed 40 feet from their lowest to their highest point. Under the heaviest gales the sea is probably tranquil at the depth of 200 or 300 feet.

The tranquillity of the ocean is disturbed by currents varying in their extent and velocity, owing to causes both permanent and variable. The great currents which flow from the two poles to the equator, are deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth, acquiring a rotatory motion as they advance, till they combine into one great current flowing from east to west with the velocity of nine or ten miles a day. The Gulf

* See this *Journal*, vol iv.
† This line did not reach the bottom.

stream, and other currents, which we have elsewhere described, originate from this great "oceanic river." *

As the mean temperature of the earth at the poles is about 10° of Fahrenheit, and about 2° or 3° below zero at the two poles of maximum cold, 12° distant from the poles of revolution, and situated in the meridians of Canada and Siberia, the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans are completely frozen during eight months of the year, a continuous body of ice, extending round the poles of maximum cold, and occupying a sort of elliptical area above 4000 miles in its mean diameter. The icebergs which are detached in pieces from the glaciers, that lie on the margin of this gelid region, are sometimes drifted southwards 200 miles from their origin. The largest and the furthest travelled icebergs come from the South Pole. Captain D'Urville observed one *thirteen miles* long, with perpendicular sides 100 feet high. The icebergs of the Arctic Zone have been already described; and in our review of Sir James Ross's voyage, the reader will find interesting details respecting the ice-masses of the Antarctic Ocean, and the dangers of navigating an icy sea.†

After describing the inland‡ seas which diverge from the two great oceans, and which, in the case of the Atlantic, have a coast of 48,000 miles, and of the Pacific only 44,000, Mrs. Somerville proceeds in her *sixteenth* chapter to the subject of springs, hot and cold, and to the origin and cause of floods in rivers, devoting the other two chapters of the first volume, and the two first chapters of the second to the description of the river systems and lakes of the great continents of the earth.

Although hot and boiling springs are most common in volcanic regions, yet they are often found at the distance of many hundred miles from volcanic districts. In the Austrian dominions there are no fewer than 1500 medical springs, containing sulphuric and carbonic acids, iron, magnesia, sulphur, iodine, and other ingredients. The boiling springs of Iceland, Italy, and the Azores, deposit silex; and all over the world there are springs that deposit carbonate and sulphate of lime in enormous quantities. The brine-springs of Cheshire have flowed unchanged for 1000 years. "Springs of naphtha and petroleum are abundant round the Caspian Sea," the petroleum forming even lakes in that singular region.

In the physical geography of rivers many interesting phenomena are presented to the student. While it is the general character of a river to advance with an increasing quantity of water to the sea, there are cases where rivers and streams are absorbed by the soil, and are actually lost before they reach the ocean. At the Perte du Rhone the river disappears and re-appears, and there are streams in Derbyshire which are lost for a time and again rise to view. When the Arve which runs into the Rhone below Geneva is swollen by a freshet, it sometimes drives back the Rhone into the lake of Geneva, and on one occasion the retrograde current actually made the mill-wheels revolve in the opposite direction.

"Instances have occurred of rivers suddenly stopping in their course for some hours and leaving their channels dry. On the 26th of November, 1838, the water failed so completely in the Clyde, Nith, and Teviot, that the mills were stopped eight hours in the lower part of their streams. The cause was the coincidence of a gale of wind and a strong frost, which congealed the water near their sources. Exactly the contrary happens in the Siberian rivers, which flow from south to north over so many hundreds of miles; the upper parts are thawed, while the lower are still frozen, and the water, not finding an outlet, inundates the country."—P. 270.

The tides of the ocean often flow up rivers to a great distance from their mouths, and frequently to a height far above the level of the sea. In the Amazons, the tide is perceptible 576 miles from its mouth, and in the Orinoco it ascends 255 miles.

It would require much greater space than our limits allow, to give even the briefest abstract of Mrs. Somerville's four chapters on the River or Hydraulic systems, and on the lakes in the Old and New World. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse these chapters with the interest which they possess, unless we have before us excellent charts of the River systems themselves, free of all the other details which are given in ordinary maps. Maps of this kind, of great beauty and accuracy, have been published by Messers. Johnston and Berghaus; and we would recommend to our readers to study this part of Mrs. Somerville's work with these beautiful hydrological plates in their hands.*

* See this *Journal*, vol. iv., and Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, Hydrology, Plates I., II., III., showing the currents, &c., of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian Oceans.

† See this *Journal*, vol. viii. See also vol. i, vol. iv., and Berghaus and Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, part i. p. 6, § vii.

‡ The Baltic, Black Sea, Mediterranean, Baffin's Bay, Hudson's Bay, Gulf of Mexico, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf.

* These charts, *two* in number, form Plates V. and VI. of the department of Hydrology in the

In treating of River systems, hydrologists divide the subject into eight different parts—the *Basins*—the *Watershed* and *Portage*—the *Bifurcations*—the *Size* and *Length* of Rivers—the *River Courses*—the *Deltas*—the *Velocity of Rivers*, and their *Development*. The *basin* of a river is the whole sources, brooks, and rivulets, whose waters contribute to its formation—or the surface of a country which it drains. The *watershed* is the place where waters begin to descend in opposite directions. When the watershed is flat, so that barges can be easily conveyed over it from one river to another, the places where this can be done are called *portages*. When opposite river basins are separated by a country so depressed on its surface as to permit the water of one river, when diverted from its channel, to join another river with which it has no connexion, the phenomenon is called the *bifurcation* of a river. There are many such bifurcations in America, and in the deltas of rivers generally; but the most remarkable is that in which the *Casiquiare* (which our countryman, Sir R. Schomberg,* lately found to be 120 miles long in direct distance, and 176 in its windings), flowing through the plains of Esmeralda, unites the Orinoco with the Maranon. It is 300 feet wide where it leaves the Orinoco, and 1650 where it joins the Guainia, a tributary of the Maranon. The *size* and *length* of rivers, including their windings, is an indication of their importance both in navigation and commerce. In the progress of a river, it is divided into the *upper*, the *middle*, and the *lower*, course. The upper course is generally through rapids, the middle course through plains, and the lower where it tends to divide and ramify forms *Deltas* (so called from their resemblance to the Greek letter Delta Δ), which are divided into *fluviatile*, *lacustrine*, and *maritime*—fluviatile, when the river falls into another—lacustrine, when it falls into a lake—and maritime, when it falls into the sea. The *velocities* of rivers indicate the form and inclination of their channels, and the volume of water they contain. The *development* of a river is its length from its source to its mouth, including all its windings and turnings. Following Johnston and Berghaus in their definitions, we shall now present, on their authority, the following abridged view of the different River systems in the Old and New Worlds:—

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ratio of windings to direct length
ATLANTIC SYSTEM.				
Rhine, . .	16,324	360	600	0.6
Vistula, . .	14,160	280	520	0.8
Elbe, . .	10,464	344	684	1.0
MEDITERRANEAN SYSTEM.				
Nile, . .	130,200	1,320	2,240	0.7
Po, . .	7,488	232	352	0.5
Rhone, . .	7,040	208	560	1.6
EUXINE SYSTEM.				
Danube, . .	58,520	880	1,496	0.7
Dnieper, . .	42,420	548	1,080	1.0
Don, . .	42,104	408	960	1.3
ARCTIC SYSTEM.				
Obi, . .	231,200	1,276	2,320	0.8
Yenisei, . .	196,132	1,228	2,800	1.2
Lena, . .	148,600	1,398	2,400	0.7
CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.				
Volga, Caspian, .	99,360	600	2,040	2.4
Sir, } Aral, .	59,480	760	1,208	0.6
Amoo, } Aral, .	48,400	816	1,400	0.7
EAST PACIFIC SYSTEM.				
Amour, . .	145,720	1,220	2,380	0.9
Yang-tse-Kiang, .	136,800	1,568	2,880	0.8
Hoang-ho, . .	134,400	1,120	2,280	1.0

Physical Atlas, and represent the Oceanic Rivers, the Continental Rivers, and the River Basins.

* Journal of the Geographical Society, vol. x, p. 248.

	River Basins in square miles.	Direct length in geog. miles.	Windings in geog. miles.	Ratio of windings to direct length.
SYSTEM OF INDIAN OCEAN.				
Ganges and Bramapoutra,	108,120	824	1,680	1.0
Indus,	78,000	1,096	1,960	0.8
ATLANTIC SYSTEM.				
Great Lakes & St. Lawrence,	297,600	860	1,800	2.1
Orinoco,	52,000	368 ?	1,352 ?	2.6
Maranon,	1,512,000	1,548	3,080	1.0
La Plata,	886,400	1,028	1,920	0.9
SYSTEM OF THE MEXICAN GULF, &c.				
Mississippi and Missouri,	982,400	1,412	3,560	1.5
Rio del Norte,	180,000	1,220 ?	1,840	0.5
ARCTIC SYSTEM.				
Mackenzie River,	441,600	964	2,120	1.2
Saskatchevan,	360,000	924	1,664	0.8
WEST PACIFIC SYSTEM.				
Columbia,	196,400	576	1,360	1.4
Colorado,	169,200	512	800 ?	0.6

If we reckon the whole running waters of Europe to be unity, or 1.00, the quantities discharged into the different seas will be

Black Sea,	0.27 parts.	Baltic,	0.13
Caspian,	0.16 „	German Ocean,	0.11
Mediterranean,	0.14 „	Arctic Sea,	0.06
Atlantic,	0.13 „		

Hence the Black Sea swallows up the *third part* of all the running waters in Europe! The quantity of water discharged by each of the European rivers will be as follows, assuming all the rivers to give 1.00 parts.

The Volga discharges	0.14 parts.	Don,	0.05
Danube,	0.12 „	Rhine,	0.03
Dnieper,	00.6 „	Dwina,	0.02

With the following table, showing the characters of the great American lakes, we must conclude our observations on the Hydrology of the earth.*

	Mean length in miles.	Mean breadth in miles.	Mean depth.	Height above sea.	Area in square miles.
Lake Superior,	400	80	900	596	32,000
Lake Michigan,	320	70	1000	578	22,400
Lake Huron,	240	80	1000	578	20,400
Lake Erie,	240	40	84	565	9,600
Lake Ontario,	180	35	500	232	6,300

From the physical geography of the waters of the globe, Mrs. Somerville proceeds in the *twentieth* chapter to the consideration of the *Air*, or the Atmosphere—its density—its currents—its temperature—its moisture—its electricity—its diamagnetism, and its constituents.* These important subjects are treated in the narrow space of *ten* pages, and of course without any of those interesting details of which they are

* The reader will find more ample details in the letter-press descriptions of Berghaus and Johnston's Hydrological Maps, Plates V. and VI.

† M. Doyer has very recently shown that the composition of the atmosphere is *constantly changing*, the quantity of oxygen varying from 20.5 to 21 3. *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, 14 Fev., 1848, p. 194, and 21 Fev. p. 234, *Note.*

susceptible. Mrs. Somerville will, no doubt, supply the defects of this chapter in a second edition and dwell at greater length upon these and other topics which are little more than mentioned. There is, in our opinion, no department of Physical Geography so interesting as that of the atmosphere, and none certainly with which we are so intimately connected, and in which we are so deeply interested. Mrs. Somerville does not even mention the Isothermal lines of Humboldt and his fellow-labourers; nor the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, such as its polarization, its colours, its phenomena of unequal refraction; nor its optical and electrical meteorology; nor the distribution of magnetism either in the atmosphere or on the earth.*

The remaining chapters of Mrs. Somerville's work, *eleven* in number, are devoted to the interesting subject of the distribution of organic life over the globe. *Five* of these are devoted to the nourishment and growth of plants, and to the vegetation and Flora of the four quarters of the globe, and beneath the surface of the ocean. She then treats in separate chapters of the distribution of insects—of fishes—of reptiles—of birds—of the mammalia—and, finally, of the "distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race." We could have wished to follow Mrs. Somerville in her instructive journey through the world of organic life, standing in mute admiration before its gigantic denizens, recognising in everything that lives and breathes the wisdom and benevolence of its Maker—enjoying with grateful heart the luxurious repasts, physical and intellectual, which organic nature provides—and looking forward with faith and hope to the final development of those mysterious arrangements in which we have to perform so prominent a part:—Our exhausted space, however, will not allow us, and we regret this the less, as the importance of the subject may induce us to return to it, when we can command ample room for its interesting details.

In the last chapter of her work, occupying considerable space, Mrs. Somerville treats of *the distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race*. The human family consists of 860 millions of souls, speaking more than 2000 languages. It has been divided into *five* classes—the Circassian race, the Mongol-Tartar race, the Malayan race, the Ethiopian, and the American race. The *Circassian* race, with their small finely modelled head, fine hair, and symmetrical form, inhabit all Europe, except Lapland, Finland, and Hungary. The *Mongol-Tartars* occupy all Asia north of the Persian table-land, and the Himalaya range—the whole of Eastern Asia from the Bramaputra to Behring's Straits—together with the Arctic regions of North America, north of Labrador, and Hungary. They have "broad skulls, high cheek-bones, small black eyes, obliquely set, long black hair, and a yellow or sallow complexion. The *Malayan* race, with their "dark complexion, lank, coarse black hair, flat face, and obliquely set eyes," occupy the Indian Archipelago, New Zealand, Chatham Island, the Society group, and several others of the Polynesian Islands, together with the Philippines and Formosa. The *Ethiopian* race, with their "black complexion, black, woolly, or frizzled hair, thick lips, projecting jaw, high cheek-bones, large prominent eyes," occupy all Africa south of the Sahara, half of Madagascar, the continent of Australia, Mindanao, Gilolo, the High Lands of Borneo, Scandinavia, Timor, and New Ireland. The *American* race occupy all America from 62° of North Latitude to the Straits of Magellan. They are of a reddish brown or copper colour with long black hair, deep set black eyes, and aquiline nose. Inhabiting different climates, from the frozen soil of the Arctic Zone, to the burning sands of the Equatorial regions; fed upon different food—suited to the climate; occupied in different pursuits, both physical and mental—these different races, though sprung from the same stock, have gradually acquired those features, both corporeal and mental, by which they are at present distinguished.

Is it possible that the human family thus composed, severed by language, separated by oceans, and placed at such unequal distances from the goal of civilization—can ever be combined into one harmonious community, striving in one common cause, and aiming at one common end? When we look at the white race—the self-constituted aristocracy of the species—reared under civil and religious institutions, and claiming the superiority due to piety and learning, we can scarcely conceive them to belong to the same family as the other races upon whom the light of science and revelation has not yet been permitted to shine. The difficulty, however, gradually disappears when we contemplate civilized man in his principles and conduct as an individual agent. The Christian citizen with his

* Some of these topics have been treated in this *Journal*, vol. iv. and vol. v.; and in the *Physical Atlas*, so often referred to, the reader will find the *temperature*, *pressure*, *currents*, and *polarization* of the atmosphere graphically represented in Plates I., II., and V., of Meteorology, while the distribution of moisture, and the amount of rain over the globe, is represented in Plates III. and IV.

household, or his cargo of slaves—the gold-thirsty colonist with his ferocious blood-hounds—the crafty statesman with his minions of corruption, and the conqueror with his battalions equipped for bloodshed, are not less striking anomalies among a civilized and Christian people, than the African bartering his kindred for gold—or the Indian burning the widow and drowning the child—or the cannibal drinking the blood and eating the flesh of his species. Civilization has, doubtless, improved the condition and softened the manners of the white man, and law with its brawny arm keeps him within the pale of social order and duty; but with all his knowledge and cultivation, and all his lofty pretensions, he is a savage at his heart. Entrenched in power, he withholds from his brother the natural and inalienable rights of his species; armed with authority, he denies to ignorance and crime the very means of instruction and reformation; fortified with his tenure of parchment, he has even refused to the outcast—to the heart-broken penitent—to the feeble and aged saint, a spot of barren earth on which he may pour out his soul in the agony of contrition, or breathe a dying prayer to the God of grace and consolation. This is civilized man in his individual phase. This is the legislator decked in his little brief authority. This is the heartless miscreant wearing the Christian badge, and "doing what he wills with his own." It is not then by the arts of civilized life, or by the extension of industry or of commerce, that we can hope to reclaim and refine the savage. The process is too slow in its steps, and too superficial in its agency. It is by the more summary process of the schoolmaster and the missionary that the red and the black man must rise to the rank, and high above it, of his white oppressor. It is by statutes which no Solon has devised—by laws which no tyrant has yielded to fear—by influences "not of man," that the outcasts of social life, now steeped in ignorance and crime, will be brought back into the fold of civilization, to rival in secular virtues its more favoured occupants, if not to outstrip them in those loftier acquirements which civilization neither teaches nor appreciates.

We have thus followed Mrs. Somerville through her intellectual journey over the globe, delighted and improved by her instructions, and anxious that others should derive from them the same pleasure and advantage. From the extracts which we have made our readers will see that the work is written in a style always simple and perspicuous, often vigorous and elegant, and occasionally rising to a strain of eloquence commensurate with the lofty ideas which it clothes. In Mrs. Somerville's pages no sentiments are recorded which the Christian or the philosopher disowns. In associating life with nature—in taking cognisance of man as a tenant of the Earth-home which she describes, her sympathies are ever with the slave, her aspirations ever after truth secular and divine; and everywhere throughout her work we meet with just and noble sentiments, the indication and the offspring of a highly cultivated and well-balanced mind.

Anxious to promote the circulation of a work so interesting and useful, we venture to express our regret that Mrs. Somerville has not illustrated the various topics of which she treats with lithographic sketches of the general features of the earth, and of the more remarkable phenomena which she describes. The eye is a most powerful auxiliary to the mind in enabling it correctly to apprehend the phenomena of the natural world, and readers not very ardent in the pursuit of knowledge are often led to the study of what has first become interesting to them through the organs of sense. Having had the advantage of perusing Mrs. Somerville's work, with the Physical Atlas of Berghaus and Johnston before us, we cannot doubt that the value and popularity of future editions would be greatly enhanced even by illustrations on a small scale.

In several of the departments of physical geography we have noticed omissions, besides those already mentioned, which we have no doubt Mrs. Somerville will think it right to supply. The following are a few of the subjects of a popular nature which we think require a place in a treatise on Physical Geography. The mountain avalanches of the Rigi—and of the White Mountains in New Hampshire; the descent of the glacier of Getroz into the Dranse; the great caverns and caves in America,* India,† Tunkin, Carniola, Hungary, and France; the natural ice-houses near Salisbury in America; the ice-caverns of France, Switzerland, and Russia; the transportation of erratic blocks by ice and by water; the parallel roads of Glenroy, and the raised sea-beaches of Scandinavia; the masses of meteoric iron in Brazil, Louisiana, Siberia, and Peru; the singular burning mountain of Wengen in Australia; the conflagrations in the quicksilver mines of Idria; the floating islands of ancient and modern History;

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*The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

†The Cave of Booban in the Cossyah Mountains—the Phoanga Caves in Junk Ceylon, and on the Martaban River.

the remarkable lake of Cirknitz in Carniola, supplied by the subterranean springs; the Lake of Ybera, described by Azara as formed by infiltration from the River Parana; the springs of inflammable gas by which some of the American villages are lighted; the subterraneous sounds of Nakous, and the sounds of driven sand as described by Mr. Hugh Miller; the sounds which issue from granite rocks, the inscriptions on living trees, as described by Professor Aghard of Lund; the destruction of forests by flights of wild pigeons that darken the air by their number; the rapid changes in the quicksands of the lesser Syrtes as described by Captain Smith;—the phenomena of tornadoes and waterspouts as expounded by Mr. Redfield, General Reid, and Mr. Espy; and the Isogeothermal lines of Professor Kupffer. We are aware that Mrs. Somerville was necessarily limited both in the range of her subjects and the space which could be devoted to them; but we are sure that all who have perused her work would be delighted to hear that she finds another volume necessary for the complete discussion of so popular and important a department of knowledge.

In bringing to a close our survey of the Earth, brief and general as it has been, the mind cannot quit in silence the extraordinary scenes which have been presented to it. While the nations to whom such a possession has been given are yet sunk in ignorance, idolatry, and superstition, and are yielding only by imperceptible concessions to the laws which reason, and conscience, and revelation have enjoined; and while the empire of Truth and Reason—of Peace and Love, is seen only in the far distance as something to which we are making an inappreciable advance—the material world exhibits to us the same phase of transition, the same slow measured approach to some new conditions at which it is destined to arrive. The flood of life, which is now rushing from the crowded haunts of civilization in search of food or freedom, will in time spread itself over lands now preparing for its reception, and there will be no spot of earth from which the voice of gratitude and praise does not rise. The great features of the earth are doubtless permanently modelled. Its everlasting hills—its boundless continents—its swelling seas—and its mighty rivers, may be fixed and immutable; but its barren steppes—its interminable deserts—its wildernesses of wood and of sand, must yet smile with vegetation, and swarm with life. The diluvian wave may yet spread over arid plains the rich sediment which it bears. The volcano may yet cover with its erupted mud the very regions which it has scorched; and its lava stream may turn the irrigating current which it stems over the barren plains that have been scathed by its fires. The mighty forests on the Orinoco and the Amazons, which now wave unseen, will yet become the coalfield of generations unborn; and the mass of vegetation which annually dies among its trunks—the verdant carpet which every returning sun withers on the savannas and Llanos of the west—and the very flowers which there blush unseen, will add their tribute to the great storehouse of combustion. The Condor of the rock, which no eye but One has descried within its cleft of basalt, or upon its peak of granite; and the tiny Humming-bird, whose brilliant drapery no eye has admired, will be consigned to the same mausoleum of stone, and re-appear in some future age to chronicle the era of their birth.

Let not the Christian Philosopher view these anticipations as at variance with the truths which he cherishes and believes. If the inspired Historian of Creation has withheld from us the eventful chronicles of the earth previous to its occupation by man, Inspiration has been equally silent respecting the revolutions it has yet to undergo. Science has carried us back to primæval times through long cycles of the past, to disclose to us views of creation at once terrible and sublime. It is our only guide to the events of the future, and whatever may be the catastrophes which it predicts, or the secrets which it may disclose, it can teach us no other lesson than that which we have already learned—"that the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up," and that there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

ART. VI.—*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography.* In Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER. London, 1848.

THIS book accomplishes a retribution which the world has waited for through seventy and odd years. Welcome at any rate by its purpose, it is trebly welcome by its execution, to all hearts that linger indulgently over the frailties of a national favourite once wickedly exaggerated—to all hearts that brood indignantly over the powers of that favourite once maliciously undervalued.

A man of original genius, shown to us as revolving through the leisurely stages of a

biographical memoir, lays open, to readers prepared for sympathy, two separate theatres of interest: one in his personal career; the other in his works and his intellectual development. Both unfold together: and each borrows a secondary interest from the other: the life from the recollection of the works—the works from the joy and sorrow of the life. There have, indeed, been authors whose great creations, severely preconceived in a region of thought transcendent to all impulses of earth, would have been pretty nearly what they are under any possible changes in the dramatic arrangement of their lives. Happy or not happy—gay or sad—these authors would equally have fulfilled a mission too solemn and too stern in its obligations to suffer any warping from chance, or to bend before the accidents of life, whether dressed in sunshine or in wintry gloom. But generally this is otherwise. Children of Paradise, like the Miltons of our planet, have the privilege of stars—to "dwell apart." But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically with the agitations of mother-earth, cannot sequester themselves in that way. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow, which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very tenure on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet always with more peril to the accomplishment of their earthly mission.

Amongst this household of children too tremulously associated to the fluctuations of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith. And there is a belief current—that he was conspicuous, not only in the sense of being constitutionally flexible to the impressions of sorrow and adversity, in case they had happened to occur, but also that he really *had* more than his share of those afflictions. We are disposed to think that this was not so. Our trust is, that Goldsmith lived upon the whole a life which, though troubled, was one of average enjoyment. Unquestionably, when reading at midnight, and in the middle watch of a century which *he* never reached, this record of one so amiable, so guileless, so upright, or seeming to be otherwise for a moment only in the eyes of those who did not know his difficulties, nor could have understood them; when recurring also to his admirable genius, to the sweet natural gaiety of his oftentimes pathetic humour, and to the varied accomplishments from talent or erudition, by which he gave effect to endowments so fascinating—one cannot but sorrow over the strife which he sustained, and over the wrong by which he suffered. A few natural tears one sheds at the rehearsal of so much contumely from fools, which he stood under unresistingly as one bareheaded under a hail-storm;* and worse to bear than the scorn of fools, was the imperfect sympathy and jealous self-distrusting esteem which he received to the last from friends. Doubtless he suffered much wrong; but so, in one way or other, do most men: he suffered also this special wrong, that in his life-time he never was fully appreciated by any one friend—something of a counter-movement ever mingled with praise for *him*—he never saw himself enthroned in the heart of any young and fervent admirer, and he was always overshadowed by men less deeply genial, though more showy than himself: but these things happen, and *have* happened to myriads amongst the benefactors of earth. Their names ascend in songs of thankful commemoration, but not until the ears are deaf that would have thrilled to the music. And these were the heaviest of Goldsmith's afflictions: what are likely to be thought such, viz. the battles which he fought for his daily bread, we do not number amongst them. To struggle is not to suffer. Heaven grants to few of us a life of untroubled prosperity, and grants it least of all to its favourites. Charles I. carried, as it was thought by a keen Italian judge of physiognomy, a predestination to misery written in his features. And it is probable that if any Cornelius Agrippa had then been living, to show him in early life the strife, the bloodshed, the triumphs of enemies, the treacheries of friends, the separation for ever from the familiar faces of his hearth, which darkened the years from 1642 to 1649, he would have said—"Prophet of wo! if I bear to live through this vista of seven years, it is because at the further end of it thou showest me the consolation of a scaffold." And yet our persuasion is, that in the midst of its deadly agitations and its torments of suspense, probably enough by the energies of hope, or even of anxiety which exalted it, that period of bitter conflict was found by the king a more ennobling life than he *would* have found in

* We do not allude chiefly to his experience in childhood, when he is reported to have been a general butt of mockery for his ugliness and his supposed stupidity; since as regarded the latter reproach, he could not have suffered very long, having already at a childish age vindicated his intellectual place by the verses which opened to him an academic destination. We allude to his mature life, and the supercilious condescension with which even his reputed friends doled out their praises to *him*.

the torpor of a prosperity too profound. To be cloyed perpetually is a worse fate than sometimes to stand within the vestibule of starvation; and we need go no further than the confidential letters of the court ladies of this and other countries to satisfy ourselves how much worse in its effects upon happiness than any condition of alarm and peril, is the lethargic repose of luxury too monotonous, and of security too absolute. If, therefore, Goldsmith's life *had* been one of continual struggle, it would not follow that it had therefore sunk below the standard of ordinary happiness. But the life-struggle of Goldsmith, though severe enough (after all allowances) to challenge a feeling of tender compassion, was not in such a degree severe as has been represented.* He enjoyed two great immunities from suffering that have been much overlooked; and *such* immunities that, in our opinion, four in five of all the people ever connected with Goldsmith's works, as publishers, printers, compositors (that is, men taken at random), have very probably suffered more, upon the whole, than he. The immunities were these:—1*st*, From any *bodily* taint of low spirits. He had a constitutional gaiety of heart; an elastic hilarity; and, as he himself expresses it, "a knack of hoping"—which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind, nor hired for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi. How easy was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as "*Doctor minor*," when one hour or less would dismiss the *Doctor major*, so invidiously contradistinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy; whilst *he*, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness. *There* lay one immunity, beyond all price, from a mode of strife to which others, by a large majority, are doomed—strife with bodily wretchedness. Another immunity he had of almost equal value, and yet almost equally forgotten by his biographers, viz. from the responsibilities of a family. Wife and children he had not. They it is that, being a man's chief blessings, create also for him the deadliest of his anxieties, that stuff his pillow with thorns, that surround his daily path with snares. Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependants of this class upon himself summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure. Success in such paths of literature might at the best be doubtful; but success is impossible, with any powers whatever, unless in a genial state of those powers; and this geniality is to be sustained in the case supposed, whilst the eyes are fixed upon the most frightful of abysses yawning beneath his feet. He is to win his inspiration for poetry or romance from the prelusive cries of infants clamouring for daily bread. Now, on the other hand, in the case of an extremity equally sudden alighting on the head of a man in Goldsmith's position, having no burden to support but the trivial one of his own personal needs, the resources are endless for gaining time enough to look around. Suppose him ejected from his lodgings; let him walk into the country, with a pencil and a sheet of paper; there sitting under a hay-stack for one morning, he may produce what will pay his expenses for a week: a day's labour will carry the sustenance of ten days. Poor may be the trade of authorship, but it is as good as that of a slave in Brazil, whose one hour's work will defray the twenty-four hours' living. As a reader, or corrector of proofs, a good Latin and French scholar (like Goldsmith) would always have enjoyed a preference, we presume, at any eminent printing-office. This again would have given him time for looking round; or, he might perhaps have obtained the same advantage for deliberation from some confidential friend's hospitality. In short, Goldsmith enjoyed the two privileges, one subjective—the other objective—which, when uniting in the same man, would prove more than a match for all difficulties that *could* arise in a literary career to him who was at once a man of genius so popular, of talents so versatile, of reading so various, and of opportunities so large for still more extended reading. The subjective privilege lay in his buoyancy of animal spirits; the objective in his freedom from responsibilities. Goldsmith wanted very little more than Diogenes: now Diogenes *could* only have been robbed of his tub:* which perhaps was

* We point this remark, not at Mr. Forster, who, upon the whole, shares our opinion as to the tolerable comfort of Goldsmith's life; he speaks indeed elsewhere of Goldsmith's depressions; but the question still remains—were they of frequent recurrence, and had they any constitutional settlement? We are inclined to say *no* in both cases.

* Which tub the reader may fancy to have been only an old tar barrel; if so, he is wrong. Isaac Casaubon, after severe researches into the nature of that tub, ascertained to the general satisfaction of Christendom that it was not of wood, or within the restorative powers of a cooper, but of earthenware, and once shattered by a horse's kick, quite past

about as big as most of poor Goldsmith's sitting-rooms, and far better ventilated. So that the liability of these two men, cynic and non-cynic, to the kicks of fortune, was pretty much on a par; whilst Goldsmith had the advantage of a better temper for bearing them, though certainly Diogenes had the better climate for soothing his temper.

But it may be imagined, that if Goldsmith were thus fortunately equipped for authorship, on the other hand the position of literature, as a money-making resource, was in Goldsmith's days less advantageous than in ours. We are not of that opinion; and the representation by which Mr. Forster endeavours to sustain it seems to us a showy but untenable refinement. The outline of his argument is, that the aristocratic patron had, in Goldsmith's day, by the progress of society, disappeared; he belonged to the past—that the mercenary publisher had taken his place—he represented the ugly present—but that the great reading public (that true and equitable patron, as some fancy) had not yet matured its means of effectual action upon literature: this reading public virtually, perhaps, belonged to the future. All this we steadfastly resist. No doubt the old full-blown patron, *en grand costume*, with his heraldic bearings emblazoned at the head of the Dedication, was dying out, like the golden pippin. But he still lingered in sheltered situations. And part of the machinery by which patronage had ever moved, viz. using influence for obtaining subscriptions, was still in capital working order—a fact which we know from Goldsmith himself (see the *Enquiry*); for he tells us that a popular mode of publication amongst bad authors, and certainly it needed no publisher's countersign, was by means of subscription papers: upon which, as we believe, a considerable instalment was usually paid down when as yet the book existed only by way of title-page, supposing that the whole sum were not even paid *up*. Then as to the publisher (a nuisance, we dare say, in all stages of his Natural History), *he* could not have been a weed first springing up in Goldsmith's time, but must always have been an indispensable broker or middleman between the author and the world. In the days even of Horace and Martial the book-*seller* (bibliopola) clearly acted as book-*publisher*. Amongst other passages proving this, and showing undeniably that Martial at least had sold the copyright of his work to *his* publisher, is one arguing pretty certainly that the price of a gay drawing-room copy must have been hard upon £1, 11s. 6d. Did ever any man hear the like? A New York newspaper would have been too happy to pirate the whole of Martial had he been three times as big, and would have engaged to drive the bankrupt publisher into a madhouse for twopence. Now, it cannot be supposed that Martial, a gay light-hearted fellow, willing to let the public have his book for a shilling, or perhaps for love, had been the person to put that ridiculous price upon it. We may conclude that it was the publisher. As to the public, *that* respectable character must always have presided over the true and final court of appeal, silently defying alike the *prestige* of patronage and the intriguing mysteries of publishing. Lordly patronage might fill the sails of one edition, and masterly publishing of three. But the books that ran contagiously through the educated circles, or that lingered amongst them for a generation, must have owed their success to the unbiassed feelings of the reader—not overawed by authority, not mystified by artifice. Varying, however, in whatever proportion as to power, the three possible parties to an act of publication will always be seen intermittingly at work—the voluptuous self-indulging public, and the insidious publisher, of course; but even the brow-beating patron still exists in a new *avatar*. Formerly he made his descent upon earth in the shape of Dedicatee; and it is true that this august being, to whom dedications burned incense upon an altar, withdrew into sunset and twilight during Goldsmith's period; but he still revisits the glimpses of the moon in the shape of author. When the *auctoritas* of a peer could no longer sell a book by standing at the head of a dedication, it lost none of its power when standing on a title-page as the author. Vast catalogues might be composed of books and pamphlets that have owed a transient success to no other cause on earth than the sonorous title, or the distinguished position of those who wrote them. Ceasing to patronise other people's books, the grandee has still power to patronise his own. All *celebrities* have this form of

repair. In fact, it was a large oil jar, such as the remnant of the forty thieves lurked in, when waiting for their captain's signal from Ali Baba's house; and in Attica, it must have cost fifteen shillings, supposing that the philosopher did not steal it. Consequently a week's loss of house-room and credit to Oliver Goldsmith, at the rate of living then prevalent in Grub Street, was pretty much the same thing in money value as the loss to Diogenes of his crockery house by burglary, or in any nocturnal lark of young Attic winebibbers. The underwriters would have done an insurance upon either man at pretty much the same premium.

patronage. And, for instance, had the boy Jones* (otherwise called Inigo Jones) possessed enough of book-making skill to forge a plausible curtain-lecture, as overheard by himself when concealed in Her Majesty's bed-room, ten steam-presses working day and night would not have supplied the public demand; and even Her Majesty must herself have sent for a large-paper copy, were it only to keep herself *au courant* of English literature. In short, first, the extrinsic patronage of books; secondly, the self-patronage of books in right of their merits; and thirdly, the artificial machineries for diffusing the knowledge of their existence, are three forces in current literature that ever *have* existed and must exist, in some imperfect degree. Horace recognises them in his

"Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

The *Di* are the paramount public, arbitrating finally on the fates of books, and generally on some just ground of judgment, though it may be fearfully exaggerated on the scale of importance. The *homines* are the publishers; and a sad *homo* the publisher sometimes is, particularly when he commits insolvency. But the *columnæ* are those pillars of state, the grandees of our own age, or any other patrons, that support the golden canopy of our transitory pomps, and thus shed an alien glory of coloured light from above upon the books falling within that privileged area.

We are not therefore of Mr. Forster's opinion, that Goldsmith fell upon an age less favourable to the expansion of literary powers, or to the attainment of literary distinction, than any other. The patron might be a tradition—but the public was not therefore a prophecy. My lord's trumpets had ceased to sound, but the *vox populi* was not therefore muffled. The means indeed of diffusive advertisement and of rapid circulation, the combinations of readers into reading societies, and of roads into iron net-works, were as yet imperfectly developed. These gave a potent stimulus to periodic literature. And a still more operative difference between ourselves and them is—that a new class of people has since then entered our reading public, viz.—the class of artisans and of all below the gentry, which (taken generally) was in Goldsmith's day a cypher as regarded any real encouragement to literature. In our days, if *The Vicar of Wakefield* had been published as a Christmas tale, it would have produced a fortune to the writer. In Goldsmith's time, few below the gentry were readers on any large scale. So far there really *was* a disadvantage. But it was a disadvantage which applied chiefly to novels. The new influx of readers in our times, the collateral affluents into the main stream from the mechanic and provincial sections of our population, which have centupled the volume of the original current, cannot be held as telling favourably upon literature, or telling at all, except in the departments of popularized science, of religion, of fictitious tales, and of journalism. To be a reader, is no longer as once it was, to be of a meditative turn. To be a *very* popular author is no longer that honorary distinction which once it might have been amongst a more elevated because more select body of readers. We do not say this invidiously, or with any special reference. But it is evident that writers and readers must often act and react for reciprocal degradation. A writer of this day, either in France or England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller; which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself, nor, secondly, tending to permanence. All novels whatever, the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the whole class. The modes of combining characters, the particular objects selected for sympathy, the diction, and often the manners,* hold up

* It may be necessary to explain, for the sake of the many persons who have come amongst the reading public since the period of the incident referred to, that this was a boy called Jones, who was continually entering Buckingham Palace clandestinely, was as regularly ejected by the police, but with respectable pertinacity constantly returned, and on one occasion effected a lodgment in the royal bedchamber. Some happy wit, in just admiration of such perseverance and impudence, christened him *In-I-go Jones.*

* Often, but not so uniformly (the reader will think) as the diction, because the manners are sometimes not those of the writer's own age, being ingenious adaptations to meet the modern writer's conjectural ideas of ancient manners. These, however (even in Sir Walter Scott), are precisely the most mouldering parts in the entire architecture, being always (as, for instance, in Ivanhoe) fantastic, caricatured, and betraying the true modern ground gleaming through the artificial tarnish of antiquity. All novels, in every language, are hurrying to decay: and hurrying by *internal* changes—were those all; but, in the meantime, the everlasting life and fertility of the human mind is for ever accelerating this hurry by *superseding* them. *i. e.* by an external change. Old forms, fading from the interest, or even from the apprehension, have no chance at all as against new forms embodying the same passions. It is only in the grander passions of poetry, allying themselves with forms more abstract and permanent, that such a conflict of the old with the new is possible.

an imperfect mirror to any generation that is not their own. And the reader of novels belonging to an obsolete era, whilst acknowledging the skill of the groupings, or the beauty of the situations, misses the echo to that particular revelation of human nature which has met him in the social aspects of his own day; or too often he is perplexed by an expression which, having dropped into a lower use, disturbs the unity of the impression, or is revolted by a coarse sentiment, which increasing refinement has made unsuitable to the sex or to the rank of the character. How bestial and degrading at this day seem many of the scenes in Smollett! How coarse are the ideals of Fielding!—his odious Squire Western, his odious Tom Jones. What a gallery of histrionic masqueraders is thrown open in the novels of Richardson, powerful as they were once found by the two leading nations of the earth. A popular writer, therefore, who, *in order* to be popular, must speak through novels, speaks to what is least permanent in human sensibilities. That is already to be self-degraded. *Secondly*, because the novel-reading class is by far the most comprehensive one, and being such, must count as a large majority amongst its members those who are poor in capacities of thinking, and are passively resigned to the instinct of immediate pleasure—to these the writer must chiefly humble himself: he must study *their* sympathies, must assume them, must give them back. In our days, he must give them back even their own street slang; so servile is the modern novelist's dependence on his *canaille* of an audience. In France, amongst the Sues, &c., it has been found necessary to give back even the closest portraits of obscene atrocities that shun the light, and burrow only in the charnel-houses of vast manufacturing towns. Finally, the very principle of commanding attention only by the interest of a tale, which means the interest of a momentary curiosity that is to vanish for ever in a sense of satiation, and of a momentary suspense that, having once collapsed, can never be rekindled, is in itself a confession of reliance upon the meaner offices of the mind. The result from all which is—that to be popular in the most extensive walk of popularity, that is, as a novelist, a writer must generally be in a very considerable degree self-degraded by sycophancy to the lowest order of minds, and cannot (except for mercenary purposes) think himself advantageously placed.

To have missed, therefore, this enormous expansion of the reading public, however unfortunate for Goldsmith's purse, was a great escape for his intellectual purity. Every man has two-edged tendencies lurking within himself, pointing in one direction to what will expand the elevating principles of his nature, pointing in another to what will tempt him to its degradation. A mob is a dreadful audience for chafing and irritating the latent vulgarisms of the human heart. Exaggeration and caricature, before such a tribunal, become inevitable, and sometimes almost a duty. The genial but not very delicate humour of Goldsmith would in such circumstances have slipped, by the most natural of transitions, into buffoonery; the unaffected pathos of Goldsmith would, by a monster audience, have been debauched into theatrical sentimentality. All the motions of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet, the gentle. In the quiet times, politically speaking, through which his course of life travelled, he found a musical echo to the tenor of his own original sensibilities—in the architecture of European history, as it unfolded its proportions along the line of his own particular experience, there was a symmetry with the proportions of his own unpretending mind. Our revolutionary age would have unsettled his brain. The colossal movements of nations, from within and from without; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; these forces, acting for the last fifty years by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised them from depths never visited by our fathers, into altitudes too dizzy for *their* contemplating. This generation and the last, with their dreadful records, would have untuned Goldsmith for writing in the key that suited him; and *us* they would have untuned for understanding his music, had we not learned to understand it in childhood, before the muttering hurricanes in the upper air had begun to reach our young ears, and forced them away to the thundering overhead, from the carolling of birds amongst earthly bowers.

Goldsmith, therefore, as regards the political aspects of his own times, was fortunately placed; a thrush or a nightingale is hushed by the thunderings which are awakening to Jove's eagle. But an author stands in relation to other influences than political; and some of these are described by Mr. Forster as peculiarly unfavourable to comfort and respectability at the era of Goldsmith's novitiate in literature. Will Mr. Forster excuse us for quarrelling with his whole doctrine upon this subject—a subject and a doctrine continually forced upon our attention in these days, by the extending lines of our own literary order, and continually re-

freshed in warmth of colouring by the contrast as regards *social* consideration, between our literary body and the corresponding order in France. The questions arising have really a general interest, as well as a special one, in connexion with Goldsmith; and therefore we shall stir them a little, not with any view of exhausting the philosophy that is applicable to the case, but simply of amusing some readers (since Pliny's remark on history is much more true of literature or literary gossip, viz. that "*quoquo* modo scripta delectat"); and with the more ambitious purpose of recalling some other readers from precipitate conclusions upon a subject where nearly all that is most plausible happens to be most untrue.

Mr. Forster, in his views upon the *social* rights of literature, is rowing pretty nearly in the same boat as Mr. Carlyle in *his* views upon the rights of labour. Each denounces, or by implication denounces, as an oppression and a nuisance, what *we* believe to be a necessity inalienable from the economy and structure of our society. Some years ago Mr. Carlyle offended us all (or all of us that were interested in social philosophy) by enlarging on a social affliction, which few indeed needed to see exposed, but most men would have rejoiced to see remedied, if it were but on paper, and by way of tentative suggestion. Precisely at that point, however, where his aid was invoked, Mr. Carlyle halted. So does Mr. Forster with regard to *his* grievance; he states it, and we partly understand him—as ancient Pistol says —"we hear him with ears;" and when we wait for him to go on, saying—"well, here's a sort of evil in life, how would you redress it? you've shown, or you've made another hole in the tin-kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?"—behold! he is suddenly almost silent. But this cannot be allowed. The right to insist upon a well known grievance cannot be granted to that man (Mr. Carlyle, for instance, or Mr. Forster) who uses it as matter of blame and denunciation, unless at the same time he points out the methods by which it could have been prevented. He that simply bemoans an evil has a right to his moan, though he should make no pretensions to a remedy; but he that criminates—that imputes the evil as a fault—that charges the evil upon selfishness or neglect lurking in some alterable arrangements of society, has no right to do so, unless he can instantly sketch the remedy; for the very first step by which he could have learned that the evil involved a blame, the first step that could have entitled him to denounce it as a wrong, must have been that step which brought him within the knowledge (wanting to everybody else) that it admitted of a cure. A wrong it could not have been even in *his* eyes, so long as it was a necessity, nor a ground of complaint until the cure appeared to him a possibility. And the over-riding motto for these parallel speculations of Messrs. Carlyle and Forster, in relation to the frailties of our social system, ought to have been—"*Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis.*" Unless with this watchword they had no right to commence their crusading march. *Curable* evils justify clamorous complaints; the incurable justify only prayers.

Why it was that Mr. Carlyle, in particular, halted so steadily at the point where his work of love was first beginning, it is not difficult to guess. As the "Statutes at large" have not one word against the liberty of unlicensed hypothesis, it is conceivable that Mr. C. might have indulged a little in that agreeable pastime: but this, he was well aware, would have brought him in one moment under the fire of Political Economy, from the whole vast line of its modern batteries. These gentlemen, the economists, would have torn to ribbons, within fifteen minutes, any *positive* speculation for amending the evil. It was better, therefore, to keep within the trenches of the blank negative, pointing to everything as *wrong*—horribly wrong, but never hinting at the mysterious *right:* which, to this day, we grieve to say, remains as mysterious as ever.*

Passing to Mr. Forster, who (being capa-

* It ought, by this time, to be known equally amongst governments and philosophers—that for the State to promise with sincerity the absorption of surplus labour, as fast as it accumulates, cannot be postulated as a duty, until it can first be demonstrated as a possibility. This was forgotten, however, by Mr. C., whose vehement complaints, that the arable field, without a ploughman, should be in one county, whilst in another county was the stout ploughman without a field; and sometimes (which was worse still), that the surplus ploughmen should far outnumber the surplus fields, certainly proceeded on the secret assumption that all this was within the remedial powers of the State. The same doctrine was more openly avowed by various sections of our radicals, who (in their occasionally insolent petitions to Parliament) many times asserted that one main use and function of a government was, to find work for everybody. At length [February and March, 1848], we see this doctrine solemnly adopted by a French body of rulers, self-appointed, indeed, or perhaps appointed by their wives, and so far sure, in a few weeks, to be answerable for nothing; but, on the other hand, adopting it as a practical *undertaking*, in the lawyer's sense, and by no means as a mere gaiety of rhetoric Meantime, they themselves will be "broken" before they will have had time for being reproached with broken promises; though neither fracture is likely to require much above the length of a quarantine.

ble of a splendour so original) disappoints us most when he reminds us of Mr. Carlyle, by the most disagreeable of that gentleman's phraseological forms; and, in this instance, by a speculation twin-sister to the economic one just noticed—we beg to premise that in anything here said, it is far from our wish to express disaffection to the cause of our literary brothers. We grudge them nothing that they are ever likely to get. We wish even that the House of Commons would see cause for creating *majorats* in behalf of us all; only whispering in the ear of that honourable House to appoint a Benjamin's portion to ourselves—as the parties who suggested the idea. But what is the use of benevolently bequeathing larks for dinner to all literary men, in all time coming, if the sky must fall before they can bag our bequest? We shall discuss Mr. Forster's views, not perhaps according to any arrangement of his, but according to the order in which they come back to our own remembrance.

Goldsmith's period, Mr. F. thinks, was bad—not merely by the transitional misfortune (before noticed) of coming too late for the patron, and too soon for the public (which is the compound ill-luck of being a day after one fair, and a month too soon for the next),—but also by some co-operation in this evil destiny through misconduct on the part of authors themselves (p. 70). Not "the circumstances" only of authors were damaged, but the "literary character" itself. We are sorry to hear *that*. But, as long as they did not commit murder, we have a great indulgence for the frailties of authors. If ever the "benefit of clergy" could be fairly pleaded, it might have been by Grub Street for petty larceny. The "clergy" they surely could have pleaded; and the call for larceny was so audible in their condition, that in *them* it might be called an instinct of self-preservation, which surely was not implanted in man to be disobeyed. One word allow us to say on these three topics:—1. The condition of the literary body in its hard-working section at the time when Goldsmith belonged to it. 2. Upon the condition of that body in England as compared with that of the corresponding body in France. 3. Upon the condition of the body in relation to patronage purely *political*.

1. The pauperized (or Grub Street) section of the literary body, at the date of Goldsmith's taking service amongst it, was (in Mr. Forster's estimate) at its very lowest point of depression. And one comic presumption in favour of that notion we ourselves remember; viz. that Smart, the prose translator of Horace, and a well-built scholar, actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years.* What could move the rapacious publisher to draw the lease for this monstrous term of years, we cannot conjecture. Surely the villain might have been content with threescore years and ten. But think, reader, of poor Smart two years after, upon another publisher's applying to him vainly for contributions, and angrily demanding what possible objection could be made to offers so liberal, being reduced to answer—"no objection, sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run." The bookseller saw that he must not apply again in *that* century; and, in fact, Smart could no longer let himself, but must be sublet (if let at all) by the original lessee. Query now—was Smart entitled to vote as a freeholder, and Smart's children (if any were born during the currency of the lease) would they be serfs, and *ascripti prelo?* Goldsmith's own terms of self-conveyance to Griffiths—the terms we mean on which he "conveyed" his person and free-agency to the uses of the said Griffiths (or his assigns?)—do not appear to have been much more dignified than Smart's in the quality of the *conditions*, though considerably so in the duration of the *term;* Goldsmith's lease being only for one year, and not for ninety-nine, so that he had (as the reader perceives) a clear ninety-eight years at his own disposal. We suspect that poor Oliver, in his guileless heart, never congratulated himself on having made a more felicitous bargain. Indeed, it was not so bad, if everything be considered; Goldsmith's situation at the time was bad; and for that very reason the lease (otherwise monstrous) was *not* bad. He was to have lodging, board, and "a small salary," *very* small, we suspect; and in return for all these blessings, he had nothing to do, but to sit still at a table, to work hard from an early hour in the morning until 2 P.M. (at which elegant hour we presume that the parenthesis of dinner occured), but also—which, not being an article in the lease, might have set aside, on a motion before the King's Bench—to endure without mutiny the correction and revisal of all his MSS. by *Mrs.* Griffiths, wife to Dr. G. the lessee. This affliction of Mrs. *Dr.* G. surmounting his shoulders, and controlling his pen, seems to us not at all less dreadful than that of

* When writing this passage we were not aware (as we now are) that Mr. Forster had himself noticed the case.

Sinbad when indorsed with the old man of the sea; and we, in Goldsmith's place, should certainly have tried how far Sinbad's method of abating the nuisance had lost its efficacy by time, viz. the tempting our oppressor to get drunk once or twice a day, and then suddenly throwing Mrs. Dr. G. off her perch. From that "bad eminence," which she had audaciously usurped, what harm could there be in thus dismounting this "old *woman* of the sea?" And as to an occasional thump or so on the head, which Mrs. Dr. G. might have caught in tumbling, that was *her* look-out; and might besides have improved her style. For really now, if the candid reader will believe us, we know a case, odd certainly but very true, where a young man, an author by trade,* who wrote pretty well, happening to tumble out of a first-floor in London, was afterwards observed to grow very perplexed and almost unintelligible in his style; until some years later, having the good fortune (like Wallenstein at Vienna) to tumble out of a two-pair of stairs window, he slightly fractured his skull, but on the other hand, recovered the brilliancy of his long fractured style. Some people there are of our acquaintance who would need to tumble out of the attic story before they could seriously improve their style.

Certainly these conditions—the hard work, the being chained by the leg to the writing-table, and above all the having one's pen chained to that of Mrs. Dr. Griffiths, *do* seem to countenance Mr. F.'s idea, that Goldsmith's period was the purgatory of authors. And we freely confess—that excepting Smart's ninety-nine years' lease, or the contract between the Devil and Dr. Faustus, we never heard of a harder bargain driven with any literary man. Smart, Faustus, and Goldsmith, were clearly overreached. Yet, after all, was this treatment in any important point (excepting as regards Dr. Faustus) worse than that given to the whole college of Grub Street, in the days of Pope? The first edition of the Dunciad dates from 1727; Goldsmith's matri-calculation in Grub Street dates from 1757—just thirty years later; which is one generation. And it is important to remember that Goldsmith, at this time in his twenty-ninth year, was simply an usher at an obscure boarding-school; had never practised writing for the press; and had not even himself any faith at all in his own capacity for writing. It is a singular fact, which we have on Goldsmith's own authority, that until his thirtieth year (that is, the year he spent with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths) it never entered into his head that literature was his natural vocation. That vanity, which has been so uncandidly and sometimes so falsely attributed to Goldsmith, was compatible, we see, if at all it existed, with the humblest estimate of himself. Still, however much this deepens our regard for a man of so much genius united with so much simplicity and unassumingness—humility would not be likely to raise his salary; and we must not forget that his own want of self-esteem would reasonably operate on the terms offered by Griffiths. A man, who regarded himself as little more than an amanuensis, could not expect much better wages than an under-gardener, which perhaps he had. And, weighing all this, we see little to have altered in the lease—that was fair enough; only as regarded the execution of the lease, we really must have protested, under any circumstances, against Mrs. Doctor Griffiths. That woman would have broken the back of a camel, which must be supposed tougher than the heart of an usher. There we should have made a ferocious stand; and should have struck for much higher wages, before we could have brought our mind to think of capitulation. It is remarkable, however, that this year of humble servitude was not only (or, as if by accident) the epoch of Goldsmith's intellectual development, but also the occasion of it. Nay, if all were known, perhaps it may have been to Mrs. Doctor Griffiths in particular, that we owe that revolution in his self-estimation which made Goldsmith an author by deliberate choice. Hag-ridden every day, he must have plunged and kicked violently to break loose from this harness; but, not impossibly, the very effort of contending with the hag, when brought into collision with his natural desire to soothe the hag, and the inevitable counter-impulse in any continued practice of composition, towards the satisfaction at the same time of his own reason and taste, must have furnished a most salutary *palæstra* for the education of his literary powers. When one lives at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome: when one lives with a hag, one must accommodate oneself to haggish caprices; besides, that once in a month the hag might be right; or, if not, and supposing her *always* in the wrong, which perhaps is too much to assume even of Mrs. Dr. G., *that* would but multiply the difficulties of reconciling *her* demands with the demands of the general reader and of Gold-

* His name began with A, and ended with N; there are but three more letters in the name, and if doubt arises upon our story, in the public mind, we shall publish them.

smith's own judgment. And in the pressure of these difficulties would lie the very value of this rough Spartan education. Rope-dancing cannot be very agreeable in its elementary lessons; but it must be a capital process for calling out the agilities that slumber in a man's legs.

Still, though these hardships turned out so beneficially to Goldsmith's intellectual interests, and consequently so much to the advantage of all who have since delighted in his works, not the less on that account they *were* hardships, and hardships that imposed heavy degradation. So far, therefore, they would seem to justify Mr. Forster's characterization of Goldsmith's period by comparison with Addison's period* on the one side, and our own on the other. But, on better examination, it will be found that this theory is sustained only by an unfair selection of the antithetic objects in the comparison. Compare Addison's age *generally* with Goldsmith's—authors, prosperous or unprosperous, in each age taken indiscriminately—and the two ages will be found to offer "much of a muchness." But, if you take the paupers of one generation to contrast with the grandees of another, how is there any justice in the result? Goldsmith at starting was a penniless man. Except by random accidents he had not money enough to buy a rope, in case he had fancied himself in want of such a thing. Addison, on the contrary, was the son of a tolerably rich man; lived gaily at a most aristocratic college (Magdalen), in a most aristocratic university; formed early and brilliant connexions with the political party that were magnificently preponderant until the last four years of Queen Anne; travelled on the Continent, not as a pedestrian mendicant, housing with owls, and thankful for the bounties of a village fair, but with the appointments and introduction of a young nobleman; and became a secretary of state not by means of his "delicate humour," as Mr. Forster chooses to suppose, but through splendid patronage, and (speaking *Hibernicé*) through a "strong back." His bad verses, his Blenheim, his Cato, in later days, and other rubbish, had been the only part of his works that aided his rise; and even these would have availed him little, had he not originally possessed a *locus standi*, from which he could serve his artilleries of personal flattery with commanding effect, and could *profit* by his successes. As to the really exquisite part of his writings, *that* did him no yeoman's service at all, nor *could* have done; for he was a made man, and had almost received notice to quit this world of prosperous whiggery, before he had finished those exquisite prose miscellanies. Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, &c., all owed their social positions to early accidents of good connexions and sometimes of luck, which would not indeed have supplied the place of personal merit, but which gave lustre and effect to merit where it existed in strength. There were authors quite as poor as Goldsmith in the Addisonian age; there were authors quite as rich as Pope, Steele, &c., in Goldsmith's age, and having the same social standing. Goldsmith struggled with so much distress, not because his period was more inauspicious, but because his connexions and starting advantages were incomparably less important. His profits were so trivial because his capital was next to none.

So far, as regards the comparison between Goldsmith's age and the one immediately before it. But now, as regards the comparison with our own, removed by two generations—can it be said truly that the literary profession has risen in estimation, or is rising? There is a difficulty in making such an appraisement; and from different minds there would proceed very different appraisements; and even from the same mind, surveying the case at different stations. For, on the one hand, if a greater breadth of social respectability catches the eye on looking carelessly over the body of our modern literati, which may be owing chiefly to the large increase of gentlemen that in our day have entered the field of literature, on the other hand, the hacks and *handicraftsmen* whom the shallow education of newspaper journalism has introduced to the press, and whom poverty compels to labours not meriting the name of literature, are correspondingly expanding their files. There is, however, one reason from analogy, which may incline us to suppose that a higher consideration is now generally conceded to the purposes of literature, and consequently, a juster estimate made of the persons who minister to those purposes. Literature—provided we use that word not for the mere literature of knowledge, but for the literature of power—using it for literature as it speaks to what is genial in man, viz.—to the human *spirit*, and *not* for literature (falsely so called) as it speaks to the meagre understanding—is a fine art; and not only so, it is the supreme of the fine arts; nobler, for instance, potentially, than painting, or sculpture, or archi-

* If Addison died (as we think he did) in 1717, then, because Goldsmith commenced authorship in 1757, there would be forty years between the two periods But, as it would be fairer to measure from the centre of Addison's literary career, *i. e* from 1707, the difference would be just half a century.

tecture. Now, *all* the fine arts, *that popularly are called such*, have risen in esteem within the last generation. The most aristocratic of men will now ask into his own society an artist, whom fifty years ago he would have transferred to the house-steward's table. And why? Not simply because more attention having been directed to the arts, more notoriety has gathered about the artist; for that sort of *éclat* would not work any durable change; but it is because the interest in the arts having gradually become much more of an enlightened interest, the public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the *intellect* which is pre-supposed in the arts, rather than upon the offices of *pleasure* to which they minister. The fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mould, than as luxuries that are to embellish. And it has followed that artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide, than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.

Now this is a change honourable to both sides. The public has altered its estimate of certain men; and yet has not been able to do so, without previously enlarging its idea of the means through which those men operate. It could not elevate the men, without previously elevating itself. But, if so, then, in correcting their appreciation of the fine arts, the public must simultaneously have corrected their appreciation of literature; because, whether men have or have not been in the habit of regarding literature as a fine art, this they must have felt, viz. that literature in its more genial functions, works by the very same organs as the liberal arts, speaks to the same heart, operates through the same compound nature, and educates the same deep sympathies with mysterious ideals of beauty. *There* lies the province of the arts usually acknowledged as fine or liberal: *there* lies the province of fine or liberal literature. And with justifiable pride a *littérateur* may say—that *his* fine art wields a sceptre more potent than any other; literature is more potent than other fine arts, because *deeper* in its impressions according to the usual tenor of human sensibilities; because more *extensive*, in the degree that books are more diffused than pictures or statues; because more *durable*, in the degree that language is durable beyond marble or canvas, and in the degree that vicarious powers are opened to books for renewing their phœnix immortality through unlimited translations: powers denied to painting except through copies that are feeble, and denied to sculpture except through casts that are costly.

We infer that, as the fine arts have been rising, literature (on the secret feeling that essentially it moves by the same powers) must also have been rising; that, as the arts will continue to rise literature will continue to rise; and that, in both cases the men, the ministers, must ascend in social consideration as the things, the ministrations ascend. But there is another form in which the same result offers itself to our notice; and this should naturally be the last paragraph in this section 1, but, as we have little room to spare, it may do equally well as the first paragraph in section 2, viz. on the condition of our own literary body by comparison with the same body in France.

2. Who were the people amongst ourselves that throughout the eighteenth century chiefly came forward as undervaluers of literature? They belonged to two very different classes—the aristocracy and the commercial body, who agreed in the thing, but on very different impulses. To the mercantile man the author was an object of ridicule, from natural poverty: *natural*, because there was no regular connexion between literature and any mode of money-making. By accident the author might *not* be poor, but professionally or according to any obvious opening for an income he *was*. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. Amongst the aristocracy the instinct of contempt or at least of slight regard towards literature was supported by the irrelation of literature to the *state*. Aristocracy itself was the flower and fruitage of the state; a nobility was possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for *social* results; so that a poor and unpopulous nation cannot create a great aristocracy: the flower and foliation must be in relation to the stem and the radix out of which they germinate. Inevitably, therefore, a nobility so great as the English—that not in pride but in the mere logic of its political relations, felt its order to be a sort of heraldic shield, charged with the trophies and ancestral glories of the nation—could not but in its *public* scale of appreciation estimate every profession and rank of men by the mode of their natural connexion with the state. Law and arms, for instance, were honoured, not because any capricious precedent had been established of a title to public honour in favour of those professions, but because through their essential functions they opened for themselves a permanent necessity of introsusception into the organism of the state. A great law-officer, a great military leader, a popular admiral, is already, by virtue of his functions, a noble in men's account, whether you gave or refused him a

title; and in such cases it has always been the policy of an aristocratic state to confer, or even impose, the title, lest the disjunction of the virtual nobility from the titular should gradually disturb the estimate of the latter. But literature, by its very grandeur, is degraded socially; for its relations are essentially cosmopolitan, or speaking more strictly, not cosmopolitan, which might mean to all other peoples considered as national states, whereas literature has no relation to any sections or social schisms amongst men —its relations are to the race. In proportion as any literary work rises in its pretensions; for instance, if it works by the highest forms of passion, its *nisus*,—its natural effort—is to address the race, and not any individual nation. That it found a bar to this *nisus*, in a limited language, was but an accident: the essential relations of every great intellectual work are to those capacities in man by which he tends to brotherhood, and not to those by which he tends to alienation. Man is ever coming nearer to agreement, ever narrowing his differences, notwithstanding that the interspace may cost an eternity to traverse. Where the agreement is, not where the difference is, in the centre of man's affinities, not of his repulsions, *there* lies the magnetic centre towards which all poetry that is potent, and all philosophy that is faithful, are eternally travelling by natural tendency. Consequently, if indirectly literature may hold a patriotic value as a gay plumage in the cap of a nation, directly, and by a far deeper tendency, literature is essentially alien. A poet, a book, a system of religion, belongs to the nation best qualified for appreciating their powers, and not to the nation that, perhaps by accident, gave them birth. How, then, is it wonderful that an intense organ of the social principle in a nation, viz. a nobility, should fail, in their professional character, to rate highly, or even to recognise as having any proper existence, a fine art which is by tendency anti-social (anti-social in this sense, that what it seeks, it seeks by transcending all social barriers and separations)? Yet it is remarkable that in England, where the aristocracy for three centuries (16th, 17th, 18th) paid so little honour, in their public or corporate capacity, to literature, privately they honoured it with a rare courtesy. That same grandee, who would have looked upon Camden, Ben Jonson, Selden, or Hobbes, as an audacious intruder, if occupying any prominent station at a State festival, would have received him with a kind of filial reverence in his own mansion; for in this place, as having no national reference, as sacred to hospitality, which regards the human tie, and not the civic tie, he would be at liberty to regard the man of letters in his cosmopolitan character. And on the same instinct, a prince in the very meanest State, would, in a State-pageant commemorating the national honours, assign a distinguished place to the national high-admiral, though he were the most stupid of men, and would utterly neglect the stranger Columbus. But in his own palace, and at his own table, he would perhaps invert this order of precedency, and would place Columbus at his own right hand.

Some such principle, as is here explained, did certainly prevail in the practice (whether consciously perceived or not in the philosophy) of that England which extended through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. First in the eighteenth century all honour to literature under *any* relation began to give way. And why? Because expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, then first called into the field of literature an inferior class of labourers. Then first it was that—from the noblest of professions, literature became a trade. Literature it was that gave the first wound to literature; the hack scribbler it was that first degraded the lofty literary artist. For a century and a half we have lived under the shade of this fatal Revolution. But, however painful such a state of things may be to the keen sensibilities of men pursuing the finest of vocations—carrying forward as inheritors from past generations the eternal chase after truth, and power, and beauty—still we must hold that the dishonour to literature has issued from internal sources proper to herself, and not from without. The nobility of England have for three and a half centuries personally practised literature as an elevated accomplishment: our royal and noble authors are numerous; and they would have continued the same cordial attentions to the literary body, had that body maintained the same honourable composition. But a *littérateur*, simply *as* such, it is no longer safe to distinguish with favour; once, but not now, he was liable to no misjudgment. Once he was pretty sure to be a man of some genius, or, at the least, of unusual scholarship. Now, on the contrary, a mob of traitors have mingled with the true men; and the loyal perish with the disloyal, because it is impossible in a mob, so vast and fluctuating, for the artillery of avenging scorn to select its victims.

All this, bitter in itself, has become *more* bitter from the contrast furnished by France. We know that literature has long been misappreciated amongst ourselves. In France

it has long been otherwise appreciated—more advantageously appreciated. And we infer that therefore it is in France more wisely appreciated. But this does not follow. We have ever been of opinion that the valuation of literature in France, or at least of current literature, and as it shows itself in the treatment of literary men, is unsound, extravagant, and that it rests upon a basis originally false. Simply to have been the translator from the English of some prose book, a history or a memoir, neither requiring nor admitting any display of mastery over the resources of language, conferred, throughout the eighteenth century, so advantageous a position in society upon one whom we English should view as a literary scrub or mechanic drudge, that we really had a right to expect the laws of France and the court ceremonies to reflect this feature of public manners. Naturally, for instance, any man honoured so preposterously ought in law to have enjoyed, in right of his book, the *jus trium liberorum*, and perpetual immunity from taxes. Or again, as regards ceremonial honours, on any fair scale of proportions, it was reasonable to expect that to any man who had gone into a fourth edition, the royal sentinels should present arms; that to the author of a successful tragedy, the guard should everywhere turn out; and that an epic poet, if ever such a difficult birth should make its epiphany in Paris, must look to have his approach towards a *soirée* announced by a salvo of a hundred and one guns.

Our space will not allow us to go into the illustrative details of this monstrous anomaly in French society. We confine ourselves to its cause—as sufficiently explaining why it is that no imitation of such absurdities can or ought to prosper in England. The same state of things, under a different modification, takes place in Germany; and from the very same cause. Is it not monstrous, or *was* it not until within recent days, to find every German city drawing the pedantic materials, and the pedantic interest of its staple conversation from the systems and the conflicts of a few rival academic professors? Generally these paramount lords of German conversation, that swayed its movements this way or that, as a lively breeze sways a corn-field, were metaphysicians; Fichte, for instance, and Hegel. These were the arid sands that bibulously absorbed all the perennial gushings of German enthusiasm. France of the last century and the modern Germany were as to this point on the same level of foolishness. But France had greatly the advantage in point of liberality. For general literature furnishes topics a thousand times more graceful and fitted to blend with social pleasure than the sapless problems of ontological systems meant only for scholastic use.

But what then was the cause of this social deformity? Why was literature allowed eventually to disfigure itself by disturbing the natural currents of conversation, to make itself odious by usurpation, and thus virtually to operate as a mode of pedantry? It was because in neither land had the people any power of free discussion. It was because every question growing out of religion, or connecting itself with laws, or with government, or with governors, with political interests or political machineries, or with judicial courts, was an interdicted theme. The mind sought in despair for some free area wide enough to allow of boundless openings for individualities of sentiment—human enough to sustain the interests of festive discussion. That open area was found in books. In Paris to talk of politics was to talk of the king; *l' état c'est moi;* to talk of the king in any spirit of discussion, to talk of that *Jupiter optimus maximus*, from whom all fountains flowed of good and evil things, before whom stood the two golden urns, one filled with *lettres de cachet*—the other with crosses, pensions, offices, what was it but to dance on the margin of a volcano, or to swim cotillions in the suction of a maelstrom? Hence it was that literature became the only safe colloquial subject of a general nature in old France; hence it was that literature furnished the only "open questions;" and hence it *is* that the mode and the expression of honour to literature in France has continued to this hour tainted with false and histrionic feeling, because originally it grew up from spurious roots, prospered unnaturally upon deep abuses in the system, and at this day (so far as it still lingers) memorializes the political bondage of the nation. Cleanse therefore—is our prayer—cleanse, oh, unknown Hercules, this Augéan stable of our English current literature, rich in dunghills, rich therefore in precipitate mushroom and fraudulent fungus, yet rich also (if we may utter our real thoughts)—rich pre-eminently at this hour in seed-plots of immortal growths, and in secret vegetations of volcanic strength;—cleanse it (oh coming man!) but not by turning through it any river of Lethe, such as for two centuries swept over the literature of France. Purifying waters were these in one sense; they banished the accumulated depositions of barbarism; they banished Gothic tastes; yes, but they did this by laying asleep the nobler activities of a great people, and re-

conciling them to forgetfulness of all which commanded them as duties, or whispered to them as rights.

If, therefore, the false homage of France towards literature still survives, it is no object for imitation amongst *us;* since it arose upon a vicious element in the social composition of that people. Partially it *does* survive, as we all know by the experience of the last twenty years, during which authors, and *as* authors (not like Mirabeau or Talleyrand in spite of authorship), have been transferred from libraries to senates and privy councils. This has done no service to literature, but, on the contrary, has degraded it by seducing the children of literature from their proper ambition. It is the glory of literature to rise as if on wings into an atmosphere nobler than that of political intrigue. And the whole result to French literature has been—that some ten or twelve of the leading literati have been tempted away by bribes from their appropriate duties, while some 5000 have been made envious and discontented.

At this point, when warned suddenly that the hourglass is running out, which measures our residuum of flying minutes, we first perceive on looking round, that we have actually been skirmishing with Mr. Forster, from the beginning of our paper to this very line; and thus we have left ourselves but a corner for the main purpose (to which our other purpose of "arglebargling" was altogether subordinate) of expressing emphatically our thanks to him for this successful labour of love in restoring a half-subverted statue to its upright position. We are satisfied that many thousands of readers will utter the same thanks to him, with equal fervour and with the same sincerity. Admiration for the versatile ability with which he has pursued his object is swallowed up for the moment in gratitude for his perfect success. It might have been imagined, that exquisite truth of household pathos, and of humour, with happy graces of style plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature sweeping them by the motions of her eternal breath, were qualities authorized to justify themselves before the hearts of men, in defiance of all that sickly scorn or the condescension of masquerading envy could avail for their disturbance. And so they are: and left to plead for themselves at such a bar as unbiassed human hearts, they could not have their natural influences intercepted. But in the case of Goldsmith, literary traditions have *not* left these qualities to their natural influences. It is a fact that up to this hour the contemporary falsehoods at Goldsmith's expense, and (worse perhaps than those falsehoods) the malicious constructions of incidents partly true, having wings lent to them by the levity and amusing gossip of Boswell, continue to obstruct the full ratification of Goldsmith's pretensions. To this hour the scorn from many of his own age, runs side by side with the misgiving sense of his real native power. A feeling still survives, originally derived from his own age, that the "inspired idiot," wherever he succeeded, ought *not* to have succeeded—having owed his success to accident, or even to some inexplicable perverseness in running counter to his own nature. It was by shooting awry that he had hit the mark; and, when most he came near to the bull's eye, most of all "by rights" he ought to have missed it. He had blundered into the Traveller, into Mr. Croaker, into Tony Lumkin; and not satisfied with such dreadful blunders as these, he had consummated his guilt by blundering into the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village; atrocities over which in effect we are requested to drop the veil of human charity; since the more gem-like we may choose to think these works, the more unnatural, audacious, and indeed treasonable, it was in an idiot to produce them.

In this condition of Goldsmith's traditionary character, so injuriously disturbing to the natural effect of his inimitable works (for in its own class each of his best works *is* inimitable), Mr. Forster steps forward with a three-fold exposure of the falsehood inherent in the anecdotes upon which this traditional character has arisen. Some of these anecdotes he challenges as *literally* false; others as virtually so; they are true, perhaps, but under such a version of their circumstances as would altogether take out the sting of their offensive interpretation. For others again, and this is a profounder service, he furnishes a most just and philosophic explanation, that brings them at once within the reader's toleration, nay, sometimes within a deep reaction of pity. As a case, for instance, of downright falsehood, we may cite the well known story told by Boswell—that, when Goldsmith travelled in France with some beautiful young English women (meaning the Miss Hornecks), he was seriously uneasy at the attentions which they received from the gallantry of Frenchmen, as intruding upon his own claims. Now this story, in logical phrase, proves too much. For the man who *could* have expressed such feelings in such a situation, must have been ripe for Bedlam. Coleridge mentions a man who entertained so exalted an opinion of himself, and of his

own right to apotheosis, that he never uttered that great pronoun "*I*," without solemnly taking off his hat. Even to the oblique case "*me*," which no compositor ever honours with a capital *M*, and to the possessive pronoun *my* and *mine*, he held it a duty to kiss his hand. Yet this bedlamite would not have been a competitor with a lady for the attentions paid to her in right of her sex. In Goldsmith's case, the whole allegation was dissipated in the most decisive way. Some years after Goldsmith's death, one of the sisters personally concerned in the case, was unaffectedly shocked at the printed story when coming to her knowledge, as a gross calumny; her sorrow made it evident that the whole had been a malicious distortion of some light-hearted gaiety uttered by Goldsmith. There is little doubt that the story of the bloom-coloured coat, and of the puppet-show, rose on a similar basis—the calumnious perversion of a jest.

But in other cases, where there really *may* have been some fretful expression of self-esteem, Mr. Forster's explanation transfers the foible to a truer and a more pathetic station. Goldsmith's own precipitancy, his overmastering defect in proper reserve, in self-control, and in presence of mind, falling in with the habitual undervaluation of many amongst his associates, placed him at a great disadvantage in animated conversation. His very truthfulness, his simplicity, his frankness, his hurry of feeling, all told against him. They betrayed him into inconsiderate expressions that lent a colour of plausibility to the malicious ridicule of those who disliked him the more, from being compelled, after all, to respect him. His own understanding oftentimes sided with his disparagers. He *saw* that he had been in the wrong; whilst secretly he *felt* that his meaning—if properly explained—had been right. Defrauded in this way, and by his own co-operation, of distinctions that naturally belonged to him, he was driven unconsciously to attempt some restoration of the balance, by claiming for a moment distinctions to which he had no real pretensions. The whole was a trick of sorrow, and of sorrowing perplexity: he felt that no justice had been done to him, and that he himself had made an opening for the wrong: the result he saw, but the process he could not disentangle; and, in the confusion of his distress, natural irritation threw him upon blind efforts to recover his ground by unfounded claims, when claims so well founded had been maliciously disallowed.

But a day of accounting comes at last—a day of rehearing for the cause, and of revision for the judgment. The longer this review has been delayed, the more impressive it becomes in the changes which it works. Welcome is the spectacle when, after three-fourths of a century have passed away, a writer—qualified for such a task, by ample knowledge of things and persons, by great powers for a comprehensive estimate of the case, and for a splendid exposition of its results, with deep sensibility to the merits of the man chiefly concerned in the issue, enthusiastic, but without partisanship—comes forward to unsettle false verdicts, to recombine misarranged circumstances, and to explain anew misinterpreted facts. Such a man wields the authority of heraldic marshals. Like the Otho of the Roman theatre, he has power to raise or to degrade—to give or to take away precedency. But, like this Otho, he has so much power, because he exercises it on known principles, and without caprice. To the man of true genius, like Goldsmith, when seating himself in humility on the lowest bench, he says—"Go thou up to a higher place. Seat thyself above those proud men, that once trampled thee in the dust. Be thy memorial upon earth—not (as of some who scorned thee) 'the whistling of a name.' Be thou remembered amongst men by tears of tenderness, by happy laughter, untainted with malice, and by the benedictions of those that, reverencing man's nature, see gladly its frailties brought within the gracious smile of human charity, and its nobilities levelled to the apprehension of simplicity and innocence."

Over every grave, even though tenanted by guilt and shame, the human heart, when circumstantially made acquainted with its silent records of suffering or temptation, yearns in love or in forgiveness to breathe a solemn *Requiescat!* how much more, then, over the grave of a benefactor to the human race! But it is a natural feeling, with respect to such a prayer, that, however fervent and sincere, it has no perfect faith in its own validity, so long as any unsettled feud from ancient calumny hangs over the buried person. The unredressed wrong seems to haunt the sepulchre in the shape of a perpetual disturbance to its rest. First of all, when this wrong has been adjudicated and expiated, is the *Requiescat* uttered with a perfect faith in itself. By a natural confusion we then transfer our own feelings to the occupant of the grave. The tranquillization to our own wounded sense of justice seems like an atonement to *his:* the peace for *us* transforms itself under a fiction of tenderness into a peace for *him:* the reconciliation between the world that did the wrong and the grave that seemed to suffer it, is ac-

complished; the reconciler, in such a case, whoever he may be, seems a double benefactor—to *him* that endured the injury—to *us* that resented it; and in the particular case now before the public, we shall all be ready to agree that this reconciling friend, who might have entitled his work *Vindiciæ Oliverianæ*, has, by the piety of his service to a man of exquisite genius, so long and so foully misrepresented, earned a right to interweave for ever his own cipher and cognisance in filial union with those of OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ART. VII.—1. *Etudes sur les Réformateurs Contemporains.* Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris, 1840.

2. *Organisation du Travail.* Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1839. *Cinquième Edition, Augmentée*, 1848.

3. *Lettres au Peuple.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1848.

4. *The* NATIONAL — *French Newspaper.* March, 1848.

5. *Louis Blanc on the Working Classes, with a Refutation of his destructive Plan.* By JAMES WARD. London, 1848.

THAT the set of opinions brought forth into action by the recent Revolution in France is something totally different from the now common-place Republicanism with which the Revolution of 1789 deluged Europe, must already be sufficiently clear to all who have paid any attention to the accounts that have been reaching us from Paris for the last two months.

This, indeed, is what any well-instructed person will have been prepared to expect. It has never yet been seen that any great social crisis was a mere repetition of that which preceded it. Always, in every crisis, there are involved new principles, new germs, accumulated in the mind of society since the last epoch of a similar nature, and which, seizing the current opportunity—if indeed they have not created it—spring forth into expanded activity, dominate over the crisis, and give it its special significance and character. If, then, this new Revolution in France be, as the fears of some, the hopes of others, and the anxieties of all bespeak it—nay, as its train of already achieved consequences proves it to be—a real crisis for all Europe; it follows, according to all analogy, that it contains new seeds, and that the condition of society which it will ultimately evolve, will be unlike any yet known.

What then are the new seeds contained in this *third*, or as it is now customary, in contempt of the transactions of July, 1830, to say, this *second* French Revolution? A mighty question, which the future alone can fully answer, but in connexion with which one or two things may even now be said! It is always possible to infer something regarding the direction which a political movement will assume, by observing what are the speculations abroad in society at the time, and which, possessing the leading minds, are likely, to some extent at least, to be embodied in the new system of things What, then, are the ideas at present most powerful in the mind of the French nation? the ideas, that is, which engage in a special manner its most active intellects, and are by them most sedulously diffused among the people? To this question a partial answer has already been furnished in the frequent, but somewhat blind allusions in our newspapers to "Communism," "Communist Doctrines," &c., as being now very prevalent in French society, and as having disciples among the very men who have acted the most prominent part in the Revolution. On examining more closely, it is found that in these newspaper allusions the word "Communism" is used as a vague designation for a variety of political and social theories now abroad in France, all of them characterized, it would appear, by a vehement repugnance, in some cases intellectual, in others sentimental, to the doctrines of Adam Smith and Malthus, and all of them aiming at a grand result, which they term "the Re-organization of Labour," and sometimes also, more generally, "The Re-organization of Society." To expound the more remarkable of these theories, and to collect such facts as may tend to show how far they are likely to affect the course of events in France, are the objects of the present article.

It is now upwards of thirty years since Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint Simon, began to promulgate in France those views which have since become so famous under the name of *Saint-Simonianism*. Born at Paris, the 17th October, 1760, of a family one of the most distinguished of the old French noblesse, and which traced its descent to Charlemagne, through the Counts de Vermandois, Saint-Simon inherited, as much as any man of his generation, those qualities which high pedigree confers. His grandfather, the Duc de Saint-Simon, was one of the most noted of those aristocratic figures that moved so gracefully in the court of

Louis XIV. His father, however, having lost the ducal title and property, Saint-Simon began life from a somewhat lower elevation than that to which his name entitled him. After having received a general education under D'Alembert, and other masters, he followed the course usual at that time for young Frenchmen of family, and in the year 1777 joined the army which was sent by Louis XVI. to assist the American insurgents against the British crown.

Inheriting in large degree a certain restlessness and eccentricity which was characteristic of his family, Saint-Simon, even in early youth, was buoyed up by a persuasion that he was to play a great part in the world. When he was in his 17th year his servant was instructed to awake him every morning with these words—"Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses à faire." For a young Frenchman bent on "grandes choses," America was scarcely the field; and after having served under Washington and Bouillé, as well as travelled in a private capacity in various parts of the continent, especially in Mexico, where he attempted to interest the Viceroy in a scheme for uniting the two oceans by rendering navigable the river Partido, he was glad to return to France. Here, in the enjoyment of the rank of Colonel, which was at that time conferred on young noblemen as an honorary sinecure, he continued to live at court without seeking any opportunity of active service. "My vocation," he says, "was not to be a soldier; I was inclined to a mode of activity quite different, and, I may say, opposite. To study the march of the human spirit, in order, eventually, to labour for the advancement of civilization; such was the end which I proposed to myself."

In 1785, having been left his own master by his father's death two years before, he visited Holland: and in the following year he went to Spain. Availing himself there of the influence which his position afforded, he pressed on public notice various projects of a practical character. One of these, concerted between him and Cabarrus, then director of the bank of St. Charles, afterwards Minister of Finance, was a project for uniting Madrid with the sea, by means of a canal. This scheme failed for want of encouragement from the Spanish Government; in another scheme, however, for establishing a system of stage-coaches in Andalusia—the first experiment of the kind in Spain—he was more successful. In these attempts at improvement in a foreign country, one sees that passion for rectification at all times and places which is the genuine characteristic of those whom the world call reformers. What Saint-Simon attempted on a small scale in Spain, the celebrated Count Rumford accomplished on a much larger, in Bavaria. Both were men of the same stamp. In Saint-Simon, however, as was proved by his subsequent career, the passion for rectification was infinitely deeper and more frantic than in Count Rumford. Beginning with proposals for constructing canals, and establishing systems of diligences for the benefit of provincial traffic, it was to go on increasing by exercise, and becoming more and more conscious of itself, until at length it was to grapple expressly, daringly, and even ostentatiously with the wrongs of humanity itself.

Saint-Simon returned to his native country in 1789, immediately before the outbreak of the great Revolution. He took no part, he says, in the stirring events which followed, but stood by as a mere spectator. Nobleman as he was, his sympathies were probably more with the Republicans than with the Royalists in the struggle. At all events, bent on schemes of his own, his interest in which was stronger than any aristocratic regrets of the hour, he did not hesitate, in partnership with a Prussian nobleman, Count de Redern, whose acquaintance he had made in Spain, to purchase a large quantity of the confiscated national lands from the Revolutionary Government. The funds were to be employed on his part in founding "a great scientific school, and a great industrial establishment;" but when, after the fall of Robespierre, the property was at length realized, this project was frustrated by a quarrel between him and his partner, which ended in his accepting from the latter the net sum of 144,000 livres (£6800) in lieu of all his claims. This took place in 1797. "Pecuniarily," said Saint-Simon, commenting on the transaction afterwards, "I was the dupe of Redern."

Upon his little fortune of £6800 as a basis, Saint Simon, now in his thirty-eighth year, was to build a vast life! His passion for a career had begun to assume a more definite shape. To lead mankind into a new path of activity, the nature of which, however, he could as yet only faintly indicate to himself by the descriptive adjective of "physico-political," applied to it by anticipation—this seemed an enterprise worthy of his toil.

But, first, he must qualify himself for his great task by a course of universal education. Of this education the first part must be technical and theoretical; that is, he must first thoroughly acquire and master all those contemporary scientific generalities in which the entire knowledge of the race was

condensed and formulized. True, he is no longer young; "his brain has lost its malleability;" still, as being rich and resolute, he possesses advantages on the other side; nor in the mind of an old pupil of D'Alembert could the necessary elementary notions be entirely wanting. Accordingly, taking up his residence near the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and cultivating, on purpose, the intimate personal acquaintance of the Professors, he devoted his whole attention for three years, according to his own methods and convenience, and with all the appliances that money could purchase, to the study of the physical sciences—mathematics, astronomy, general physics, and chemistry. Satisfied with his progress in these, he removed in 1801 to the neighbourhood of the *Ecole de Médecine*, in order, in a similar manner, to add to his stock of ideas regarding inorganic nature, all the general notions that were attainable regarding organized bodies. Here, accordingly, in the company of eminent intellects, he traversed the whole field of physiological science.

Having thus imbibed and made his own all the contemporary scientific thought of France, it was necessary for him, according to his plan, to visit England and Germany, lest, in either country, any ideas should be lurking, of decided European value, although France had not recognised them. He was disappointed. "From England," he says, "I brought back the certainty, that its inhabitants were not directing their scientific labours to any general end, and had at that time no new capital idea on hand." The Germans, on the other hand, he "surprised in the midst of their mystical philosophy—the true infant-stage of all general science." Thus, seeing that the two great Teutonic countries could furnish him with no idea out of the circle of fundamental scientific principles, which had been accessible to him in France, he considered himself justified in concluding that, in having made those principles fully his own, he had taken in the entire essence of all the contemporary thought of the world.

To the mass of formal or theoretical knowledge which St. Simon had acquired by his method of systematic contact with all those of his contemporaries who made thinking or generalization their profession, it behoved him, according to his prescribed plan, to add something else before he could regard his training as complete. This was Experience, properly so called; that is, the actual realization in his own person of the whole range of human idiosyncrasies and emotions. Now as the former portion of his education had been compassed by study, so this could only be compassed by *experimentation;* that is, by the voluntary assumption for scientific purposes of all those situations in which any new set of feelings could be obtained. He resolved, therefore, to lead for several years a life of systematic experimentation, in order that, as by his previous course of universal study he had digested the whole mass of known scientific truths, and as it were placed himself at the point of highest theoretic generality attained by the race, so now, by this other method, he might break down the limitations which circled him in as a nobleman and a Frenchman, fraternize emotionally with all sorts of men, and be able at last to come forth a genuine epitome of all human sensation.

His first experiment—confessed by himself to have been such, was that of marriage. The lady he chose for his wife was Mademoiselle de Champgrand, the daughter of one of his companions in arms during the American War. "I wished to use marriage," he says, "as a means for studying the *savants;* a thing which appeared to me necessary for the execution of my enterprise; for, in order to improve the organization of the scientific system, it is not sufficient merely to know well the situation of human knowledge; it is necessary also, to seize the effect which the cultivation of science produces on those who devote themselves to it; it is necessary to appreciate the influence which this occupation exercises over their passions, over their spirit, over the *ensemble* of their moral constitution, and over its separate parts." The matrimonial relation seems, in the case of Saint-Simon, to have resented the indignity thus put upon it. After a few years he and his wife were separated by a divorce procured by mutual consent. Childless by the first marriage, Madame de Saint-Simon soon afterwards contracted a second.

Both during and after his marriage, Saint-Simon continued to pursue, in the most indefatigable manner, his prescribed career of experimentation. Balls, dinners, and experimental evening-parties followed each other, says his biographer, in rapid succession; every new situation that money could create was devised and prepared; good and evil were confounded; play, discussion, debauch, were alike gone into; the experience of years was crushed into a short space; even old age was artificially realized by medicaments; and, that the loathsome might not be wanting, this enthusiast for the universal would inoculate himself with prevalent contagious diseases. It was probably when theorizing retrospectively on this period of his life that Saint-Simon afterwards

drew up the following scheme of what he conceived to be a model human existence: —*First*, To spend one's vigorous youth in a manner the most original and active possible; 2dly, To gain a knowledge of all human theories and practices; 3dly, To mingle with all classes of society, placing one's self in all possible situations, and even creating situations that do not exist; and 4thly, To spend one's old age in resuming one's observations and in establishing principles." With regard to the violation of established rules of morality necessarily involved in the reckless experimentation prescribed by this scheme, he observes characteristically, "If I see a man who is not launched on the career of general science frequenting houses of play and debauch, and not shunning with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I say, Behold a man going to perdition; he is born under an evil star; the habits which he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and will, consequently, render him supremely despicable. But if this man is under the direction of theoretical philosophy; if the object of his researches is to lay down the true line of demarcation which ought to separate actions, and class them into good and bad; if he is compelling himself to discover the means for curing those maladies of the human intelligence which cause us to follow paths that lead us away from happiness; then I say, This man runs the career of vice in a direction which will conduct him necessarily to the highest virtue."

If comment were necessary on this sweeping doctrine, one might point out the vicious confusion, characteristic of the Utilitarian Philosophy, which it involves, of the two distinct categories of the *Quid est* and the *Quid oportet:* the latter, through the transitionary equivalent of the *Quid prodest*, being reduced to a mere department of the former, and so made amenable to the ordinary method of scientific induction; a method, according to which the universal moral law would be a mere generalization from the mass of the accumulated past experience of our race—European, Asiatic, African, and American. "Do the law, and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the maxim directly antagonistic. Besides, what becomes of the so-called poetic faculty, if thus, in order to know a thing, we must actually go into the midst of it, with hands, eyes, and feet? If this poetic faculty is not a hallucination, what is it but that Shakspearian something implanted in a man, by which, living strongly his own simple course, chalked out for him by his native impulses and his felt duties, he can yet keep company with kings, knaves, heroes, and dead men, and walk wind-like all-licensed over the whole earth?

The prescribed course of experimentation ended about the year 1807, when, having spent all his money, Saint-Simon found himself, at the age of forty-seven, in a condition of abject poverty. This, too, however, was experience; and, in order to earn his bread, the grandson of the proudest courtier of Louis XIV. did not refuse the post of clerk in a *Mont de Piété*, or Government Pawnbroking Establishment, which, with a salary of 1000 francs (£40) a year, was offered him in 1808 by the Comte de Ségur, to whom he had applied for some situation. In this post he continued for about six months, after which he was indebted for lodging and subsistence to the charity of a former acquaintance named Diard. On Diard's death, in 1812, he was again thrown adrift upon Paris. Living in the most miserable manner, often without fire, and with bread and water for his only fare, he was yet upheld, he says, "by his passion for science, and his desire peaceably to terminate the terrible crisis in which European society is involved." Strange spectacle in modern times, a man living on, solitary and poor, in a wretched metropolitan lodging—not maturing a specific scientific discovery, perfecting a mechanical invention, or completing a literary work, for any of which there were not wanting precedents; but nourishing within him, under the form of a French egotism, an almost oriental belief that somehow or other he was about to accomplish a direct social mission! A belief similar to this is, indeed, usually generated in eminent men by the heat and fever of incessant action among their fellows; but rarely, as in Saint-Simon, has it been seen existing as a purely intuitive egotism, antecedent to all activity, and demanding explicitly its own verification.

Meanwhile, if Saint-Simon was to accomplish a mission, it was certainly time that he should be setting about it. Already in his fifty-second year, he had surely entered on that stage of life in which, according to his own scheme, he should be resuming his observations. Accordingly, in 1812, precisely at the period when his circumstances were most wretched, he gave to the world his first publication, under the title of "Letters from an inhabitant of Geneva to his contemporaries." The theme of the first of these letters was the social condition of men who, like himself, belonged to the intelligential, as distinguished from the industrial class. "Open," he said, "a subscription before the tomb of Newton; subscribe all indiscriminately, each whatever sum he pleases. Let each subscriber name three mathematicians, three

mechanical philosophers, three chemists, three physiologists, three literary men, three painters, three musicians, &c. Renew the subscription every year, and divide the sum raised among the three mathematicians, the three mechanical philosophers, the three chemists, the three physiologists, the three literary men, the three painters, the three musicians, &c., who have obtained most votes; and, by this means, men of genius will enjoy a recompense worthy of themselves, and of you." In these letters, more valuable, it will be perceived, for the general modes of conception which they threw abroad than for any practical recommendations which they contained, Saint-Simon first announced that peculiar distinction between the spiritual and temporal orders which pervades his whole social philosophy. "The spiritual power in the hands of the *savans;* the temporal power in the hands of the men of property; the power of naming the individuals called to perform the functions of leaders, in the hands of the masses; for salary to the governing class, the consideration which they receive." Such was the compendium of the Saint-Simonian politics.

After the "Letters from Geneva," the next work of Saint-Simon was his "Introduction to the Scientific Labours of the 19th Century," written in the form of an answer to Napoleon's famous question addressed to the Institute—"Give me an account of the progress of science since 1789; tell me its present state, and what are the means to be employed for its advancement." In this work Saint-Simon criticises the existing state of science, denounces the intellectual anarchy prevalent, and indicates the course by which he thinks clearness and order may be evolved.

The Restoration, favourable as it was on the whole to Frenchmen of old families, brought no increase of prosperity to a dreamer like Saint-Simon. About this time, however, it was, that there began to gather round him as pupils, those men of general views and ardent temperament, most of them then mere youths, in whom his spirit and influence were to survive. His first, and, as it has proved, his most constant disciple, was M. Olinde Rodrigues, a young student of Jewish extraction. To him succeeded two men destined to a still greater celebrity, M. Augustin Thierry and M. Auguste Comte. The interchange of his ideas with these pupils in private discourse, seems to have assisted Saint-Simon greatly in the task of digesting his system and shaping it for practical purposes. The pupils, too, were no ordinary men, and contributed their labours, each according to his taste and faculty. It was in conjunction with Thierry that Saint-Simon prepared his third work of any consequence, which appeared under the following title: "The Reorganization of European Society; or on the necessity and the means of uniting the Peoples of Europe into one body-politic, preserving to each its own nationality; by Henri Saint-Simon, and Augustin Thierry, his pupil. Paris, 1814."

It was, however, in the year 1819, that Saint-Simon first gave forth, in the form of a small pamphlet, or rather squib, entitled, "Parabole," those conceptions regarding the place of the industrial classes in society on which his title to intellectual originality principally rests. Of this striking *brochure* the following is an abstract:—

"Let us suppose that France suddenly loses her fifty best mechanical philosophers, her fifty best chemists, her fifty best physiologists, her fifty best mathematicians, her fifty best poets, her fifty best painters, her fifty best sculptors, her fifty best musicians, her fifty first literary men, her fifty best mechanicians, her fifty best civil and military engineers, her fifty best artillerymen, her fifty best architects, her fifty best physicians, her fifty best surgeons, her fifty best druggists, her fifty best seamen, her fifty best watchmakers, her fifty first bankers, her two hundred first merchants, her six hundred first agriculturists, her fifty best smiths, &c., &c., &c., in all the 3000 first *savants*, artists, and artisans of France.

"As these men are really the most productive Frenchmen, they are the flower of French society; they are, of all Frenchmen, the most useful to their country, those who gain it most glory, and who most advance its civilization and prosperity. The nation would become an inanimate body the instant it lost them; it would instantly fall beneath the nations that are its rivals, and it would remain subaltern to them until it had repaired its loss, regained its brain. It would take France at least a generation to make good such a misfortune; for men who distinguish themselves in labours of positive utility are real anomalies, and nature is not prodigal of anomalies, especially those of this kind.

"Let us pass to another supposition. Let us imagine that France retains all the above, but has the misfortune to lose, on one day, *Monsieur*, the King's brother, Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, Monseigneur the Duke d'Orléans, Monseigneur the Duke de Bourbon, Madame the Duchess D'Angoulême, Madame the Duchess de Berry, Madame the Duchess d'Orléans, Madame the Duchess de Bourbon, and Mademoiselle de Condé; at the same time also, all the great officers of the Crown, all the ministers of State, all the councillors of State, all the masters of requests, all the marshals, all the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons, all the prefects and sub-prefects, all the *employés* in the government offices, all the judges, and, with them, the 10,000 richest proprietors of those who live sumptuously.

"This accident would certainly grieve the French, because they are a good people, and because they could not see with indifference the sudden disappearance of so great a number of their fellow-countrymen. But this loss of 30,000 individuals, reputed the most important in the State, would cause chagrin only in a point of view purely sentimental; for there would not result therefrom any political evil. It would be easy to replace the persons missing. In the first place, there are a great number of Frenchmen in a condition to execute the functions of the King's brother; many capable of filling the rank of princes as suitably as Monseigneur the Duke d'Angoulême, Monseigneur the Duke de Berry, &c. Then the ante-chambers of the *Château* are full of courtiers ready to occupy the places of the great Crown-officers; the army possesses hundreds of military men, as good captains as our present marshals. How many clerks there are worth our ministers of State! men of business fitter to manage the affairs of the departments than the prefects and sub-prefects now in office! advocates as good jurisconsults as our judges! *curés* as capable as our cardinals, archbishops, bishops, grand-vicars, and canons! As for the 10,000 proprietors, living sumptuously, their heirs would not require much apprenticeship to enable them to perform the honours of their *salons* as well as themselves."

Paragraphs so pungent as the above, with the conclusions appended to them, that society was in a state of utter confusion and required re-organization, naturally gave offence in high quarters; and a prosecution was instituted against the author, which, however, terminated in an acquittal. The peculiar value of a pamphlet so slight as the *Parabole*, as connected with the history of Saint-Simon, is, that in it he first asserted in language level to the popular apprehension, the superiority of the industrial classes in society, and his idea that their interests should be the peculiar care of the political system.

The doctrines of the *Parabole* were more fully developed and more methodically expounded in subsequent works; particularly in one entitled "Catéchisme des Industriels." In this work, he takes a retrospective view of the course of French history, dividing it into several epochs, and showing what interests were predominant in each. Then, having established these two propositions—1st, That the industrial classes (including in that designation all who live by labour of any kind) are the most useful to society; and, 2d, That the proportion of these classes to the rest of society has been continually increasing with the advance of civilization; he proceeds to predict the downfal of the existing military and feudal *régime*, and the establishment in its stead of a new or industrial *régime*; that is, of a political system in which not only shall the predominant interests be those of industry, but the administration itself shall be in the hands of the industrial class. It was also announced by Saint-Simon in this *Catéchisme*, that there was in preparation a work in which its views were to be fortified and completed —an exposition, namely, of "the scientific system and the system of education," that were to correspond with the new or industrial era. "This work," he says, "of which we have laid down the basis, and of which we have intrusted the execution to our pupil Auguste Comte, will expound the industrial system *à priori*, while here we expound it *à posteriori*." The fulfilment of the promise came out at length in M. Comte's "Système de Politique Positive," a work with which Saint-Simon, however, was only partially satisfied. It expounded the generalities of his system, he said, only as they appeared from the Aristotelian point of view; the religious and sentimental aspect being overlooked. Nevertheless, such as it was, the work, he said, was the best that had yet been written on general politics. How thoroughly, at all events, M. Comte had imbibed his master's notion regarding the *avenir* of the industrial classes, may be perceived from the large space which this notion occupies in that part of his great independent work, the "Cours de Philosophie Positive," which it devoted to sociology.

Saint-Simon's success with the public, meanwhile, was very disproportionate to the earnestness with which he preached his views. Some new pupils had, indeed, been added to his little college, of whom the most distinguished were MM. Bazard and Enfantin; but beyond this intimate circle of sanguine young men, all society was sluggish and indifferent. Poor, obscure, and neglected, usually, he says, he bore up well; "his esteem for himself always increasing in proportion to the injury he did to his reputation." Once, however, on the 9th of March, 1823, his resolution gave way, and he fired a pistol at his own head. The wound was not fatal; and, with the loss of an eye, Saint-Simon returned to the world, to live yet a little longer in it.

And now came the closing stage of his extraordinary career. Resuming all his general ideas in science and politics, and impregnating the whole mass with a higher and warmer element than he had yet been master of, he, the one-eyed and disfigured valetudinarian, was to bequeathe to the world as the total result of his life and labours, a New Religion! This he did in his "Nouveau Christianisme," which may be regarded as the summary of Saint-Simonianism

by Saint-Simon himself. In this work the ruling idea is that Christianity is a great progressive system, rolling as it were over the ages, acting at all times on the thoughts and actions of men, but continually imbibing in return fresh power out of the mind of the race, and retaining only as its eternal and immutable germ this one adage, "Love one another." Of this great progress of Christianity, the first stage, according to Saint-Simon, had been the Catholic system, which had rendered great services to humanity, especially by its recognition of the distinction between the spiritual and temporal powers, but which had also failed in essential respects. After it, came the Protestantism of Luther, which, doing less for humanity, had failed still more grossly. Luther, Saint-Simon said, was a heretic, against whom this charge might be alleged —that having Europe as a *tabula rasa* before him, he did not make a good use of his splendid opportunity, but threw down among the hungry nations a mass of low and prosaic sentiments. Lastly, he himself, Saint-Simon, was the harbinger of a new and triumphant stage—the Saint-Simonian phase of Christianity. Of this Saint-Simonianism the fundamental peculiarity was to consist in an expansion or modification of the permanent maxim of Christianity into the following formula:—"Religion ought to direct society towards the great end of the most rapid possible amelioration, physical and moral, of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor." No longer was there any necessity for keeping up the distinction between the religious and the social, the spiritual and the material, the welfare of the individual soul and the interests of the mass; the two were to be united; and religion was to consist, expressly and definitively, in the reorganization of society, according to the foregoing formula.

What then, more closely considered, was the Saint-Simonian religion practically to consist in? Plainly in this—the raising of the sunken industrial classes, and their thorough and equable diffusion through the entire mass of society, so that the whole might move freely within itself. Were this all, however, the result would be a mere chaos and bewilderment. A principle of order, of government, must be introduced. This, accordingly, was supplied in the principle of the Saint-Simonian hierarchy, asserted by Saint-Simon himself, and thus expressed by his followers:—"To each man a vocation according to his capacity; to each capacity a recompense according to its works." In this, the second fundamental principle of the Saint-Simonian system, there is, it will be perceived, a direct denial of the theory of absolute equality. It asserts the radical, inexplicable fact of the difference of capacities and dispositions between man and man; and even deifies the fact so as to make it furnish the supreme principle of social order. All privileges of birth being abolished, and each generation being thus left an independent aggregation of freely-moving social atoms, there is to result in each a spontaneous government by a hierarchy of functionaries designated by nature herself. These functionaries, again are to be animated by the fundamental Saint-Simonian principle of administration, that of "the most rapid possible amelioration of the condition of the class the most numerous and poor;" and thus on these two principles the world is to revolve, moving forward, in majestic harmony, towards its unseen consummation.

Reconstructed according to the two fundamental Saint-Simonian principles, society would assume the form of a church-universal. Men of industry, employed in material occupations; *savans* employed in scientific speculations; and priests, uniting both capacities—this would be all society; chiefs of industry, chiefs of savans, chiefs of priests—this would be all government. And thus from the supreme pope or pontiff of the race as the apex, down through an infinite number of sections towards the base, each generation of mankind would constitute an independent self-formed triangular solid, of which priests, thinkers, and labourers would be the atoms.

Thus, in the year 1825, did this singular and egotistic Frenchman compile the generalizations of his life, and give them to the world as a New Christianity. The divinity of the former Christianity he admitted, but he also, he was convinced, had a divine mission to supersede it. He had even had French supernatural intimations to that effect.—"In the prison of the Luxembourg," he said, "I saw a vision. My ancestor Charlemagne appeared to me, and said, 'Since the world was, no family has had the honour to produce a hero and a philosopher both of the first rank. This honour is reserved for my house. My son, thy successes as a philosopher will equal mine as a warrior and a statesman.'"

To promulgate his views now completed, Saint-Simon, in conjunction with his pupils, founded a journal, to be called, "Le Producteur." The project of this paper may be said to have been formed on his death-bed. Having already suffered much from pain and ill-health, he breathed his last on the 19th of May, 1825, in the presence of his favourite disciples, Comte, Thierry,

Rodrigues, Bazard, and Enfantin. To them his last words were addressed:—"It has been imagined," he said, speaking in an especial manner to Rodrigues, although with a prophetic reference, one might think, to Comte, "that all Religion whatever ought to disappear, because we have succeeded in proving the decrepitude of that which exists. But Religion cannot disappear from the world: it can only change its form. Do not forget this, Rodrigues, and remember that, in order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic (pour faire des grandes choses il faut être passionné). My whole life sums itself up in a single thought:—'To assure to all mankind the freest possible development of their faculties.'" * * "The future is ours," he said, after a pause; and laying his hand to his head, died.

On M. Olinde Rodrigues, as the earliest disciple and special legatee of his master, it devolved to conduct the *Producteur*, and generally to superintend the diffusion of that mass of miscellaneous notions, for the most part merely critical and destructive, but in part, also, organic and positive, which he had bequeathed to the world. His associates were MM. Bazard, Enfantin, Cerclet, Buchez, and one or two others, who had recently joined the little College. M. Comte seems already to have schemed for himself that path which was to carry him, like a solitary luminary, out of the Saint-Simonian cluster.

The position of public affairs in the year 1825 was such, that it was deemed advisable by the Associates not to attempt a wholesale promulgation of the Saint-Simonian faith, but to confine themselves to an exposition of the Saint-Simonian doctrines regarding the Reorganization of Industry, the coming Industrial *Régime*, &c. This restriction had its advantages; for it secured the co-operation of many men of liberal tendencies, who, at that period of reaction towards absolutism, were willing to use such an organ as the *Producteur*, although they had no affection for the more esoteric Saint-Simonian theories. Accordingly, the *Producteur* reckoned among its contributers Armand Carrel, and other young chiefs of the growing Republicanism. For pecuniary reasons, however, the publication was ultimately abandoned.

It was now imagined by some that Saint-Simonianism was defunct. This, however, was a mistake. Ardent spirits throughout France had been seized with the enthusiasm; correspondences had been carried on; and individual disciples, debarred the utterance of their special opinions in the *Producteur*, had found a voice for them in occasional independent publications. Suddenly a new outburst took place under the auspices of M. Bazard. Advertising a course of lectures which were to be delivered in the Rue Taranne, and were to contain "a complete exposition of the Saint-Simonian faith," he rallied round him the scattered Saint-Simonians. Associated with him as colleagues, were MM. Rodrigues and Enfantin; and to this triumvirate many new men of ability and education attached themselves, among whom may be mentioned MM. Hyppolite Carnot, Michel, Chevalier, Fournel, Barrault, Dugied, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot.

As in the *Producteur* the Associates had been obliged by considerations of prudence to restrict themselves to the exposition of certain doctrines of immediate consequence, so now they revelled at pleasure in all the higher speculations of Saint-Simonianism. Now for the first time was the Saint-Simonian creed filled out and formulized. "God," said the Associates, "is all that is; all is in Him; all communicate through Him." He manifests Himself in two sets of aspects; on the one hand, as spirit, intelligence, wisdom; on the other, as matter, force, beauty. The true action of this Pan or Deity upon the human race has been through gifted human spirits born at intervals. Moses, Numa, Orpheus, these men, representing as it were that aspect of the Divinity whose type is matter, force, beauty, had organized the *material* efforts of the race, they were chiefs of Worship; the founders of Christianity, representing the Divine spirit, intelligence, wisdom, had organized the *spiritual* efforts of the race, and were chiefs of Doctrine; for Saint-Simon it had been reserved to unite the flesh and the spirit, and organize the *religious* efforts of the race—he was the Head of the Church. The systems of Moses, Orpheus, and Numa had been systems of national ceremonial; Christianity seized on the individual soul; the system of Saint-Simon pointed to a theocratic association of all under the highest *savans* and the highest chiefs of industry; whose administration was to be regulated by the two fundamental principles—"L'Amélioration," &c., and "A chacun," &c. Hitherto all societies had been presided over by merely dead laws; that is, by the letter of laws established at some point of the past time by the legislator whose name they bore—as the Mosaic law by Moses, the laws of Numa by Numa, and so on. The law of the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, however, was to be a living law; that is, it was to consist in a perpetual succession of commands issued on occasion by a perpetual series of living men. Or, in the words employed by M. Bazard himself, "In the future

all the law that shall exist will consist in the declaration by which he who presides over an office shall make known his will to his inferiors, sanctioning his prescriptions with punishments and rewards."* Cohering in virtue of this law, society will move on under one impulse towards one goal; there will be a million of arms, but only one head; arranged in a descending hierarchy, and paid according to a tariff of salaries, all the men of each generation will depend upon him who for the time shall occupy the place of supreme king or pontiff of the globe, the strongest, the most sympathetic, the most generalizing (le plus généralisateur) of living beings.—Such, in gamboge and vermilion, is the Saint-Simonian millennium.

While revelling for their own private gratification in these apocalyptic anticipations, the Associates were not neglecting the humbler task of disseminating ideas critical of the existing state of things. An immediate corollary of the Saint-Simonian system which they occupied themselves with asserting to the public, was the necessity of the abolition of the law of inheritance. Maintaining, as we have seen, the natural inequality of men in point of capacity, the Saint-Simonians nevertheless were adherents of the political equality proclaimed in 1789, and the full development of which, according to M. Chevalier, "will consist in the obliteration of all the political inequalities founded on the right of birth." That a man should inherit property from his father they considered one of these inequalities. Therefore, in the Saint-Simonian constitution of society, the property of deceased persons should return immediately to the state. All children would be taken care of and educated by a supreme college in a congenial professional direction; furnished with whatever was necessary, and then launched on life to fare according to their own merits.

As an organ for the promulgation of this and other Saint-Simonian doctrines, the Associates, in 1830, founded a weekly Journal, called "L'Organisateur." About the same time also, in order to furnish a nucleus, as it were, round which the Saint-Simonian crystallization of society might commence, they formed themselves into a family living in common in a house in the Rue Monsigny. Of this establishment MM. Bazard and Enfantin assumed the co-ordinate supremacy. Of these two men, M. Louis Reybaud presents an elaborate contrast. Bazard, he says, who before his adhesion to Saint-Simonianism had taken an active interest in Revolutionary politics, was still apt to assume the profane point of view, and accommodate his expositions to circumstances; he was a man of logic, and delighted in details; Enfantin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast, continually forging ideas in the laboratory of his own thoughts, and seeking points of contact with the world only in the Saint-Simonian future. Together, they complemented each other—Enfantin urging on his colleague, whose disposition it was to look round at every step, so as to ascertain his environment. Left to himself, the chances were that Enfantin would bring on a crash by his too hardy experimentation; in similar circumstances Bazard would probably hesitate, abdicate his dictatorship, and sink into an ordinary *philosophe*.

Scarcely had the establishment of the Rue Monsigny been formed, when Paris was shaken, and the prospects of the country changed by the Revolution of July. The Associates seized the opportunity to make a demonstration; and for several days all Paris was laughing at a strange placard signed "Bazard-Enfantin," which was seen posted on the walls beside the proclamations of Lafayette. After the restoration of order, and the accession of Louis-Philippe, it was deemed proper to take some notice of the Saint-Simonian demonstration; and in the Chamber of Deputies MM. Dupin and Mauguin denounced the Associates as a sect preaching doctrines subversive of order, viz. the Community of Property and the Community of Women. This drew forth a reply from Bazard and Enfantin, dated the 1st of October, 1830, in which both imputations were denied. As for the doctrine of the Community of Property, they declared that it was directly contrary to the fundamental maxim of their system—that every man should be placed according to his capacity, and recompensed according to his works. Nevertheless, they admitted that they desired the abolition of the law of inheritance. On the subject of the rights of women, they professed that what they aimed at was the complete emancipation of the sex, so that woman might reveal her powers,

* As little as possible have we interrupted our exposition with comments of our own; at this point, however, we would bid our readers again observe that implied annihilation, in the Saint-Simonian system, of the moral sense as an ultimate thing in man, which he formerly remarked in the language of Saint-Simon himself. Right and wrong, according to the Saint-Simonians, are but generalizations like the laws of astronomy; and as it belongs to the *savans* of one class to decree what the more ignorant of the race are to believe concerning the moon and the stars, so it belongs to the *savans* of another class to decree the duty of man. If we mistake not, M Comte, in his "Cours de Philosophie Positive," expressly affirms this.

whatever they are, to the utmost, and perform her full part in the social evolution. The law of marriage, however, by which one man was conjoined to one woman, so as to form a social unit, they regarded as holy; and all the modification they would make of it would be for the facilitation, in certain cases, of divorce.

Never was Saint-Simonianism more prosperous than in 1830 and 1831. At the beginning of the latter year, especially, the Confederates were able to congratulate themselves on a special piece of good fortune—the accession, namely, of M. Pierre Leroux, a man of the highest character, who had raised himself from the situation of a common printer to the reputation of being one of the most profound of French thinkers and writers. M. Leroux brought with him into the service of Saint-Simonianism the *Globe* daily newspaper, of which at that time he was editor. On the 18th of January, 1831, this paper appeared, for the first time, as a professed journal of Saint-Simonian opinions. The proselytism which followed was past belief. Dreamers, thinkers, artists, poets, all caught the contagion. Among the more prominent converts were MM. Raynaud Hoart, Emile Pereire, Mesdames Bazard and St. Hilaire, MM. Lambert, Saint Chéron, Guéroult, Charton, Cazeaux, Dugueit, and Flachat-Mony. The establishment in the Rue Monsigny was enlarged, and to prevent the too rapid influx of new members, two probationary schools were instituted, from which it was to be recruited. Meanwhile, all the Associates were active, each according to his peculiar tastes; some, as Carnot and Dugied, in popularizing the Saint-Simonian doctrines by means of lectures; others, as Leroux, in methodizing the metaphysics of their creed; and others, as Chevalier and Barrault, in more immediate literary and social applications. Enfantin, too, striking hard blows at the existing economy of society, came forth with a modification adapted for temporary use, of the general Saint-Simonian demand for the abolition of the privileges of birth—a proposal, namely, for the abolition, in the first place, of the law of collateral succession. "Abolish collateral succession," he said, "and thus not only will the Novelist be deprived of his standing device of rich uncles dying in the Indies, but the State will gain possession of an annual income for useful purposes." Preaching such doctrines over the length and breadth of France, the *Globe* produced powerful effects. At Toulouse, Montpelier, Lyons, Metz, and Dijon, there arose branch establishments, connected with the Saint-Simonian Church of the metropolis.

Soon, however, the Saint-Simonian Church was torn by a schism. The seeds of disunion had already long existed in the different tendencies of the two leaders—Bazard and Enfantin. Bazard, the man of logic, who wished to convince his hearers; Enfantin, who would always appeal to the heart, holding that "the most prompt, the most decisive, the most triumphant way of acting on the human organization is infatuation." The two questions on which they had come to differ were those of the emancipation of the working classes and the emancipation of women: with regard to each Enfantin went far beyond Bazard. On the second question especially his opinions were extreme. "Christianity," said Enfantin, "had declared the emancipation of woman; but still, in European society, she occupied a subaltern position, and it was the part of Saint-Simonianism to raise her to complete equality, in all social respects, with man. "Every man," he said, "who pretends to impose a law on women, is not a Saint-Simonian. The only position of the true Saint-Simonian with regard to woman, is to declare his incompetence to judge her. The woman must reveal to us for herself all that she thinks, all that she desires, all that she wishes for the future."

These differences, which Bazard did not long survive, led to a disruption of the Saint-Simonian camp; and at a general meeting on the 19th of November, 1831, Leroux, Raynaud, Cazeaux, Pereire, and others, seceded, leaving Enfantin to organize the remainder, with Rodrigues as his subordinate. Enfantin continued to carry on the Society. As might be expected, his favourite topics now were those on which the schism had taken place. Acting on his own maxim—that it was incompetent for the man to legislate for the woman—and yet at the same time maintaining, that until the new feminine code should be given, the work of social regeneration could be considered as only attempted in half, he occupied himself chiefly with speculations as to the advent of some woman of genius, whose business it would be to supply what was wanted. To this "coming woman," alone it belonged to indicate the *avenir* of her sex. Might she not even then be upon the earth? What if she were in Paris! In that case possibly she might be discovered, and even illuminated as to the fact of her own mission! In a perpetual succession of balls, *fêtes*, and *réunions*, therefore, let her be sought for! Let all Paris be invited; the giddy pretty ones will slip through the meshes, the golden fish will remain in the net.

Hundreds of fair *Parisiennes*, says M. Louis Reybaud, attended the brilliant Saint-

Simonian reunions of the winter of 1832. They danced, laughed, and enjoyed themselves—still the expected woman came not. Money began to fail the Associates; and at length their establishment was brought to a sudden close by a prosecution instituted against them by the legal authorities. Enfantin and Rodrigues had also begun to quarrel on the old question; Rodrigues demurring from certain opinions of Enfantin of an extreme nature regarding the law of Saint-Simonian marriage. Accordingly the Family of the Rue Monsigny was dissolved, and the publication of the *Globe* abandoned.

On the dissolution of the general association, Enfantin, who possessed a house with large grounds at Menilmontant, near Paris, removed thither with about forty of his adherents, of whom the chief were MM. Barrault, Michel Chevalier, Lambert, Eichtall, Fournel, Charles Duveyrier, and Talabot. Here they constituted a sort of Saint-Simonian monastery on Communist principles; dividing their time between manual labour and intellectual speculations. They all wore a dress of the same fashion: "a blue close coat with short flaps, a belt of varnished leather, a red cap, white trowsers, a handkerchief round the neck, hair thrown back and glossy behind, moustachios and beard *à l'orientale*." All acknowledged Enfantin as their Father and Superior.

The lucubrations of the Associates at Menilmontant assumed a higher and more mystic form than the Saint-Simonians had yet pretended to. "Le Livre Nouveau," as they called the manuscript in which they entered their meditations, is described as having contained a sort of rhythmical metaphysics, or, as M. Reybaud terms it, "an algebra of religion," expressed in Biblical language. In August, 1832, however, this new phase of Saint-Simonianism was also brought to a close. To defend a second action which had been brought against them, the Associates appeared, on the 27th of that month, before the *Cours d'Assizes*. Enfantin, Duveyrier, and Chevalier were condemned; and the first subjected to a term of imprisonment. This was the signal for a general dispersion; the more enthusiastic disciples exiled themselves from France; the remainder, laying aside the special badge of their sect, and only retaining, more or less diluted, the general ideas of the school, diffused themselves through society.

Precisely at the time when Saint Simonianism, as an established faith, was thus suppressed in France, another system, resembling it in certain respects, and upon the whole still more curious, if not so powerful, began to attract public attention. This was the system of *Fourierism*, as it was called, after the founder, Fourier.

François-Charles-Marie Fourier was born at Besançon, the 7th April, 1768, seven years and a half after Saint-Simon. His father was a small woollen-draper; and Fourier, whose earliest years were spent in the shop, was destined for a similar mercantile employment. A dreamy, singular, awkward youth, with an insatiable appetite for all kinds of information, and a great difficulty of expressing himself, he seems all the while that he was earning his bread by labours in the shop and the counting-house, to have lived intellectually in a world of his own. That he must have been an assiduous student in private of the mathematical and physical sciences, and indeed of all descriptions of knowledge whatever, is clear from the enormous mass of miscellaneous notions which he has left heaped up in his writings. The direction of his labours, however, came from within; for some singular superfetation or mal-organization of spirit, which made him different from other men, rendered him independent of their opinions or society, and placed him out of *rapport* as it were with surrounding things, so that between what he saw existing, and what he schemed within himself, there was perpetual discord. In short, he was a man of one idea, as the phrase is; one of those men, the exact opposite of the poet in their constitution, who, instead of holding the mirror up to Nature, explore her with a lamp. How strong and intense in Fourier was this innate conception of things which he had brought into the world with him, is illustrated by an account he gives of two circumstances which, he says, made an ineffaceable impression on him in his early years. The one was, that when a boy of five he had been reprimanded in his father's shop for contradicting some one who had told a lie in his presence; the other, that, when nineteen years of age, he had assisted, in his capacity as a merchant's clerk, at a submersion of corn with a view to keep up high prices. In the one he received his first experience of the fact that falsehood is tolerated; in the other he was present at one of the results of monopoly.

Possibly, from the very fact that his discord with the world about him was so thorough and radical, Fourier, up to a comparatively late period, lived a life of calm observation, amounting, in appearance, to acquiescence. That society, as it existed, was one complex system of fallacy and suffering seems to have become in his mind a settled fact, which one must just accept as such, and endure. All that one could do

was to exhibit to the world a model, constructed out of one's own thoughts, of a new and perfect system of society: if such a model were duly set forth, the world would doubtless strive towards conformity with it, and in the process of years would attain to it. One need be in no hurry, however; it was more essential to build up the scheme completely in one's mind so as ultimately to place a finished and perfect model on the table, than to come forth immediately as a mere critic. Indeed, the evil of the existing system was so great, that to strike a blow or indicate a change here and there would not do; the entire edifice must be pulled down and rebuilt, and one's best occupation, therefore, were leisurely, and, apart from all ephemeral politics, to prepare the new plan.

Full of such strange thoughts regarding the world about him, the eccentric and taciturn merchant's clerk was slowly building up in his own head a mass of uncouth forms of language, descriptive to himself of his ideal system of society. He was one of those minds, apparently, who accept the mere conceptions that arise arbitrarily in the understanding itself, as of equal value, as regards truth, with those revelations concerning the external world, which come through experience. That he was by no means destitute of the power of observation is clear, from the allusions in his writings to existing wrongs and defects; and that he did not undervalue those general ideas in which thinkers have summed up, as it were, in literary forms, the past experience of the race, is proved by his fondness for study. But the views and ideas thus derived from contact with the world, and with other intellects, he seemed to flood and drench with others that welled up in his mind from some internal source. Half the mesmeric-seer, and half the scientific analyst in his constitution, he seemed, if we may so express it, to live intellectually in an apartment of which one window fronted the actual world, while the other looked back into the region of supernatural conditions, out of which all things have sprung. Seated at this back window, he would woo out of the darkness all sorts of conceptions regarding God, the Creation, and other transcendental matters, about which no man can possibly know anything by his own strength; then, removing to the other window, he would derive from the bustle without, accurate conceptions regarding the actual world; and finally mingling the two heaps of notions together, he would proceed to organize the mass as if it were homogeneous.

That this is a correct representation of Fourier's mind and habits, will appear when we describe the nature of his system, as developed in his "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements, et des Destinées Générales," published anonymously at Lyons in 1808, and which, with the exception of an article on the state of European politics published five years before in a newspaper of the same town, was, it is believed, his first attempt to communicate with the world through the press. In this bizarre and singular work—all the more singular as being the production of an obscure clerk who had attained his thirty-eighth year without doing anything to reveal himself out of the counting-house—are contained the germs of all that Fourier ever wrote. Here, therefore, it may be as well to present a general outline of his entire system, as first promulgated in 1808, and afterwards only filled out and expounded.

In religion Fourier was a Pantheist; in other words, God, the world, and man, were all blended and confused in his idea of existence as a whole. Using formal language, however, he viewed the world as an evolution of three external co-existing principles—God, matter, and justice, or mathematical truth. God or will is the cause of the destinies of things; justice is the reason of them. The universal will manifests itself in the form of a law of universal attraction, by which all that exists is regulated. This universal attraction distinguishes itself into five species, or, as Fourier called them, *movements*—1*st*, material attraction, which was discovered by Newton; 2*d*, organic attraction, pervading the inner constitution of bodies; 3*d*, aromal attraction, or the attraction of imponderables; 4*th*, instinctual attraction, or the attraction of instincts and passions; 5*th*, social attraction, or the attraction of man to his future destinies. Of these five movements only four were announced, as appears from the title in Fourier's first work; the aromal attraction was afterwards added. Pervaded by this universal law of attraction, all nature was full of analogies, and in every part one might discern the rhythm of the whole. Friendship, for instance, was symbolically represented in the circle; love in the ellipse.

The entire duration of the world, as it now is, will be 80,000 years; half will be a period of ascendence, and half of descendence. The world, as yet, is only in its 7000th year; consequently young and foolish, and far from being what it will be. God peopled the world originally with sixteen distinct races of men, nine of which were placed in the Old, and seven in the American hemisphere. All these, however,

were made with the same fundamental dispositions; and hence, their mingled progeny forms but one species. God has also reserved for himself the power of eighteen supplementary creations of men. In the act of creation there is a conjunction of Austral and Boreal Fluids; hence, as the supplementary creations come to take place, the earth will gradually become a beautiful garden; the masses of polar ice will be melted away, the whole sea will become navigable, and, the salt having been disengaged, will at length consist of excellent fresh water, which sailors may drink.

The soul of man is immortal; and is subject to reproduction in new forms—not, however, as the Hindoos say, in forms either nobler or viler, according to circumstances, but always in forms nobler than those already passed through. For each soul there will be one hundred and ten transmigrations in all. The various planets, also, will, at the periods when respectively they have attained their full developments, exchange their spiritual burdens—each planet, as it were, emptying itself into the one immediately above it in the scale of importance.

Human nature is a compound of twelve distinct passions:—five sensitive, which together made up the desire of individual enjoyment; four affective (love, friendship, ambition, and family-feeling), which lead to the formation of groups; and three governing or distributive (the *cabaliste*, or love of intrigue, the *alternante*, or craving for variety, and the *composite*, or inspiration of art), which produce series. As group is the association of individuals, so series is the association of groups. The ultimate tendency of series, again, is towards unity; and thus the passion for unity expresses the aim and longing of the whole human being, and is the result of the free play of all the twelve component passions, as light is the result of all the prismatic tints. Conformity, therefore, to this passion for unity, or in other words, submission to the law of passional attraction (attraction passionnée), is the true theory of conduct. Duty is entirely a human idea; attraction only—*i. e.* physical tendency, comes from God. The distinction between certain passions as good, and others as bad, is a fallacious mode of speaking; all are good; it is impious to resist any of them; and true wisdom consists in entire abandonment to their impulses. What we call *evil* or *wrong*, has no real existence; all misery has its origin in misconception. The passions are not to be denounced or struggled against; they are to be *utilized*. If the medium in which the passions act, offers resistance to their free play, then that medium must be modified.

The present medium, that is, society as it now exists, *does* offer resistance to the free play of the passions. All is confusion, irregularity, compulsion, misconception. "Between the Creator and the creature there have been five thousand years of misunderstanding." How shall this condition of things be remedied? How shall the present confused medium, in which the passions are restrained, be made to evolve a new medium in which they shall be able to act freely? By what means shall riches be made to succeed to poverty, truth to deceit, mutual respect to oppression and revolt, happiness to misery? Philanthropists had announced and attempted various schemes having this object in view. All had failed. The scheme which he proposed, however, could not fail, being accordant with the eternal mechanism of nature. This was a system for the association of mankind in industrial bodies, on the principle that each individual, while forming part of a whole, should yet be at liberty to follow his own tendencies and inclinations. "The disease which devours industry is industrial anarchy or incoherence." The cure, therefore, must consist in organization, association, harmonious co-operation. But this can only be secured by allowing, in the first place, perfect individual freedom. Labour is not of itself naturally repugnant to man; nay, man is so constituted as to find his only true happiness in labour; but the happiness to be found must actually lie in the labour in which it is sought; in other words, the labour in which a man is called to engage ought to be of the kind which is of itself agreeable to him. This idea of labour, pleasurable for its own sake (travail attrayant), was one on which Fourier laid immense stress. As the English squire toils hard in a fox-chase, and yet likes the labour; so, if the world were as it should be, all human beings would do as they felt inclined, and in so doing, would enjoy the toil.

In order to realize this picture of a world busy and at the same time happy, the present distribution of mankind over the globe, in cities, towns, villages, hordes, and hamlets, must be entirely abandoned; and mankind must associate themselves anew in little masses called *phalanxes*. A group, that is, the little association formed by the operation of the sensitive and affective passions, would number usually from seven to nine persons; from twenty-four to thirty-two groups, associated by the play of the distributive passions, would constitute a series; and, lastly,

an association of several such series, representing in itself the supreme tendency to unity, would form a phalanx. A phalanx, therefore, would consist of about 1800 persons of both sexes, associated together for all the purposes of life, and forming in effect a complete little community. Each phalanx would occupy a vast barracks or system of buildings called a *Phalangstère*, which would include within itself a church, a theatre, dining-rooms, picture galleries, an observatory, a library, work-rooms, sleeping apartments, and, in short, every possible accommodation that comfort would require or taste suggest. Every *phalangstère* would stand in the midst of its own gardens and grounds. How cheaply even splendour might be obtained in all the arrangements of the *phalangstère*—in the architecture, in the style of furnishing, and also in the *cuisine*, the success of the modern system of clubs might show—of the principle of which the Phalanx-system would in some respects be but an extension. In the life of the phalangstère all would be at liberty to follow their own bent—to work, or be idle; to work at one trade or at several; to be sociable or retiring in their habits. The women would naturally, according to the affective instincts of their sex, dominate in the relations of family, &c., while the men would pursue the career of ambition; nevertheless, no restraint would be put upon the liberty of the women exceptional in their tastes and inclined to follow a profession—that of medicine, for instance. As for the children; for them, too, the system would be one of attraction. They would be allowed to sing, romp, read, or even gormandize; only all these manifestations would be carefully watched, and the passions, which they indicated, utilized. From all this life of freedom, some might say, nothing but confusion would result. The contrary, however, would be the case. Labour, ceasing to be repugnant, would organize itself beautifully; there would be the most admirable classification and subdivision of employments; all sorts of machines for abridging labour would be introduced, and their invention encouraged; and among the inhabitants of the *phalangstère* there would operate the most wholesome emulation. Every member would be secured a *m nimum* of income, sufficient to supply his ordinary wants; and over and above this there would be a distribution of the surplus profits among the efficient members, according to the three categories of Labour, Capital, and Talent. Of these Labour would have the preference, its share being as five, while the shares of Capital and Talent would be respectively as four and three—that of Talent, therefore, being lowest.

The Phalanx-system would naturally first be introduced into the field of agricultural labour. There, gradually and simply, without disturbing a single established relation, it would succeed by its own merits. Radiating thence into all trades and professions, it would ultimately prevail over the whole globe. Then would arise a new set of relations, associating the separate phalanxes one with another, according to the most beautiful series. In all there would probably be about 500,000 phalanxes on the earth. The governor of a single phalanx would be called a Unarch; the governor of four phalanxes a Duarch; the governor of twelve phalanxes a Tetrarch; the governor of forty-eight phalanxes a Douzarch; and so on, up to the governor of the whole world, or Omniarch. This association of the phalanxes by series would supersede the present arrangement into provinces, nations, &c., performing all that is good in the functions of such arrangements. Certain phalanxes would stand related to one designated as the capital of their common district; and the associated districts again would recognise in one established spot the central phalanx of the nation. Finally, there would be one golden-domed phalangstère, towards which, as the metropolis of the world, all the railways and all the telegraphic wires would converge; and here receiving the letters of all nations, and issuing his despatches—east, north, south, and west, would sit the Omniarch with his clerks. This phalangstère should be somewhere on the Bosphorus. All general planetary business would be transacted in the office of the Omniarch. Thus, in the case of a great discovery in the arts, such as that of the steam-engine by Watt, or of the publication of a book deserving a place among the world's classics, the Omniarch would decree a tax for the benefit of the author upon all the phalangstères. A tax of five francs each on all the phalangstères would have secured to James Watt £100,000 for his steam-engine. Again, in the case of a sudden physical calamity in any part of the world, as, for example, an earthquake or inundation, the Omniarch would instantly despatch an industrial army to the spot to repair the damage.

Such, described as literally as we have been able from our authorities, was the extraordinary system which Fourier gave to the world. Expounded first in his "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements," published in 1808, it was enlarged and completed in his "Traité de l'Association Domestique-Agricole," published at Paris in 1822; in his

"Nouveau Monde Industriel et Sociétaire," published in 1829; and in a work which he published in 1835, entitled "False Industry, Fragmentary, Repugnant, Deceitful; and the Antidote, Natural Industry, Combined, Attractive, Truthful, giving Quadruple Profit." All these works are in form the reverse of methodical or artistic; and they abound in uncouth words and phrases, invented by the author to express his meaning. Fourier was incapable himself of the task of popular exposition; this he left to his followers. In another respect he was peculiar. Most men of his class have been contented with giving to the world a few pregnant aphorisms containing the gist of their system; in his writings there is a perfect deluge of the most rigidly reasoned and ingenious details.

The sincerity of Fourier has never been questioned. He always talked of his own theory, says M. Reybaud, as of a fact dominant in the world. Living in a state of isolation, and dealing only with the symbols which in his mind had come to stand for things themselves, he had solved, as he fancied, a gigantic equation; and the solution must ultimately be accepted. In short, as we have already said, his mind was, in some respect or other, abnormal in its structure, so as to be out of connexion with everything about it. Such dogmas, for instance, as those which we have described, relating to the creation and duration of the world, indicate a total breaking down in the mind which produced them, of all separation between the organs of conception and belief. According to the same method one has only to think anything whatever, like a Hindoo poet; and then assert it to be true. One might assert, for instance, that there was a ball of fresh butter at the centre of the earth; and in such a case, if the assertion were gravely made, there would be little probability that it would be contradicted. Now, there are many minds, Scotch and English, into which such an odd fancy might enter; but the difference between them and Fourier is, that whenever he conceived such a thing, he ran a great risk of believing it. Hence the gravity with which he could talk of the analogy between love and the ellipse, of the eighteen supplementary creatures, of the austral and boreal fluids, of the future omniarch of the globe, &c.—conceptions which in other minds only serve as a sort of intellectual snuff, to tickle the faculties, and keep them awake. He himself seemed to be aware of some such difference between himself and other men. My three systems, cosmology, psychology, and "analogy," he said, "are one thing; another thing is my fourth, that of passional attraction. While you examine it, leave the others alone. If in them I have been extravagant, Newton also has written a commentary on the Apocalypse."

It will have been observed that between the publication of Fourier's first work and that of his second, there was an interval of fourteen years. During this interval, or from 1808 to 1822, the author remained in the same obscure position that he had previously held. His "Theory of the Four Movements" fell dead upon the public; probably not twenty persons read it. It was exactly at this time, as we have seen, that Saint-Simon, with considerably greater success, was maturing his views. In every country, however, there are minds magnetically responsive to each other through their very singularities; and as Saint-Simon found converts in ardent young men such as Comte, Rodrigues, and Thierry; so in 1814, Fourier, narrower and more repulsive as his system was, found an adherent in a person named M. Just Muiron. It was only, however, after the adhesion to Fourier of M. Victor Considérant, a young man of energy and high scientific acquirements, who had been educated at the "Ecole Polytechnique," that his system began decidedly to make way. Seizing on the social philosophy of Fourier, to the neglect of his cabalistic science, M. Considérant devoted himself, with far happier talents for exposition than his master possessed, to the task of diffusing the Fourierist ideas of "Pleasurable Labour," "Industrial Co-operation," &c. Between 1820 and 1830, Fourier's own works also—his "Traité de l'Association," &c., and his "Nouveau Monde." were making his system better known. Before this time Fourier had come to live in Paris, in the capacity of a clerk in an American mercantile house; and here, accordingly, about the year 1829, he might be seen, a little thin man of sixty, with a profound, severe, and sad old face, plodding along the streets, nobody speaking to him.

It was after the Revolution of 1830, and precisely when Saint-Simonianism was on the decline, that Fourierism burst on public notice. Some members of the Saint-Simonian school attached themselves to Fourier, among whom were MM. Jules Lechevalier and Abel Transon; he likewise gained a very efficient advocate in a lady, Madame Clarisse Vigoreux. By the instrumentality of this lady, assisted by M. Considérant and others, an attempt was made to exemplify the system in a model Phalangstère and agricultural colony, to be founded at Condé-sur-Vesgres. The attempt, however, failed;

and the Confederates were obliged to content themselves with a propagation of their views through the press. In 1836, they founded a journal called "La Phalange," the success of which was such that Fourier, before his death in October, 1837, was able to count a number of disciples in whom he could be sure that his views would survive. Since that period, chiefly by the exertions of M. Considérant, who succeeded to the vacant chieftainship of the sect, Fourierism, or at least the social philosophy of Fourier, has continued to make progress.

The promulgation in France almost contemporaneously of two such social systems as those of Saint-Simon and Fourier could not fail to produce immense effects. These effects began, as we have seen, to manifest themselves most decidedly between the years 1830 and 1840. The Saint-Simonians, indeed, cohering chiefly in virtue of a common enthusiasm for progress, and a common attachment to a few very large general ideas, had been destroyed as a sect; but only to be dispersed through society as separate missionaries, each in his own way, of doctrines in which they had been too well trained ever to forget them. Among the highest names in French literature between 1830 and 1840, were men who had been educated in the Saint-Simonian school. M. Comte, early as his separation from the Saint-Simonians had been, even yet, in his self-selected position as the champion of a powerful Atheistic philosophy, retained many of the specific ideas of his old master. Uniting more of piety and sentiment with the Saint-Simonian creed, M. Pierre Leroux founded the sect of "the Humanitarians." From him as her speculative master, the celebrated authoress, George Sand, derived the propositions which constitute the didactic ingredient in her novels. Duveyrier, Carnot, and Chevalier, entered the lists as political and economical writers. Lastly, gathering round him the relics of the party, M. Olinde Rodrigues continued, in an humble way, to defend the memory and publish the opinions of his master. Thus of the Saint-Simonian school it may be said that it was disintegrated, only to be dissolved the better through society. Fourierism, on the other hand, more precise in its scheme, and demanding in its disciples a more narrow conformation of mind, has maintained its nominal existence and organization. With M. Considérant as its head, it now commands the services of a number of inferior expositors who acknowledge themselves to be Phalangsterians; it also possesses various periodical organs of greater or less note. Meanwhile, its doctrines, thus diffused, and mingling with those which were more purely Saint-Simonian, have descended into all classes of society, have seized all descriptions of minds, and have been varied, modified, and expanded into all conceivable forms, from the most rank and thoroughgoing Communism, to the mildest advocacy of the extension of the co-operative principle.

Upon a whole, the result of the labours of Saint-Simon and Fourier may be summed up in this, that their systems deposited in the mind of the French nation two great ideas, which were not there before—the *first*, that European society was approaching a crisis the peculiarity of which as compared with former ones would consist in this, that it would be an industrial revolution—in other words, a revolution by which not only would industrial interests come to predominate in politics, but the industrial mind itself would be admitted to the mastery in the administration; the *second*, that the instrument in this change, or at least its accompaniment, would be an organization of the labouring classes into compact bodies on the principle of co-operation and common responsibility. The first of these ideas is more peculiarly Saint-Simonian; it is the summary expression of Saint-Simon's two fundamental principles, "L'Amélioration," &c., and "A Chacun," &c. The other is more peculiarly Fourierist, involving as it does all that is general, and possibly all that is valuable, in Fourier's bewildering system of Phalanxes. In neither idea, simply expressed and divested of the rubbish attached to it, is there anything absolutely repugnant to good sense, or irreconcilable with Christian belief. Indeed, by some influential men in our own country both ideas have already been accepted—so far, at least, as to form subjects of incessant meditation. In Mr. Cobden, for instance, we see the first idea, or at least a fraction of it, developed almost to the pitch of bigotry; hence his laughter at the Duke's letter, and his denunciations of the ships in the Tagus.

Both ideas, however, must rest for credence upon their own proofs and merits. Whether it be true that society is approaching a crisis in which the industrial classes shall assume a higher position than they have yet held, and if so, by what means the transition is to be most easily and peacefully effected—are questions, to answer which one must diligently observe the current of the times. Whether, again, the co-operative principle be safe, practicable, or advantageous in the management of business; and if so, what form or modification of it is the best—are questions to yield an answer to

which experiment must assist reflection. Meanwhile, it is to France that we must look for our arguments and illustrations. There first have the questions been formally asked; and there first have they been put to the rough issue of events. It is our part to watch and profit by what we see. Let us attempt accordingly to present here in a condensed and collected form such facts as may tend to show on what precise footing the questions of the enfranchisement of the industrial classes, and the organization of labour through the co-operative principle, now stand, in France. And first we shall allude to a very interesting experiment made some years ago by a private individual, and which, although undertaken for purely private ends, and on a very small scale, has already acquired historical importance.

There is in Paris, now or lately occupying the house, 11, Rue Saint Georges, a master house-painter, named Leclaire. On an average M. Leclaire employs two hundred workmen. For some time after commencing business, he proceeded on the same system with regard to his workmen which he saw others practising—"a system which consists," to use his own language, "in paying the workman as little as possible, and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault." Finding this system unsatisfactory, he altered it; adopted a more liberal scale of wages; and endeavoured, by retaining good and tried workmen permanently in his service, to produce some stability in the arrangements of his establishment. The result was encouraging; but still, from causes which were inevitable—among which he specifies the listlessness of even the best workmen, and the waste of material occasioned by their carelessness—his profits by no means answered his expectations; while his position as a master was one of continual anxiety and discomfort. He resolved, therefore, on a total change of system. A reading and intelligent man—he had heard of the speculations regarding the applicability of the co-operative principle to business; a firm and enterprising man—he was willing to try the experiment at his own risk. Accordingly, having made certain necessary preparations, he announced to his workmen, in the beginning of the year 1842, that, during that year, he was to conduct his establishment on the principle in question; in other words, he was to assume them all, for that year, into partnership with himself, and form of his establishment a little industrial association, of which he should be the chief.

The details of his scheme were as follows: All the *employés* of the establishment—M. Leclaire himself included—were to be allowed regular wages as in other establishments, each according to his rank and position—M. Leclaire a salary for the year of 6000 francs (£240), which was about the sum to which he considered himself entitled by his services; his journeymen the ordinary wages of about four francs a day (a pound a week) in summer, and three francs a day (fifteen shillings a week) in winter; the foremen and clerks proportionably more; the apprentices proportionably less. These fixed allowances were to be totally independent of the success of the experiment; as regarded his men, M. Leclaire guaranteed their payment. But if the experiment should succeed, then, after the sum-total thus expended in wages had been deducted, and after all the other expenses of the establishment had been paid—such as rent, taxes, material, as well as the interest of the capital invested, there would still remain some surplus of clear profit. Now this surplus, whatever it was, M. L claire undertook to distribute faithfully among all the members of the establishment, each sharing in the ratio of his fixed allowance—that is, receiving exactly that proportion of the profits that he received of the total wages-expenses. Thus, supposing the business of the year to yield in all £4200; supposing the total wages-expenses to be £2000, and the outlay in rent, taxes, material, interest, bad debts, &c., to be £2000 more; then there would remain £200 of surplus profits, to be divided among all concerned. Of this sum each would receive that proportion which he received of the wages-expenses; consequently, M. Leclaire's own share (£2000 : £200 : : £240 : £24) would be £24. In the same way the share of a journeyman, whose total amount of wages during the year had been £40, would be £4; of a clerk or foreman, whose wages had been £60, the share would be £6; of an apprentice, whose wages had been £4, the share would be 8s. Even those workmen who should have been but a few weeks in the establishment were to receive in the same equitable proportion; the value of every man's services, and consequently his title to a share in the profits, being always measured by the amount he had earned in wages.

These arrangements having been agreed to, and some other stipulations having been made, the chief of which was that M. Leclaire was still to retain the usual rights which belong to a master—was, for instance, to have the sole charge of the purchase of materials, the undertaking of commissions, &c., the experiment was fairly and faithfully tried. The result was most satisfactory.

"Not one of his journeymen," we are told, "that had worked as much as 300 days obtained less than 1500 francs (£60) and some considerably more." According to a table now before us, the average wages per day of a journeyman house-painter in Paris is 3½ francs; for 300 days at this rate the return would be 1050 francs (£42); therefore it would appear that a steady journeyman in M. Leclaire's establishment earned that year about 450 francs, or £18, more than his brethren in other establishments. On the supposition, which also seems the correct one, that M. Leclaire paid his workmen, in respect of their fixed wages, at the usual rate, this sum of £18 would represent exactly what the workmen gained by the change of system. For M. Leclaire, himself, the gain was of course proportionate. To the £240 which he had allowed himself as his personal salary, he would add about £100 as his proportion of the profits; besides which, it is to be remembered, he drew the interest of his invested capital. Even as a private speculation, therefore, the experiment was successful—a success which is to be accounted for by the superior zeal and carefulness produced among the workmen by the sense of common interest and responsibility, or, as the French express it, *solidarité*. Every boy, for instance, who emptied a pot of paint into the kennel, injured himself and his comrades; and although he might not care for his own loss, his comrades would take him to task for theirs: hence an advantage in the system not possessed by that of piece-work. Morally, also, the effects of the experiment were admirable; and, upon the whole, so decided was the success, that M. Leclaire continued the system on trial during the following year, and, so far as we are aware, has kept it up ever since.*

While private individuals were thus putting in practice in their own affairs, ideas derived from the mass of utopian opinions that had been set forth by Saint-Simon and Fourier, it was impossible but that some of these opinions should begin also to find acceptance with those public men whose position as leaders of what was called the liberal party rendered them open to all new ideas of a political tenor. Precisely as the Whig and Radical parties in this country have derived many of their working-propositions from Bentham, without accepting his views in the mass, so the Republican party, which has now attained to power in France, has derived much of its vital sap from the speculations of Saint-Simon and Fourier. Even so early as 1833, there was a section of the Republican party which had expressly embraced many of the ideas of the Saint-Simonians; as if the suppression of the Saint-Simonian sect in 1832 had not really destroyed its vitality, but only occasioned its metempsychosis into the world of politics. At the head of this body of extreme Republicans was M. Cavaignac—the brother of the M. Cavaignac whom the present Provisional Government appointed Governor-General of Algeria. Forming themselves into an association, and entering into correspondence with the discontented among the labouring classes, they became objects of fear and suspicion to the Government of Louis-Philippe. One of their overt acts was the publication of a manifesto, in which, indicating rather than declaring their opinions, they reprinted a *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, which had been written by Robespierre, and proposed by him to the National Convention, but rejected by that body as subversive of admitted principles. In this document of Robespierre, perhaps the most remarkable clause was a definition of property which it contained. "Property," said Robespierre, "is that portion of goods which is secured to a man by the laws." To this definition of property, all the more startling from its clearness and Demosthenic precision, the Associates expressed their adhesion. It tallied exactly with a certain portion of their creed as Saint-Simonians—that, namely, which proposed the abolition of the Rights of Inheritance. According to Robespierre's definition, property varied as the law; that is, as the general sense of the community investigating its own wants; and if the law chose to decree, for instance, that no man should be entitled to bequeathe upwards of £10,000, or even that no man should be entitled to dispose of his possessions at all after his death, then society would conform to those conditions, and new ideas of property would arise. In these views, audacious and destructive as they are, one sees only an immense extension of the principle of the Roman Agrarian law.

The promulgation of such views by Cavaignac and his associates produced a schism—if a friendly private controversy can be called such—between them and the more moderate and practical Republicans, of whom Armand Carrel was the chief and representative. Carrel, who, although speculatively he believed much that the Associates had set forth in their manifesto, was yet led by his instincts as a man of action,

* A fuller account of M. Leclaire's experiment than we have had room for here, is given in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. New Series. No. 91.

to select the immediate and practicable in preference to the remote and Utopian, had a difficult part to act. On the one hand, he had to avoid an open breach with men whom he respected; on the other, he had to clear himself in the eyes of the public. He effected both with great skill; and, after the attempt of Fieschi, in 1835, had brought down on the Republican party the crushing hand of the Government, in the shape of individual prosecutions for treason, and the famous September laws against the Press, he was able to retain his position as editor of the *National*, while Cavaignac and his associates were either silenced in prison, or driven into exile.*

It was now thought that Republicanism was at an end in France. Even Carrel, still clinging with a sort of chivalrous sorrow to his Republican opinions, believed the cause to be hopeless; for to him, says his biographer, M. Nisard, "a cause deferred was a cause lost." In this belief he continued till his death, in a duel, by the pistol-shot of M. Girardin. He died without hope—his party ruined, France abject, and Louis-Philippe still on the throne.

Carrel, however, was mistaken. Republicanism was to revive in France; and this not in that moderate form in which he had advocated it, but rather in the extreme and utopian form from which he had dissented. Precisely at the period when its prospects were gloomiest, it received an adherent in a young man of literary talent—M. Louis Blanc. Born in Spain, of a Corsican mother, and described as being of extremely small stature, and very juvenile appearance, he threw himself with precocious ardour into the element of revolutionary politics. The result was his "History of Ten Years," a work which had made him tolerably well known in this country, even before the thirty hours of February had elevated him to so conspicuous a place as that which he now occupies in the eyes of the French nation and of Europe. It is only now, however, that another work of his—a little volume on "The Organization of Labour"—begins to attract attention among us insular folks. In this volume, published originally in 1839, he expounds a scheme of his own for Industrial Reform, in which, hasty and crude as it is, one sees the amiable enthusiasm of a youth who, having mastered the prevailing generalities of the Saint-Simonians and of Fourier, undertakes to cast these into a form which shall take effect in the world in spite of Adam Smith.

"Whenever," says M. Louis Blanc, "the certainty of being able to live by labour does not result from the very essence of the established social institutions there iniquity reigns." This is his fundamental maxim as a revolutionist; the end at which he aims as a Reformer is expressed in language partly Saint-Simonian and partly Fourierist, as follows:—"The moral and material amelioration of the condition of all, by means of the free concurrence of all, and their fraternal association." More specially, that which he attacks in the existing constitution of society, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes names it, of Individualism—that "atrocious mercantile spirit," as he considers it, by which, remorselessly and selfishly using his own means and opportunities, every man in business tries to grow richer than his neighbour. For the mass of the people, he says, this system of competition is a system of extermination; for the middle classes it is an incessant cause of bankruptcy and ruin; in England, which is its hotbed and peculiar seat, it has produced disaster and apoplexy; if it is persisted in, war between England and France is inevitable;—therefore, at once and for ever, for the good of man and the peace of Europe, let it be done away. The means by which this great end is to be achieved he thus expounds.

"Let Government be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and, as such, invested with the necessary powers. Its task will then consist in making use of the weapon of competition, in order to destroy competition.

"Let Government raise a loan of which the product shall be employed in the creation of *social workshops*, in the most important branches of the national industry. This creation requiring a considerable expenditure, the number of such workshops shall at first be limited; in virtue of their very nature they will possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of the *social workshops*, will have the right to draw up the rules and regulations, which shall, accordingly, possess the force of law. Into the *social workshops* shall be admitted, as far as the capital collected for the purchase of materials and tools will go, all workmen who shall offer certificates of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other motive of emulation than an increase of pay, *the salaries will be equal*; as a totally new education will necessarily change ideas and manners. For the first year Government will regulate the hierarchy of functions. After the first year it shall no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate one another, and all being equally interested in the

* As some of the facts here given are even yet not generally known, it is right to state that we are indebted for them to the author of the article on Armand Carrel in No. XI. of the London and Westminster Review—who chanced at the time to be at Paris, and so circumstanced as to become intimately acquainted with the affair.

success of the association, the hierarchy shall be arranged on the principle of election. Every year there shall be rendered an account of the net profit, of which a partition shall be made into three parts;—the *first* to be divided in equal portions among the members of the association; the *second* to be employed, 1*st*, in the maintenance of the old, the sick, and the infirm; 2*dly*, in the mitigation of such distresses as may fall on other trades; all trades owing such help to each other; and the *third*, to furnish tools to such new members as choose to join the association. Into each association formed for trades carried on by large numbers together, may be admitted also persons belonging to trades which by their very nature must be scattered and confined to separate spots; so that, in this way, each social workshop may consist of different professions, grouped around one great trade, as so many parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and partaking of the same advantages. Every member of the social workshop should have the right to dispose of his income at his own pleasure, but the evident economy and incontestable excellence of the system of life in common, would not fail to produce out of the association of labours, the voluntary association also of wants and pleasures. Capitalists could be invited to join the association, and would draw the interest of the capital they had embarked in it, which interest would be guaranteed to them on the budget; but they should not partake of the profits except in the quality of workmen.

"The social workshop once set a-going on these principles, one may see what would be the result. In every important branch of trade, that of machine-making for example, or that of silk-manufacture, or cotton-manufacture, or that of printing, there would be a social workshop competing with the private trade. Would the struggle be long? No; because the social workshop would have over every private workshop the advantage that results from the superior economy of the system of life in common, and from a mode of organization in which the labourers without exception are interested in producing fast and well. Would the struggle be subversive? No; because the Government would always have it in its power to deaden its effects by hindering the produce of its own workshops from reaching too low a level."

Now, although these views were the private speculations of M. Louis Blanc, and were even contravened by some of the most liberal politicians and economists of France, —as, for instance, by M. Lamartine, and, most powerfully of all, by the former Saint-Simonian, M. Michel Chevalier, yet, upon the whole, it may be said, that from the year 1840, such views of an indefinite industrial reform to be achieved through the co-operative principle have, in one shape or other, tinged all the thinking, and all the writing of the high French Republicans. It was the knowledge of this fact, doubtless, and the knowledge also how deeply Communist ideas had taken root among the industrial classes, in all large towns of France, that enabled Louis Blanc, when republishing his "Organisation du Travail," a few months ago, to make a most striking prediction. "We are called Utopians," he said, "by practical men, because in the midst of a *régime* so corrupt as the present, we indulge in such dreams of industrial reform. But what would have been said of a man who, during the last years of Louis XV., had enumerated the changes that were actually to take place within a few years? Well, the partisans of the new social order are this day precisely in the position of such a man. And, assuredly, between the existing régime, and the application of our ideas, the distance is infinitely less than was that between the condition of society that subsisted on the eve of 1789, and that which subsisted on the morrow."

In all respects, the Revolution of February last was an industrial Revolution—a Revolution in the name of the industrial classes, and in behalf of their interests as understood or misunderstood by themselves. This is its peculiarity. This also is what it professes and asserts itself to be. Not only has it conferred on every living Frenchman a vote, and on every Frenchman above twenty-five a right to be elected into the Legislature; but it has proclaimed its determination that a large proportion of the future legislators of France shall be workmen. "Elect workmen largely," said the *National*, "the education of the college is not favourable, nor that of the workshop unfavourable, for the produce of the eminent function of a Deputy to the National Assembly. To use a figure, the admitted ideas obtained by the common course of education are a paper money which has no longer any value on the political *bourse*. Old political knowledge consists of mere prejudices acquired under former *régimes*." They err greatly who consider these official declarations of the wishes of the Provisional Government as originating in mere vulgar contempt for knowledge. To this the fact that while demanding the return of the workmen as Deputies they have also largely encouraged the election of artists and men of philosophic reputation, above all social philosophers, is a sufficient contradiction. Daring as the language of the Provisional Government, with regard to the elections, has been, and mischievous as may be its effects, it is deliberate, and proceeds on a deep principle. The new *régime*, they say, is to be an industrial one; it is necessary, above all, then, that the industrial classes be allowed to reveal themselves and all that

is in them, even though for months the revelation should consist in mere clamour and vociferation. The transition must be made, they say, some time or other; as well have it now.

Again, with regard to that modified Communism which builds itself on the co-operative principle, the Revolution has in a manner adopted it. Scarcely were the three days of February over, when two important companies, viz. the proprietors of the *Presse* newspaper, and the directors of the Northern Railway, announced their intention to conduct the business over which they respectively presided on the Leclaire system. Various other private companies, we believe, have followed their example; in one case—that of an establishment at Havre, the operatives are said to have demanded the privilege of partnership. Nor has Government been idle. Under the auspices of the sanguine Louis Blanc, four great social workshops have been set on foot in Paris, to which barracks are to be attached when the scheme is complete, for the accommodation of the operatives and their families. And, lastly, in order as it were to sow the whole soil of France with so many Communist centres, from which the change may spread over society, the intention is to empower Government to undertake, or as it were to buy up, by the device of a sinking-fund, bankrupt concerns, which it shall stock with workmen associated on the co-operative principle. By the competition of these State workshops with the private ones, Louis Blanc expects that the system will extend itself. Meanwhile, fortunately, the other side is not unrepresented. M. Michel Chevalier, in particular, has again come forward as an opponent of the schemes of M. Louis Blanc, and a defender of the interests which he attacks. The services of such a man, an ardent devotee as he is of social amelioration, and yet competent as he is by his long and intimate acquaintance with political economy, to expose what is utopian in these speculations of the Communists, cannot fail to be valuable. On the other hand, however, M. Louis Blanc himself, and his associates in the more violent section of the Provisional Government, MM. Ledru Rollin, Albert, and Flocon, occupy an almost conservative position, as compared with certain popular leaders not in the Government. At the head of the Communists, specially so called, who carry the ideas of life in common and equality of conditions, to their utmost lengths, are two men of great influence with the working classes, MM. Cabet and Blanqui; and even as we write, these leaders are attempting to overthrow the Provisional Government, and force on the Revolution a stage further.

To what crashes these experiments may lead no one can tell. Dreamy enthusiasm is destined, we fear, to be cruelly disappointed. Capital will hasten away out of a country where the natural laws by which it seeks to expand itself are violated. In the vain endeavour to share equally out among the producers the profits of their labour, the stimulus to production will everywhere be lessened—in some quarters will altogether be destroyed. In ridding himself of the tryanny of his employer, the poor labourer will rid himself also of the means of employment. Nor can any State step in to supply the place of that grand body of capitalists by whom the industry of the country has been hitherto sustained. It does so at extremest peril. We should care comparatively little if all that these experiments were to end in was a simple disappointment; if after having tried and failed, industry cheerfully returned to its old channels; but what if the failure shall come amid the cries of a famishing population—what if crime shall follow quick in the wake of want—and what if the vexed chagrin of the needy shall cry for vengeance on the heads of their rulers who may not make good what they promised—and what if their rulers shall try to turn off from themselves the vengeance by opening up for it the vent of war? What if disorganization at home, and bloodshed abroad, shall be the fruit of their utopian and unchristian attempts to re-organize? We wait to see the issues—in fear, we acknowledge, more than in hope; but, meanwhile, let us look on, and be ready to appropriate the lessons which Paris shall be teaching us. If out of the social chaos which its vehement and susceptible inhabitants are preparing, almost of design, for their country, any idea good and practical, with proofs and corroborations attached to it, shall emerge, let us give it at once due welcome, nor quarrel with it because of the quarter whence it comes. And surely, even already, there is one lesson clearly enough written out in the light of this great outbreak. Let us try now all the more earnestly, through the neglected multitudes of the lower class among ourselves, to spread the spirit of an intelligent and healthful Christianity; for had such a spirit pervaded, to any extent, the population of Paris, it had been saved all the horrors of the past and of the future. The hope of the neglected children of toil had found better and more satisfying objects to rest upon, and their sense of injury had made other and more legitimate manifestations.

ART. VIII.—*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters.* Edited by two of her Daughters. In 2 vols. London.

THE Egyptians, when they ranged the mummies of their ancestors around the rooms in which they held their family banquets, must often have been painfully struck by the contrasts between their recollections of such of them as they had seen and heard alive, and the embalmed remains in their cases before their eyes. The sentiment of filial piety which in every age has dictated attempts, miserably inadequate at best to preserve all that can be preserved of the dead in these days of the printing-press, embodies itself in memoirs and biographies. Indignant critics, who find their tables loaded with the memoirs of persons uninteresting. to them, have a stereotyped complaint against the evil. Readers in the public libraries complain that sound literature will soon be drowned, being already chin-deep among the biographies of nobodies. Indeed some impatient gentlemen propose sanitary measures for the health of the republic of letters, and would abate biographical nuisances by an improved system of critical sewerage. Now, against all this outcry we beg leave to protest. The evil complained of is, we submit, not an evil but a good. Were biographies to be as common as tomb-stones, there would be no harm done. Were a man of these times to be surrounded in his library with memoirs of his ancestors, as the Egyptian in his banquet-hall was surrounded with mummies, the sentiment of filial piety would be expressed in the way most accordant with the age, and embodied in the shape most beneficent for society, which it has ever yet assumed in the civilized world. Truthfully written and carefully indexed, these mummies in boards and type would increase knowledge and promote virtue. They would supply materials for works of genius. They would promote historical and social truth—their rival statements issuing in closer approximations to accuracy and reality. The best deeds and sayings of our forefathers would be preserved as incentives to goodness and truthfulness by their descendants. Carefully indexed, truthfully written, and well illustrated biographies would therefore be memorials of the dead not less beautiful than

> "The sculptured urn and animated bust;"

and more useful and instructive than tomb-stones and monuments. In fact, these seem to be nothing better than improvements on the flat stone or the rude cairn of the savage state, while biographies ought to be produced by the highest arts of civilization, of the pen and the press, the artist's pencil, the engraver's burine, and the marvels of the Daguerreotype. They would preserve human experiences too precious to be lost.

But no biography can prevent the contrast between the recollection of the person and the portraiture of the book from being impressive. Coleridge said, "I do not believe in ghosts, I have seen so many of them." Sir Walter Scott records that once just after he had been writing about Lord Byron, then recently deceased, when he entered a room into which the moonlight was streaming, he saw the noble poet before him as vividly as ever he had seen him alive. Less in degree, but similar in character, is the effect of a good biography. The mind sees the person. The imagination of its own ethereal materials recreates the dead, not merely in form, complexion and colour, attitude and dress, but the spirit reappears, and the degrees become apparent in which it was influenced by good or evil, material, social, or divine things.

The general impression produced by Mrs. Fry is, that she was a lady who devoted herself to the improvement of the prison discipline of Europe. Persons who have turned their attention to the subject of crime—the gigantic horror, the demoniac aspect of man—know that she was a heroine who devoted her life to confront it and mitigate it, according to her light. Born in the month of May, 1780, and dying in the month of October 1845, Providence assigned to her sixty-five years for the accomplishment of her work. What it was, how she was fitted for it, and how she did it, will not take us many pages to tell. Readers who know how rapidly crime is increasing among us; our criminals multiplying faster than our people; our young criminals increasing faster than our adult criminals, will give this theme a portion of their attention, and own the interest and importance of the story of such a life, even in days when thrones are made bonfires, and the streets of most of the cities of Europe are broken up into barricades.

Men might wonder at the state of the criminal code, and the condition of prison discipline only thirty years ago; but the persons who wonder need only open their eyes a little to see many things in this year of Grace 1848, which will equally be marvels to the people of 1878. Of course until she had passed her thirtieth year a lady could scarcely be expected to have much time to devote to subjects of public interest,

having ample occupation in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother. In the year 1813 four members of the Society of Friends, all well-known to Elizabeth Fry, visited some persons in Newgate, who were under sentence of death. At this time, William Forster, one of their number, induced her to inspect personally the state of the women in the prison of Newgate. During the following three years, her brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hoare, induced her to accompany him to witness the neglected state of the women in the House of Correction, in Cold Bath Fields. Two of her brothers-in-law, Mr. Samuel Hoare, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, were at this time occupied in forming a society for the reformation of the juvenile depredators who infested London in gangs. The conversation in her family and friendly circle directed the attention of Mrs. Fry to the shameful condition, especially of female prisoners, everywhere, at home and abroad, thirty years ago. The labours of Howard seemed to have been forgotten ; and Acts of Parliament for the regulation of prisons were openly violated, in the great majority of jails. For counties and boroughs an old gatehouse or a crumbling feudal castle, with its deep dungeons and close cells, and windows overlooking streets, often formed a common prison for offenders of both sexes, and of all grades of crime. Safe custody was the chief thing thought of, and heavy irons the chief means of securing it. Dirt and disease abounded ; the women were imperfectly separated from the men ; idleness, gambling, drinking, swearing, and obscenity, were habitual among all the prisoners. In fact and in brief, prisons generally were described as "hells above ground." To encounter crime in its most concentrated forms in these pandemoniums, was the task Elizabeth Fry confronted.

——"The ruffian gaze, the savage gloom
That reigns where guilt and misery find a home ;
Guilt chained, and misery purchased, and with them
All we abhor, abominate, condemn—
The look of scorn, the scowl, the insulting leer,
Of shame, all fixed on her who ventures there,
Yet all she braved."

The state of criminal discipline was only in accordance with the actual practice of the criminal code. Life was treated as nothing, property as everything ; and men were hung for stealing the value of a crown. Public executions were shamefully frequent. Mrs. Fry, assisted by many other philanthropists, devoted herself to mitigate a system, set up by law, which if it had been carried into effect, it was calculated would hang, before the Old Bailey alone, two victims every week, and cause four executions daily, exclusive of Sundays, in Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Fry, as a Quaker, believed a religion which does not desire the death of the sinner, but his repentance and his life. Penitence is a more desirable *amende* to God, duty, or law, than punishment. To conceive, therefore, the task to which Mrs. Fry devoted herself we must realize that she tried to mitigate the sanguinary ferocity of a criminal code, which made punishment superior to penitence, and that her especial work was to transform hells "above ground" into schools of reformation.

Elizabeth Fry was fitted for her task by the complete contrast between her life and the scenes presented by the prisons of her country. In the best, and indeed the only true sense of the term, she was well-born—a blessing not second in importance to being well-bred. By her mother's side she was a great-grand-daughter of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Quakers. By her father's side she was descended from a merchant of Norwich, who, in early life, became a member of the Society of Friends, when it was first founded by George Fox. Puritanism, however fashionable it may have been to malign and ridicule it, has been the highest form ever yet assumed by the moral life of these kingdoms. Elizabeth Gurney therefore inherited the most saintly and heroic ideas, the best and purest principles, ever yet accessible to the natives of these islands. Her's was the best of inheritances, and in the only sense in which the term can be used without shaming the lips which use it, she was born of the best, the *αριστοι*.

The parents of Elizabeth Gurney were intelligent and liberal to an unusual degree, and brought their children up to enjoy the wonders of science, the beauties of nature, and the principles of piety. Their affection for their children was unbounded, and their wealth sufficient to enable them to bring them up amidst all the advantages of education, and all the elegances of life. Let us visit Earlham Hall, on a summer evening, in 1786. It is an ancient seat of the Bacon family, large and irregular, in the middle of a well-wooded park ; the clear Wensome winds by it. On the banks of the stream overhung by old trees, there is an avenue where a family of twelve children are reading, sketching, walking, playing. On the south front of the house there is a noble lawn flanked by groves of trees, and sprinkled over with long grass and wild flowers. Elizabeth Gurney was one of

twelve children brought up in this old English home, where there were combined in the "accident of her birth" all the material comforts of aristocratic life in England in the end of the last century, and all the moral and priceless blessings of an education, which combined for the improvement of her mental capacities all the civilization of her age, and for the development of her moral nature all the principles, precepts, and examples of the highest form of Christianity. Whether considered, therefore, in reference to moral, religious, mental, or social circumstances, Elizabeth Gurney grew up a tall healthy fair-haired and bright-eyed girl, amidst circumstances which could not have been made much more favourable for her had the best influences of Europe been culled and brought around her, to produce in her character a beautiful specimen of the Christian and English gentlewoman. Lessons of piety were sweetened to her by parental love, and the care of her parents, the advantages of their position, the moral safety of the sect to which they belonged, combined to make her early lot and her youthful training as completely as possible the contraries of the birth and breeding of the women destined to become the objects of her care.

At the age of twelve she lost her mother. Her father mixed in the society of Norwich with a freedom unusual in members of his sect; and his daughters became acquainted with some intelligent families of Norwich who had imbibed the scepticism of the age. Even the Quakers are divided into plain and gay. In her girlhood Elizabeth Fry inclined pretty decidedly to the gay party. The red coats attracted her fancy at seventeen more than the drab, and a royal prince, Frederick William, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, being quartered at Norwich, we find her questioning herself—"Why do I wish so much for the Prince to come?" One William Savery, a Quaker preacher, had produced some impression on her mind on Sunday the 4th February, 1798; but on the Tuesday she says—

"*6th.*—My mind has by degrees flown from religion. I rode to Norwich, and had a very serious ride there; but meeting, and being looked at with admiration by some officers, brought on vanity; and I came home as full of the world as I went to the town full of heaven."

The religious impression produced on her mind by the preaching of William Savery, on the most eventful day of her life, and one redolent ultimately of good for Europe, is thus described by her sister Richenda:—

"On that day we, seven sisters, sat as usual in a row, under the gallery, at Meeting; I sat by Betsy. William Savery was there. We liked having yearly Meeting friends come to preach; it was a little change. Betsy was generally rather heedless at Meeting; and on this day I remember her very smart boots were a great amusement to me; they were purple, laced with scarlet.

"At last William Savery began to preach; his voice and manner were arresting, and we all liked the sound. Her attention became fixed; at last I saw her begin to weep, and she became a good deal agitated. As soon as Meeting was over, I have a remembrance of her making her way to the men's side of the Meeting, and having found my father, she begged him if she might dine with William Savery at the Grove,* to which he soon consented, though rather surprised at the request; we went home as usual, and, for a wonder, we wished to go again in the afternoon. I have not the same clear remembrance of this Meeting; but the next scene that has fastened itself on my memory, is our return home in the carriage. Betsy sat in the middle, and astonished us all by the great feeling she showed. She wept most of the way home. The next morning William Savery came to breakfast, and preached to our dear sister after breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the results were most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone."

Ere the month was out, her religious impressions were tested by a visit to London. The conflicts in her mind between religion and pleasure are expressed so truthfully and instructively in her journal, that we must quote them. She seems always to have had the *sine quâ non* of a true human being—the outward appearance was always accordant with the inward feeling, and the ring of reality was always to be heard in her words:—

"*February 24th.*—At last landed safely here (London); it is very pleasant in some things, very unpleasant in others. On Monday, I do not think it unlikely I shall go to the play. Tuesday I expect to spend quietly with Dr. Lindoe and Mrs. Good. On Wednesday I hope to see the Barclays, and to have a dance. On Thursday I expect to be with Amelia Opie, and so on for different days.

"*25th.*—Although I told Wm. Savery my principles were not Friendly, yet I fear I should not like his knowing of my going to the play. I think such religion as his must attract an atheist; and if there were many such Quakers as he is, the Society would soon increase.

"*Monday, 26th.*—I went to Drury Lane in the evening. I must own I was extremely disappointed; to be sure the house is grand and daz-

* The residence of her uncle, Joseph Gurney.

zling; but I had no other feeling whilst there than that of wishing it over. I saw Banister, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss Dechamp. I was not at all interested with the play; the music I did not much like; and the truth is, my imagination was so raised that it must have fallen had the play been perfect.

"*Tuesday.*—I went to the play at Covent Garden; I still continue not to like plays.

"*Wednesday, 28th.*—We were out this morning; I felt proud, vain, and silly. In the evening we had a dance.

"*Thursday, March 1st.*—I own I enter into the gay world reluctantly. I do not like plays. I think them so artificial that they are to me not interesting; and all seems so, so very far from pure virtue and nature. To-night I saw Hamlet and Bluebeard; I suppose that nothing on the stage can exceed it. There is acting, music, scenery, to perfection; but I was glad when it was over; my hair was dressed, and I felt like a monkey. London is not the place for heartfelt pleasure, so I must not expect to find it.

"*4th.*—I feel uncharitably towards ———; I said uncharitable things of them, and gave way to inclination, for I own I love scandal, though I highly disapprove of it; therefore it is the more commendable if I overcome it.

"*5th.*—I took a lesson in dancing, and spent the day quietly.

"*7th.*—I went to Meeting in the evening. I have not enough eloquence to describe it. William Savery's sermon was in the first part very affecting; it was from the Revelations. He explained his text beautifully and awfully—most awfully—I felt it. He next described the sweets of religion and the spirit of prayer. How he did describe it! He said the deist, and those who did not feel devotion, looked at nature, admired the thunder, the lightning, and earthquakes, as curiosities; but they looked not up through them to Nature's God. How well he hit the state I have been in; I trust I may not remain in it. His prayer was beautiful; I think I felt to pray with him.

"*17th.*—May I never forget the impression William Savery has made upon my mind, as much as I can say is, I thank God for having sent at least a glimmering of light through him into my heart, which I hope with care, and keeping it from the many droughts and winds of this life, may not be blown out, but become a large brilliant flame, that will direct me to that haven where will be joy without a sorrow, and all will be comfort. I have faith, how much, to gain, not all the treasures of this world can equal this heavenly treasure. That I may grow more and more virtuous, follow the path I should go in, and not fear to acknowledge the God whom I worship; I will try, and I do hope to do what is right. I now long to be in the quiet of Earlham; for there I may see how good I can be; and so I may here, for the greater cross, the greater crown; but I there can reflect quietly and soberly on what has passed, there I hope to regulate my mind, which I know sadly wants it. May I never lose the little religion I now have; but if I cannot feel religion and devotion, I must not despair; for if I am truly warm and earnest in the cause, it will come one day. My idea is, that true humility and lowliness of heart is the first grand step towards true religion. I fear and tremble for myself, but I most humbly look to the Author of all that is good and great, and I may say humbly pray that He will take me as a sheep strayed from His flock, and once more let me enter the fold of His glory. I feel there is a God and immortality; happy, happy thought. May it never leave me, and if it do may I remember I have felt there is a God and immortality."

The truthfulness of this self-portraiture is exquisite. Of the influences contending for the mastery in her character, Religion gained the victory. The self-willed, sensitive, and affectionate girl, who would sing duets with her sister Rachel delightfully though untaught, and form her brothers and sisters into merry dancing parties who had never had a teacher—the young lady of the scarlet riding-habit and the excessively smart boots, had been blessed with a pious mother, whose lessons had been made solemn to her heart by the grave; and Providence had better things in store for her than a life of pleasure or of worldliness. It was the will of God to counteract the basilisk fascinations of the world by the surpassing attractions of Divine love in the Cross of Christ.

At twenty, Elizabeth Gurney married Mr. Fry, and at thirty, she was the mother of six children, and a preacher among the Quakers. The benevolent spirit of the circles in which she lived, of course, affected her. Romilly had been assailing the ferocities of the criminal code. Her Quaker creed taught her to desire infinitely more the penitence than the punishment of criminals; and a belief in the immortality of the soul inspired her with a solemn dread of the laws which shorten the period of probation of sinful souls, just because they are pre-eminently impenitent and criminal. Societies had been formed for the reformation of young criminals, and for the diminution of capital punishment. Her brothers-in-law, Samuel Hoare and Fowell Buxton, saw the necessity for the labours of a lady, in ameliorating the condition of female prisoners, and they had seen, doubtless, in their sister-in-law the qualities needful for the task. To a lady who had been brought up amidst all the elegances of life, and all the sweets of the family affections, the scenes of prison-life thirty years ago, must have appeared insufferable, and her Christianity inspired her with motives not merely for making these scenes decorous, but to seek

"Her way through all things vile and base,
And make a prison a religious place."

On her first visit to Newgate, Mrs. Fry found about three hundred women and children crowded together in a narrow yard and four rooms. They were overlooked by military sentinels on the leads of the prisons, and by the prisoners in the state prisons. They were in dirt and rags, and their nakedness revolted decency. They slept on the floor with some raised boards for a pillow, and without bedding. In these four rooms they lived, slept, washed, and cooked. The prison tap supplied them with ales and spirits. The yard was a Babel of blasphemies, curses, and obscenities, varied by delirious laughter, and fierce fights. Mrs. Fry and her companion, Miss Buxton, were requested to leave their watches prior to entering the yard, for fear they should be stolen, which they declined to do, because they would not show distrust.

Mrs. Fry suffered much pain from her earliest prison visits. Her interviews with women under sentence of death, afflicted her with distressing nervous sensations during the night. Such were her impressions, that to relieve the pain of them she was compelled to adopt plans for the alleviation of the condition of the women. Without this relief, her painful emotions would have affected her health. In doing good more good is always discovered requiring to be done, and this is the reward of doing it. "Alps upon Alps arise;" and a life thus devoted becomes sublime, as it approaches *His* who "went about doing good." What the expression, "God said, let there be light, and there was light," is in reference to the sublime of creation, the phrase, "He went about doing good," is in regard to the moral regeneration of mankind.

Civilization consists in the inworking of the best ideas of the best minds, into the business and bosoms of mankind. The duty assigned to Mrs. Fry consisted in bringing Christianity into female wards and convict-ships. The religion of Jesus, so loud in our pulpits, must regulate the hammers of the work-shop, and dictate the mode of exchanging products in the markets of the world, before its holy and lofty mission is done. Mrs. Fry represented Christianity in Newgate, and in her person, the religion of the Cross taught order, industry, sobriety, and repentance in condemned cells, in female prisons, and in convict-ships.

To make Newgate decorous if not Christian, became the chief object of the thoughts and purposes of Mrs. Fry. This was her share in the division of the noble labours by which civilization is advanced, and the speciality of her department was the treatment of female prisoners. Prisons, still notoriously schools of crime at the present, thirty years ago were pest-houses in regard to filth and disease, mad-houses in regard to the fierce altercations and wild merriment which prevailed, bagnios sometimes, owing to the imperfect separation of the sexes, and pandemoniums in short, resounding with the noises of idleness, gambling, drinking, swearing, and rioting. Exceptional attempts had been made, indeed, especially at Gloucester, to improve prisons by classification, employment, and instruction.

Mrs. Fry's first reformatory institution was the establishment of a school. Left alone with the women for some hours, she told them Christ had come into the world to save sinners, and she warned them of the perils of the eleventh hour. Some of the poor creatures asked her who Christ was, and others said their day of salvation was past. She appealed to the affections of the mothers. What was likely to be the fate of their ragged and naked children, without food, without air, without exercise, and knowing nothing but depravity? When she proposed the establishment of a school, some of the mothers wept with joy. The native sagacity of Mrs. Fry now came into action. She renounced the patronage of the nomination of the schoolmistress, and enfranchised these criminal women, making them the electors of the schoolmistress, and the legislators of the plan of operations. She thus secured their cordial co-operation. The order and discipline established in this way issued out of the reason and moral sense of the women themselves, and thus might be safely intrusted for maintenance and enforcement, to the ideas and sympathies of which it was an offspring, and an embodiment. Judged by her antecedents, Mary Conner, who had stolen a watch, was little fitted for the duties of a governess. But the women had a deeper discernment, and their choice was eminently fitted for her duties, assiduous in the discharge of them, and never known to infringe one of the rules. Mary Conner received, as the choice of the women, sympathy and co-operation, which would not have been given to any nominee. This wisdom at the outset, was the source of the success of Mrs. Fry. The governor, the ordinary, and the sheriffs, thought the experiment worth trying, though hopeless, and appropriated a cell for a school-room. Mrs. Fry and her friend, Mary Saunderson, attended the opening of the school, for all under twenty-five years of age. Their "first foot" on entering the yard, was a woman who was running round the yard yelling, and tearing off the caps of all the women. By and bye, this very woman became a

trophy of the good done by the ladies, who entered among the pupils shuddering, as if they were in a den of wild beasts. Courage was a feature of great prominence in the character of Mrs. Fry. Her daughters give the following anecdote in illustration of it—

"One cold winter day she was accosted by a woman asking charity in the street, with a half-naked little child in her arms, very ill with hooping-cough; grieved at the appearance of the child, and her suspicions excited by the evasive answers of the woman, Mrs. Fry offered to accompany her home, and there relieve her necessities. This the woman tried to elude; but, determined on her purpose, she succeeded in following her into a low back street, where, in a wretched filthy house, the melancholy spectacle presented itself, of a number of sick and neglected infants, not only without comforts, but with the aggravations of misery. The next day, when the medical attendant of her own children went, at her request, to assist the little sufferers, the room was empty, woman and children gone, nor was any trace ever found of them. On inquiring among the neighbours, it was discovered, that these were parish children put to this woman to nurse, who kept them in this condition, not merely to assist her purposes of mendicity, but with the intention of shortening their lives, and then by concealing their death, that she might receive the pittance allotted for their maintenance."

But her task demanded courage, and something more and rarer. The scenes she encountered were too bad for young people to be allowed to accompany her, they were too bad for description. She required a power of enduring moral nuisances—day after day begging, swearing, gaming, dancing, fighting, obscenity, dressing in men's clothes, &c., all this demands a heroism above that of the battle-field, by as much as hells on earth are more revolting than even death and slaughter. These things the noble ladies of whom Mrs. Fry was the chief, endured for the sake of objects, which practical people told them, on behalf of common sense, were visionary. Order, instruction, industry, and decorum in Newgate! Men of practical sense sneer at romance, and pity people who are led by ideas! But the heroines were heroic because they were enduring the nuisances of "hells" for hopes and dreams, or at best prospects and ideals of good. The success of Elizabeth Fry was almost immediate. The wild beasts in a few weeks obeyed their Van Amburgh, and became harmless and kind to a degree marvellous in her eyes. There was genius in her object and in her means, genius which made the reason, the suffrages, and the sympathies of criminal women the instrumentality of the reformation of themselves and their children.

In April, 1817, an association of ladies was formed for the improvement of the female prisoners of Newgate. The establishment of the school successfully encouraged them to attempt the reformation of the women. The Sheriffs one Sunday afternoon in presence of the women assigned them to the ladies, approving their plan and wishing success to their labours, with an exclamation—"Well, ladies, you see your materials." In a few days the laundry had become a school-room, work in making stockings and clothes for Botany Bay was provided for the women, and all the tried female prisoners were assembled to hear an address from Mrs. Fry. Again she showed her deep and practical insight into human nature. She repudiated equally command on the part of the ladies and obedience on the part of the prisoners. Her principles were co-operative. She wished every monitor to be elected by their votes. She wished every rule to be discussed, and passed or rejected, according to their reasons for approving it or rejecting it. By piercing through the superficial unfitness of these women, and enfranchising criminals by reliance upon the remnants of reason and conscience still enshrined in the pre-eminently fallen humanity of these outcasts, she made "hell above ground" a school of reformation in a fortnight. The rules were passed and the monitors appointed by show of hands. Had she attempted to vindicate her purpose by arguments she would have failed to convince her age; but she vindicated her proceedings by success, scarcely conscious herself all the while of the potency of the principles to which she owed her beneficent influences. At first the ladies did duty themselves as matrons, and the first matron was paid with their money. Such was the high spirit of the over-wealthy corporation of London! For years the matron and the yard's women were paid by the ladies! By and bye the city magistrates were astonished at the sight of decency, industry, decorum, and instruction in Newgate. Of course the ladies had votes of thanks. It is worthy of notice that Mrs. Fry, when she stated her views in writing, never records the thing to which we believe of all others she owed most of her success. Among her suggestions she does not record the giving the choice of their own teachers to the prisoners. But it was this and kindness which made the women fear more to be brought before her than before the judge. She declares that woman ought to be under the

care of woman. She suggests the restriction of their intercourse with their friends. The authorities, she insists, ought to feed and clothe them. Employment, she says, ought to be a part of their punishment, and they ought to share the results of their labours. Mrs. Fry recommends their having their meals together and sleeping separate, and is strong in favour of religious instruction; but the key to her successful mode of operation she never mentions, so true is it that in reference to what is best in us we are often unconscious.

Lionism is one of the debasements of this age. Mrs. Fry no sooner succeeded in producing external reformations on the character of the women in Newgate than her conduct attracted the attention of all the newspapers, and she became a lion, and her prison-school a show-place. Mr. Robert Owen published an account of her labours in the newspapers, in the summer of 1817. Henceforth she was compelled to be a show-woman to most distinguished and influential people. Letters begging instruction on prison discipline, and letters begging money and employment, showered in upon her. She had, indeed, wrought wonders: Newgate had become as a well-regulated house. In ten months the women made 20,000 articles of wearing apparel, and took none of them, while the ladies never lost a single article. The women received the earnings of their labour, and the well-behaved had marks of good conduct, and those remaining in England even enjoyed the pleasures of generosity by giving their over-share of a common fund to those of their number who were going to Botany Bay.

About the year 1818, Mrs. Fry conceived the idea of a prison exclusively for women, and began to send it forth for circulation and discussion. Before a Committee of the House of Commons she declared that such a prison might work wonders. The most profligate and the worst might be made valuable members of society. She had not the least doubt, if she had her way, but she could bring a thousand women into excellent order in one week. The Committee reported that she had wrought a most gratifying change.

To work Christianity into our prisons and into the hearts of our criminals was the business of her life, under the influence of the conviction that until this was done her country had not fulfilled the command—"As I have loved you, that ye also love one another." One day she remarked to her friend Miss Neave—"Often have I known the career of a promising young woman, charged with a first offence, to end in a condemned cell! were there but a refuge for the young offender, my work would be less painful." Miss Neave, prompted by this remark, exerted herself, and in 1822 a small house was opened for sheltering discharged prisoners, under the name of the Tothill Fields Asylum. In conversation with her friend Mrs. Benjamin Shaw, she thought she ought to do something for the outcast and criminal little girls of London. Her friend seized the idea, and embodied it in the Chelsea School of Discipline. The spectacle of the coast-guardsman at Brighton, suggested to her the establishment of coast-guard libraries, and she laboured on the public and the Government for years, until she effected her benevolent object. She did good as she had opportunity.

Mrs. Fry spent her life in doing in all parts of the three kingdoms, and on the continent, what she had done in Newgate and in London. She was generally accompanied by her brother in her labours and her travels. Never were labours more necessary. From the prisons her attention was turned to the convict-ships. The women used to take leave of their prison for transportation with a *scrimmage*, in which they smashed everything they could reach. Conveyed to the water-side in open wagons, and in chained gangs, crowds were waiting to follow them, laughing at the obscenities and blasphemies which they shouted. Mrs. Fry substituted hackney-coaches for the wagons, and promised the women to see them on board herself, if they would engage to conduct themselves properly and quietly. Her carriage closed the procession of the hackney-coaches. There was an end of these hideous scenes for ever; but for twenty years these women were sent to Botany Bay, under the care of none but sailors. Mrs. Fry supplied the women with tracts and Bibles, and small quantities of tea, and gave them coloured cotton to make patch-work during the voyage. The stern of the vessel was set apart for a school. Just prior to the sailing of the vessel, Mrs. Fry took a solemn farewell of her charge. It was always a touching scene. The crews of neighbouring vessels, and the sailors of the ship, looked on from the rigging, whilst the women, ranged on the quarter-deck, were addressed by Mrs. Fry on a portion of the Scriptures, concluding usually by kneeling on the deck beside the cabin-door, and commending them, with earnest prayers, to the care and the mercy of God. Her noble figure, her powerful voice, her electrical earnestness, subdued the spectators into tears; and most of the women watched her receding boat with eyes blinded with weep-

ing, and with voices choked with emotion poured blessings upon her. Lord Lansdowne said in these scenes she seemed "the genius of good." But while praised, eulogized, and lionized by influential and distinguished personages, she was not helped. It was a work of twenty years of frequent agitation before Mrs. Fry could persuade our rulers to substitute matrons for sailors in the charge of female convicts on their voyage. The patchwork she gave the women was doubly beneficial to them—it occupied them during the voyage, and it supplied them when sold on their landing, with the means of supporting themselves until they were able to obtain service. The female convicts had not so much as a hut in which to shelter themselves, until Mrs. Fry and her coadjutors compelled the Government to erect a barracks for their reception. In 1834, Lord Melbourne, after many interviews and discussions, consented to give matrons instead of sailors the charge of the female convicts on their outward voyage. Twenty years of agitation enabled her to introduce decorum into the voyages of the convict-ships of Great Britain. In 1836, inspectors of prisons were appointed. Of their labours it is enough to say, that the improvements originating with them in a dozen years have not materially advanced prison discipline beyond the condition in which they found it.

Mrs. Fry helped essentially the cause of the diminution of capital punishments. When showing Newgate she seldom failed to try to enlist the sympathies of her visitors on behalf of the condemned. Words in favour of penitence rather than punishment must always have been escaping from her lips. The preference of property to life must have been frequently condemned by her. Sanguinary laws, she said, produced a sanguinary people. The robber, liable to lose his own life for taking property, was apt to be reckless of the lives of others. The law subordinated his life to property, and he in turn subordinated to it the lives of the public. Mrs. Fry exerted herself to save many lives. One Harriet Skelton, a beautiful and simple girl, passed forged notes to please her lover and betrayer. Mrs. Fry did her utmost to save her. She quarrelled with Lord Sidmouth, and she gave offence to the Bank-Directors. The Duke of Gloucester, the prince about whom she questioned herself in her dancing days, she induced to accompany her to the cell of Harriet Skelton, to the Bank-Directors, and even to make a personal application to Lord Sidmouth, on behalf of the young victim of the delusions of the passions, and of the atrocities of the laws against forgery. But it was all in vain in the individual case, though benevolence was triumphant in the result, by the splendid mitigations which have been offered by the advances of humanity and Christianity. Mrs. Fry was suffering pain frequently during thirty years of her life, to help forward the ameliorations which we enjoy.

Mrs. Fry liked to do good in the best society. These volumes contain several aristocratic and royal tableaux. She notes how she appeared in Exeter Hall at an anti-slavery meeting with the Duchess of Sutherland, and sat between the Duke of Sussex and the French ambassador. Long before, in the height of her first popularity, when interceding for Harriet Skelton, she was taken to the Mansion-house by Lady Harcourt, to be presented to Queen Charlotte. She was placed on the side of the platform of the Egyptian Hall, which was full of poor school-children, surrounded by spectators, and on the platform, amidst waving feathers and sparkling jewels, was the little old Queen —one blaze of diamonds. The Queen went up and spoke to the Quaker gentlewoman, amidst the applauses of two thousand persons. One of the spectators thought it was the Quaker who looked the Queen. The visit of the King of Prussia is of course described in these pages:—"It was a day never to be forgotten while memory lasts." The Quaker lady of the nineteenth century says, with an earnestness reminding the reader of the Jacobites respecting the Stuarts:—She went home to Upton with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, to receive the king in her own house. She went down to meet him at his carriage-door with her husband and seven of her sons and sons-in-law. She then walked into the drawing-room with the king, where all was in beautiful order, neat, and adorned with flowers. "I presented to the king our eight daughters and daughters-in-law (R—— E—— C—— only away) our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister, Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren." The solemn silences before the meal, and on entering the drawing-room, were Quaker customs, but the feelings of Mrs. Fry were clearly those of a Jacobite of the seventeenth century. In other pages, we accompany her to dinner with M. Guizot, and hear her religious conversations with the Duchess of Orleans when recently a widow. The Duchess of Orleans is described as a young lady in deep mourning, with small delicate features and blue eyes, with a lovely blush on

her face when she spoke. Mrs. Fry spoke of the importance of the education of the children of the House of Orleans in the real Christian faith, on the assumption, doubtless, of their wielding the powers of the French monarchy! Mrs. Fry admired in M. Guizot a statesman who had opened school-rooms in nine thousand villages in France.

Mrs. Fry died at Ramsgate in 1845. Her daughters describe thus her death :—

"Throughout the night, though occasionally for an instant confused, the mind was there. Some passages of Scripture were read to her which she appeared to comprehend, and she entirely responded to any observation made to her. This was favourable; but other symptoms were not so; she lay so heavily, and the limbs appeared so wholly powerless. The morning broke at last, but it brought no comfort. About six o'clock she said to her maid, 'O, Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill!' 'I know it, dearest Ma'am, I know it.' 'Pray for me: it is a strife; but I am safe.' She continued to speak, but indistinctly, at intervals, and frequently dozed, as she had done through the night. About nine o'clock, one of her daughters, sitting on the bed-side, had open in her hand that passage in Isaiah—'I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not, thou worm, Jacob, and ye men of Israel, I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel.' Just then her mother roused a little, and in a slow, distinct voice, uttered these words: 'Oh, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!' These were the last words she spake upon earth: she never attempted to articulate again. A response was made by reading to her the above most applicable passage; one bright glance of intelligence passed over her features—a look of recognition at the well-known sound; but it was gone as rapidly, and never returned. From this time entire unconsciousness appeared to take possession of her; no sound disturbed her; no light affected her; the voice of affection was unheeded; a veil was between her and the world about her, to be raised no more.

"As the morning of Sunday advanced, all hope became extinguished. A messenger was dispatched to summon those of her absent children who might be able to come to look upon her once again in life; whilst they who were with her made ready for the conflict, to go down with her, as into the valley of the shadow of death; for they whose lot it has been to watch the dying bed must be conscious that there is generally a given moment of anguish, when the tremendous conviction pierces the heart that the 'inevitable hour' is come.

"The difficulty of breathing, with convulsive spasm, increased; at first occasionally, but after midnight it became almost continuous. From three o'clock there was no pause, but such absolute unconsciousness to every impression as satisfied those around her that the anguish was for them—not for her. Yet, as they marked the struggle, the irresistible prayer of their hearts became, 'How long, O Lord—how long!'

"Suddenly, about twenty minutes before four, there was a change in the breathing; it was but a moment. The silver cord was loosed—a few sighs at intervals, and no sound was there. Unutterably blessed was the holy calm—the perfect stillness of the chamber of death. She saw the 'King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.'

"The night had been dark and lowering, but the morn broke gloriously, the sun rose from the ocean, commanded by her chamber windows, and as a globe of living fire—

'Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky.'

"The emblem was too beautiful to be rejected—one of the types and shadows furnished by the material world, to illustrate and adorn the Christian's hope."

The daughters of Mrs. Fry have done their task creditably. They have published ample materials for estimating the character of their mother really and truthfully, and they write in the true spirit of their theme.

Mrs. Fry was a true heroine. Her faculties were not of the very highest order, either intellectual or imaginative, but they were sufficient to enable her to accomplish the task she set herself. The sagacity with which she made the female prisoners co-operate with her, almost amounted to genius. She was a distinct and powerful influence in advancing the civilization of Europe, in regard to prison discipline. She is one of the noble few, who could not be omitted from the survey of the progress of her time, without leaving unaccounted for several important ameliorations. She introduced decorum, employment, and instruction, into the yelling pandemoniums of the land, and the floating hells of the sea! This Protestant sister of charity benefited the female criminals of all Europe.

ART. IX.—*The Annual Balance-Sheet of the United Kingdom, for the year ending 5th April,* 1848.

OF all the political subjects which occupy, and from time to time engross the public mind, two only have a perpetual operation, and exercise an always active force—the subjects of Religion and Finance: the questions which affect our present welfare and our future state. Other subjects, like summer clouds, may pass in rapid succes-

sion over the scene; but these, like the Heaven to which our hopes are directed, and the earth on which our present existence is cast, constitute its permanent and real features. And this observation is true of any people, in proportion as the characteristics of the national mind are clearness of view and earnestness of purpose. It is therefore pre-eminently true of England, and if possible still more eminently true of Scotland. From the days of Knox to the days of Chalmers, religious questions have occupied the first place in the regard of the Scottish people; and the second has been given to those topics which have a practical bearing upon the material condition and the general improvement of the country.

It is astonishing to reflect upon the rapid progress which fiscal and financial learning has made in the last five years. From the imposition of the Income Tax, and the reduction of Import Duties which took place in 1842—and yet more conspicuously when the Income Tax was renewed in 1845 for a second period of three years, and the Sugar Duty was reduced £10 per ton, and the Cotton Duty, and the Duties upon Glass and upon Sales by Auction, with many minor duties, were abolished—the improvement in the condition, and by natural consequence the political affections of the industrious classes, has been so remarkable, and the attention of public men has been so closely directed to considerations of social reform, that information and clear understanding on these subjects have become universally diffused.

A short time ago the Finance Accounts, with the papers relating to Navigation and Trade, slumbered in the Library of the House of Commons, or were studied only by the few members of Parliament who took part in occasional, and it must be acknowledged peculiarly unpopular discussions. The case is wholly altered now. Every time that the First Lord of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces the day on which he will make his Financial Statement, readers of every degree direct their most earnest attention to the subject. Newspapers produce official statistics resting on undoubted authority; and anonymous articles are written and read which would have done no discredit to the pen of Huskisson or Horner. We propose to ourselves to enter this beaten track; and we trust that the more lengthened interval enjoyed by a Review, between each of its periods of publication, will enable us, by careful arrangement and methodical combination of facts, to convey to our readers, from time to time, comprehensive and accurate views of the financial position and financial prospects of the country.

Let us begin with the Balance-Sheet of the United Kingdom, made up to 5th April, 1848, and printed by order of Parliament.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NET PUBLIC INCOME OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

In the Year ended the 5th day of April, 1848 (*after abating the Expenditure thereout defrayed by the several Revenue Departments*), *and of the Actual Issues or Payments within the same period, exclusive of the Sums applied to the Redemption of Funded, or paying off Unfunded Debt, and of the Advances and Re-payments for Local Works, &c.*

INCOME OR REVENUE.	TOTAL.
Ordinary Revenue and Receipts.	
Customs,	£19,940,295 10 10
Excise,	13,276,879 4 0
Stamps,	7,319,053 5 2
Taxes (Land and Assessed),	4,347,570 15 4
Property-Tax,	5,459,368 3 10
Post-Office,	932,000 0 0
Crown Lands,	61,000 0 0
One Shilling and Sixpence, and Four Shillings in the Pound on Pensions and Salaries,	4,839 16 10
Small Branches of the Hereditary Revenues of the Crown,	4,155 9 2
Surplus Fees of Regulated Public Offices,	106,447 0 3
Carried forward	£51,451,609 5 5

INCOME OR REVENUE.—*Continued.*

Other Receipts.

Brought forward,	£51,451,609	5	5
Repayment of Moneys received into Commissariat Chest at Hong-Kong, out of the Indemnity paid by the Chinese Government,	455,021	1	0
Imprest and other Moneys,	116,127	1	7
Money received from the East India Company,	60,000	0	0
Unclaimed Dividends (more than paid),	....		
	£52,082,757	8	0
Excess of Expenditure over Income,	3,092,284	13	1
	£55,175,042	1	1

EXPENDITURE.

Funded Debt.

Interest and Management of the Permanent Debt,	£23,958,908	11	6		
Terminable Annuities,	3,868,207	0	7		
Total Charge of the Funded Debt, exclusive of £10,015, 13s. 10d., the interest on Donations and Bequests,	£27,827,115	12	1		
Unfunded Debt.					
Interest on Exchequer Bills,	600,116	7	0		
				£28,427,231	19	1
Civil List,	£394,232	10	0		
Annuities and Pensions for Civil, Naval, Military, and Judicial Services, &c., charged by various Acts of Parliament on the Consolidated Fund,	526,788	7	3		
Salaries and Allowances,	262,375	11	5		
Diplomatic Salaries and Pensions,	169,373	17	0		
Courts of Justice,	1,054,973	3	0		
Miscellaneous Charges on the Consolidated Fund,	317,227	16	6		
				2,724,971	5	2
Army,	£7,357,688	19	7		
Navy,	8,157,286	19	7		
Ordnance,	2,726,698	0	0		
Miscellaneous, chargeable on the Annual Grants of Parliament,	3,614,329	7	9		
Relief of Irish Distress,	975,000	0	0		
Kaffir War,	1,100,000	0	0		
				23,931,003	6	11
				£55,083,206	11	2
Unclaimed Dividends (more than received),				91,835	9	11
				£55,175,042	1	1

A balance-sheet is made up at the Treasury every quarter-day, viz. 5th January, 5th April, 5th July, and 10th October, in each year; but the Balance-Sheet of the 5th April has this more than particular interest attaching to it, that the annual financial statement of the Minister (vulgarly called the "Budget") always announces to the House of Commons the expenditure which he expects to incur in the twelve months to elapse between 5th April in the present, and the same day in the ensuing year, and the ways and means by which he intends to meet it. This day, therefore, is considered to be the beginning and the end of the Financial Year. In the present instance, the

balance-sheet exhibits, for the year ending 5th April, 1848, the result expressed in the following words, viz. :—

Excess of expenditure over income £3,092,284.

We will now proceed at once to a general discussion of the items of which the statement is composed. For this purpose we will commence with the side of expenditure; —for though it is doubtless a very good rule for a private individual to consider first what is his income, and then to proportion his expenditure to that sum—to cut his coat, as it is sometimes expressed, according to his cloth—yet the opposite course is that which a truly economical State will pursue in the arrangement of the national finance. A wise Government will pursue the epigrammatic maxim of Say, "Le meilleur de tous les plans de finance est de dépenser peu, et le meilleur de tous les impôts est le plus petit." This is the one cardinal rule for a financial minister—viz. to keep his expenditure at a minimum. If the country be prosperous and the Exchequer full, that is no excuse for extravagance—let the Minister reserve to himself, by strict economy, the pleasing task of coming down to the House of Commons with a budget of remissions which he may offer to a thriving and grateful people.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert Peel, in opening his budget in 1845, "the question is—whether or not we are justified in making a demand for increased expenditure on account of the public service? and I feel it to be of the utmost importance to attempt to satisfy the House that the demand which we intend to make is a just demand. I do not hesitate to admit that no financial prosperity, no surplus of revenue, relieves a Government from the paramount obligation of considering whether, consistently with the public interests, a saving can be made in the public expenditure. There is no more justification for unnecessary and profuse expenditure when your revenue is flourishing, than when your revenue is falling. I am under just as stringent obligations to justify increased demands upon the public purse when there is a surplus of £5,000,000, as I should be if there were no surplus at all. It is impossible, sir, for my right honourable friend and myself to have performed that duty which has devolved upon us within the last short period, of reviewing the taxation of this country, of seeing how many taxes there are which it would be most desirable to reduce—if considerations of public weight and public interest permitted—without fully estimating the importance of making every practicable saving in the public expenditure which would permit the continued reduction of taxation."—*Hansard*, vol. lxxvii. p. 461.

Nor, on the other hand, if the country be distressed and the Exchequer empty, is it any excuse for Parliament to withhold the necessary supplies. In this case, as in the other, the Minister and the Parliament must see that the expenditure is kept down to its minimum amount—and then a cheerful acquiescence will await them for any claim they may be compelled to make in the way of taxes. It is this sensible maxim which the constitution of the House of Commons has embodied in a technical rule, that no sum can be voted in the Committee which authorizes taxation and is called the Committee of Ways and Means, until it has been previously voted in the Committee which authorizes expenditure, and is called the Committee of Supply.

The national expenditure may be divided first into three heads—each of which may afterwards be the subject of further subdivisions, viz. :—

1. The Interest of the Public Debt.
2. Charges fixed by Act of Parliament on the Consolidated Fund.
3. The Sums annually voted by the House of Commons.

1. The Interest of the Debt. This head of expenditure has amounted in the year last paid to £28,427,231, of which £23,958,908 was fixed annual interest on stock bearing interest for ever, £3,868,207 annuities terminable on a fixed day, or at the death of parties who have purchased life annuities, and £600,116 interest of Exchequer Bills. The two first items vary in different years, according to the following considerations: In the first place, the permanent stock bears a fixed interest—mostly three per cent.; and this, if the amount of stock remained the same, would itself remain an invariable charge upon the country. But there are two modes in which the permanent Public Debt sustains occasional diminution. One is the investment in stock by the treasury of surplus revenue. This operation is effected under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, in the following manner. At the end of every quarter when the Balance-Sheet exhibits a surplus of Revenue, one-fourth part of that surplus is set aside for the reduction of the Debt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may apply it, when occasion requires, to the diminution of the Floating Debt, by the purchase of Exchequer Bills: but whatever portion of the sum remains for application to the Permanent Debt, is disposed of in the purchase of Stock, which is transferred to the National Debt Commissioners, on behalf of the public, and thenceforward ceases to be a charge upon the Exchequer. The other mode is by the sale of Annuities. Individuals desirous of obtaining a certain income for their own lives, and careless of leaving behind them the principal which pays the income, contract with the

same Commissioners. The individual transfers into the names of the Commissioners a certain amount of permanent stock, which therefore ceases to be a charge upon the country; and receives in lieu an annuity calculated by an actuary according to certain rules. The annuity is of course, in every instance, larger than the interest of the stock transferred, and therefore every such separate transaction has the effect of increasing the immediate charge. But, of course, on the other hand, as the lives fall in, the relief begins to be felt; and the whole amount of the debt is diminished in each case, as compared with the previous year, by the whole amount of the annuity paid in that year. The effect of these terminable annuities, therefore, though certain and constant in its general action for the gradual and ultimate reduction of the debt, may cause an apparent increase in particular years; and will do so whenever the amount of annuities granted in the year is greater than the amount of those on which the lives have fallen in. There is one head of annuities which are granted, not for lives, but for a definite number of years, and will, at the expiration of that time, cease and determine. The Long Annuities amount to £1,248,784 per annum, and will expire in 1860. The "Dead Weight," as it is generally called—being a fixed annual payment made to the Bank of England, in consideration of their having, in the year 1824, relieved the Treasury of a larger present incumbrance current for an uncertain but shorter time—amounts to £585,000, and will expire in 1867. By these two sums, then, the country will, in 1860 and 1867, be relieved of annual taxation to the amount of nearly two millions. One other cause of reduction only requires to be noticed in this place. Successful Chancellors of the Exchequer have from time to time reduced the rate of interest payable on the Debt. The latest instances of this kind were those accomplished by Mr. Goulburn in 1830, when he reduced the 4 per cents. to 3½, and again in 1844, when he reduced the 3½ per cents. to 3¼, with a condition that in 1853, they should suffer a further reduction to 3 per cent. The immediate effect of this last operation was a saving of £600,000 a year, with a further saving to be attained in 1853 of £600,000 more. On the other hand, the Irish loan, taken up by the Treasury in the past year, has added to the Capital of the Permanent Debt £8,938,547, and to its annual charge £270,837.

The interest upon Exchequer Bills, otherwise called the floating or Unfunded Debt, has amounted to £600,116. It is probably known to our readers, that an Exchequer Bill is a promissory note, issued by the Government under the authority of Parliament, repayable on a day certain, with interest at so much per day during the time the note is running. The present amount of Exchequer Bills is £18,000,000, of which one-half are payable in March, and the other half in June. The practice is, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, early in the session, to obtain power from Parliament to pay the bills which become due, or so many of them as he finds it convenient to keep out upon the market, by the issue of a corresponding number of new bills. The holders, however, are entitled to be paid in money, if they so think fit; and in order to insure their choosing to accept new bills, the Treasury must keep the daily rate of interest high enough to induce the public to give a premium for them. If this were not done, it is obvious that the whole, or a portion, of these bills would be presented for payment in money, and though the amount (viz. £18,000,000) now in circulation is very small in comparison with what it has been in former years, yet if any considerable portion of it should, either in March or in June in any year, not be renewed by the holders, the Exchequer would be greatly embarrassed. One of the first effects, therefore, of such a pressure upon the money-market as occurred in the early part of 1847, is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer raises the rate of interest upon the floating debt. In 1844–5–6, the rate was as low as 1½d. per day for every £100. One half-penny per day is about 45s. 2d. per annum, and therefore, Exchequer Bills bore an interest of only £2, 5s. 6d. on the hundred pounds. But in the spring of 1847, Sir Charles Wood was compelled by the then state of what is called the "money-market," or in plainer English by the higher rate which people were enabled to obtain for their money, to raise the interest on Exchequer Bills to 3d., or just double the former rate. This single proceeding added to the expenditure after the rate of £410,000 within the year. This interest of 3d. per day was higher than the country has ever paid since the Peace, and is now reduced to 2¼d., or about £3, 16s. per cent. per annum. With these observations we close the subject of the Debt.

2. The next great item of expenditure consists of charges fixed by Acts of Parliament upon the Consolidated Fund, and so removed from annual discussions in the House of Commons. Under this head are paid—

The Civil list, ...	£394,232
Annuities, ...	526,788

Salaries and Allowances, ...	262,375
Diplomatic Salaries, ...	169,373
Courts of Justice, ...	1,054,973
Miscellaneous Charges, ...	317,227

The first five heads will be sufficiently understood by their title; with respect to the last—viz. Miscellaneous, the Russian and Greek Loans consume £140,400, Greenwich Hospital £20,000, the Shannon Navigation £17,000, other Public Works in Ireland £235,000, and there is also a varying, but large sum paid to the officers and crews of H. M. ships, for the capture of slavers on the coast of Africa.

3. We are almost afraid that we must have wearied our readers with these details, which we have endeavoured to exhibit as briefly, and at the same time as intelligibly as the nature of the subject will admit. If we have in any degree succeeded in retaining their attention, we shall not be less successful when we ask them to accompany us into the last head of expenditure—the annual votes of Parliament. These have been as follows, viz.—actual expenditure in the year ending 5th April, 1848, as appears upon the Balance-Sheet:—

Army, ...	£7,357,688
Navy, ...	8,157,286
Ordnance, ...	2,726,698
Miscellaneous, ...	3,614,329

The Army Estimates (year 1848-9) provide for a force of 138,769 men of all arms, at home and abroad, and for the half-pay of a very considerable number of officers, whom, upon the occurrence of emergency, the Crown might call out at once into active service. The principal items of expenditure in the army are—

Pay of 113,847 men,—the remaining number 24,922 being charged for the year 1848-9 upon the revenue of the East India Company, .	£3,836,880
Staff (exclusive of India), ...	168,237
Departments, *i. e.* Commander-in-Chief, Secretary at War, &c. . .	96,591
Military Asylum and Hibernian School, ...	19,161
Volunteer Corps, ...	80,309
Rewards for Military Service, . .	15,507
Army Pay of General Officers, . .	76,000
Full Pay of Retired Officers, . . .	57,000
Half-Pay and Military Allowances, .	406,000
Foreign Half-Pay (disbanded Foreign Corps), ...	47,386
Widows' Pensions, ...	129,531
Compassionate Allowances, . . .	98,000
Chelsea and Kilmainham Hospitals,	26,774
Out Pensions, ...	1,223,810
Superannuation Allowances, . . .	37,500

To these items, provided in the army estimates, must be added in this place, as belonging to the same general head of expenditure, the charges for the militia and for the commissariat:—these in round numbers amount together to . . 1,000,000

The Navy Estimates comprise a force of 29,500 seamen and boys, and 13,500 marines. They contain also the sums which are expended upon works at the principal naval arsenals, the new steam-basins at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and for the Post-office packets. A very considerable increase has taken place of late years in the expenditure of the navy; and this is to be attributed mainly to the change which steam-navigation has worked in the tactics of attack and defence. The uneasy relations with France, which were occasioned by the Syrian Question in the autumn of 1840, and still more the alarm which was taken by Sir R. Peel's Government in 1844, upon the occurrence of what is called in France, the "affaire Pritchard," *i. e.* the quarrel that happened at Tahiti, induced Lord Haddington and his colleagues at the Admiralty, to effect a very great increase in the force of steamers, and to construct very large works of fortification at the dock-yards. These works are happily now in a great state of forwardness, and the force of steamers at sea is numerous and effective. The principal items of expenditure in the Navy are as follows, viz:—

1. Wages of Seamen and Marines,	£1,393,506
2. Victuals for ditto, ...	610,930
3. Admiralty Office in London, . .	136,303
4. Register Office for Seamen, . .	9,701
5. Scientific Branch, ...	77,261
6. Establishments at home, . . .	139,350
7. Establishments abroad, . . .	25,839
8. Wages to Artificers at home, .	851,346
9. Wages to Artificers abroad, . .	39,280
10. Naval Stores, &c., for the Building and Repairing of Ships, .	1,434,213
11. New Works, Improvements, and Repairs in the Dock Yards, . .	688,601
12. Medicines and Medical Stores, .	25,075
13. Miscellaneous, ...	76,573
14. Half-Pay, ...	729,740
15. Military Pensions and Allowances, ...	500,288
16. Civil Pensions and Allowances,	152,018
17. Conveyance of Troops, . . .	181,322
18. Convict Service, ...	43,602
19. Post-Office Contract Packets, .	611,662

To the Ordnance Department are intrusted the construction and repair of all the military defences and fortifications, at home and in the Colonies. By this branch of the service also are provided those most useful and important bodies of men, the engineers,

with the sappers and miners—and the artillery. These two last corps have, under the present Government and under that of Sir R. Peel, been very considerably increased, from a growing conviction that in the present state of things abroad it would not be safe to dispense with a large and well-appointed body of skilled men. Troops of the line are readily obtained and drilled:—Waterloo was fought and won in a great degree by lads who had never smelt powder; but the skill of engineers and of artillery-men is the result of education and practice—and can only be attained by a longer course of methodical and scientific training.

Under the head of Ordnance, the principal items of expenditure are the following, viz:—

1. Pay, &c., Ordnance Military Corps,	£716,254
2. Commissariat Supplies, &c. . .	316,031
3. Ordnance Office in London, . .	91,136
4. Establishments at Home and in the Colonies, ...	235,646
5. Wages of Artificers ditto, . . .	158,567
6. Purchase of Stores for Land and Sea Service, ...	463,743
7. Works and Buildings, ...	704,030
8. Scientific Branch, ...	71,987
9. Half-Pay, Pensions, Rewards, &c.,	167,441

Last—once also least—in the order of national expenditure, stand the Miscellaneous Estimates. These, as their name imports, are very various in their subjects, and in the amounts assigned to each. They are divided into seven classes, under the following denominations, viz:—

*1. Public Works and Buildings, . .	£575,738
2. Salaries, &c., Public Departments,	976,170
3. Law and Justice, ...	1,024,338
4. Education, Science, and Art, . .	349,943
5. Colonial and Consular Services, .	419,448
6. Superannuations and Charities, .	187,349
7. Special and Temporary Objects, .	117,312
To which must be added the annual Vote for Contingencies likely to be incurred in the Civil Service, . .	100,000

Having thus reviewed, with as much detail as the compendious nature of this paper has permitted—all the causes of the national expenditure, as they appear in the Balance-Sheet—it remains that we proceed to analyse with equal brevity the sources from which the income that supplies this expenditure has been furnished to the Treasury. Turning then to the other side of the Balance-Sheet, we find that the income has flowed into the Exchequer through the following channels, viz:—

1. Customs—or duties levied at the ports upon articles arriving from the Colonies, or from foreign countries, ...	£19,940,295
2. Excise—*i. e.* the duties upon malt, spirits distilled at home, bricks, paper, and other articles, the subjects of domestic industry, ...	13,276,879
3. Stamps—*i. e.* the payments made for probates and legacies in the case of succession to personal property; conveyances and transfers; bills of exchange and promissory notes, receipts, &c. &c., ...	7,319,053
4. Taxes—*i. e.* the land-tax, and the assessed taxes on windows, carriages, horses, servants, &c. &c., ...	4,347,570
5. Property and Income-tax, . .	5,459,368
6. Post-office, ...	932,000
7. Crown Lands, ...	61,000
8. Various smaller items, . . .	291,568
9. Money received from China, .	445,021

Before descending into any smaller distinctions, in respect to which we shall in this, and in future papers, have occasion to observe upon the differences that exist between these several sources of revenue—it is important to notice one great and leading characteristic, viz. the division into Direct and Indirect Taxation. To the former class belong the Property-tax and the Assessed taxes, because in these cases the tax is paid to the Treasury *directly* by the hand of him who enjoys the property, or uses the thing assessed. Articles of consumption, on the other hand, are the subjects of *indirect* taxation, because the payment made in respect of them to the Imperial revenue, is not made directly by the hand of the consumer (upon whom, of course, in the shape of a higher price for the article at the time of purchase the burden really falls), but *indirectly* through the merchant at the Customs, or through the manufacturer to the Board of Excise.

Up to the year 1842, the Income Tax, which had been shaken off by Parliament at the close of the war, did not appear in the Balance-Sheet; and with the comparatively small exception of the stamps and taxes, the whole revenue of the country was raised under the several heads of Indirect Taxation. It is, however, to be carefully borne

* The Miscellaneous estimates are usually printed before the Easter recess; but this has not been so this year. The items printed above are therefore taken from the General Abstract of these estimates for last year. From the statement made by Lord J. Russell, that they will reach a total of £1,000,000 for the year 1848-9, a considerable increase is to be expected in some of the classes.

in mind, that a variety of other burdens fall upon the owners and occupiers of property for various local purposes; the income for which is provided by local rates. These all assume the shape of direct taxation, and as they constitute an important part of the payments which actually press upon the public, they will form one part of our subject when we proceed in a future article to discuss this much-vexed question of imperial policy—the question, viz. of Direct and Indirect Taxation.

In every balance-sheet a most material feature, as our readers know, is the balance it exhibits; and the contemplation of such a document is agreeable or disagreeable to the parties concerned, according as that balance stands on the right or wrong side of the account; and in proportion to its amount. In the present instance the balance is large, and the side of the account is wrong; in other words, the national expenditure during the last financial year has very greatly exceeded the national income.

It was under these circumstances that on the 18th of February, Lord John Russell came down to the House of Commons, and proposed to raise the Property and Income Tax from 3 to 5 per cent. That tax having been originally imposed in 1842 for a period of three years, and again continued in 1845 for a like period, was to expire on the 5th April, 1848. It was an easy plan for the Minister, when obliged to extract from the people increased contributions, to lay his hand on this particular screw; for it is the readiest and the most efficacious. He accordingly proposed to renew the Property and Income Tax for five instead of for three years—and to raise its amount during the first two of these years from 7d. to 1s. in the pound—that is, from something short of 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. per annum.

But this proposal, though very simple and very convenient for the Minister, was very much the reverse of convenient, and was by no means admired for its simplicity by the people. Like throwing stones, which is pleasant for boys but very disagreeable for frogs—putting on taxes is very simple and easy for ministers, but very distasteful to those who have them to pay. Since the agitation of the Reform Bill in 1832, no movement has ever been so immediate, so spontaneous, or so effective, as that which was excited by this proposal. The unexampled calamities of the year 1847 had impoverished the commercial classes, and the classes engaged in retail trade, to an extent unparalleled in living memory; and their distress was all the more keenly felt, because it succeeded the over-charged exuberance of prosperity in which they had permitted themselves to rejoice. Smarting under this intolerable pressure, they rose as one man against the imposition of an increased tax on incomes. After a very few days' time taken by the Minister for deliberation, and for ascertaining the real feelings of the country, the obnoxious Budget was withdrawn; and the ministers contented themselves by asking for a simple renewal of 3 per cent. for the well-accustomed period of three years.

But it is the nature of politics, that while *principles* are the real subjects in issue, very accidental circumstances are usually the occasion of battle. Twice had the Income Tax been passed with little opposition:—First, in 1842, at a period of distress; and again in 1845, when the funds were at par, commerce active, retail trade brisk, the Public Exchequer full, and private persons prosperous. But its renewal in 1848, even after the proposed increase was withdrawn, excited considerable opposition in the House of Commons, and has given rise in the country to much and animated discussion upon the principles of taxation in general, and the proper scheme for levying an Income Tax in particular.

The principle, it is obvious, was the same in 1842, in 1845, and in 1848. But the accidental circumstances were different. In 1842, the Government of Sir R. Peel had just succeeded to office, and received, as their inheritance from those who had preceded them, a large deficiency, the result of considerable deficiencies accumulated in six successive years. The minds of men were prepared for some vigorous effort to readjust the balance, and during the downward course of his predecessors, on each succeeding budget, Sir Robert had warned the Chancellor of the Exchequer that a property tax was the painful but inevitable end to which increasing deficiency must come. The public, therefore, expected a decisive measure of that kind. It is true that when he brought it forward, the Whig leaders endeavoured to excite against it the same opposition which in the present year they have themselves experienced, and on the same grounds. But Sir Robert accompanied the proposal with a modification of the Corn Laws, a relaxation of protective duties generally—the admission of meat and cattle at a low duty; and, in short, by a reform of the Tariff, very acceptable to those who are the ablest and most energetic enemies of Schedule D. He appealed therefore to their *hopes:* he appealed also to their *fears;* or rather he impressed them with the conviction that resistance would be useless, and

therefore indisposed them to attempt it. He had a majority in the House of Commons nearly one hundred strong. The country was with him; and he distinctly announced that his Financial measure was one by which he must stand or fall. Under these circumstances, notwithstanding the energetic opposition of the Whigs at every stage, the Income Tax was passed in 1842 without any real difficulty.

In 1845 everything was favourable. The results of the changes in 1842 were so triumphant, and the country was so prosperous, that no one was disposed seriously to resist a further movement in the same direction. But in 1848 everything has been adverse; not that if the original proposal had been 3 per cent., and that proposal had been justified on the obvious grounds of a financial necessity, there would in all probability have been any serious opposition. But it so happened that Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Cobden, and many other persons less extreme in their views on the respective sides than Lord Ellesmere and Mr. Cobden, had been busily discussing in the recess, the questions of peace and war, of national defences, of expenditure, retrenchment, and so forth, and that an evil genius put it into Lord John Russell's mind to stir up, in moving for the Income Tax in the House of Commons, all the passions which this interesting controversy had excited in the country. The effect was electric. It was at once obvious that Lord John's proposal had aroused an opposition which would prove too strong for him. The bare thought of paying 5 per cent. in a time of distress, upon an assessment made on the previous years of prosperity, drove the trading community to madness. There was nothing in his Budget to allay the opposition—nothing in the way of opportune remission of taxes. The whole 5 per cent. was required to meet the current expenditure of the empire. The opponents of the tax were not deterred by any fear of the Minister, for he has not the general command of any certain majority—the aversion was general enough to assure them of success against him in the particular case; and there was no declaration expressed or understood, that he would retire if he were beaten. It was therefore the time at which those who disliked the tax itself could best expect to wage successful war against it. The former speeches of the Ministers, too, were a convenient weapon wherewith their enemies could assail them; and the pages of Hansard were ransacked without mercy, by Mr. Osborne and other members, for the most telling paragraphs of the debates of 1842 and 1845.

But a storm is more easily raised than allayed. Lord John Russell did indeed allow his Chancellor of the Exchequer to withdraw the Budget which he, the First Minister of the Crown, had opened to the House. He submitted to have his Estimates referred to Committees, a step also unprecedented in respect of the mode in which it was taken; and lightening his ship by all these expedients, he rode safely through with what remained of his cargo, viz.:—the 3 per cent., and the three years.

But the withdrawal of the proposals did not withdraw the public mind from a scrutiny of the principles of the tax. Nor is it difficult to find inequalities and objections. The *principle* on which it ought to be levied is simple and very obvious. *Every* tax that is levied, be it direct or indirect—collected by the customs from the merchant, or by the tax-gatherer from the consumer—should, in its practical effect, come out of the *income*, and not out of the *capital* of the country; just as our private expenditure should be defrayed by our incomes, and not be permitted to exhaust our capital. Regarded, therefore, in its broad bearing upon the country at large, a general tax on *income* may be fair and politic. The Exchequer levies 7d. out of every £1 in the income of the whole country. It arrests that income *in transitu* in the hands in which it may chance to find it; and returns to those hands 19s. 5d., having kept the 7d. for itself. The result of this operation upon the whole income of the whole community is exactly what was intended (the returns being honestly made), and neither more nor less. But the effect may be, and often is, very different, as regards particular individuals. Capital accounts and income accounts cannot be kept with such accuracy, that in all the transactions of life each particular item should be at once referable to its proper head; and in practice, very numerous exceptions actually occur. For instance, to take the strongest case:—Two men have each £10,000, and they proceed respectively to invest it; but the *form* in which they do so is different. The one purchases a life-annuity, to be paid him in the shape of income—the annual payment being, of course, much larger than the ordinary interest of £10,000. The other buys a reversionary interest in a sum, which will, at the time it is to fall into possession, be so much larger than £10,000, that it would sell at the present time for £10,000, and no more. Each has, in present value, £10,000. Each may consider himself owner of the interest of £10,000 as his income. The annuitant, who receives more in the shape of income,

must save that surplus; or else when his annuity ceases, his £10,000 will be gone. The reversioner may spend the interest now, though it is not paid him, because, when his reversion falls in, he will have so much more than £10,000 as will clear off the debt incurred by his expenditure in the interval. Each, therefore, has in substance a present capital of £10,000, neither more nor less, and each has the present power of spending the income of £10,000, without intrenching on his capital; and neither more nor less. But though this be true in substance, the reverse is the case in form. In form, the annuitant has a much larger income than his real one; and the reversioner has no present income at all. Now, in the imperfection of human legislation, the form, and not the substance, is followed by the tax; the annuitant is charged upon the whole of his apparent income, and the reversioner, having no apparent income, is not charged at all. As between the whole country and the Exchequer, the thing is square; the country's income pays the intended quota. But as between the individuals, one is a great loser, and the other is, to the same extent, a great gainer.

The gainer probably will not remonstrate. *Quieta non movere* will be the maxim of his politics, so far as the Income Tax is concerned. But not so the great loser. Every man feels the pinch of his own shoe. The annuitant will turn round and look at the reversioner, and will say, "You have virtually an income equal to mine; you can properly afford as good a house, as many servants, as much plate, and as ample a share of good living as I, and yet you pay nothing to the State for Income Tax, while I pay not only 7d. in every £1 of my income, which is fair, and properly belongs to my lot, but also 7d. in every £1 of my savings, which is unfair, and is in reality paid to the Exchequer, in lieu of that contribution from which you escape." This is unanswerable; and as injustice is the most galling part of any suffering, the Income Tax does, under these circumstances, become particularly galling.

It is curious to observe how often in popular discussion, while the multitude of reasoners have in fact good sense at the bottom of their argument, they do, from inaptitude or want of skill in reasoning, depart from or even reverse the right principle in their forms of expression. Nothing is so common in regard to the Income Tax, for instance, as to hear people say, "It is not fair to have it an Income Tax: it ought to be a Property Tax—a tax upon realized property." This is what the Annuitant would be likely to say to the Reversioner in the case we have just supposed; and his real meaning would be right in the main, but his argument would be formally wrong.

Realized property is exactly what ought not to be taxed; and if we analyse the Annuitant's case, we shall find that his complaint is in truth not of that part of the tax which he has paid by virtue of his income; but of that part which he has paid in respect to his capital.

Realized property or capital ought not to be taxed; for taxes are paid to meet the annual expenditure of the country, and, as we have said, nations, like individuals, must meet their expenditure out of their income, and not intrench upon their capital. Mr. M'Culloch uses a forcible and a just expression when he says that the statesman who taxes capital, which ought to be kept intact that it may produce income for future years, is like the savage who cuts down the tree in order to obtain the readier present access to the fruit. So much for the principle. Now for the application to the Annuitant. His apparently large income, as we have seen, was partly income, which he had a right to spend, and on that he pays and ought to pay; but it was partly the return of his capital, which he was bound to save, and on this he is made to pay, though he ought not. This is his complaint, though, as we have before observed, in nine cases out of ten, in the popular discussions of the day, his real grievance, being felt, would be expressed in precisely opposite language. So, on the other hand, the Reversioner who escapes was justly exempt from payment on that part of his property which is equal to his capital invested; but he is unjustly exempt on that which he has gained by adopting that particular mode of investment, because it is in truth not capital, but the income on which he is to live in the interval.

We have gone into this comparison at greater length, because it will be found, on careful investigation of any case in which a complaint is made of the Income Tax as affecting the individual unjustly, that the substance of his complaint is this and no other, viz. that he is required to pay not merely on his income, but on his capital also. The prudent annuitant who insures his life, considers the premium no part of his own income, but on the contrary regards it with complacence as a part of his children's capital. He therefore says, at least he means to say, "It is capital—don't charge it for the tax as income." The clergy are interested in this way in the question. The case of the medical practitioner is in substance the same; in degree stronger still.

He cannot rely on insurance, for he has not any certain annuity, and does not know he may be able to pay premiums all his life. He must *save*. If, as is probable, the years in which he makes whatever fortune he does make, are but few, his savings in these few years must be large in proportion to the whole amount he is to leave behind him. Yet these savings, which he considers the capital of his children, are regarded by the Treasury as the mere income of the parent; and in proportion as they are large, so is his grievance great.

The instances we have quoted may be taken as fair samples of the grievances felt and complained of in the practical operation of the tax. The most energetic and best able to agitate and to influence Members of Parliament, of those who oppose it, are the commercial classes; and they adopt, as is natural, phraseology and a style of argument suited to their own case. They reason thus:—*A* is a country gentleman, with an income of £1000 a year. *B* is a retail trader, with an equal income. *A* could sell the land which yields him his income at thirty years' purchase—he is therefore worth £30,000. *B* could sell his goodwill for three years' purchase—therefore he is worth £3000. Hence it follows that *A* is ten times the "*better man*" of the two, and yet he only contributes equally to the tax. The tradesman impatiently requires that "property shall be made to bear its burdens," and so forth—but while this is the ordinary form of his complaint, his real grievance is that he is taxed, or thinks he is taxed, not on his income only, but in some degree on his capital also. He says in substance this—"It is true I receive from my business £1000 a year. The interest of my capital is *income;* but a portion of my profit in trade ought to be considered *capital.* I claim to deduct from what is called my income a certain part, and to carry it to my Capital Account, for insurance against the risks to which capital engaged in trade is exposed. With respect to another part, it is the reward of my industry: my industry depends upon my health: I am therefore, in respect of this part, only an annuitant, holding by an uncertain tenure; and like other annuitants, I ought to save; and what I am bound to save, is no part of my income, and ought not to be taxed as income." And then, if we allow his argument to be so far sound, the next step follows of course. It is this. He resorts to the same test as to the value of his annuity in capital, to which we brought the annuitant in the first case put in these pages, viz. the market price. The tradesman's annuity depends on the continuance of his trade. The value of the continuance of his trade he estimates by the price he could obtain for it in the market—*i. e.* the selling price of his good-will.

Having shown that the principle of the Income Tax, as between the Exchequer on the one hand, and the public in the aggregate on the other, is a sound principle of taxation; and having shown that each of the objections made against it by the parties on whom it presses unjustly, may be resolved into this one form of complaint, viz. that in the scheme under which the tax is actually levied, its operation upon the individual is not that which is intended by the framers of the Act, inasmuch as it taxes not only his income, but in part that also which he claims to regard as *capital*—we have done all which our present limits will permit on this part of the case. This observation should be made before we pass entirely away from it, viz. that the Income Tax, as now levied, reaches the whole annual income of the country: if all the exemptions to which we have alluded should, under any other system, be allowed, the effect, as regards the Exchequer, would be to diminish the produce of the tax. As between the Annuitant and the Reversioner in the first case discussed above, the simple effect would be to charge the Reversioner precisely as the Annuitant was relieved. There would, therefore, be no difference in the result, so far as the Treasury was concerned. But if the principle were so far extended as to allow that incomes derived from uncertain sources were to be regarded partly as incomes, and to be taxed to that extent, and partly as capital, the subject of saving or insurance, and to be to that extent exempted—the result would be that the tax would reach not the whole income of the country, but the whole disposable or expendible income only. In this respect it would follow the same rule with indirect taxation, which is levied only on expenditure. In this case that part of the national income which accumulates in any year, would, for the year it was accumulating, be exempted from the tax. As regards the particular individuals concerned, this might have its advantages, but viewed as a question between the Exchequer and the Empire, there is no reason why the country should begin its savings before it has paid the obligations justly attaching to its income. The practical solution of the problem would evidently be a higher *rate* of Income Tax on that portion of the national income which was not exempted. The necessity for such an increase is, of course, no sufficient answer, if

the exemption claimed be grounded on a solid foundation of justice between man and man.

The answer made in the House of Commons is not satisfactory to the public, for it admits the numerous cases of injustice which are alleged against the present operation of the tax. But there is nevertheless in its favour a remarkable array and force of authority. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, Lord Liverpool and Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Grenville, in former times—and Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Goulburn—and now, the present guardians of the Exchequer, Lord J. Russell and Sir Charles Wood, stoutly maintain the present scheme. In 1799 Mr. Pitt introduced a tax upon incomes. The plan pursued was to compel every person to return the whole of his income, and then certain exemptions and allowances were admitted in exoneration. The measure was eminently inquisitorial, and eminently unproductive. It expired at the peace of Amiens. In 1803, Mr. Addington being Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the renewal of the hostilities with Bonaparte, it was necessary again to have recourse to some tax upon incomes. The objections against the former plan induced the Parliament to abandon it. The scheme then adopted was, in the main, the one which has been since pursued. The feature which distinguishes it from the ancient plan is this: no man is now called upon, as he was under the system of 1799, to return the whole of his income. All income which is in its own nature tangible for assessment, is taxed without reference to the party to whom it may belong. The income arising from land, is taxed in the hands of the occupier. The occupier deducts it from his landlord. The landlord, if he be in debt, deducts it again from the mortgagee. In this case the mortgagee pays in reality, but the Treasury does not know of his existence. The obvious effect is, that no man discloses to the collector his whole circumstances. The trader returns the amount of his profits in trade under Schedule D. This disclosure must of necessity be made, because the income does not arise from visible property, and is not in its nature tangible; but when the collector has received the return, he does not therefore know the whole of the trader's circumstances. Suppose a merchant to return £10,000 as the annual produce of his business, and to pay accordingly. He may, on the one hand, be trading with borrowed capital, for which he has to pay interest. No question is asked him on that subject. He pays upon the whole amount sevenpence in the pound, and deducts sevenpence from every pound of interest he pays to the person whose capital he holds. On the other hand, he may have a larger capital than he requires, and have invested a portion of it on mortgage, or in land. The collector knows nothing about that. The single point with which he concerns himself, is the merchant's return of his profits in trade, and this being settled, the scrutiny on the one side, and disclosure on the other, are at an end. This is a very modified inquisition as compared with that which must necessarily exist under the other system; and the absence of a more rigid inquiry is one of the principal arguments on which the Income Tax in its present shape has been defended in the House of Commons.

With respect to the objections on the score of justice and equality, the answer given by those who maintain the present system has been this:—The inequality itself is admitted; but it is confidently stated as the result of former experience, of present official knowledge, and of reflection upon the complicated relations of human life, that it is quite impossible to avoid it under any conceivable scheme or plan. It is stated, and with much force of authority, that in order to do absolute justice, the State must begin by taking an accurate survey of the private affairs of every individual in the minutest detail; that this would require a great degree of disclosure on the part of the individual, and an expense of inspection on the part of the Government which would be quite intolerable; and that if it were supposed to have been successfully accomplished, it would be but the beginning of the task. The next step would be still more arduous. As soon as all this information was accurately known to Government, it would be necessary to form a perfectly wise appreciation of each different set of circumstances, and a perfectly just judgment; in other words, the tax-collector must have infinite wisdom as well as infinite knowledge. Granting, however, that this is obviously unattainable, and that the advocates of better adjustment could reply, "Make the attempt and carry your success as far as possible, we are not so unreasonable as to expect what is more than possible;" the official answer is, "Yes, but a system of taxation governed by no general rule or law, confessedly depending only on the judgment which the collectors may choose to form of each man's circumstances, and subject to all the imperfections of their judgment in forming it, would be a system so arbitrary, so manifestly unconstitutional and oppressive, that it could not be endured for a moment, and no Minister would have the hardihood to attempt it."

These considerations will have prepared our readers to understand what must be the nature of any scheme, by which the inequalities admitted to exist under the present Income Tax could be avoided; and will have enabled them to appreciate the confusion of ideas and the shortness of thought which characterized the proposal for that purpose recently submitted to the House of Commons. Nothing is more common in popular parlance, than to hear a distinction drawn between sources of income which are said to be in their nature permanent, *e. g.* land, the public funds, or money capital; and other sources which are said to be in their nature transitory, *e. g.* profits gained in trade, income derived from practice, stipend received as a minister, &c., &c.: and the scheme in question, founded on this rude distinction, proposed to tax income arising from the funds or land, at 8d., as being wholly permanent and certain; income arising from trade at 6d., as being partly interest of capital, and partly fluctuating profits; and income derived from practice at 4d., as being wholly transient and uncertain.

But a moment's reference to the example of the annuitant (suppose an annuitant in the funds), with which we commenced our observations, shows us that there must be somewhere some great fallacy in this new scheme. We have seen that the annuitant has a great inequality to complain of in the application to his particular circumstances of the equal rule of 7d., and yet the obvious operation of this plan will be to increase his grievance and his tax to 8d. Again, the country gentleman who draws his revenue from land would, under this scheme, pay 8d., but it may very well happen that he has only a life-interest in the estate. A moment's consideration shows that he will urge the same arguments as those to which we have before allowed their weight, and that he will urge them with the same justice. He will say, "It is true I have £1000 a year, derived from land. I am tenant for life of an estate in tail-male, and I have daughters only; the estate at my death passes to another family; out of my £1000 a year I must insure my life for the benefit of my daughters; I ought to pay the same Income Tax with others on that which is my income, that which I have a right to spend —but I ought not to pay Income Tax at all on that which goes to the Insurance Company—for that is not my income, but my daughters' future capital.". All this is very just, and is an unanswerable argument against the fairness of the present 7d. as regards its application to the circumstances of his particular individual. This unfairness the scheme proposed to meet by raising the grievance and the tax to 8d.

The truth is, that if we attempt to remove the inequalities of the present system, we must make up our minds to go boldly to the root of the evil. The real inequality is not to be got rid of by any rough application of a remedy to the source of the income; the remedy will be no remedy at all, unless it be addressed specifically to the interest of the particular individual in the income. The source may be permanent—land or 3 per cents.; and yet, as we have just seen (in almost unnecessary detail) an annuity is but an annuity, and the individual who has only the life interest has no satisfaction in paying an increased Income Tax, because, when his life is over, the same source may yield the same income to some other person for whom he has no regard.

The true way of obtaining a right understanding of questions of this kind is to obtain—first, a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole subject, from those elevated points whence we can regard it in its general effect upon the whole community—dissociated and distinguished from its effect upon peculiar and special interests. Viewed from such a height the distinction we have spoken of between different sources of income will disappear or become comparatively insignificant. Of the whole revenue of a country some part in any year arises from land—some from external trade—some from the various services which different members of an active community are rendering to each other by the exercise of skill and learning in law, medicine, education, and so forth; and comparing year with year, those different sources contribute, each its respective portion, to the increase of the public weal. Regarded in this general light, they are all constant and certain sources of advantage to the state—constant and certain sources of revenue to the particular individuals who may in each year be respectively engaged in their prosecution. When we have taken this general view, if we descend to a lower and nearer point, and investigate each of these sources by itself, we shall find that very different sections of the whole community are interested in each respectively; and as we prosecute our investigation, we shall find that activity and enterprise are the characteristics of those portions who are occupied in trade and in professions, and that large profits are made in them, and for a short time—each successful person who retires leaving a vacancy for some active and energetic successor, who in his turn occupies it for a short time and is successful, and then in his turn retires. In other branch-

es, on the contrary, as in the perception of revenues from land, steadiness is the characteristic rather than enterprise, and the persons interested continue to retain their respective interests for a longer time.

This difference it is to which we are giving expression, when we call these latter sources permanent, and the former fluctuating; more permanent, that is to say, or more fluctuating—in respect of many of the individuals from time to time concerned. But in respect of the individuals only are they thus distinguished. In their general aspect as regards the empire it is otherwise; all are active streams of ever-flowing wealth. It is therefore to the true distinction, *i. e.* to the individual case, that any true remedy must of necessity be addressed; in other words, a scheme like that recently discussed in Parliament, which follows the schedules of the Act, and attributes to the different sources of national income a difference of general relation towards the Exchequer, is based upon an erroneous conception, and will work out therefore an erroneous result. The true question is, whether or no we think the real remedy attainable, and if attainable, worth its price. Mr. Pitt, and the Parliament of 1799, tried the experiment; Mr. Pitt united with the other leaders of public opinion, and with the Parliament of 1803, in abandoning that experiment, because in practice it was unsuccessful.

The ground, then, is simply that of impossibility. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, be he Sir Charles Wood, or be he Mr. Goulburn, can only say, in general terms, that he is sorry inequalities exist; that taxation levied, under a constitutional Government, must follow a general law; that general laws cannot adapt themselves to all particular circumstances; and that any attempt to make the particular circumstances the rule in each case would infringe the general law, and violate the Constitution itself. This may be a sound answer; but to the medical practitioner, the barrister in practice, the man of letters, the clergyman, the annuitant, the merchant, or the retail tradesman, it is not at first sight satisfactory. Nor when times are bad, and losses great, do men like to pay Income Tax which they know to be unequal, assessed upon the income of a former and prosperous year, with no better comfort offered them at the Treasury than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's sympathy, and the expression of his great regret that the hardship under which he admits they labour is one which he and his predecessors have tried in vain to remedy.

The best apology for the Income Tax is to be found in the other taxes from which it has relieved the public, and the financial reformation it has enabled the Government to achieve. In 1842, when it was first introduced by Sir Robert Peel, the revenue of the then current year was deficient by nearly two millions and a half. The aggregate deficiency of six years amounted to ten millions. Trade was depressed, and the working population in a state of severe suffering. It was necessary to recruit the Exchequer, and to reanimate trade. The Income Tax was resorted to as the most certain and efficacious remedy for so serious a disorder. In 1840, Mr. Francis Baring had endeavoured to bring round his balance by an addition of 5 per cent. to the duties upon imports and upon articles of excise, and 10 per cent. upon the assessed taxes. The result of that experiment was a failure, so far as regarded the customs and excise. It was not a failure as regarded the assessed taxes. Sir Robert Peel accepted this as an indication that indirect taxation seemed to have reached its limits; and that the measures necessary for replenishing the Exchequer must be found in the way of direct taxation. He therefore proposed, and Parliament adopted the proposition of, a Property and Income Tax for the period of three years. He accompanied the proposal by reductions upon timber, coffee, and other matters, amounting in the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, to upwards of two millions of annual taxation; and expressed a confident hope that when the three years should have expired, the relief thus given to the springs of industry would have added so largely to the producing and consuming powers of the country, and consequently to the revenue, that Parliament might be enabled to dispense with the further continuance of the tax.

Nor was he disappointed in this sanguine hope. When he made, in 1845, his celebrated Financial Statement, he was able to announce to the House of Commons, that not only had his reductions upon timber and other articles been replaced, but that there was no longer any deficiency in the ordinary revenue—that the five millions produced by the income-tax was a sheer surplus of five millions, which he was enabled to offer to the House to be dealt with according to its wisdom.

There were, however, circumstances which, in 1845, induced Sir Robert Peel to propose and parliament to adopt, a further continuance of the tax. The "affaire Pritchard" in the autumn of 1844, had called the attention of the Admiralty to the progress of steam navigation, and the possibility of a descent by the Prince de Joinville

upon Plymouth or Portsmouth. The days are indeed gone by when we should be afraid of seeing Van Tromp at Sheerness *animo morandi;* but it would be quite a different thing for a dashing youth like the Prince de Joinville, at the head of a small fleet of steamers, to steal in the night to the neighbourhood of a naval arsenal, and throw some combustibles into the dock-yard. It was justly thought expedient to incur some expense upon steam navies and improved defences; and a considerable increase was therefore made in the estimates. But this was not the only object with which, in 1845, the Income Tax was renewed for a further period of three years. The results of the commercial experiment made in 1842, had been so satisfactory as to whet the edge of the national appetite for further changes in the same direction. Cotton, dye-stuffs, and an innumerable quantity of smaller articles which encumbered the tariff, being principally the raw materials for various branches of domestic industry, together with the duties of excise on auctions and on glass, were swept away; the duty upon sugar, the produce of our own colonies, or of foreign countries not employing slaves, was greatly reduced; and, in short, during the two first leases of the Income Tax, that is to say, between 1842 and 1846 inclusive, nearly eight millions of indirect taxation had been removed under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel's Government. When the general election came in the autumn of 1847, Sir Robert was able to address to the electors of Tamworth the following summary of his financial measures:

* "The result of these two experiments has therefore been that, in the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, the whole amount lost to the revenue by reduced taxation was more than replaced. In the two years 1845 and 1846, nine-tenths of a far larger reduction had already been replaced. But the case does not rest here. Notwithstanding the disastrous circumstances of the late harvest, and the depression of trade, the revenue of 1847 again exhibits a considerable increase on that of the preceding year. The last published balance-sheet of the United Kingdom is that for the year ending the 5th April, 1847. If we compare the orninary revenue of that year (after deducting the Property Tax) with the ordinary revenue of the year ending 5th April, 1841, we find

Year ending 5th April, 1841,	£47,218,178
Year ending 5th April, 1847,	48,161,597
Difference in favour of 1847,	£943,419

"This difference in favour of the latter year far exceeds any increased receipt from the admission of foreign sugar.

"A statement published on the 6th instant carries the accounts for Great Britain down to the present time, viz. to 5th July, 1847, those for Ireland being not yet complete. It exhibits for this portion of the empire a total increase of ordinary revenue, as compared with the year ending 5th July, 1846, of no less than £2,615,871, of which (notwithstanding the remission of the Duties on Corn) £1,812,773 comes under the heads of Customs and Excise, or in other words, arises from increased consumption.

"The whole effect, therefore, of the measures of the late Government has been to remove more than seven millions and a half of taxes; while the ordinary revenue of the last financial year for which they were called upon to provide, has considerably exceeded the ordinary revenue (derived from the same sources) of the financial year that immediately preceded their accession to office."

Times since then have changed. The Irish Famine and the Irish Loan,—the excessive importations of Corn,—the fall of the Mauritius and East Indian Houses,—the disordered state of Europe,—the war in Caffraria, and a certain general laxity in the financial administration, which somehow or other has uniformly characterized the Whigs, have thrown matters into a less favourable position; but they have not by so doing tended to diminish the necessity which existed for the re-imposition of the Income Tax. With all its faults we could have loved it still:—Yes, even with Mr. Goulburn could have said (though we never were Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor pretend to the sympathies which only official men can cherish) that we are "in love with the Income Tax"—if it had furnished the means, as it was by Mr. Goulburn made to furnish them, for large reductions of more oppressive taxes. The duty upon windows, shutting out by man's device the light of heaven—the duty upon tea, prohibiting the use of a salubrious and invigorating stimulant, and interposing a barrier to our trade with one-third of the population of the globe:—these, and many other duties, we can so lovingly part company with, that, in comparison of their continuance, we could really have blessed the Income Tax. But, alas! the prospects of the coming year were such as to require that the Income Tax should not only be reimposed, but should be even raised to 5 per cent., not for the remission of other imposts, but simply that the public income might meet the public expenditure.

Referring to the speech delivered by Lord John Russell on the 18th February, as it is reported by Hansard, the actual position of affairs is this:—

In the first place, the deficiency of income on the year now concluded, viz. the

* Letter to the Electors of Tamworth, 1847. Bain: Haymarket.

year ending 5th April, 1848, has been £3,092,284. For the ensuing year—that, namely, which will expire 5th April, 1849, the Minister gave the following estimate—that is to say:

Estimated Income, 5th April, 1848, to 5th April, 1849:—		
Customs,		£19,750,000
Excise,		13,500,000
Stamps,		7,200,000
Taxes,		4,340,000
Property Tax,		5,200,000
Post Office,		900,000
Crown Lands,		60,000
Miscellaneous,		300,000
		£51,250,000
And for the Expenditure:—		
Funded Debt,	£27,778,000	
Unfunded Debt,	752,600	
		£28,530,600
Charges on Consolidated Fund,		2,750,000
Caffre War,	1,100,000	
Naval Excess for past year,	245,000	
		1,345,000
Estimates, viz.,		
Navy,	7,726,610	
Army,	7,162,996	
Ordnance,	2,924,835	
Miscellaneous,	4,006,000	
		21,820,441
		54,446,041
Militia,		150,000
		£54,596,041

These estimates appear to leave an avowed deficiency for the coming year of £3,346,041. But from this deficiency must be deducted the two sums of charge for the Caffre War, and for the Naval Excess, which have been already included in the Balance-Sheet for the year 1847–8. The total deficiency, therefore, of the coming year may be estimated in round numbers at Two Millions.

Nor do we stand fair with our creditors to begin with, while we have in prospect this downward course of deficiency. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had in the Bank of England on the 5th April, 1848, a balance of £6,768,336. But some portion of this balance is pledged to Ireland, and consists of the amount yet unexpended of the Irish Loan. What remains may be regarded as the real balance possessed by the country, and lying in the hands of its bankers, disposable to meet the expenditure. The quarterly payments of the 5th April may be taken at nine millions, and for the amount by which the payments exceed the balance in hand the Treasury becomes a debtor to the Bank of England; which advances the required amount upon the security of Exchequer Bills, issued specially for the purpose and known by the name of "Deficiency Bills." These bills do not go into the open market, but are deposited with the Bank, and cancelled from time to time as the growing produce of the Revenue in the ensuing quarter enables the Treasury to take them up. We have seen then that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must have been somewhere about three millions short of the amount required to pay his way for the present Quarter-day, and that he proposes to increase this deficiency by two millions more, within the next twelve months.

It follows that on 5th April, 1849, he will be under obligation to the Bank of England to the extent of nearly £5,000,000 at the least. This is a state of things most discreditable to any country in time of peace—and most unfortunate at a time when the disturbed state of affairs abroad renders it desirable that we should be strong in our preparations, and at ease in our financial circumstances. It was the desire to avoid this unfortunate state of things which induced the Government to ask for the increase of the Tax. Disappointed in that expectation, they have for the present contented themselves with a simple renewal. The only hope yet held out to the country for an equalization of the income with the expenditure, is that hope which we believe every spendthrift holds out to himself and his friends in every year in which he exceeds his means, viz. a solemnly recorded, but not often solemnly observed, determination to make a corresponding saving in succeeding years.

Some important items of the expenditure incurred within the past twelve months, the Minister considers himself justified in regarding as wholly exceptional, and therefore to be charged upon the country as a permanent addition to the debt, rather than defrayed from current income. These items are the Votes for Ireland—the Expenses of the Caffre War—and the Naval Excess. This is always a suspicious mode of dealing with inconvenient charges; and the facility with which it has been adopted by Railway Directors has brought their system of financial administration into general discredit with the public. It may perhaps be admitted, that if the mode of dealing with the Irish Famine pursued by the Government, and detailed with so much ability by our contemporary the Edinburgh Review, in a paper since avowed to have been written by Mr. Trevelyan, can be justified at all, the first of the foregoing items,

viz. the Votes for Ireland, might fairly be regarded as exceptional, and made a charge upon posterity. But no such case can be made out for the other items. It is true that we have not every year a Caffre war, because sometimes it is a rebellion in Canada—sometimes a China war—sometimes a New Zealand war—sometimes it is a grant of Parliament of £1,200,000 for Opium Compensation,—all which demands have actually occurred in the last ten years, and have in this particular year given way to the particular charge of this Caffre war. A country so extensive as ours in respect of its colonial possessions, must calculate upon some great and unexpected item of expenditure arising in almost every year. Then, as to the Naval Excess, that sum is neither more nor less than the sum by which the expenditure actually incurred by Lord Auckland and his colleagues, in the year 1846–7, has exceeded the expenditure estimated by their predecessors in office for the same year. It cannot, therefore, be admitted that these two items are upon any just principle to be regarded as exceptional cases, and, as such, to be excluded from the annual account.

It is, however, part of the Ministerial scheme, as it now stands before the House of Commons, to dispose of these several items, by admitting that they are to increase the permanent charge of the debt, and are not to be provided for by payment out of Revenue. They amount together to about two millions, and deducted therefore from the five millions of deficiency, actually incurred in the two years from 5th April, 1847, to 5th April, 1849, they leave three millions to be reduced by the surplus Revenue, which it is hoped will accrue to the Treasury during the remainder of the period for which the renewed Income Tax has been now imposed; that is to say, in the two years between 5th April, 1849, and 5th April, 1851.

Three Committees have been appointed by the House of Commons—one to revise the estimates for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance—one the Miscellaneous Estimates—and a third to determine why it is that the Crown Lands, which in 1844 produced £155,000, should in the years 1848 and 1849 produce only £60,000.

From these Committees great results are expected; and we do not doubt that by a rigorous and judicious application of the knife, much unnecessary expenditure may be pruned, to the advantage of the public chest, without impairing the efficiency of the public service. An instance of this kind has been recently discussed in Parliament. The Railway Department of the Board of Trade, which consisted of a few clerks under the superintendence of Lord Dalhousie and Sir George Clerk, had been erected into a separate office, at an annual cost to the public of £12,000, but without any increase in the amount of its duties, or of the efficiency with which they were discharged. At the same time, the two offices held under the late Government by Sir George Clerk, and paid by the salary of one, were divided. It appears from the result of the debate highly probable that the Railway Board will be abolished, and while we write these pages, the retirement of Mr. Milner Gibson affords to the Government an opportunity of reuniting in one person the two offices of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. These two steps, involving only a return to the state of this single department, the Board of Trade, as it existed in 1846, would effect a permanent saving to the public of £14,000.

But while we entertain these sanguine hopes that much practical good may really be effected in the way of retrenchment, we must not shut our eyes to the necessity of maintaining in a state of great efficiency, the various departments of service connected with National Defence. Nor in considering what is likely to be the surplus of the two years 1849–50, and 1850–1, can we forget the statement of Lord John Russell, that a force of 5,000 men, now charged upon the East India Company, will arrive in England in the course of the present year, and will form a great addition to the charge required to be provided for in the Army Estimates of the year 1849–50, and we suppose of 1850–51 also.

To the Reports which these Committees are to make we intend in due time to call the attention of our readers. We hope they may accomplish all, and more than all that the most sanguine persons have ventured to predict respecting them. Something is to be allowed for the hope of better times for trade, and better Revenue arising from increased activity; but after all that Parliament can accomplish, and all that hope itself can promise, it is in vain to suppose that the mere renewal of the Income Tax is sufficient for the financial exigencies. That was an ominous sentence in which Sir Charles Wood reserved to himself the right at a subsequent period of the Session, and after the Committees shall have reported, of coming down to the House with some further measure of taxation—if circumstances shall appear to require it.

They will require it. The truth is, the budget of Lord John Russell disappeared with the 5 per cent. The Income Tax has

been renewed, but the Financial Statement of the year has not been made. It may be that Government will not make one. They may throw the disagreeable duty of making the income adequate to the expenditure over to another year. This is not improbable. But still, a Financial Statement does not deserve that name, which, basing itself upon an acknowledged deficiency of £3,092,284 in the past year, still leaves on the coming year an estimated additional deficiency of more than two millions sterling, and leaves it to future years to supply that void.

The years of deficiency and of surplus have succeeded one another, like the years of plenty and famine, the fat kine and the lean kine, in the dream interpreted by Joseph.

In 1837 the result was .	£655,760	deficiency.
1838	345,228	...
1839	1,512,792	...
1840	1,593,970	...
1841	2,101,369	...
1842	3,979,538	...
Aggregate deficiency,	£10,188,657	

In 1842 the financial reforms we have referred to received the sanction of the Legislature; and it is to the circumstance that the remissions upon the Tariff came into operation in the early part of that year, while the assessments for the Income Tax were not complete till towards its conclusion, that the deficiency of 1842 so largely exceeded that of the preceding year.

In 1843 the result was .	£1,443,304	surplus.
1844	3,356,106	...
1845	3,817,642	...
1846	2,846,308	...
Aggregate surplus,	£11,463,360	

With the year 1847, we enter again upon a descending scale,—the two first years of which will undo one-half of the advantage that has accrued to us in the years of surplus, 1843–1846.

In the year 1837 the capital of the Debt was . . .	£786,319,738
Its annual charge was .	29,489,571
In 1846 the capital was reduced to . . .	782,918,984
The annual charge to .	28,077,987

In the past twelve months we have seen an addition of £9,000,000 to the capital; and of £270,000 to the annual charge of the permanent debt.

At the close of the year 1837, the balances in the Exchequer were	£4,127,973
" 1842, they were reduced to . . .	1,390,059
" 1846, they were raised to . . .	9,131,282

On the 5th April, 1849, we have seen, there is good reason to expect they will have fallen back to £4,000,000: that is to say, an addition of £5,000,000 will have been made to the floating or unfunded debt, by the issue of deficiency bills, to supply the diminution of the Balance. The surplus revenue (if any such surplus there shall really prove to be) of the two succeeding years, viz. until 5th April, 1851, is, as we have seen, already mortgaged to reduce the deficiency which, in the current year, 1848-9, we are about, with our eyes open, advisedly to add to the large deficiency that already stands in judgment against us upon the balance of 1847–8.

There is no provision here for a reduction of the Irish Loan—no prospect of any remission of duty upon windows—upon tea—upon tobacco. These hopes we cherished while our fortune was. We are now at sea in a gloomy night. The darkness is around us, and the danger near. The pilot at the helm can give us no better ground of comfort than the mere expression of his hopes and wishes. Where, then, shall we rest our confidence? In the spirit of a loyal and industrious people—in the superintending care of a merciful though chastising Providence—

Pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
Sensit, et ipse ratum nocturnis rexit in undis.

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ART. I.—*The Works of Alexander Pope, Esquire.* By W. ROSCOE, Esq. A New Edition. In eight vols. London, 1847.

EVERY great classic in our native language should from time to time be reviewed anew; and especially if he belongs in any considerable extent to that section of the literature which connects itself with manners; and if his reputation originally, or his style of composition, is likely to have been much influenced by the transient fashions of his own age. The withdrawal, for instance, from a dramatic poet, or a satirist, of any false lustre which he has owed to his momentary connexion with what we may call the *personalities* of a fleeting generation, or of any undue shelter to his errors which may have gathered round them from political bias, or from intellectual infirmities amongst his partisans, will sometimes seriously modify, after a century or so, the fairest *original* appreciation of a fine writer. A window, composed of Claude Lorraine glasses, spreads over the landscape outside a disturbing effect, which not the most practised eye can evade. The *eidola theatri* affect us all. No man escapes the contagion from his contemporary bystanders. And the reader may see further on, that, had Pope been merely a satiric poet, he must in these times have laid down much of the splendour which surrounds him in our traditional estimate of his merit. Such a renunciation would be a forfeit—not always to errors in himself—but sometimes to errors in that stage of English society, which forced the ablest writer into a collusion with its own meretricious tastes. The antithetical prose "characters," as they were technically termed, which circulated amongst the aristocracy in the early part of the last century, the style of the dialogue in such comedy as was then popular, and much of the occasional poetry in that age, expose an immoderate craving for glittering effects from contrasts too harsh to be natural, too sudden to be durable, and too fantastic to be harmonious. To meet this vicious taste, from which (as from any diffusive taste) it is vain to look for *perfect* immunity in any writer lying immediately under its beams, Pope sacrificed in *one* mode of composition, the simplicities of nature and sincerity; and had he practised no other mode, we repeat that *now* he must have descended from his pedestal. To some extent he is degraded even as it is; for the reader cannot avoid whispering to himself—what quality of thinking must *that* be which allies itself so naturally (as will be shown) with distortions of fact or of philosophic truth? But, had his whole writings been of that same cast, he must have been degraded altogether, and a star would have fallen from our English galaxy of poets.

We mention this particular case as a reason generally for renewing by intervals the examination of great writers, and liberating the verdict of their contemporaries from the casual disturbances to which every age is liable in its judgments, and in its tastes. As books multiply to an unmanageable excess, selection becomes more and more a necessity for readers, and the power of selection more and more a desperate problem for the busy part of readers. The possibility of selecting wisely is becoming continually more hopeless, as the necessity for selection is becoming continually more crying. Ex-

actly as the growing weight of books overlays and stifles the power of comparison, *pari passu* is the call for comparison the more clamorous; and thus arises a duty, correspondingly more urgent, of searching and revising until everything spurious has been weeded out from amongst the Flora of our highest literature; and until the waste of time for those who have so little at their command, is reduced to a *minimum*. For, where the good cannot be read in its twentieth part, the more requisite it is that no part of the bad should steal an hour of the available time; and it is not to be endured that people without a minute to spare, should be obliged first of all to read a book before they can ascertain whether it was at all *worth* reading. The public cannot read by proxy as regards the good which it is to appropriate, but it *can* as regards the poison which it is to escape. And thus, as literature expands, becoming continually more of a household necessity, the duty resting upon critics (who are the vicarious readers for the public) becomes continually more urgent—of reviewing all works that may be supposed to have benefited too much or too indiscriminately by the superstition of a name. The *prægustatores* should have tasted of every cup, and reported its quality, before the public call for it; and, above all, they should have done this in all cases of the higher literature—that is, of literature properly so called.

What is it that we mean by *literature?* Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition; the most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is—some relation to a general and common interest of man, so that what applies only to a local—or professional—or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature; but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind—to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm, does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, as, for instance, the finest of Shakspeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed* their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books, during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea co-extensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books; and much that *does* come into books, may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought—not so much in a better definition of literature, as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach;* the function of the second is—to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately it may happen to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of

* Charles I., for example, when Prince of Wales, and many others in his father's court, gained their known familiarity with Shakspeare—not through the original quartos, so slenderly diffused, nor through the first folio of 1623, but through the court representations of his chief dramas at Whitehall.

minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society—of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly, are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz. the literature of power. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe—is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards—a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth: whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight—is an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, &c., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man: for the Scriptures themselves never condescend to deal by suggestion or co-operation, with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "*the understanding heart*,"—making the heart, *i. e.* the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy-tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration. What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice?*—It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence; for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it *attains* its object, a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing—not with the refractory elements of earthly life—but with elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves;* or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge, is but a *provisional* work: a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quamdiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: 1*st*, as regards absolute truth; 2*dly*, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into

decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains, as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the Iliad, the Prometheus of Æschylus,—the Othello or King Lear,—the Hamlet or Macbeth,—and the Paradise Lost, are not militant but triumphant for ever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as differing in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other: never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less: they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor become reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

Applying these principles to Pope, as a representative of fine literature in general, we would wish to remark the claim which he has, or which any equal writer has, to the attention and jealous winnowing of those critics in particular who watch over public morals. Clergymen, and all the organs of public criticism put in motion by clergymen, are more especially concerned in the just appreciation of such writers, if the two canons are remembered, which we have endeavoured to illustrate, viz. that all works in this class, as opposed to those in the literature of knowledge, 1*st*, work by far deeper agencies; and, 2*dly*, are more permanent; in the strictest sense they are κτημαται ἐς ἀει: and what evil they do, or what good they do, is commensurate with the national language, sometimes long after the nation has departed. At this hour, 500 years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer,* never equalled on this earth for their tenderness, and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, 1800 years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gaiety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust: but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years; "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature; and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol—that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called—literature κατ' ἐξοχην, for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power bad or good over human life, that cannot be contemplated, when seen stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe.* And of this let every one be

* The Canterbury Tales were not made public until 1380 or thereabouts: but the composition must have cost 30 or more years; not to mention that the work had probably been finished for some years before it was divulged.

* The reason why the broad distinctions between the two literatures of power and knowledge so little fix the attention, lies in the fact, that a vast proportion of books—history, biography, travels, miscellaneous essays, &c., lying in a middle zone, confound these distinctions by interblending them. All that we call "amusement" or "entertainment," is a diluted form of the power belonging to passion, and also a mixed form; and where threads of direct *instruction* intermingle in the texture with these threads of *power*, this absorption of the duality into one representative *nuance* neutralizes the separate perception of either. Fused

assured—that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read, many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

In making a revaluation of Pope as regards some of his principal works, we should have been glad to examine more closely than we shall be able to do, some popular errors affecting his whole intellectual position; and especially these two, *first*, That he belonged to what is idly called the *French* School of our literature; *secondly*, That he was specially distinguished from preceding poets by *correctness*. The first error has infected the whole criticism of Europe. The Schlegels, with all their false airs of subtlety, fall into this error in discussing every literature of Christendom. But, if by a mere accident of life any poet *had* first turned his thoughts into a particular channel on the suggestion of some French book, *that* would not justify our classing what belongs to universal nature, and what *inevitably* arises at a certain stage of social progress, under the category of a French creation. Somebody must have been first in point of time upon every field; but this casual precedency establishes no title whatever to authority, or plea of original dominion over fields that lie within the inevitable line of march upon which nations are moving. Had it happened that the first European writer on the higher geometry was a Græco-Sicilian, *that* would not have made it rational to call geometry the Græco-Sicilian Science. In *every* nation first comes the higher form of passion, next the lower. This is the mere order of nature in governing the movements of human intellect, as connected with social evolution; this is therefore the universal order, that in the earliest stages of literature, men deal with the great elementary grandeurs of passion, of conscience, of the will in self-conflict; they deal with the capital struggles of the human race in raising empires, or in overthrowing them—in vindicating their religion (as by crusades), or with the more mysterious struggles amongst spiritual races allied to our own, that have been dimly revealed to us. We have an Iliad, a Jerusalem Delivered, a Paradise Lost. These great subjects exhausted, or exhausted in their more inviting manifestations, inevitably, by the mere endless motion of society, there succeeds a lower key of passion. Expanding social intercourse in towns, multiplied and crowded more and more, banishes those gloomier and grander phases of human history from literature. The understanding is quickened; the lower faculties of the mind—fancy, and the habit of minute distinction, are applied to the contemplation of society and manners. Passion begins to wheel in lower flights, and to combine itself with interests that in part are addressed to the insulated understanding—observing, refining, reflecting. This may be called the *minor* key of literature in opposition to the *major*, as cultivated by Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton. But this key arises spontaneously in *every* people, and by a necessity as sure as any that moulds the progress of civilization. Milton and Spenser were *not* of any Italian school. Their Italian studies were the result and not the cause of the determination given to their minds by nature working in conjunction with their social period. It is equally childish to say of Dryden and Pope—that they belonged to any French school. That thing which they did, they *would* have done though France had been at the back of China. The school to which they belonged, was a school developed at a certain stage of progress in all nations alike by the human heart as modified by the human understanding: it is a school depending on the peculiar direction given to the sensibilities by the reflecting faculty, and by the new phases of society. Even as a fact (though a change as to the fact could not make any change at all in the philosophy of the case), it is not true that either Dryden or Pope was influenced by French literature. Both of them had a very imperfect acquaintance with the French language. Dryden ridiculed French literature; and Pope, except for some purposes connected with his Homeric translations, read as little of it as convenience would allow. But, had this been otherwise, the philosophy of the case stands good; that, after the primary formations of the fermenting intellect, come everywhere—in Thebes or Athens, in France or England, the secondary; that, after the creating passion comes the reflecting and recombining passion; that after the solemnities and cloistral grandeurs of life—solitary and self-conflicting, comes the recoil of a self-observing and self-dissecting stage, derived from life social and gregarious. After the Iliad, but doubtless many generations after, comes a Batrachomyomachia: after the gorgeous masque of our forefathers came always the anti-masque, that threw off

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into a *tertium quid*, or neutral state, they disappear to the popular eye as the repelling forces, which in fact they are.

echoes as from some devil's laughter in mockery of the hollow and transitory pomps that went before.

It is an error equally gross, and an error in which Pope himself participated, that his plume of distinction from preceding poets consisted in *correctness*. Correctness in what? Think of the admirable qualifications for settling the scale of such critical distinctions which that man must have had who turned out upon this vast world the single oracular word "correctness" to shift for itself, and explain its own meaning to all generations. Did he mean logical correctness in maturing and connecting thoughts? But of all poets that have practised reasoning in verse, Pope is the one most inconsequential in the deduction of his thoughts, and the most severely distressed in any effort to effect or to explain the dependency of their parts. There are not ten consecutive lines in Pope unaffected by this infirmity. All his thinking proceeded by insulated and discontinuous jets: and the only resource for *him*, or chance of even seeming correctness, lay in the liberty of stringing his aphoristic thoughts like pearls—having no relation to each other but that of contiguity. To *set* them like diamonds was for Pope to risk distraction; to systematize was ruin—On the other hand, if this elliptical word *correctness* is to be understood with such a complementary qualification as would restrict it to Pope's use of *language*, that construction is even more untenable than the other—more conspicuously untenable—for many are they who have erred by illogical thinking, or by distracted evolution of thoughts: but rare is the man amongst classical writers in any language who has disfigured his meaning more remarkably than Pope by imperfect expression. We do not speak of plebeian phrases, of exotic phrases, of slang, from which Pope was not free, though *more* free than many of his contemporaries. From vulgarism indeed he was shielded, though imperfectly, by the aristocratic society he kept: *they* being right, *he* was right: and he erred only in the cases where they misled him; for even the refinement of that age was oftentimes coarse and vulgar. His grammar, indeed, is often vicious: preterites and participles he constantly confounds, and registers this class of blunders for ever by the cast-iron index of rhymes that never *can* mend. But worse than this mode of viciousness is his syntax, which is so bad as to darken his meaning at times, and at other times to defeat it. But these were errors cleaving to his times; and it would be unfair to exact from Pope a better quality of diction than belonged to his contemporaries. Still it is indisputable that a better model of diction and of grammar prevailed a century before Pope. In Spenser, in Shakspeare, in the Bible of King James's reign, and in Milton, there are very few grammatical errors.* But Pope's defect in language was almost peculiar to himself. It lay in an inability, nursed doubtless by indolence, to carry out and perfect the expression of the thought he wishes to communicate. The language does not realize the idea: it simply suggests

* And this purity of diction shows itself in many points arguing great vigilance of attention, and also great anxiety for using the language powerfully as the most venerable of traditions, when treating the most venerable of subjects. For instance, the Bible never condescends to the mean colloquial preterites of *chid* for *did chide*, or *writ* for *did write*, but always uses the full-dress word *chode*, and *wrote*. Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more: but assuredly he would have improved his English. A question naturally naturally arises—How it was that the elder writers—Shakspeare in particular (who had seen so little of higher society when he wrote his youthful poems of Lucrece and Adonis), should have maintained so much purer a grammar? Dr. Johnson indeed, but most falsely, says that Shakspeare's grammar is licentious. "The style of Shakspeare" (these are the exact words of the Doctor in his preface) "was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure." An audacious misrepresentation! In the doctor himself, a legislator for the language, we undertake to show more numerically of trespasses against grammar, but (which is worse still) more unscholarlike trespasses. Shakspeare is singularly correct in grammar. One reason, we believe, was this: from the restoration of Charles II. decayed the *ceremonious* exteriors of society. Stiffness and reserve melted away before the familiarity and impudence of French manners. Social meetings grew far more numerous as towns expanded; social pleasure far more began now to depend upon conversation; and conversation, growing less formal, quickened its pace. Hence came the call for rapid abbreviations: the *'tis* and *'twas*, the *can't* and *don't* of the two post-Miltonic generations arose under this impulse; and the general impression has ever since subsisted amongst English writers—that language, instead of being an exquisitely beautiful vehicle for the thoughts—a robe that never can be adorned with too much care or piety, is in fact a dirty high-road which all people detest whilst all are forced to use it, and to the keeping of which in repair no rational man ever contributes a trifle that is not forced from him by some severity of Quarter Sessions. The great corrupter of English was the conversational instinct for rapidity. A more honourable source of corruption lay in the growth of new ideas, and the continual influx of foreign words to meet them. Spanish words arose, like *reformado*, *prixado*, *desperado*, and French ones past counting. But as these retained their foreign forms of structure, they reacted to vitiate the language still more by introducing a piebald aspect of books which it seemed a matter of necessity to tolerate for the interests of wider thinking. The perfection of this horror was never attained except amongst the Germans.

or hints it. Thus to give a single illustration,—

"Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game."

The first line one would naturally construe into this: that God and Nature were in harmony, whilst all other objects were scattered into incoherency by difference and disunion. Not at all; it means nothing of the kind; but that God and Nature only are exempted from the infirmities of change. *They* only continue uniform and self-consistent. This might mislead many readers; but the second line *must* do so: for who would not understand the syntax to be—that the judgment, as it exists in man, shoots at flying game? But, in fact, the meaning is —that the judgment, in aiming its calculations at man, aims at an object that is still on the wing, and never for a moment stationary. We give this as a specimen of a fault in diction—the very worst amongst all that are possible; to write bad grammar or colloquial slang does not necessarily obscure the sense; but a fault like this is a treachery, and hides the true meaning under the cloud of a conundrum: nay worse; for even a conundrum has fixed conditions for determining its solution, but this sort of mutilated expression is left to the solutions of conjecture.

There are endless varieties of this fault in Pope, by which he sought relief for himself from half-an-hour's labour, at the price of utter darkness to his reader.

One editor distinguishes amongst the epistles that which Pope addressed to Lord Oxford some years after his fall, as about the most "*correct*, musical, dignified, and affecting" that the poet has left. Now, even as a specimen of vernacular English, it is conspicuously bad: the shocking gallicism, for instance, of "*attend*," for "wait his leisure," in the line "For *him*, *i. e.* on his behalf, thou oft hast bid the world attend," would alone degrade the verses. To bid the world attend—is to bid the world listen attentively; whereas what Pope means is, that Lord Oxford bade the world wait in his ante-chamber, until he had leisure from his important conferences with a poet, to throw a glance upon affairs so trivial as those of the human race. This use of the word *attend* is a shocking violation of the English idiom; and even the slightest would be an unpardonable blemish in a poem of only forty lines, which ought to be polished as exquisitely as a cameo. It is a still worse disfiguration of the very same class, viz. a silent confession of defeat, in a regular wrestling-match with the difficulties of a metrical expression, that the poem terminates thus—

"Nor fears to tell that *Mortimer* is he;"

why *should* he fear? Really there is no very desperate courage required for telling the most horrible of secrets about Mortimer. Had Mortimer even been so wicked as to set the Thames on fire, safely it might have been published by Mortimer's bosom-friend to all magistrates, sheriffs, and constables; for not a man of them would have guessed in what hiding-place to look for Mortimer, or who Mortimer might be. True it is, that a secondary earldom, conferred by Queen Anne upon Robert Harley, was that of Mortimer; but it lurked unknown to the public ear; it was a coronet that lay hid under the beams of *Oxford*—a title so long familiar to English ears, when descending through six and twenty generations of de Veres. Quite as reasonable it would be, in a birth-day ode to the Prince of Wales, if he were addressed as my Lord of Chester, or Baron of Renfrew, or your Grace of Cornwall. To express a thing in cipher may do for a conspirator; but a poet's *correctness* is shown in his intelligibility.

Amongst the early poems of Pope, the "Eloisa to Abelard" has a special interest of a double order: first, it has a *personal* interest as the poem of Pope, because indicating the original destination of Pope's intellect, and the strength of his native vocation to a class of poetry in deeper keys of passion than any which he systematically cultivated. For itself also, and abstracting from its connexion with Pope's natural destination, this poem has a *second* interest, an intrinsic interest, that will always make it dear to impassioned minds. The self-conflict—the flux and reflux of the poor agitated heart—the spectacle of Eloisa now bending penitentially before the shadowy austerities of a monastic future, now raving upon the remembrances of the guilty past—one moment reconciled by the very anguish of her soul to the grandeurs of religion and of prostrate adoration, the next moment revolting to perilous retrospects of her treacherous happiness—the recognition by shining gleams through the very storm and darkness evoked by her earthly sensibilities, of a sensibility deeper far in its ground, and that trembled towards holier objects—the lyrical tumult of the changes, the hope, the tears, the rapture, the penitence, the despair—place the reader in tumultuous sympathy with the poor distracted nun. Exquisitely imagined, among the passages towards the end, is the introduction of a voice speaking to Eloisa from the grave of

some sister nun, that, in long-forgotten years, once had struggled and suffered like herself,

"Once (like herself) that trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid."

Exquisite is the passage in which she prefigures a visit yet to come from Abelard to herself—no more in the character of a lover, but as a priest, ministering by spiritual consolations to her dying hours, pointing her thoughts to heaven, presenting the Cross to her through the mists of death, and fighting for her as a spiritual ally against the torments of flesh. That anticipation was not gratified. Abelard died long before her; and the hour never arrived for *him* of which with such tenderness she says,—

"It will be *then* no crime to gaze on me."

But another anticipation *has* been fulfilled in a degree that she could hardly have contemplated; the anticipation, namely,—

"That ages hence, when all her woes were o'er,
And that rebellious heart should beat no more,"

wandering feet should be attracted from afar

"To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,"

as the common resting-place and everlasting marriage-bed of Abelard and Eloisa; that the eyes of many that had been touched by their story, by the memory of their extraordinary accomplishments in an age of darkness, and by the calamitous issue of their attachment, should seek, first and last, for the grave in which the lovers trusted to meet again in peace; and should seek it with interest so absorbing, that even amidst the ascent of hosannahs from the choir, amidst the grandeurs of high mass, the raising of the host, and "the pomp of dreadful sacrifice," sometimes these wandering eyes should steal aside to the solemn abiding-place of Abelard and his Eloisa, offering so pathetic a contrast, by its peaceful silence, to the agitations of their lives; and that there, amidst thoughts which by right were all due and dedicated

"to heaven,
One *human* tear should drop and be forgiven."

We may properly close this subject of Abelard and Eloisa, by citing, in English, the solemn Latin inscription placed in the last century—six hundred years after their departure from earth, over their common remains. They were buried in the same grave, Abelard dying first by a few weeks more than twenty-one years; his tomb was opened again to admit the coffin of Eloisa; and the tradition at Quincey, the parish near Nogent-sur-Seine, in which the monastery of the Paraclete is situated, was—that at the moment of interment Abelard opened his arms to receive the impassioned creature that once had loved *him* so frantically, and whom *he* had loved with a remorse so memorable. The epitaph is singularly solemn in its brief simplicity, considering that it came from Paris, and from Academic wits: "Here, under the same marble slab, lie the founder of this monastery, Peter Abelard, and its earliest Abbess, Heloisa—once united in studies, in love, in their unhappy nuptial engagements, and in penitential sorrow; but now, our hope is, reunited for ever in bless."

The SATIRES of Pope, and what under another name *are* satires, viz. his MORAL EPISTLES, offer a second variety of evidence to his voluptuous indolence. They offend against philosophic truth more heavily than the Essay on Man; but not in the same way. The Essay on Man sins chiefly by want of central principle, and by want therefore of all coherency amongst the separate thoughts. But taken *as* separate thoughts, viewed in the light of fragments and brilliant aphorisms, the majority of the passages have a mode of truth; not of truth central and coherent, but of truth angular and splintered. The Satires, on the other hand, were of false origin. They arose in a sense of talent for caustic effects, unsupported by any satiric heart. Pope had neither the malice (except in the most fugitive form) which thirsts for leaving wounds, nor, on the other hand, the deep moral indignation which burns in men whom Providence has from time to time armed with scourges for cleansing the sanctuaries of truth or justice. He was contented enough with society as he found it: bad it might be, but it was good enough for *him:* and it was the merest self-delusion if at any moment the instinct of glorying his satiric mission (the *magnificabo apostolatum meum*) persuaded him that in *his* case it might be said—*Facit indignatio versum.* The indignation of Juvenal was not always very noble in its origin, or pure in its purpose: it was sometimes mean in its quality, false in its direction, extravagant in its expression: but it was tremendous in the roll of its thunders, and as withering as the scowl of a Mephistopheles. Pope having no such internal principle of wrath boiling in his breast, being really (if one must speak the truth)

in the most pacific and charitable frame of mind towards all scoundrels whatever, except such as might take it into their heads to injure a particular Twickenham grotto, was unavoidably a hypocrite of the first magnitude when he affected (or sometimes really conceited himself) to be in a dreadful passion with offenders as a body. It provokes fits of laughter, in a man who knows Pope's real nature, to watch him in the process of brewing the storm that spontaneously will not come; whistling, like a mariner, for a wind to fill his satiric sails; and pumping up into his face hideous grimaces in order to appear convulsed with histrionic rage. Pope should have been counselled never to write satire, except on those evenings when he was suffering horribly from indigestion. By this means the indignation would have been ready-made. The rancour against all mankind would have been sincere; and there would have needed to be no extra expense in getting up the steam. As it is, the short puffs of anger, the uneasy snorts of fury in Pope's satires, give one painfully the feeling of a steam-engine with unsound lungs. Passion of any kind may become in some degree ludicrous, when disproportioned to its exciting occasions. But it is never entirely ludicrous, until it is self-betrayed as counterfeit. Sudden collapses of the manufactured wrath, sudden oblivion of the criminal, announce Pope's as *always* counterfeit.

Meantime insincerity is contagious. One falsehood draws on another. And having begun by taking a station of moral censorship, which was in the uttermost degree a self-delusion, Pope went on to other self-delusions in reading history the most familiar, or in reporting facts the most notorious. Warburton had more to do with Pope's satires, as an original suggester,* and not merely as a commentator, than with any other section of his works. Pope and he hunted in couples over this field: and those who know the absolute craziness of Warburton's mind, the perfect frenzy and *lymphaticus error* which possessed him for leaving all high-roads of truth and simplicity in order to trespass over hedge and ditch after coveys of shy paradoxes, cannot be surprised that Pope's good sense should often have quitted him under such guidance. ——There is, amongst the earliest poems of Wordsworth, one which has interested many readers by its mixed strain of humour and tenderness. It describes two thieves who act in concert with each other. One is a very aged man, and the other is his great-grandson of three years old:

"There are ninety good years of fair and foul weather
Between them, and both go a stealing together."

What reconciles the reader to this social iniquity—is the imperfect accountability of the parties; the one being far advanced in dotage, and the other an infant. And thus

"Into what sin soever the couple may fall,
This child but half-knows it, and *that* not at all."

Nobody besides suffers from their propensities: since the child's mother makes good in excess all their depredations: and nobody is duped for an instant by their gross attempts at fraud: for

"Wherever they carry their plots and their wiles
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles."

There was not the same disparity of years between Pope and Warburton as between old Daniel and his descendant in the third generation: Warburton was but ten years younger. And there was also this difference, that in the case of the two thieves neither was official ringleader: on the contrary, they took it turn about; great-grandpapa was ringleader to-day, and the little great-grandson to-morrow:

"Each in his turn was both leader and led:"

whereas, in the connexion of the two literary accomplices, the Doctor was latterly always the instigator to any outrage on good sense; and Pope, from mere habit of deference to the Doctor's theology and theological wig, as well as from gratitude for the Doctor's pugnacity in his defence (since Warburton really was as good as a bull-dog in protecting Pope's advance or retreat), followed with docility the leading of his reverend friend into any excess of folly. It is true, that oftentimes in earlier days Pope had run into scrapes from his own heedlessness: and the Doctor had not the merit of suggesting the *escapade*, but only of defending it; which he always does (as sailors express it) "with a will:" for he never shows his teeth so much, or growls so ferociously, as when he suspects the case to be desperate. But in the satires, although the original absurdity comes forward in the text of Pope, and the Warburtonian note in defence is apparently no more than an after-thought of the good Doctor in his usual style of threatening to cudgel anybody who disputes his friend's

* It was *after* his connexion with Warburton that Pope introduced several of his *living* portraits into the Satires.

assertion, yet sometimes the thought expressed and adorned by the poet had been prompted by the divine. This only can account for the savage crotchets, paradoxes, and conceits, which disfigure Pope's later edition of his satires.

Truth, even of the most appreciable order, truth of history, goes to wreck continually under the perversities of Pope's satire applied to celebrated men; and as to the higher truth of philosophy, it was still less likely to survive amongst the struggles for striking effects and startling contrasts. But worse are Pope's satiric sketches of women, as carrying the same outrages on good sense to a far greater excess; and as these expose the false principles on which he worked more brightly, and have really been the chief ground of tainting Pope's memory with the reputation of a woman-hater (which he was *not*), they are worthy of separate notice.

It is painful to follow a man of genius through a succession of inanities descending into absolute nonsense, and of vulgarities sometimes terminating in brutalities. These are harsh words: but not harsh enough by half as applied to Pope's gallery of female portraits. What is the key to his failure? It is simply that, throughout this whole satiric section, not one word is spoken in sincerity of heart, or with any vestige of self-belief. The case was one of those so often witnessed, where either the indiscretion of friends, or some impulse of erring vanity in the writer, had put him upon undertaking a task in which he had too little natural interest to have either thought upon it with originality, or observed upon it with fidelity. Sometimes the mere coercion of system drives a man into such a folly. He treats a subject which branches into A, B, and C. Having discussed A and B, upon which he really *had* something to offer, he thinks it necessary to integrate his work by going forward to C, on which he knows nothing at all, and, what is even worse, for which in his heart he cares nothing at all. Fatal is all falsehood. Nothing is so sure to betray a man into the abject degradation of self-exposure as pretending to a knowledge which he has not, or to an enthusiasm which is counterfeit. By whatever mistake Pope found himself pledged to write upon the characters of women, it was singularly unfortunate that he had begun by denying to women any characters at all.

"Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair."

Well for *him* if he had stuck to that liberal doctrine: "Least said soonest mended." And *much* he could not easily have said upon a subject that he had pronounced all but a nonentity. In Van Troil's work, or in Horrebow's, upon Iceland, there is a well-known chapter regularly booked in the index —*Concerning the Snakes of Iceland.* This is the title, the running rubric; and the body of the chapter consists of these words —"There *are* no snakes in Iceland." That chapter is soon studied, and furnishes very little opening for footnotes or supplements. Some people have thought that Mr. Van T. might with advantage have amputated this unsnaky chapter on snakes; but at least nobody can accuse him of forgetting his own extermination of snakes from Iceland, and proceeding immediately to describe such horrible snakes as eye had never beheld amongst the afflictions of the Island. Snakes there are none, he had protested; and, true to his word, the faithful man never wanders into any description of Icelandic snakes. Not so our satiric poet. He, with Mahometan liberality, had denied characters, *i. e.* souls, to women. "Most women," he says, "have* no character at all;" yet, for all that, finding himself pledged to treat this very subject of female characters, he introduces us to a museum of monsters in that department such as few fancies could create, and no logic can rationally explain. What was he to do? He had entered upon a theme concerning which, as the result has shown, he had not one solitary thought—good, bad, or indifferent. Total bankruptcy was impending. Yet he was aware of a deep interest connected with this section of his satires; and to meet this interest he invented what was pungent, when he found nothing to record which was true.

It is a consequence of this desperate resource—this plunge into absolute fiction—that the true objection to Pope's satiric

* By what might seem a strange oversight, but which in fact is a very natural oversight to one who was not uttering one word in which he seriously believed, Pope, in a prose note on verse 207, roundly asserts "that the particular characters of women are *more various* than those of men." It is no evasion of this insufferable contradiction, that he couples with the greater variety of *characters* in women a greater uniformity in what he presumes to be their *ruling passion.* Even as to this ruling passion he cannot agree with himself for ten minutes; generally he says, that it is the love of pleasure; but sometimes (as at verse 208) forgetting this monotony, he ascribes to women a dualism of passions—love of pleasure and love of power—which dualism of itself must be a source of self-conflict, and therefore of inexhaustible variety in character:

"Those only fix'd, they first or last obey—
The love of pleasure and the love of sway."

sketches of the other sex ought not to arise amongst women, as the people that suffered by his malice, but amongst readers generally, as the people that suffered by his fraud. He has promised one thing, and done another. He has promised a chapter in the zoology of nature, and he gives us a chapter in the fabulous zoology of the heralds' college. A tigress is not much within ordinary experience, still there *is* such a creature; and in default of a better choice, that is, of a choice settling on a more familiar object, we are content to accept a good description of a tigress. We are reconciled; but we are *not* reconciled to a description, however spirited, of a basilisk. A viper might do; but not, if you please, a dragoness or a harpy. The describer knows, as well as any of us the spectators know, that he is romancing; the *incredulus odi* overmasters us all; and we cannot submit to be detained by a picture which, according to the shifting humour of the poet—angry or laughing, is a lie where it is not a jest, is an affront to the truth of nature, where it is not confessedly an extravagance of drollery. In a playful fiction, we can submit with pleasure to the most enormous exaggerations; but then they must be offered as such. These of Pope's are not *so* offered, but as serious portraits—and in that character they affect us as odious and malignant libels. The malignity was not real—as indeed nothing was real, but a condiment for hiding insipidity. Let us examine two or three of them, equally with a view to the possibility of the object described, and to the delicacy of the description.

"How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To *her* Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of *her* advice."

Here we have the general outline of Silia's character; not particularly striking, but intelligible. She has a suavity of disposition that accommodates itself to all infirmities. And the worst thing one apprehends in her is—falseness: people with such honeyed breath for *present* frailties, are apt to exhale their rancour upon them when a little out of hearing. But really now this is no foible of Silia's. One likes her very well, and would be glad of her company to tea. For the dramatic reader knows who Calista is—and if Silia has indulgence for *her*, she must be a thoroughly tolerant creature. Where is her fault then? You shall hear—

"Sudden she storms! she raves!—You tip the wink;
But spare your censure; Silia does *not* drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose:
All eyes may see—(see what?)—a pimple on her nose."

Silia, the dulcet, is suddenly transformed into Silia the fury. But why? The guest replies to that question by *winking* at his fellow-guest; which most atrocious of vulgarities is expressed by the most odiously vulgar of phrases—he *tips* the wink—meaning to tip an insinuation that Silia is intoxicated. Not so, says the poet—drinking is no fault of hers—everybody may see [why not the winker then?] that what upsets her temper is a pimple on the nose. Let us understand you, Mr. Pope. A pimple!—what, do you mean to say that pimples jump up on ladies' faces at the unfurling of a fan? If they really *did* so in the 12th of George II., and a lady, not having a pimple on leaving her dressing-room, might grow one whilst taking tea, then we think that a saint might be excused for storming a little. But how is it that the wretch who winks, does *not* see the pimple, the *causa teterrima* of the sudden wrath; and Silia, who has no looking-glass at her girdle, *does?* And then who is it that Silia "storms" at—the company, or the pimple? If at the company, we cannot defend her; but if at the pimple—oh, by all means—storm and welcome—she can't say anything worse than it deserves. Wrong or right, however, what moral does Silia illustrate more profound than this—that a particular lady, otherwise very amiable, falls into a passion upon suddenly finding her face disfigured? But then one remembers the song—"*My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she said*"—it is a part of *every* woman's fortune, so long as she is young. Now to find one's fortune dilapidating by changes so rapid as this—pimples rising as suddenly as April clouds, is far too trying a calamity, that a little fretfulness should merit either reproach or sneer. Dr. Johnson's opinion was that the man who cared little for dinner, could not be reasonably supposed to care much for anything. More truly it may be said that the woman who is reckless about her face must be an unsafe person to trust with a secret. But seriously, what moral, what philosophic thought can be exemplified by a case so insipid, and so imperfectly explained as this? But we must move on.

Next, then, let us come to the case of Narcissa:—

"Odious! in *woollen?** 'Twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

* This refers to the Act of Parliament for burying corpses in woollen, which greatly disturbed the fashionable costume in coffins *comme il faut.*

"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Well, what's the matter now? What's amiss with Narcissa, that a satirist must be called in to hold an inquest upon her corpse, and take Betty's evidence against her mistress? Upon hearing any such question, Pope would have started up in the character (very unusual with *him*) of religious censor, and demanded whether one approved of a woman's fixing her last dying thought upon the attractions of a person so soon to dwell with darkness and worms? Was *that* right —to provide for coquetting in her coffin? Why no, not strictly right, its impropriety cannot be denied; but what strikes one even more is—the suspicion that it may be a lie. Be this as it may, there are two insurmountable objections to the case of Narcissa, even supposing it not fictitious—viz. first, that so far as it offends at all, it offends the religious sense, and not any sense of which satire takes charge; secondly, that without reference to the special functions of satire, *any* form of poetry whatever, or *any* mode of moral censure, concerns itself not at all with anomalies. If the anecdote of Narcissa were other than a fiction, then it was a case too peculiar and idiosyncratic to furnish a poetic illustration; neither moral philosophy nor poetry condescends to the monstrous or the abnormal; both one and the other deal with the catholic and the representative.

There is another *Narcissa* amongst Pope's tulip-beds of ladies, who is even more open to criticism—because offering not so much an anomaly in one single trait of her character as an utter anarchy in all. *Flavia* and *Philomedé* again present the same multitude of features with the same absence of all central principle for locking them into unity. They must have been distracting to themselves; and they are distracting to us a century later. *Philomedé*, by the way, stands for the second Duchess of Marlborough,* daughter of the great Duke. And these names lead us naturally to Sarah, the original, and (one may call her) the *historical* Duchess, who is libelled under the name of *Atossa*. This character amongst all Pope's satiric sketches has been celebrated the most, with the single exception of his *Atticus*. But the *Atticus* rested upon a different basis—it was true; and it was noble. Addison really *had* the infirmities of envious jealousy, of simulated friendship, and of treacherous collusion with his friend's enemies—which Pope imputed to him under the happy parisyllabic name of Atticus; and the mode of imputation, the tone of expostulation—indignant as regarded Pope's own injuries, but yet full of respect for Addison, and even of sorrowful tenderness—all this in combination with the interest attaching to a feud between two men so eminent, has sustained the *Atticus* as a classic remembrance in satiric literature. But the *Atossa* is a mere chaos of incompatibilities, thrown together as into some witch's cauldron. The witch, however, had sometimes an unaffected malignity, a sincerity of venom in her wrath, which acted chemically as a solvent for combining the heterogeneous ingredients in her kettle; whereas the want of truth and earnestness in Pope leave the incongruities in his kettle of description to their natural incoherent operation on the reader. We have a great love for the great Duchess of Marlborough, though too young by a hundred years* or so to have been that true and faithful friend which, as contemporaries, we *might* have been.

What we love Sarah for, is partly that she has been ill-used by all subsequent authors, one copying from another a fury against her which even in the first of these authors was not real. And a second thing which we love is her very violence, qualified as it was. Sulphureous vapours of wrath rose up in columns from the crater of her tempestuous nature against him that *deeply* offended her, but she neglected petty wrongs. Wait, however—let the volcanic lava have time to cool, and all returned to absolute repose. It has been said that she did not write her own book. We are of a different opinion. The mutilations of the book were from other and inferior hands: but the main texture of the narrative and of the comments were, and must have been, from herself, since there could have been no adequate motive for altering them, and nobody else could have had the same motive for uttering them. It is singular that, in the case of the Duchess, as well as

* The sons of the Duke having died, the title and estates were so settled as to descend through this daughter, who married the Earl of Sunderland. In consequence of this arrangement, *Spencer* (until lately) displaced the great name of *Churchill*; and the Earl became that second Duke of Marlborough, about whom Smollett tells in his History of England (Reign of George II.) so remarkable and to this hour so mysterious a story.

* The Duchess died in the same year as Pope, viz. just in time by a few months to miss the Rebellion of 1745, and the second Pretender; spectacles which for little reasons (vindictive or otherwise) both of them would have enjoyed until the spring of 1746.

that of the Lady M. W. Montagu, the same two men, without concert, were the original aggressors amongst the *gens de plume*, viz. Pope, and subsequently Horace Walpole. Pope suffered more from his own libellous assault upon *Atossa*, through a calumny against himself rebounding from it, than *Atossa* could have done from the point-blank shot of fifty such batteries. The calumny circulated was, that he had been bribed by the Duchess with a thousand pounds to suppress the character—which of itself was bad enough; but as the consummation of baseness it was added, that after all, in spite of the bribe, he caused it to be published. This calumny we believe to have been utterly without foundation. It is repelled by Pope's character, incapable of any act so vile, and by his position, needing no bribes. But what we wish to add is, that the calumny is equally repelled by Sarah's character, incapable of any propitiation so abject. Pope wanted no thousand pounds; but neither did Sarah want his clemency. *He* would have rejected the £1000 cheque with scorn; but *she* would have scorned to offer it. Pope cared little for Sarah; but Sarah cared less for Pope.

What *is* offensive, and truly so, to every generous reader, may be expressed in two items: first, not pretending to have been himself injured by the Duchess, Pope was in this instance meanly adopting some third person's malice, which sort of intrusion into other people's quarrels is a sycophantic act, even where it may not have rested upon a sycophantic motive; secondly, that even as a second-hand malice it is not sincere. More shocking than the malice is the self-imposture of the malice: in the very act of puffing out his cheeks like Æolus, with ebullient fury, and conceiting himself to be in a passion perfectly diabolic, Pope is really unmoved, or angry only by favour of dyspepsy; and at a word of kind flattery from Sarah (whom he was quite the man to love), though not at the clink of her thousand guineas, he would have fallen at her feet, and kissed her beautiful hand with rapture. To enter a house of hatred as a junior partner, and to take the stock of malice at a valuation—(we copy from advertisements)—*that* is an ignoble act. But then how much worse in the midst of all this unprovoked wrath, real as regards the persecution which it meditates, but false as the flatteries of a slave in relation to its pretended grounds, for the spectator to find its malice counterfeit, and the fury only a plagiarism from some personated fury in an Opera.

There is no truth in Pope's satiric sketches of women—not even colourable truth; but if there were, how frivolous—how hollow, to erect into solemn monumental protestations against the whole female sex what, if examined, turn out to be pure casual eccentricities, or else personal idiosyncrasies, or else foibles shockingly caricatured, but, above all, to be such foibles as could not have connected themselves with *sincere* feelings of indignation in any rational mind.

The length and breadth [almost we might say—the *depth*] of the shallowness, which characterizes Pope's Philosophy, cannot be better reflected than from the four well-known lines—

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> *His* can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best."

In the first couplet, what Pope says is, that a life, which is irreproachable on a *human* scale of appreciation, neutralizes and practically cancels all possible errors of creed, opinion, or theory. But this schism between the moral life of man and his moral faith, which takes for granted that either may possibly be true whilst the other is entirely false, can wear a moment's plausibility only by understanding *life* in so limited a sense as the sum of a man's external actions, appreciable by man. He whose life is in the right, cannot, says Pope, in any sense calling for blame, have a wrong faith; that is, if his life *were* right, his creed might be disregarded. But the answer is—that his life, according to any adequate idea of life in a moral creature, *cannot* be in the right unless in so far as it bends to the influences of a true faith. How feeble a conception must that man have of the infinity which lurks in a human spirit, who can persuade himself that its total capacities of life are exhaustible by the few gross *acts* incident to social relations or open to human valuation! An act, which may be necessarily limited and without opening for variety, may involve a large variety of motives—motives again, meaning grounds of action that are distinctly recognised for such, may (numerically speaking) amount to nothing at all when compared with the absolutely infinite influxes of feeling or combinations of feeling that vary the thoughts of man; and the true internal *acts* of moral man are his thoughts—his yearnings—his aspirations—his sympathies—his repulsions of heart. This is the life of man as it is appreciable by heavenly eyes. The scale of an alphabet—how narrow is that! Four or six and twenty letters, and all is finished. Syllables range through a wider compass. Words are yet more than syllables. But what are words to thoughts? Every word has a

thought corresponding to it, so that not by so much as one solitary counter can the words outrun the thoughts. But every thought has *not* a word corresponding to it: so that the thoughts may outrun the words by many a thousand counters. In a developed nature they *do* so. But what are the thoughts when set against the modifications of thoughts by feelings, hidden even from him that feels them—or against the intercombinations of such modifications with others—complex with complex, decomplex with decomplex—these can be unravelled by no human eye! This is the infinite music that God only can read upon the vast harp of the human heart. Some have fancied that musical combinations might be exhausted. A new Mozart might be impossible. All that he could do, might already have been done. Music laughs at *that*, as the sea laughs at palsy for its billows, as the morning laughs at old age and wrinkles for itself. But a harp, though a world in itself, is but a narrow world by comparison with the world of a human heart.

Now these thoughts, tinctured subtly with the perfume and colouring of human affections, make up the sum of what merits κατ' ἐξοχήν the name of *life:* and these in a vast proportion depend for their possibilities of truth upon the degree of approach which the thinker makes to the appropriation of a pure faith. A man is thinking all day long, and putting thoughts into words: he is acting comparatively seldom. But are any man's thoughts brought into conformity with the openings to truth that a faith like the Christian's faith suggests? Far from it. Probably there never was one thought, from the foundation of the earth, that has passed through the mind of man, which did not offer some blemish, some sorrowful shadow of pollution, when it came up for review before a heavenly tribunal: that is, supposing it a thought entangled at all with human interests or human passions. But it is the *key* in which the thoughts move, that determines the stage of moral advancement. So long as we are human, many among the numerous and evanescent elements that enter (half-observed or not observed at all) into our thoughts, cannot *but* be tainted. But the governing—the predominant element it is which gives the character and the tendency to the thought: and this must become such, must become a governing element, through the quality of the ideals deposited in the heart by the quality of the religious faith. One pointed illustration of this suggests itself from another poem of Pope's, in which he reiterates his shallow doctrine. In his Universal Prayer he informs us, that it can matter little whether we pray to Jehovah or to Jove, so long as in either case we pray to the First Cause. To contemplate God under that purely ontological relation to the world would have little more operative value for what is most important in man than if he prayed to gravitation. And it would have been more honest in Pope to say, as virtually he has said in the couplet under examination, that it can matter little whether man prays at all to any being. It deepens the scandal of this sentiment, coming from a poet professing Christianity, that a clergyman (holding preferment in the English Church) viz. Dr. Joseph Warton, justifies Pope for this Pagan opinion, upon the ground that an ancient philosopher had uttered the same opinion long before. What sort of philosopher? A Christian? No: but a Pagan. What then is the value of the justification? To a Pagan it could be no blame that he should avow a reasonable Pagan doctrine. In Irish phrase, it was "true for *him*." Amongst Gods that were all utterly alienated from any scheme of moral government, all equally remote from the executive powers for sustaining such a government, so long as there was a practical anarchy and rivalship amongst themselves, there could be no sufficient reason for addressing vows to one rather than to another. The whole pantheon collectively could do nothing for moral influences; *à fortiori*, no separate individual amongst them. Pope indirectly confesses this elsewhere by his own impassioned expression of Christian feelings, though implicitly denying it here by his mere understanding. For he reverberates elsewhere, by deep echoes, that power in Christianity, which even in a legendary tale he durst not on mere principles of good sense and taste have ascribed to Paganism. For instance, how could a God, having no rebellion to complain of in man, pretend to any occasion of large forgiveness to man, or of framing means for reconciling this forgiveness with his own attribute of perfect holiness? What room, therefore, for ideals of mercy, tenderness, long-suffering, under any Pagan religion—under any worship of Jove! How again from Gods, disfigured by fleshly voluptuousness in every mode, could any countenance be derived to an awful ideal of purity? Accordingly we find, that even among the Romans (the most advanced, as regards moral principle, of all heathen nations) neither the deep fountain of benignity, nor that of purity, was unsealed in man's heart. So much of either was sanctioned as could fall within the purposes of the magistrate, but beyond that level neither fountain could have been permitted to throw up its column of waters, nor could in fact have had any impulse to sustain it in

ascending; and not merely because it would have been repressed by ridicule as a delira-tion of the human mind, but also because it would have been frowned upon gravely by the very principle of the Roman polity, as wandering away from *civic* objects. Even for so much of these great restorative ventilations as Rome enjoyed, she was indebted not to her religion but to elder forces that acted *in spite of* her religion, viz. the original law written upon the human heart. Now, on the other hand, Christianity has left a separate system of ideals amongst men, which (as regards their development) are continually growing in authority. Waters, after whatever course of wandering, rise to the level of their original springs. Christianity lying so far above all other fountains of religious influence, no wonder that its irrigations rise to altitudes otherwise unknown, and from which the distribution to every level of society becomes comparatively easy. Those men are reached oftentimes—choosing or not choosing—by the healing streams, who have not sought them nor even recognised them. Infidels of the most determined class talk in Christian lands the morals of Christianity, and exact that morality with their hearts, constantly mistaking it for a morality co-extensive with man; and why? Simply from having been moulded unawares by its universal pressure through infancy, childhood, manhood, in the nursery, in the school, in the market-place. Pope himself, not by system or by affectation an infidel, not in any coherent sense a doubter, but a careless and indolent assenter to such doctrines of Christianity as his own Church prominently put forward, or as social respectability seemed to enjoin,—Pope, therefore, so far a very lukewarm Christian, was yet unconsciously to himself searched profoundly by the Christian types of purity. This we may read in his

> "Hark, the herald angels say,
> —— Sister spirit, come away!"

Or, again, as some persons read the great lessons of spiritual ethics more pathetically in those that have transgressed them than in those that have been faithful to the end—read them in the Magdalen that fades away in penitential tears rather than in the virgin martyr triumphant on the scaffold—we may see in his own Eloisa, and in her fighting with the dread powers let loose upon her tempestuous soul, how profoundly Pope also had drunk from the streams of Christian sentiment through which a new fountain of truth had ripened a new vegetation upon earth. What was it that Eloisa fought with? What power afflicted her trembling nature, that any Pagan religions *could* have evoked? The human love, "the nympholepsy of the fond despair," might have existed in a Vestal Virgin of ancient Rome: but in the Vestal what counter-influence could have come into conflict with the passion of love through any operation whatever of religion? None of any ennobling character that could reach the Vestal's own heart. The way in which religion connected itself with the case was through a traditional superstition—not built upon any fine spiritual sense of female chastity as dear to heaven—but upon a gross fear of alienating a tutelary goddess by offering an imperfect sacrifice. This sacrifice, the sacrifice of the natural household* charities in a few injured women on the altar of the goddess, was selfish in all its stages—selfish in the dark deity that could be pleased by the sufferings of a human being simply *as* sufferings, and not at all under any fiction that they were voluntary ebullitions of religious devotion—selfish in the senate and people who demanded these sufferings as a ransom paid through sighs and tears for *their* ambition—selfish in the Vestal herself, as sustained altogether by fear of a punishment too terrific to face, sustained therefore by the meanest principle in her nature. But in Eloisa how grand is the collision between deep religious aspirations and the persecuting phantoms of her undying human passion! The Vestal feared to be walled up alive—abandoned to the pangs of hunger—to the trepidations of darkness—to the echoes of her own lingering groans—to the torments perhaps of frenzy rekindling at intervals the decaying agonies of flesh. Was *that* what Eloisa feared? Punishment she had none to apprehend: the crime was past, and remembered only by the criminals: there was none to accuse but herself: there was none to judge but God. Wherefore should Eloisa fear? Wherefore and with what should she fight? She fought by turns against herself and against God, against her human nature and against her spiritual yearnings. How grand were the mysteries of her faith, how gracious and forgiving its condescensions! How deep had been her human love, how imperishable its remembrance on earth!—"What is it," the Roman vestal would have said, "that this Christian lady is afraid of? What is the phantom that she seems to see?" Vestal! it is not fear, but grief. She sees

* The Vestals not only renounced marriage, at least for those years in which marriage could be a natural blessing, but also left their fathers' houses at an age the most trying to the human heart as regards the pangs of separation.

an immeasurable heaven that seems to touch her eyes: so near is she to its love. Suddenly, an Abelard—the glory of his race—appears, that seems to touch her lips. The heavens recede and diminish to a starry point twinkling in an unfathomable abyss; they are all but lost for *her*. Fire, it is in Eloisa that searches fire: the holy that fights with the earthly: fire that cleanses with fire that consumes; like cavalry the two fires wheel and counterwheel, advancing and retreating, charging and countercharging through and through each other. Eloisa trembles, but she trembles as a guilty creature before a tribunal unveiled within the secresy of her own nature: there was no such trembling in the heathen worlds, for there was no such secret tribunal. Eloisa fights with a shadowy enemy: there was no such fighting for Roman Vestals; because all the temples of our earth (which is the crowned Vesta), no, nor all the glory of her altars, nor all the pomp of her cruelties, could cite from the depths of a human spirit any such fearful shadow as Christian faith evokes from an afflicted conscience.

Pope, therefore, wheresoever his heart speaks loudly, shows how deep had been his early impressions from Christianity. That is shown in his intimacy with Crashaw, in his Eloisa, in his Messiah, in his adaptation to Christian purposes of the Dying Adrian, &c. It is remarkable also, that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful to that great theme were the subconscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding. He, like so many others, was unable to read or interpret the testimonies of his own heart, which is a deep over which diviner agencies brood than are legible to the intellect. The cipher written on his heaven-visited heart was deeper than his understanding could interpret.

If the question were asked, What ought to have been the best among Pope's poems? most people would answer, the *Essay on Man*. If the question were asked, What *is* the worst? all people of judgment would say, the *Essay on Man*. Whilst yet in its rudiments this poem claimed the first place by the promise of its subject; when finished, by the utter failure of its execution it fell into the last. The case possesses a triple interest—first, as illustrating the character of Pope modified by his situation; secondly, as illustrating the true nature of that "didactic" poetry to which this particular poem is usually referred; thirdly, as illustrating the anomalous condition to which a poem so grand in its ambition has been reduced by the double disturbance of its proper movement; one disturbance through the position of Pope, another through his total misconception of didactic poetry. First, as regards Pope's situation, it may seem odd—but it is not so—that a man's social position should overrule his intellect. The scriptural denunciation of riches, as a snare to any man that is striving to rise above worldly views, applies not at all less to the intellect, and to any man seeking to ascend by some aerial arch of flight above ordinary intellectual efforts. Riches are fatal to those continuities of energy without which there is no success of that magnitude. Pope had £800 a year. *That* seems not so much. No, certainly not, with a wife and six children; but by accident Pope had no wife and no children. He was luxuriously at his ease: and this accident of his position in life fell in with a constitutional infirmity that predisposed him to indolence. Even his religious faith, by shutting him out from those public employments which else his great friends would have been too happy to obtain for him, aided his idleness, or sometimes invested it with a false character of conscientious self-denial. He cherished his religion confessedly as a plea for idleness. The result of all this was, that in his habits of thinking and of study (if *study* we can call a style of reading so desultory as *his*), Pope became a pure *dilettante;* in his intellectual eclecticism he was a mere epicure, toying with the delicacies and varieties of literature; revelling in the first bloom of moral speculations, but sated immediately; fastidiously retreating from all that threatened labour, or that exacted continuous attention; fathoming, throughout all his vagrancies amongst books, no foundation; filling up no chasms; and with all his fertility of thought expanding no germs of new life.

This career of luxurious indolence was the result of early luck which made it possible, and of bodily constitution which made it tempting. And when we remember his youthful introduction to the highest circles in the metropolis, where he never lost his footing, we cannot wonder that, without any sufficient motive for resistance, he should have sunk passively under his constitutional propensities, and should have fluttered amongst the flower-beds of literature or philosophy far more in the character of a libertine butterfly for casual enjoyment, than of a hard-working bee pursuing a premeditated purpose.

Such a character, strengthened by such a situation, would at any rate have disqualified Pope for composing a work severely philosophic, or where philosophy did more than

throw a coloured light of pensiveness upon some sentimental subject. If it were necessary that the philosophy should enter substantially into the very texture of the poem, furnishing its interest and prescribing its movement, in that case Pope's combining and theorizing faculty would have shrunk as from the labour of building a pyramid. And wo to him where it did *not*, as really happened in the case of the Essay on Man. For his faculty of execution was under an absolute necessity of shrinking in horror from the enormous details of such an enterprise to which so rashly he had pledged himself. He was sure to find himself, as find himself he did, landed in the most dreadful embarrassment upon reviewing his own work. A work, which, when finished, was not even begun; whose arches wanted their keystones; whose parts had no coherency; and whose pillars, in the very moment of being thrown open to public view, were already crumbling into ruins. This utter prostration of Pope in a work so ambitious as an Essay on Man—a prostration predetermined from the first by the personal circumstances which we have noticed, was rendered still more irresistible in the *second* place by the general misconception in which Pope shared as to the very meaning of "didactic" poetry. Upon which point we pause to make an exposition of our own views.

What *is* didactic poetry? What does "didactic" mean when applied as a distinguishing epithet to such an idea as a poem? The predicate destroys the subject: it is a case of what logicians call *contradictio in adjecto*—the unsaying by means of an attribute the very thing which in the subject of that attribute you have just affirmed. No poetry can have the function of teaching. It is impossible that a variety or species should contradict the very purpose which contradistinguishes its *genus*. The several species differ partially; but not by the whole idea which differentiates their class. Poetry, or any one of the fine arts (all of which alike speak through the genial nature of man and his excited sensibilities), can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, as infancy teaches, viz. by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion. Their teaching is not direct or explicit, but lurking, implicit, masked in deep incarnations. To teach formally and professedly is to abandon the very differential character and principle of poetry. If poetry could condescend to teach anything, it would be truths moral or religious. But even these it can utter only through symbols and actions. The great moral, for instance, the last result of the Paradise Lost, is once formally announced: but it teaches itself only by diffusing its lesson through the entire poem in the total succession of events and purposes: and even this succession teaches it only when the whole is gathered into unity by a reflex act of meditation; just as the pulsation of the physical heart can exist only when all the parts in an animal system are locked into one organization.

To address the *insulated* understanding is to lay aside the Prospero's robe of poetry. The objection, therefore, to didactic poetry, as vulgarly understood, would be fatal even if there were none but this logical objection derived from its definition. To be in self-contradiction is, for any idea whatever, sufficiently to destroy itself. But it betrays a more obvious and practical contradiction when a little searched. If the true purpose of a man's writing a didactic poem were to teach, by what suggestion of idiocy should he choose to begin by putting on fetters? wherefore should the simple man volunteer to handcuff and manacle himself, were it only by the encumbrances of metre, and perhaps of rhyme? But these he will find the very least of his encumbrances. A far greater exists in the sheer necessity of omitting in any poem a vast variety of details, and even capital sections of the subject, unless they will bend to purposes of ornament. Now this collision between two purposes, the purpose of use in mere teaching and the purpose of poetic delight, shows, by the uniformity of its solution, which is the true purpose, and which the merely ostensible purpose. Had the true purpose been instruction, the moment that this was found incompatible with a poetic treatment, as soon as it was seen that the sound education of the reader-pupil could not make way without loitering to gather poetic flowers, the stern cry of "duty" would oblige the poet to remember that he had dedicated himself to a didactic mission, and that he differed from other poets, as a monk from other men, by his vows of self-surrender to harsh ascetic functions. But, on the contrary, in the very teeth of this rule, wherever such a collision does really take place, and one or other of the supposed objects must give way, it is always the vulgar object of *teaching* (the pedagogue's object) which goes to the rear, whilst the higher object of poetic emotion moves on triumphantly. In reality not one didactic poet has ever yet attempted to use any parts or processes of the particular art which he made his theme, unless in so far as they seemed susceptible of poetic treatment, and only *because* they seemed so. Look at the poem of *Cyder*, by Philips, of the *Fleece* of Dyer, of (which is a still

weightier example) at the *Georgics* of Virgil,—does any of these poets show the least anxiety for the correctness of your principles, or the delicacy of your manipulations in the worshipful arts they affect to teach? No; but they pursue these arts through every stage that offers any attractions of beauty. And in the very teeth of all anxiety for teaching, if there existed traditionally any very absurd way of doing a thing which happened to be eminently picturesque, and, if opposed to this, there were some improved mode that had recommended itself to poetic hatred by being dirty and ugly, the poet (if a good one) would pretend never to have heard of this disagreeable improvement. Or if obliged, by some rival poet, not absolutely to ignore it, he would allow that such a thing could be done, but hint that it was hateful to the Muses or Graces, and very likely to breed a pestilence.

This subordination of the properly didactic function to the poetic, which, leaving the old essential distinction of poetry [viz. its sympathy with the genial motions of man's heart] to override all accidents of special variation, and showing that the essence of poetry never *can* be set aside by its casual modifications,—will be compromised by some loose thinkers, under the idea that in didactic poetry the element of instruction is in fact one element, though subordinate and secondary. Not at all. What we are denying is—that the element of instruction enters *at all* into didactic poetry. The subject of the Georgics, for instance, is Rural Economy as practised by Italian farmers: but Virgil not only *omits* altogether innumerable points of instruction insisted on as articles of religious necessity by Varro, Cato, Columella, &c.; but, even as to those instructions which he *does* communicate, he is careless whether they are made technically intelligible or not. He takes very little pains to keep you from capital mistakes in *practising* his instructions; but he takes good care that you shall not miss any strong impression for the eye or the heart to which the rural process, or rural scene, may naturally lead. He pretends to give you a lecture on farming, in order to have an excuse for carrying you all round the beautiful farm. He pretends to show you a good plan for a farm-house, as the readiest means of veiling his impertinence in showing you the farmer's wife and her rosy children. It is an excellent plea for getting a peep at the bonny milk-maids to propose an inspection of a model dairy. You pass through the poultry-yard, under whatever pretence, in reality to see the peacock and his harem. And so on to the very end, the pretended instruction is but in secret the connecting tie which holds together the laughing flowers going off from it to the right and to the left; whilst if ever at intervals this prosy thread of pure didactics is brought forward more obtrusively, it is so by way of foil, to make more effective upon the eye the prodigality of the floral magnificence.

We affirm therefore that the didactic poet is so far from seeking even a secondary or remote object in the particular points of information which he may happen to communicate, that much rather he would prefer the having communicated none at all. We will explain ourselves by means of a little illustration from Pope, which will at the same time furnish us with a miniature type of what we ourselves mean by a didactic poem, both in reference to what it *is* and to what it is *not*. In the Rape of the Lock there is a game at cards played, and played with a brilliancy of effect and felicity of selection, applied to the circumstances, which make it a sort of gem within a gem. This game was not in the first edition of the poem, but was an after-thought of Pope's, laboured therefore with more than usual care. We regret that *ombre*, the game described, is no longer played, so that the entire skill with which the mimic battle is fought cannot be so fully appreciated as in Pope's days. The strategics have partly perished, which really Pope ought not to complain of, since he suffers only as Hannibal, Marius, Sertorius, suffered before him. Enough, however, survives of what will tell its own story. For what is it, let us ask, that a poet has to do in such a case, supposing that he were disposed to weave a didactic poem out of a pack of cards, as Vida has out of the chess-board? In describing any particular game he does not seek to *teach* you that game—he postulates it as *already* known to you—but he relies upon separate resources. 1*st*, he will revive in the reader's eye, for picturesque effect, the well-known personal distinctions of the several kings, knaves, &c., their appearances and their powers. 2*dly*, he will choose some game in which he may display a happy selection applied to the chances and turns of fortune, to the manœuvres, to the situations of doubt, of brightening expectation, of sudden danger, of critical deliverance, or of final defeat. The interest of a war will be rehearsed—*lis est de paupere regno*—that is true; but the depth of the agitation on such occasions, whether at chess, at draughts, or at cards, is not measured of necessity by the grandeur of the stake; he selects, in short, whatever fascinates the eye or agitates the heart by mimicry of life; but so far from *teaching*, he presupposes the

reader already *taught*, in order that he may go along with the movement of the descriptions.

Now, in treating a subject so vast, indeed so inexhaustible, as man, this eclecticism ceases to be possible. Every part depends upon every other part: in such a *nexus* of truths to insulate is to annihilate. Severed from each other the parts lose their support, their coherence, their very meaning; you have no liberty to reject or to choose. Besides, in treating the ordinary themes proper for what is called didactic poetry—say, for instance, that it were the art of rearing silk-worms or bees—or suppose it to be horticulture, landscape-gardening, hunting, or hawking, rarely does there occur anything polemic; or if a slight controversy *does* arise, it is easily hushed asleep—it is stated in a line, it is answered in a couplet. But in the themes of Lucretius and Pope *everything* is polemic—you move only through dispute, you prosper only by argument and never-ending controversy. There is not positively one capital proposition or doctrine about man, about his origin, his nature, his relations to God, or his prospects, but must be fought for with energy, watched at every turn with vigilance, and followed into endless mazes, not under the choice of the writer, but under the inexorable dictation of the argument.

Such a poem, so unwieldy, whilst at the same time so austere in its philosophy, together with the innumerable polemic parts essential to its good faith and even to its evolution, would be absolutely unmanageable from excess and from disproportion, since often a secondary demur would occupy far more space than a principal section. Here lay the impracticable dilemma for Pope's Essay on Man. To satisfy the demands of the subject, was to defeat the objects of poetry. To evade the demands in the way that Pope has done, is to offer us a ruin for a palace. The very same dilemma existed for Lucretius, and with the very same result. The *De Rerum Naturâ* (which might, agreeably to its theme, have been entitled *De omnibus rebus*), and the Essay on Man (which might equally have borne the Lucretian title *De Rerum Naturâ*), are both, and from the same cause, fragments that could not have been completed. Both are accumulations of diamond-dust without principles of coherency. In a succession of pictures, such as usually form the materials of didactic poems, the slightest thread of interdependency is sufficient. But, in works essentially and everywhere argumentative and polemic, to omit the connecting links, as often as they are insusceptible of poetic effect, is to break up the unity of the parts, and to undermine the foundations, in what expressly offers itself as a systematic and architectural whole. Pope's poem has suffered even more than that of Lucretius from this want of cohesion. It is indeed the realization of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact, that different commentators have deduced from it the very opposite doctrines. In some instances this apparent antinomy is doubtful, and dependent on the ambiguities or obscurities of the expression. But in others it is fairly deducible: and the cause lies in the elliptical structure of the work: the ellipsis, or (as sometimes it may be called) the chasm may be filled up in two different modes essentially hostile: and he that supplies the *hiatus*, in effect determines the bias of the poem this way or that—to a religious or to a sceptical result. In this edition the commentary of Warburton has been retained, which ought certainly to have been dismissed. The Essay is, in effect, a Hebrew word with the vowel-points omitted: and Warburton supplies one set of vowels, whilst Crousaz with equal right supplies a contradictory set.

As a whole, the edition before us is certainly the most agreeable of all that we possess. The fidelity of Mr. Roscoe to the interests of Pope's reputation, contrasts pleasingly with the harshness at times of Bowles, and the reckless neutrality of Warton. n the editor of a great classic, we view it as a virtue, wearing the grace of loyalty, that he should refuse to expose frailties or defects in a spirit of exultation. Mr. Roscoe's own notes are written with a peculiar good sense, temperance, and kind feeling. The only objection to them, which applies, however, still more to the notes of former editors, is the want of compactness. They are not written under that austere instinct of compression and verbal parsimony, as the ideal merit in an annotator, which ought to govern all such ministerial labours in our days. Books are becoming too much the oppression of the intellect, and cannot endure any longer the accumulation of undigested commentaries, or that species of diffusion in editors which roots itself in laziness: the efforts of condensation and selection are painful; and they are luxuriously evaded by reprinting indiscriminately whole masses of notes—though often in substance reiterating each other. But the interests of readers clamorously call for the amendment of this system. The principle of selection must now be applied even to the *text* of great authors. It is no longer advisable to reprint the whole of either Dryden or Pope. Not that we would wish to

see their works mutilated. Let such as are selected, be printed in the fullest integrity of the text. But some have lost their interest;* others, by the elevation of public morals since the days of those great wits, are felt to be now utterly unfit for general reading. Equally for the reader's sake and the poet's, the time has arrived when they may be advantageously retrenched: for they are painfully at war with those feelings of entire and honourable esteem with which all lovers of exquisite intellectual brilliancy must wish to surround the name and memory of POPE.

ART. II.—*Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of the Apostle Peter.* By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1848.

IT cannot but be regarded as a somewhat singular circumstance that Dr. Brown now almost for the first time becomes a theological author. He has obtained by universal consent the first place in the denomination to which he belongs, and will probably be regarded by most competent judges as not second to any living Scottish theologian; and yet his publications up to this period have been nothing more than a succession of scattered essays and fugitive sermons. We do not except his invaluable tract on "Religion and the Means of its Attainment," nor his able work on the "Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience." The one is still confined to the dimensions of a pamphlet, and the other is but a pamphlet grown to a book by a superfœtation of notes in its second and third editions. Such reserve is at least worthy of notice for its rarity; and the theological world has not been altogether insensible to the value of the scattered leaves which have been dropped, and sometimes almost torn from the hand of their author.

There are, however, other channels of influence than the press, and through these Dr. Brown has acted more or less directly on the public mind. As a preacher of distinguished power and popularity unabated by the vicissitudes of forty years, he has, in a situation of great prominence, developed the resources of a very peculiar and original style of pulpit instruction. As a leading mind in the public movements of his own denomination, and in more catholic enterprises, he has shown himself, though slow to speak, yet weighty in counsel, and ever on the side of liberality and progress. And above all, as a theological professor, he has lodged in the minds of the rising ministry under his care the most valuable results of a life-long study of the sacred oracles, and has left upon them a marked and distinguishable impress, by which, to a great extent, the whole denomination is affected. Other able and accomplished men, some of them no more in the field of labour, have contributed in their own departments to mould the character of this large section of Scottish Presbyterianism; but there can be no question that its present attitude and bearing in relation to Biblical literature is mainly due to the author of these Discourses. If there be a rising standard of scholarship in the department of Biblical Criticism, he has been the patron and exemplar of this species of lettered lore—if there be a kind of exegetical conscience pretty widely diffused, and more sensitive than in former days both to what is required and to what is forbidden, he has been its chief awakener and mentor—and if there be an increase of devout reverence for the word of revelation, and a growing preference of a Biblical to a symbolical theology, he has led the way in this desirable reformation. When the full cycle of his labours is completed, posterity, we apprehend, will regard him as the greatest interpreter which his Church during the century of its existence has produced, and as worthy to rank with the most distinguished of the age; and will, we hope, have reason to point to his teaching and writings as marking an era in the Scripture exposition of Scotland.

It is a matter of just lamentation, however unpatriotic it may seem, that for half a century, if not more, our country has contributed little or nothing to the applied interpretation of Scripture. We have had occasional treatises on separate hermeneutical questions, such as Dr. Alexander's "Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," and Mr. Fairbairn's "Scripture Typology;" and the large volumes of Kitto's Cyclopædia, which is partly Scottish in its authorship, and wholly so in its place of publication, contain a great deal of similar matter; but as for commentary proper, the country seems almost to have bid fare-

* We do not include the DUNCIAD in this list. On the contrary, the arguments by which it has been generally undervalued, as though antiquated by lapse of time and by the fading of names, are all unsound. We ourselves hold it to be the greatest of Pope's efforts. But for that very reason we retire from the examination of it, which we had designed, as being wholly disproportioned to the narrow limits remaining to us.

well to it since the days of Macknight, and has satisfied its scanty demands in that way through the imported stores of "Biblical Cabinets" and "Continental Translation Societies," or through the painful and solid labours of Moses Stuart, or the more rapid and flimsy compilations of Albert Barnes.

It cannot surely but be accounted an extraordinary phenomenon, that in a country which numbers its religious teachers by hundreds and even thousands—which regards the Bible with a veneration not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the Christian world—and in which the regular exposition of Scripture by the method of lecturing occupies a full half the time devoted to religious instruction, there should be found so exceeding few who publish their labours to the world, and fewer still who thereby do the public any service. This cannot be attributed to any abatement of the *cacoethes scribendi* on the part of religious authors; for in other branches of popular theological authorship, such as sermons and doctrinal pamphlets, the supply is still abundant; indeed, by some mysterious contravention of the economic maxim, larger than the demand. Nor can we doubt, that if valuable exegetical results had been generally obtained by the Scottish clergy in their preparations for the pulpit during the last fifty years, they would have been given to the world; and hence our only explanation of their non-appearance is, that they have not been obtained, and that this branch of our theological literature has been all but stationary. We limit the inquiry for convenience sake to half a century: though we have no evidence that the ratio of contribution was ever much greater than during this last period. How comes it to pass then, that as the result of the whole mental activity of the theologians of this period, we have not half a dozen of exegetical works that have continued to be spoken of half a dozen of years after their publication? For this untoward issue some may have one explanatory hypothesis, some another: and it may be as well to glance at some of these in passing.

Many will point to the low state of Greek and Hebrew learning in our country as a sufficient account of the phenomenon, building on the principle that interpretation is but "an applied grammar." And no doubt it must be confessed that this has been a mighty hindrance. Hebrew has been all but dead even to the roots; and Greek has barely existed on an ungenial soil. If both are reviving it is only by an impulse from without: for our northern authorship has not aspired to any original researches in either language, or attempted any enterprise greater than the preparation of textbooks. Only a very small proportion of those on whom the interpretation of Scripture devolved have been able to read Isaiah as readily as Virgil, or to grope their way through the darkness of the Pauline epistles by any other than the reflected light of the English translation. The philological insight which brings fresh meaning out of Scripture—the philological taste which gives an interest to the critical interpretations of others, must in such cases have been altogether wanting; and thus neither writers nor readers in the higher department of exegesis could be expected among the clergy. For this the Scottish ministry have not been greatly to blame. The stream could not ascend higher than the fountain: and the universities, besides neglecting to supply the philological instruments, omitted to teach the use of them: for the art of interpretation did not enter into the theological curriculum; and there are even yet Scottish universities without chairs of exegetical theology. All this is true and deeply to be deplored, and we trust the stigma will not rest for another half century on our colleges, and the body of our clergy. But we greatly question if this cause is so adequate, as many imagine, to account for the paucity and unimportance of our expository literature. It may explain the absence of grammatical commentary, but not of logical; of commentary like that of Fritzsche pursuing every clause through a labyrinth of learning: but not of commentary like that of Olshausen, intent chiefly on the development of the sense and the catching of the general spirit of the passage. The learning of men like the latter is no doubt great and of immense service. But we believe that even without it altogether, and with nothing but the data of the translated Bible before them, or assisted by the scanty modicum of Scottish scholarship, such minds would not have left the Word of God where they found it, but struck into new and interesting paths. Why then have men of natural power and vigour of intellect, conversant all the while with the body and substance of Scripture, though they have touched and handled it with the gloved hand of ignorance and not with the finer tact of scholarship, left so little the impress of their fingers upon it, and done so little to mould it into shape and order? Why have there not arisen interpreters like Andrew Fuller and Archibald Maclean, whose success in defect of all critical helps must ever excite astonishment, and who were far more unfavourably situated than the great majori-

ty of the Scottish clergy, who are chargeable with this defalcation? Besides, if the defect of scholarship in Scotland has been the grand impediment, why has the presence of it not called forth a host of commentaries, both popular and scientific, in England, which is, on all hands, admitted to be superior at least in Greek literature? The poverty of the south is almost as great as that of the north. The most valuable recent contributions are, perhaps, those of Dissenters, such as Dr. Henderson "On Isaiah," and "The Minor Prophets;" and the Church of England, since the days of Magee, whose works are not formally exegetical, has added but little to the common stock. The desideratum of Arnold—a Scripture Commentary, has not been supplied, though his own sermons form interesting fragments; and there is nothing in the present theological horizon in England that looks even like the rising of a little cloud to pour forth in a decade as large a shower of scholia, notes, and expositions as falls every year in Germany. If scholarship were of such paramount influence in this matter, it would not be so; and England would occupy a position much more nearly intermediate between the continental advanced guard and our own rear.

Again, another plausible reason which may be urged in extenuation of our defects, is the busy professional life of our divines, which allows little or nothing of the learned leisure in which great works come to maturity. The round of ecclesiastical duties is great and increasing; and amid the multifarious detail of sacred and sometimes secular business, there is hardly time found for written preparation for the pulpit, much less for independent researches in Scripture criticism and exposition. What first occurs must be first taken. There is no time for weighing and disceptation of various senses. The Sabbath-bell rising by anticipation on the ear, brings the matter to a speedy close, and rings the knell of scientific commentary. Nor is there a large staff of reserve-theologians posted in our universities, like the host of teachers—ordinary, extraordinary, and *privatim docentes*, of the German colleges, who would carry on the whole operation though the working clergy entirely neglected it. We have neither the *otium cum dignitate* of the English system, nor the *otium inquietum* of the German. The one plants some hundreds of fellows of colleges, deans, and prebends, in university and cathedral towns, to take their rest: the other scatters a still larger number over the length and breadth of Germany in the seats of its manifold seminaries, to disturb the rest of others by perpetual novelties and alarms of heresy. The one class live first and work afterwards: the others must struggle hard, not only for a position, but for their daily bread, and live like the Balearic children on the produce of their sling, or like Ishmael in the wilderness, on the fruit of their bow. We have dispensed with this class of literary producers and critics almost entirely, and have not a dozen of theological tutors whose studies lie in this department in all Scotland; and even of those some are oppressed besides with the weight of the pastoral office. It is unquestionable that this defect, and the consequent throwing of the burden upon the ordinary Gospel ministry, goes a considerable way in accounting for the backwardness of our exegetical as of all our higher literature; and that neither can greatly flourish until the number who are set apart to it as a business largely increase. Nevertheless, this cause cannot be regarded as adequate; and in other circumstances, the working clergy might be expected to produce far more and more valuable matter. In past ages they have furnished many a stone to the sacred edifice of interpreted Scripture, and have often equalled the others as master-builders. If Origen wrote many of his commentaries in academic circumstances, as the head of a school in Alexandria; Augustine composed most of his amid the distractions of a turbulent bishopric in the north of Africa. If Jerome pursued his profoundly learned researches in the cave of Bethlehem; Chrysostom contributed not less perhaps to the understanding of the Word by his homilies to the crowds of Constantinople. Calvin, who preached almost without ceasing, did unspeakably more for interpretation than Beza; and Luther's services in this department (though some circumstances may appear to make the contrast unfair) eclipse those of Melancthon. Not to speak of other great names among the non-conformists, Baxter and Owen, who both wrote commentaries, though the former in very unequal proportion to his other works, were both pastors of churches: while it may be added, that Campbell and Macknight, the two greatest of our countrymen in this department in the last century, occupied the ministerial office, and there laid the foundation of their most important works; and that the men who, in the present day, have done most to uphold our Biblical reputation, and the author of the volumes before us among them, belong to the most faithful of the working ministry. In Germany, indeed, the professorial body occupy the most distinguished place: and no names among the pastora

class can be mentioned beside those of Tholuck, Lücke, Hengstenberg, Harless, and not a few more; but the others vindicate for themselves a very respectable position as contributors to the most scientific of theological journals; and one of these, and not the least valuable, "The Studies of the Wurtemberg Clergy," is entirely in their hands. Why, indeed, should professional studies in exposition not tend to generate the taste and give some measure at least of talent for the work, though they may not develope both in the highest degree? Why should the list of authorship among practising commentators be so much scantier, as it unquestionably is, than among practising lawyers and physicians? It seems then that we have hardly reached the true solution of the phenomenon, and that we must venture one guess more before we give it up in despair.

It seems to us then, that the main cause of our little exegetical progress is to be found in the exclusively practical character of our Scottish religion, combined with our veneration for the past. No impartial observer can deny that these qualities prevail in Scotland to a degree in which they exist in no other country in the world. Our religion was decided for us by the Reformation, and consolidated by the Westminster Assembly; and everything still bears the marks of these epochs. The foundation of our dogmatical theology has never since been seriously disturbed; but generation after generation has been contented to accept it, and to build upon it, as already laid. The authority of Scripture, and the great outlines of its interpretation, have been handed down together and gratefully received by a believing posterity. The great aim and struggle of the national religion has been to bring the nation really, as it was nominally, under the prevailing system, and to convert theoretical orthodoxy into living faith. The Bible has not been so much studied from fresh and novel points of view, supplied by antagonism to hostile systems, as in one unvarying spirit of tranquil contentment with its first results. The collision of opposing parties has elicited but few and transient flashes of light in the department of interpretation. In the 17th century, the Church constitution was attacked by Episcopacy; in the 18th the Church doctrine by Infidelity, and the Church administration by Moderatism. The three great struggles or re-actions that arose in consequence did but little to enlarge the topics or increase the stores of interpretation. The contest with Episcopacy added only to the illustration of the *loci classici* of the rival system; and during its continuance, far more books were added to the Presbyterian armory than have been cast ever since into the treasury of exposition. The contest with infidelity, chiefly under the leadership of Hume, did still less; for his antagonists within the Church—Reid, Campbell, and Beattie—necessarily conducted the defence not on theological but on metaphysical grounds; and Hume, with all his faults, had more modesty than with recent German nihilists to endeavour to entrench himself within the pale of Revelation, and to wrest Scripture to his and its own destruction. The scientific refutation of scepticism was the great and only service of Moderatism to Scottish religion: but it left the Bible where it found it, and raised no discord in the harmony of traditional interpretation. We may except indeed the Arminian tinge given to the Pauline Epistles in the commentaries of Macknight, and in the fashionable expositions of that school; but there was nothing in them which was not borrowed from English or Remonstrant sources; and they gave no impulse to fresh exegetical researches on the Orthodox side. Then came the grand struggle with Moderatism, both from within the Establishment and without—a contest which has lasted to our own times; but the light which it has cast on Scripture has respected only questions of discipline and order; and the great body of Scripture is still seen through the medium of the old dogmatic interpretation. It has not been with us as in Germany. The tide of rationalism has not flowed over into the Church. We have had no Semler, Michaelis, Eichorn, and Paulus, all the while professing to stand on the footing of positive Christianity, and yet not only discarding the symbolical books, but unsettling the Canon, truncating the word of God, and extorting from the maimed and mutilated volume, by the rack of a false interpretation, a complete recantation of the doctrine of Christ. God, in his mercy, spared our Scottish Church this fearful trial. But then, almost as a necessary consequence, we have not shared in the advantages which such a trial was fitted to evoke. We have not been cast back upon our Bibles, laying the symbolical books for a time aside. We have not been driven to the question of interpretation as one of life and death. We have not replaced our traditional confidence in the Canon by a faith growing out of elaborate researches, and established beyond the power of learned cavils to shake. And we see not our national orthodoxy, like the nascent evangelism of Germany, renewing its youth, and drinking purer and purer draughts from the fountain of Scripture. We cannot have the incom-

patible fruits of two opposite courses of training. We cannot have the products of bold and independent inquiry, unless the field has been swept clear by something like a revolution. We cannot have the virgin soil without the previous disintegration of the rock. We cannot have the fresh shoots, unless the tree, "*durus ut ilex tonsa bipennibus*," has first been lopped or cut over. It is thus we account for the paucity and monotony of our commentaries in comparison of those of the evangelical school of Germany. Ours has been in many respects a happier lot; unspeakably happier. Instead of defending the Canon, and extricating from the grasp of the spoiler the essence of Scriptural Christianity, we have carried abroad an unchallenged Bible, and sounded in the ears of a nation an equally unchallenged interpretation. But it is plain that our circumstances have been the less favourable of the two for the deep and many-sided study of the word we preached; that we have been in danger of believing our message just because there was none to controvert it; and that we have too much laid up the Bible in an unapproached ark, as having spoken its last word to us, rather than carried it about as the Urim and Thummim, which had still fresh oracles to utter in answer to every friendly prayer, and in defiance of every blasphemy of the enemy! Our religion has not been centripetal, but centrifugal. We have rushed out to the circumference of Christianity, exploring the outlying regions of church polity and organization; and have spent all our strength in seeking to realize the external ideal of a Church as it ought to be, while the interior mysteries of the Gospel have been too much neglected; allowed to lie safe in their hidden shrine, or if contemplated with earnest gaze, seen not so much in the light of their own holy place, as from the outer court of ecclesiastical tradition. But surely we have carried this deference to the authority of our fathers in interpretation too far. Surely there is room for a vigorous bound in an onward direction, which shall leave us still in the narrow way of orthodoxy. There is a fulness in Scripture which no Church, however great its achievements in exposition, has yet exhausted. A firm belief in this, and a humble yet steadfast resolution to do justice to the immensity of the word of God, is the first condition of progress. Let us want this, and no amount of learning, no application on the part of our ministry to those researches, can carry us beyond the magic circle of the past. Let us receive this as a gift from on high, worthy of Him who has taught us to call no man master on earth; and our country will again take its place in the development of Protestantism, and hasten forward the advent of the Church of the Future, when a Bible understood and believed shall be all in all.

In the volumes before us, which are chiefly occupied with Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Peter, we have the first important accession which has been made for many years to the stock of commentary, in the strict and proper sense. We hail it as a production independent and autochthonal—"a fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself." It is neither Scottish nor German, but sprung from the high and rare union of the best qualities of both schools in a single mind. It has the Scottish clearness, precision, orthodoxy, practicality; the German learning, minuteness of investigation, and disregard of tradition; and for certain qualities—too rare in both—resolute adherence to the very truth of the passage—(*indagatio non divinatio*)—unforced development of the connexion—and basing of edification on the right meaning of Scripture, we have not met with anything in either country which surpasses it. The peculiar nature of the author's plan required high qualifications to render it even moderately successful. His aim was not to furnish a body of edifying discussions and reflections, built on selected words and doctrines of Peter, in which department the immortal work of Leighton was sufficient; nor to present a dry and scholastic explication of the sense, in the manner of Steiger; but to lay the foundation in the one style, and to build the superstructure upon it in the other; to bring out the sense, the whole sense, and nothing but the sense, in the manner of a scientific commentary, and then to clothe and vivify this for popular impression and edification. But this was not all. The epistle was not only to be thus expounded with the rigour of the one method, and the richness of the other; Dr. Brown increased his difficulty by resolving to have it broken up into its internal divisions, organically separate; so that however long or short any of its paragraphs, if the subject were one, it must be comprised in a single discourse. There were thus to be combined the unity of sermon-writing with the unfettered textuality of lecturing; and this in addition to the difficulty of harmonizing in the lecture the scientific element and the popular. We give, then, an exact idea of the peculiarities of this Commentary, when we say that it contemplates *four* objects: 1. The fixing of the landmarks of each separate subject in the epistle; 2. The further subdivision of this subject in such a

manner as to unite the style of the sermon and the lecture ; 3. The scientific determination of the exact and full sense ; 4. The popular expression of this in the form of Christian doctrine or Christian morality. It would not be easy, we think, to form a more just and happy conception of satisfactory and exhaustive commentary writing. And we do not believe we can do a better service to the great cause of Scripture interpretation than to make a few remarks on the peculiarities of this method in the hands of Dr. Brown, with examples from the work before us.

We have been greatly struck with the felicity with which the leading ideas of the Epistle are seized and marked off from each other,—a process analogous to the laying down on a map of the physical boundaries of mountain, river, desert, forest, or estuary, by which a kingdom is partitioned off into provinces. This leading idea is the title and subject of each expository discourse ; and there is often more light cast on a paragraph by the title thus prefixed than in pages of ordinary illustration. We may say there is a kind of military eye here apparent, in reconnoitring a passage from a distance, and taking its bearings by the context. This gives a singular degree of precision and distinctness of relief to what, in the eye of the ordinary reader of the apostolic epistles, is too apt to appear a continuous or confused expanse. There is a great deal more, however, than clear definition of boundaries executed in this precognition of a passage. There is often an originality in the view of the subject itself, and that accomplished, not by the minuter criticism, but by the first bird's-eye view. Thus, in the *fourth* paragraph of the epistle (chap. i. 10–12 ; and our readers will pardon us for requesting them to turn up the passage), it is shown by the author that the great subject of discussion is *the final happiness of Christians*, as nothing else than this suits the preceding paragraph, or the design of the apostle to comfort the disciples of the Saviour under trials. He thus discards at the very outset the idea that the *Christian system of salvation*, as a whole, is the subject of discourse, which is the ordinary traditional interpretation ; and puts a new and more consistent meaning on the words—" the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow ;" explaining them not as denoting the vicarious sufferings and mediatorial glory of Jesus Christ, which is the common and time-hallowed view, but as expressing the sufferings of Christians for Jesus Christ in this life, together with the succeeding reward.

This general division is in every caand thus lowed by the subdivision of the seasmuch paragraph into its minor fragments, a flesh, separate members of a body once brokthat he are again dissected according to their h been nal structure. This is generally, in which is is called textual preaching, a very easeople in cess,—the clauses of a paragraph account taken up bodily, in the order in which great stand ; a procedure which more resethis exthat of the surgeon, cutting throughher of the muscle, and nerve, by one rude ir Christian than that of the anatomist, carefullysanctifirating the one from the other, and tra, meet their entire course and mutual relati away For example, doctrine and duty may ex- together through a passage, but they must lur e separated as bone and muscle ; or exhortat lis and motive, but they must be kept cl w as muscle and nerve. And even where com system of mere truncation is practicable (In a species of division, there are various de ay grees of elegance with which it may be ex- of ecuted. Thus, in the analysis of the para- e graph above referred to, hardly any blundering could miss the three subdivisions ; but few could have expressed them so elegantly as Dr. Brown, in this simple sentence—" The final happiness of Christians the subject of Old Testament prediction, New Testament revelation, and angelic study." It is not, however, on this kind of subdivision that we lay much stress as an exegetical gain. Exegesis is concerned with the discovery of the sense more than the expression of it ; just as Mathematics is more concerned with the correctness than the elegance of the demonstration. It is to the innumerable subdivisions in this commentary, conducted in what we have called the anatomical style in contradistinction from the surgical, that we attach the highest value. Of these we extract a most masterly specimen, in the treatment of the long, complex, and to an ordinary eye, unconnected paragraph, which succeeds that already noticed. Let any one read it over as it stands (chap. i. 13–21), and then say whether a flood of light is not cast upon it by the following outline of a division and subdivision :—

" In this admirable paragraph we have a most instructive view—I. Of Christian duty ; II. Of the means of performing it ; and III. Of the motives to its performance. Of CHRISTIAN DUTY—described first generally, as obedience, Christians being expected to act 'as obedient children,' *i. e.* rather children of obedience ; and then described more particularly—first negatively, 'Not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in your ignorance ;' and then positively—'Be holy in all manner of conversation.' Of the MEANS OF PERFORMING CHRISTIAN DUTY ; first, determined resolution—'Gird up the loins of your mind ;'

patible
trainin[illegible]y, moderation in all our estimates, and
bold a[illegible], and pursuit of worldly objects—'Be so-
field h[illegible] thirdly, hope—'Hope to the end,' hope per-
a revo[illegible]ing fourthly, fear—'Pass the time of your
soil WARMANCE OF CHRISTIAN DUTY; first, the
the rocur and excellence and security of the
unless an inheritance, the full possession of which
bus," [illegible]n attain only by Christian obedience—
is thus [illegible]efore,' referring to the whole of the pre-
notony [illegible] description of the final state of happiness
of those [illegible] waits the saints; secondly, the holiness
many. [illegible]f God—'The Father on whom we call,
happien[illegible]t respect of persons, judgeth every man ac-
of de[illegible]g to his works;' and fourthly, the wonder-
from [illegible]rovision which had been made for securing
Scrip[illegible]oliness, in their having been redeemed, or
abro[illegible]ght back to God, by the blood of his Son—
in th[illegible]rasmuch as ye know that ye were not re-
leng[illegible]med with corruptible things, as silver and
our [illegible].—such is the outline I shall attempt to fill up
abl[illegible] the subsequent illustrations."—Vol. i. pp. 99,
stu[illegible]00.
ha
s[illegible]

We cannot too strongly call the attention of readers of this work to these organic filaments of the structure of the Epistle. They are totally different from the invented plans of ordinary sermon-writing, or the loosely-accepted groundwork of ordinary lecturing. These bear too often to their contents the relation of a frame to a picture, or of rows of stakes to a fruitful field. Here, on the contrary, the divisions are the veritable framework of the Epistle, taken down with wonderful tact and penetration; and put up again with equal judgment and skill. We cannot doubt that this part of the work has cost the author the greatest labour; and it has not been bestowed in vain. Whoever does not appreciate these subdivisions, can have little taste for the logic of exegesis. They give indeed to the work somewhat of a scholastic appearance; and the present age abhors scholastic division. But this is just to prefer the vague and popular in conception to the exact and scientific. The infinite multiplicity of Scripture demands a manifold division, as much as that of Nature. All true knowledge proceeds in this direction; and if the division is only just, and is gathered up again under general heads, it cannot be too minute, for this is only to track the footsteps of Him who binds multiformity in unity, both in His works and His word. There is great truth in the remark of Coleridge, in apologizing for the needless articulation of the divines of the 17th century—to which, however, there is here no resemblance. "Show me one error that has arisen from separating the identical, and I will show you ten which have arisen from confounding the diverse."

It is obvious how this preliminary settlement of the subject and its divisions, must pave the way for the bringing of the full and exact sense out of the sacred words. This is, indeed, the great business of exposition; and with it the largest part of these volumes is occupied. The three qualities which are generally regarded as essential to successful interpretation everywhere appear to great advantage. These are the knowledge of history,—for which, in the case of a doctrinal and epistolary part of Scripture, ought rather to be substituted the power of sympathy with the mental idiosyncrasy of the writer,—which in this case is the historical base of his style; the discernment of the scope of the context; and acquaintance with the usage of the words, or *usus loquendi*. While distinguished by all three qualifications, we should say that Dr. Brown is pre-eminent in the second; and that his analytic turn of mind disposes and enables him to pore with searching and patient eye upon the complexities of a paragraph, and especially upon the particles of inference, and other hooks and eyes of sentences, until all becomes connected and transparent. He is a logical interpreter in the highest sense of the term, and we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is no one who more fully realizes this difficult ideal, whether in detecting the drift of an argument, or laying bare the nerve of a demonstration, or tracing out its subsidiary illustrations and applications. In writings so parenthetical and involved, and so encumbered with their own richness, as the apostolical epistles, this is the first and leading quality, and the whole procedure of Dr. Brown, resting upon the supposition that there is method in this overflow of matter, is a continued and successful effort to explore and display it. The only one of the evangelists who offers the same field, and perhaps a more difficult one to exegetical sagacity, is John; and we believe that the same qualities which thus bare the linked argument of the apostles, when hidden amid wreaths of eloquence and illustration, would also bring to view the bands and ligaments of the discourses of the beloved disciple, buried though they be like portions of a chain under water. No one can read these discourses, and not feel satisfied that he understands a great deal better the object of the apostle in every paragraph, and the tendency of all that he says to gain this object; which is just to say, that he has acquired a rational comprehension of the whole. This, we take it, is the common sense view of the business of interpretation; and it is here executed chiefly by the above-mentioned gift of discovering, dwelling on, and making

prominent the connexion between every one part and every other. We instance a remarkable example in which Dr. Brown, by a rigid application of this principle, seems to us to have set at rest the interpretation of one of the *loci vexatissimi* of the New Testament, that respecting the preaching to the spirits in prison (1 Pet. iii. 18, 19, 20, 22). Having rejected on philological grounds the common Protestant interpretation, which assigns a preaching by the spirit of Christ in the days of Noah,—and also the Patristic, Romish, and Lutheran view, which fixes this preaching to the period of the Saviour's descent to Hades, he adds these decisive textual objections :—

"And what will weigh much with a judicious student of Scripture is, that it is impossible to perceive how these events, supposing them to have taken place, were, as they are represented by the language to be, the effects of Christ's suffering for sins in the room of sinners, and how these statements at all serve to promote the apostle's practical object, which was to persuade persecuted Christians patiently and cheerfully to submit to sufferings for righteousness' sake, from the consideration exemplified in the case of our Lord, that suffering in a good cause and in a right spirit, however severe, was calculated to lead to the happiest results. No interpretation, we apprehend, can be the right one, which does not correspond with the obvious construction of the passage, and with the avowed design of the writer."—Vol. ii. p. 349.

He then proceeds to give an interpretation which satisfies these conditions: That the Saviour put to death in the flesh, *i. e.* in the body, was quickened in the spirit; *i. e.* spiritually quickened, became the reservoir and fountain of a new spiritual life to man; and in consequence of this spiritual quickening, went and preached to the spirits in prison, *i. e.* went by his apostles to depraved men, who are spirits in prison under the bondage of Satan—the same kind of spirits that had been disobedient in the days of Noah; but who are now set free, and that in a manner and to a degree of which there had been no previous example. It is easy to see how this interpretation saves the unity of the passage; for this spiritual deliverance of men is an obvious consequence of the Saviour's sufferings; and it is an example of suffering not sustained in vain, a proof that damage cannot come to Christians as it did not come to their Master, from death itself in a good cause. Many similar examples might be pointed out of clear and satisfactory light cast even on dubious passages by resolute adherence to the unity and scope of the whole; and on this, were there no other quality, we would rest the merit of this performance, as s[illegible]ent, and thus higher than any collection of l[illegible] "Forasmuch paratus, and as better than w[illegible] in the flesh, of musty German learning. [illegible]ought, that he dant knowledge, however, of[illegible]esh hath been sources of illustration; and [illegible]ought which is derable amount of well-digest[illegible]d his people in verbal discussion in the notes [illegible]their account fixed to the separate discourse[illegible]d, in a great this all due praise, since it i[illegible]kes this excommon feature in English w[illegible]apter of the kind. But the essence of this le[illegible]Christian as it ought to be, absorbed into the s[illegible]sanctifi- of the exposition; and we thank the[illegible], meet for not having overloaded his treatise [illegible]way more than the brief scholia which he [illegible]ex- given. We are right glad to miss the lur[illegible]e ber of the wheels; the long and useless lis of absurd opinions from the Fathers dow wards, which swell so many works of com tinental growth, and for which it would [illegible] better to die than to live. It is hard to say which is more tiresome, the repetition of these, or the refutation of them. It is time that many of these senseless interpretations were put in the same category with the hunting Welshman's hypothesis respecting the moon.

We have only to add here, that while there is the most resolute and pertinacious attempt to determine the very sense of the passage, there is a careful endeavour to bring out the full sense. It is not the first taste of the grapes with which the author is satisfied. All must go impartially through the wine-press; and the last drop of liquid must be yielded up. Thus the greatest honour is done to Scripture, which is all worthy of thorough investigation; and there is often a real gain to truth, since the Word of God, like a river, though most rapid in its main stream, is not always most deep; but runs often into dark pools and side eddies, which are also worthy of being explored for hidden treasure. Dr. Brown sometimes brings out of a "wherefore" or a "forasmuch," a large store of interesting truth; and thus teaches that the words of the Lord are pure words, and are more precious than gold or silver, of which the smallest grains are not wont to be cast away.

Without going into tedious details, we may simply remark of the doctrinal and practical portions of the work, which partake more of the character of the *concio ad populum* than the exegetical, that they have the great merit of being elicited from the Epistle itself, and of being nothing more than the full expansion of the apostolic sentiment. There is of necessity the tinge of an individual mind given to the whole; but

patible
trainin y, committing itself to the guidance
bold f and and careful only to repeat and
field h thirdly, otes of inspiration. There is
a revo ing here fourth se of that reference to paral-
soil w MANCE d to the generalized sense of
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unless an inher en rigid exegesis and much
bus," n attai illustration warrants. But
is thus efore, pendent discussions and larg-
notony descrions from the rest of Scripture
of those wai ere with the thoroughly *Petrine*
many. of the whole work; and both
happier ments are employed to illustrate
of d ng out into the strongest relief the
fron ctive theology and ethics of the First of
Sc Apostles. The original finished statue
a unrolled limb by limb, rather than melted
in own and recast in the mould of the author's
le n mind. This seems to us a proceeding
o rare as it is admirable, and contrasts very
a vourably with that style of illustration of
Scripture doctrine and practice which consists simply in reiterating Scripture truth in Scripture forms: and still more with that other style which does nothing more than make Scripture the starting-point of its own theorizings or declamations. The one of these leaves the statue swathed up in its original folds; the other superinduces the trickery of a human dress through which the beauty of the natural outline can hardly be discerned. Indeed, the style of Dr. Brown's thinking and expression partakes very much of a statuesque character,—of the severe simplicity of Scripture itself; and this, with his total disregard of the technicalities of system and the peculiarities of oratorical preaching, has contributed, in a great degree, to give his views that fresh and interesting character which they wear, as an immediate reflection of the mind of the sacred writers. The only ornament which he seems to covet in his illustration of Scripture truth is, the language of Scripture itself, which fits most gracefully into his own style, and so abundantly and curiously inlays it, that it might seem the work of art, were it not too obvious that, like the veined strata of rocks, the different materials have been fused together in the very act of conception. There is something very becoming in an interpreter disdaining any other ornament than well-selected Scripture; and in the way in which innumerable sentences from all parts of the Bible are thus set together like rows of brilliants, there are a thousand incidental lights scattered by them upon each other which often disclose unexpected beauties.

It should not be forgotten that these Discourses were written, and are now published, not as exegetical studies, but as expository lectures for a mixed congregation. We may be permitted a word regarding them as pulpit exercises. Their power in this respect, we think, consists in the clearness with which Scripture truth is reproduced, in the pious earnestness with which it is embraced, and in the reverent manner in which a strong and masculine mind is seen to surrender itself with all its energies to the impulse that comes from the spirit of the inspired writers. Nothing, not even the eloquence of creative imagination, has a greater hold over the mind of men than the exhibition of the grand realities of revealed truth in their naked elements as they come from the mind of God; and when this is done with clear sight, strong realization, and impassioned conviction, the effect cannot but be powerful. We do not envy the feelings of the man who can read without profound emotion such discourses as that on "Honouring all men," "On sanctifying the Lord God in the heart," or on the "Devil as a roaring lion." The last especially is most startlingly impressive: and this power of minting afresh defaced truth, and sending it forth with its native image and superscription, runs through the entire work. The simplicity, pathos, and energy of many of the appeals to conscience raise them to a very high rank in this difficult species of pulpit eloquence.

Our remarks would leave a false impression did they seem to imply that there was little of independent effort of mind in these volumes, save in the explication and application of the sense of the Apostle Peter. There is a very considerable amount of theological and moral discussion, which, in strictness of speech, has no exegetical hold in the epistle, and which a rigid enforcement of the law of the marches might exclude. But these materials are not the least interesting: and to some they will be not a little welcome, as bringing out the author's system of theology at greater length than the severe restraints of commentary would have permitted. For example, there are many important fragments of generalization in the introductions: and here and there a lengthened consideration of some vital doctrine, such as the Atonement, on the words, "Christ also suffered for us;"—Christian freedom on the words "As free:" and the connexion between the Atonement and Holiness, on the words, "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin." Indeed, the length of many of these discussions is indispensable to their gaining the end of popular teaching; and there are some, such as the beautiful lectures on Relative Duties, that we would have wished to have seen still further ex-

tended. There is hardly an important position in theology to which the author has not occasion at least to allude: and we have remarked no peculiarities of view, with this exception, that all other views are coloured by that general theory of the relation of Christianity to our mental faculties (if indeed it be a peculiarity in anything but the stress laid upon it), which was first propounded in the work on "Religion, and the Means of its Attainment." This has had the fortune to excite objection in some quarters, as making faith too much an affair of the understanding, and the more unworthy fate of being neglected in others; and has never yet secured half the attention which its importance and interest demand.

As specimens of the clear and ripe thinking, and terse and luminous style, which pervade these more independent exercitations, we subjoin two extracts. The first is on the origin of civil government:—

"Civil government is further described as an 'ordinance of man,' or a 'human institution' for this purpose. It is indeed the doctrine of the New Testament, that civil government in one sense —and that an important one—is of divine institution, 'an ordinance of God;' but that doctrine rightly understood is no way inconsistent with the doctrine that in another sense it is a human institution, the ordinance of man. Civil government is so of God, as to lay a foundation for a divine moral obligation on those subject to it to yield obedience. Some have held that magistracy is of God merely as all things are of God, as the famine and pestilence, as slavery and war are of him. Those who take this view err by defect, for this could lay no foundation for a claim on obedience. Others err by excess, who hold that magistracy is a direct express divine institution. It does not stand on the same foundation as the priesthood under the law, or the Christian ministry under the gospel. The magistracy of the Jews under the law was the result of a direct divine appointment, but not the magistracy of any other people. It does not stand even on the same ground as marriage, which was formally instituted. It occupies similar ground with the social state, agriculture, or commerce. It naturally rises out of the constitution of men's minds, which is God's work, and the circumstances of their situation, which are the results of his Providence; and it is highly conducive to the security and well-being of mankind, which we know must be agreeable to the will of Him, whose nature as well as name is Love, and whose tender mercies are over all his works."—Vol. i. pp. 348, 349.

The other extract refers to a still more important subject,—the connexion of the Atonement with Sanctification. The remarks occur on chap. iv. 1-6, which is a peculiarly difficult and apparently incoherent paragraph of the epistle. The author regards it as an exhortation to holiness, founded on the doctrine of the atonement, and thus translates its leading clause, "Forasmuch as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves with this thought, that he who hath suffered in the flesh hath been made to rest from sin"—a thought which is intended to identify Christ and his people in their dying to sin, or settling their account with it. By this striking and, in a great measure, original view, he makes this exhortation parallel to the sixth chapter of the Romans, that wonderful apex of Christian theology, in which justification and sanctification, like the two sides of a triangle, meet in union to Christ. He then breaks away into this profound and truly philosophical exposition of the whole subject. Its importance must excuse the length of the citation:—

"The superior efficacy of Christianity, as an instrument of ameliorating the moral condition of mankind, to every other means employed for this purpose, will not be questioned by any enlightened and unprejudiced thinker; but the true cause of this efficacy, and the manner in which it is put forth, are overlooked by most, misapprehended by many, and rightly understood by comparatively few.

"The efficacy of Christianity, as a transformer of human character, is attributed, even by many of its teachers, to the purity, extent, and spirituality, of its moral requisitions; and to the plainness with which they are stated, and the energy with which they are enforced in the law, and by the example of Christ. It is impossible to speak too highly of the Christian morality, unless you exalt it, as has often been done, to the disparagement of the atoning sacrifice and quickening spirit of its author; and we willingly admit, that, on the formation of Christianly good character, the law of Christ occupies an important though still a subordinate place.

"But he ill understands the principles of human nature who expects that a being such as both revelation and experience tell us that man is, wholly depraved, alienated from the life of God, strongly inclined to forbidden indulgence, equally strongly disinclined to the restraints of religious and moral obligation, should, merely by a statement and enforcement of duty, however clear and cogent, be made to undergo a radical change in his principles and habits. Who, indeed, does not know that the attempts to urge on a person a mode of conduct to which he is strongly disinclined, if you do not at the same time employ appropriate and adequate means for altering the inclination, usually ends in increasing the indisposition it was intended to remove, aggravating the disease it was meant to cure? The morality of Christianity far exceeds any other morality the world has ever seen. Where is to be found anything to be compared with the Sermon on the Mount, or the moral part of the apostolical epistles? Yet the transforming power of the system does not lie here. The morality of Christianity may be useful in convincing a bad man that he is bad, and in helping a good

man to become better; but, constituted as human nature is, it cannot convert a bad man into a good man.

"Another class of Christian teachers, in much greater harmony with the principles both of the Scriptural revelation and a sound mental philosophy, have held that the power of Christianity to make men new creatures resides in its peculiarities as a doctrinal system; that the clear, well-established disclosures it makes of the grandeur and the grace of the Divine character, of the infinite venerableness, and estimableness, and loveliness, and kindness of the Supreme Being, in the accounts it gives us of the incarnation and sacrifice of His only begotten Son, and of the inappreciably valuable blessings which, through his mediation, are bestowed on mankind, when apprehended in their meaning and evidence, that is, when understood and believed, naturally and necessarily produce such a revolution in man's mode of thinking and feeling in reference to God as naturally and necessarily leads to a revolution in his mode of conduct; and that then, and not till then, the moral or preceptive power of Christianity begins to tell on the amelioration of character.

"These sentiments, especially when connected, as they usually are, with a persuasion of the necessity of supernatural influence, the influence of the Holy Spirit, to bring the mind, and keep the mind under the moral influence of evangelical truth, appear to us just, as far as they go; but still they exhibit but an imperfect view of the manner in which Christianity produces, what nothing else can, a radical, permanent, ever-progressive improvement of the human character, leading a man 'to live the rest of his time in the flesh, not to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.'

"Fully to understand this most important subject, it is necessary to bear in mind that Christianity, in the most extensive sense of the term, is something more than a revelation either of moral or religious truth. It is the development of a Divine economy, a system of Divine dispensations in reference to a lost world; and it is in these dispensations, the incarnation and sacrifice of the only Begotten of God, dispensations having for their direct object the change of man, the sinner's relation to the Supreme Being as the moral Governor of the world, that the true origin of man's moral transformation is to be found; and it is as a development of these dispensations chiefly that the Christian revelation conduces to the sanctification of man.

"Nothing is more obvious than that a man's state, relations, and circumstances, have a powerful influence on the formation of his character. The same individual, if placed in infancy in the state of slavery or in the state of royalty, would, in mature life, be distinguished by very different, and, in many respects, directly opposite dispositions and habits. A certain set of relations and circumstances may be quite incongruous with a certain character; and every species of moral means may be employed in vain to produce that character till these relations and circumstances be changed. Let a slave receive every advantage of the most accomplished education, if he is not enfranchised, there is little probability of his being formed to the generous character of a freeman. Let me know a man to be my enemy, or even suspect him to be so, and no exhibition of his good qualities, though I should be brought to credit them, which I will be very slow to do, can induce me to put confidence in him. Let the relation of hostility be changed into one of friendship, and let me be persuaded of this, and the same moral means, which were formerly utterly inefficacious, will produce a powerful effect. These plain, common-sense principles, transferred to the subject before us, lead us into the truth respecting the origin of the transforming, sanctifying influence of Christianity.

"The relations of man as a righteously condemned sinner are incompatible with a holy character. While man is condemned, and knows that he is condemned, how can he be holy, how can he become holy? How can God consistently bestow the highest token of his complacent regard on one who is the proper object of his moral disapprobation and judicial displeasure in making him holy; and how can man love or trust or affectionately obey Him whom he knows he has offended, whom he has reason to consider as his omnipotent enemy? It is by meeting and removing these difficulties that Christianity secures the holiness of man. It is in the securing, by a set of Divine arrangements, the change of a state of hostility into a state of friendship, the rendering the pardon and salvation of the guilty consistent with, nay, illustrative of, the perfections of the Divine character and the principles of the Divine government, that Christianity lays broad and deep and sure the foundation of man's deliverance, not only from misery but from sin, not only of his endless happiness but of his moral perfection. In the vicarious sacrifice of the incarnate Son, in His suffering for us in the flesh for sin, the just in the room of the unjust, so suffering as that He found rest from sin, provision is made for a most happy change in our relations. We, united to Him, suffering for sin in our room, are made to rest from sin, and in this change of relations is necessarily implied and indubitably secured a complete change of moral dispositions and habits. It is this which leads to no longer living to the lusts of men, but to the will of God. It is this chief of the works of God that, like the main-spring or moving power of a complicated piece of machinery, gives resistless energy and unfailing efficacy in the case of the saved, to the moral influence of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel. The better the connexion between the atonement and sanctification is understood, the more firmly it is believed, the more habitually it is meditated on, the greater progress will the individual Christian make in practical godliness; and he who would comply with the apostle's exhortation, to 'live no longer the rest of his time to the lusts of men, but to the will of God,' must arm himself with this thought, 'He that hath suffered in the flesh is made to rest from sin.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 447-451.

Before parting company with this Commentary, it may be noticed, that it is preceded by a new translation of the Epistle, intended to embody the results of the author's investigations. This is so clear and

pointed, as, while perfectly faithful so far as we have examined it, to serve in a greatly better form the ends of a paraphrase. We can hardly reconcile ourselves, in some cases, to the dismissal of the time-hallowed phraseology of the common version, where the sense did not seem absolutely to require it.

Appended to the Discourses on Peter there are several others of a miscellaneous character; two on the "Son of Man and His going," where that Messianic title is handled in a more satisfactory manner than we have ever seen it, and the style rises to the highest eloquence: four on "Keeping ourselves in the Love of God," which are somewhat abstruse and didactic, though solidly instructive; and an Inaugural Theological Lecture on "Our Lord's ministry," in which, among other things, the nexus between the working of a miracle and the proof of a doctrine is laid open with much skill and clearness.

It only remains to notice, with great brevity, the relation which such a work as this holds to the general development of Christianity in our country, especially through the pulpit. The pulpit must ever be the grand instrument of the diffusion of Christianity, and the efforts to supersede it, either by the press or any other agency, proceed on entire ignorance of the social nature of Christianity, and its adaptation to be transmitted not by solitary reading but by public impulse. At the same time it cannot be questioned that there is a general dissatisfaction abroad in the educated mind of the country with the present state of the pulpit. There is a critical temper of uncertainty, which may result either in an entire break with it or a more firm conciliation than before. There is a disposition to cast off the shackles of tradition and to regard the popular Christianity of the pulpit as a system of effete and barren commonplaces, beyond which the literary intellect of the age has shot far a-head. Some well-meaning Christians are disposed to yield too much deference to this feeling. They would accommodate themselves to the educated taste by fraternizing to the utmost with the philosophy, science, literature, or politics, to which the antagonists of the pulpit all point as casting it into the shade, and by struggling to import into the pulpit the more interesting products of these several fields of living thought and speculation. Thus, one is all for christianized transcendentalism, another for spiritualized astronomy or geology, a third for the gospel in its bearing on social questions, and the progress of the people. This seems to us a mere weakness on the part of these innovators; a going down to Egypt for help, not because there is a famine in the land, but because their own husbandry is bad and unproductive. The attitude which the pulpit should assume towards other living and self-developing forces of thought in the country, is neither that of obeisance nor defiance. It should ignore their existence as objects either of attack or homage, and leave them to the sober and equitable criticism of the Christian press. The pulpit has work enough in the proclamation of the grand positive doctrines of Christianity. To push these aside, and to look to other topics either as substitutes or important auxiliaries, is virtually to give up Christianity as an antiquated dispensation, and to place the Bible beneath the records of science and the philosophy of history. The stem of Christianity, we fear, is much decayed in the Church or individual whose preaching displays a profusion of such parasitical ornaments. The true remedy is not to cast aside positive Christianity, but to bring it forth again in its own majesty. This, it appears to us, can best be done by applying to it the same methods of illustration which have given all their interest and fascination to philosophy and science. The perpetual freshness and life of these circles of speculation, consists in a constant return to their original fields of observation, in order to make new researches and experiments. If the Christianity of the pulpit is to compete with them and bear off the palm, it must stand in living communication with the Bible, and eternally renew its youth from its ancient spring. It must divest itself of the hard and unbending dogmatic shape by which the class of educated minds are repelled, and catch more of that spontaneity, freshness, and variety, in which Scripture itself so wonderfully abounds. It is the great service of Dr. Brown to have accomplished this in one important book of Scripture, and to have set the example of discarding that repetition of dogmatic commonplace which is the weakness of the pulpit, and returning to that near dependence upon the very mind of the Spirit which is its strength. How much is thus found to re-attach the educated and reflecting to the pulpit;—the keen intellectual interest of tracing the very sense of the word of God; and the surprise and gratification of finding how comprehensible a thing Christianity is; how full of order and coherence the epistolary parts of the New Testament, which appear to many so irregular and rhapsodical; how grand, novel, and affecting their disclosures; and above all, how powerful the contagion of direct intercourse with them for devout and holy impression, when the

middle wall of partition is, by the successful interpreter, broken down! We hope very much, then, in the way of reconquering the speculating minds of the community to allegiance to the pulpit, from such labours; partly, because God will honour his own word more than all the inventions of human eloquence; and partly, because from the very nature of things, truth from the fountain-head is likely to be more powerful and salutary than from the lower streams. And hence we deliberately think that no well-wisher of the progress of Christianity among the educated classes can do better than help on the multiplication of such books, and the gradual shifting of popular religious instruction from a dogmatic to an exegetical basis.

What is thus the best means of retaining or recovering the educated classes, is likely to be most effectual also with the great mass of the population. The testimony of all ministers of the Gospel is, that the word of God has been more successful in their history than any words of their own. To expect the opposite would be almost a libel on the form which it has pleased the all-wise God to give his Revelation to the world. But this is just to admit that the exposition of Scripture has more of the power of God unto salvation, than any other mode of exhibiting truth. There may not be, as the result of this style, the same immediate temporary impression; though we do not see why a Christian minister may not be as fervent and earnest in bringing out and enforcing the mind of the Spirit in a particular passage, as in using a more free and discursive method of teaching: but the ultimate issue must be to elevate the tone of Christian intelligence, and to promote a deeper and juster appreciation of the truths of the Bible. If it be said, as is often said, that the tendency of exegetical studies is to cramp the free course of pious thought, to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to give birth to a dry, rigid, and pedantic style of preaching, it is easy to reply, that this proceeds on a mistaken view of the range allowed to interpretation as a pulpit auxiliary. The day it is to be hoped is far distant, when grammatical comments, or philological processes, or logical outlines, shall usurp the place of Christian teaching. This were to convert the ministers of the sanctuary, whose business it is to offer sacrifice, into mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, with no fire, but only heaps of fagots; no water, but only store of buckets to draw with. We are far enough from any such danger. The most exegetical nation in the world does not find this spirit at all threaten to infest the pulpit. On the contrary, the German evangelical pulpit is more lax and rhetorical than the British. This is not more true of a great preacher like Krummacher, who is a child in exegesis, than of a great preacher like Tholuck, who is a master. Everything will depend on the good sense and discrimination of those who occupy the sacred place; and since we cannot regard ourselves as inferior to our continental neighbours in these qualities, we do not think the temptation will be more formidable in our case than in theirs. In truth, to affirm that a complete familiarity with the sense of Scripture, and with all the technical processes that have led to its discovery, must tend to fetter the eloquence of the pulpit, and to denude it of its popular character, is not more absurd than it would be to assert that a thorough acquaintance with all the legal points of a case, and a command of all the terminology of law, would impair the eloquence of an advocate in addressing a jury, or divest his speaking of popular attractions. If men will be found hammering and sharpening their weapons when they should be using them to smite the enemy, the fault is their own; but let not the anvil and the grindstone bear the blame. Earnest and zealous combatants will still know when to strike; and the blow will come with none the less force surely that every measure has been previously taken to give the sword of the Spirit its native edge. What we want is a ministry more studious of the sense of Scripture, and not less, but, if possible, more devout and fervent than now; and then we need not fear that the simplicity that is in Christ will suffer from any such scholastic parade, or that the stream of religious zeal will lose itself in the sandy desert of verbal criticism. Let us add here, that while by such an exegetical style, at once exact and popular, both the literary and uneducated classes would be interested and attracted, by no other style could such a double good be achieved. Great genius, like that of Chalmers, might awaken a transient interest for astronomy even in the hands of inferior men. But how soon must the educated recoil from the tameness of such repetitions; and how little could they lay hold of the Christian masses! It would be a still less hopeful experiment with any other scientific or philosophical application of Christianity. But it is quite otherwise with the expository preaching of the fundamental principles of the Gospel, according to the boundlessly varied groundwork of Scripture. Moderate talents are competent to reproduce the annotations of master-intellects in a way

which shall be pleasing and profitable to all classes; and thus the Divine word, in its prolonged and dispersed echoes, shall be equally the power of God to the Jew and to the Greek, to the wise and to the unwise.

We do not sympathize in the gloomy forebodings of some worthy theologians respecting an importation and wide diffusion in this country of German heresy. We have had already sufficient introduction of it to abate the fascination of novelty; and our British Christianity is still unpetrified by the Gorgon head, dreadful though it be. We have faith under God in two things; our veneration for the Bible, and that experimental sense of the divinity of the Gospel system, which is the result of our living piety. It is by the latter of these influences chiefly that Germany has begun to recover from the wounds of philosophy and vulgar rationalism,—a reaction commenced but not completed by Schleiermacher; and now a returning veneration for Scripture is we trust perfecting the cure. Our country is unspeakably better provided with both of these safeguards; and hence, with far less than the learning and intellectual panoply of Germany, we may expect to stand in the evil day. It is of immense importance, however, that our veneration for Scripture should be enlightened, and that our impression of the self-evidencing power of Christianity should be quickened by just exhibitions of its pristine loveliness, strength, and grandeur. It is the rare merit of such works as those of Dr. Brown to accomplish these ends, and thus to strengthen the foundations of our national orthodoxy. That theology alone is safe which is based on the Bible; that Church alone is putting herself in a posture of defence against heresy, which returns to the Bible determined to stand or fall beneath its shadow. *In hoc signo vinces.* If a struggle with philosophical infidelity awaits us, our dogmatic systems, even those which, like the Calvinism of Scotland, rank among the most just and philosophical, will avail us little; and the combat must be fought as it has been on the Continent on the field of the Gospels and the Epistles. May we hope that the distinguished author of these volumes, though he speaks with affecting tone of the close of his labours, and as one already ἐπι γηραος ὐυδϛ will not permit himself to claim a discharge from the office of girding up the loins of the Church for this contest, but will help us to prepare for it by a series of similar commentaries, which shall equally prove the Gospel its own witness. If not required for warfare, they may serve as well for peace. The defences of the Church in a revolutionary age become again, like the barricades of a great metropolis, the materials and ornaments of its daily life; and never so easily as after the conflict which Truth has waged with Scripture-arms in her own defence, does the sword become a ploughshare and the spear a pruning-hook, when men learn war no more.

ART. III.—*The Physical Atlas—a Series of Maps and Notes, illustrating the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena.* By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., Geographer at Edinburgh in ordinary to Her Majesty; Honorary Member of the Geographical Society, Berlin; F.G.S., Paris; Editor of the National Atlas, &c.; based on the *Physikalischer Atlas* of Professor H. Berghaus, with the co-operation, in their several departments, of Sir David Brewster, K.H., &c., Professors J. D. Forbes, Edward Forbes, and J. P. Nichol, Dr. Ami Boué, G. R. Waterhouse, Esq., J. Scott Russell, Esq., and Dr. Gustav Kombst. Edinburgh, 1848.

THE construction of an Atlas exhibiting to the eye in a series of maps the geographical distribution of the principal phenomena of Physical Geography, was first suggested by the illustrious Baron Alexander von Humboldt, whose profound and varied researches have contributed, more than those of any other individual, to the advancement of this interesting department of knowledge. Availing himself of this happy suggestion, Professor Berghaus of Potsdam undertook, in 1827, the construction of a Physical Atlas, and, with the advice and assistance of Baron Humboldt, he produced a work of very great merit, which had an extensive circulation wherever the German language was known. In Great Britain, whose ships of war and of commerce navigated every sea, and were exposed to all the hazards of wind and tide, and to all the convulsions of the elements, a work of this kind was pre-eminently wanted, and Mr. A. K. Johnston, Geographer to the Queen in Edinburgh, undertook to supply the defect. His first idea was to republish the Atlas of Berghaus in an English dress; and in order to ascertain how far such a work would receive encouragement from the public, he inserted, at the end of his NATIONAL ATLAS, four of Berghaus's maps, namely, a map of the isothermal lines of Humboldt,—a map showing the distribution of the currents of air,—a map showing the dis-

tribution and cultivation of the most important plants used for the food of man,—a map of the mountain chains in Asia and Europe, and an ethnological map of Europe by Dr. Kombst. These five maps, which were described and explained in several sheets of letterpress, excited such an interest as to induce Mr. Johnston to undertake a complete Physical Atlas on a large scale.

Having learned that Baron Humboldt had expressed a desire to see an English Physical Atlas executed in a style suited to the taste of the British public, and on a scale admitting of details of physical phenomena which could not be introduced into the small maps of the German work, Mr. Johnston visited Germany in the summer of 1842, and made arrangements with Professor Berghaus for the publication of an English edition of his Physical Atlas, in conformity with the views of so competent a judge.

In entering upon this Herculean task, involving a large outlay of capital, Mr. Johnston has spared neither expense nor labour in giving to his Atlas the character of a new work, not merely by enlarging and improving the maps and letterpress, which were communicated to him by the Prussian Professor, but by engaging competent persons to supply materials for new maps, illustrating new departments of Physical Geography, and exhibiting to the eye new phenomena, which had never previously been graphically represented. In this manner, he has succeeded in completing a new Physical Atlas, based on the previous work of Berghaus, which reflects honour upon Scotland, and is highly creditable to his own talents and enterprise.

It is scarcely necessary for us to point out the value and utility of such a work, or to recommend it to the especial patronage of our readers. In our Review of Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," we have afforded them the means of estimating the importance of this branch of knowledge, and those who have neither patience nor leisure to read and study the interesting details which that work contains, may acquire a general knowledge of them by the mere inspection of the maps in which they are graphically exhibited. The eye thus becomes our instructor. It communicates knowledge without any mental effort. It exhibits to us individual facts which, without the exercise of memory, every fresh glance will fix more and more in our mind; and it combines them all together in one vivid panorama, embodying principles and laws which, without laborious study, could not otherwise become portions of our knowledge. In this manner the ignorant may become wise, almost against their will,—the indolent may be allured to habits of study by the *sight* of truths which may perchance please or interest them;—and the intellectually idle, who seldom open a book, or open it but for amusement, may receive in their manhood, or even in their old age, some impression of those wonderful arrangements of Divine wisdom which may lead them to the knowledge of truths that still more nearly concern them.

The Physical Atlas embraces four classes of phenomena, namely, Geology, Hydrography, Meteorology, and Natural History.

I. The *Geological* division contains *ten* maps, and thirty-four closely printed folio pages of descriptive and explanatory letterpress.

In one of these maps is exhibited the *Geological structure of the Globe*, according to Dr. Ami Boué, who submitted it to the reunion of the Savans at Grätz in September, 1844. The map, as now published, contains the corrections and additions made by its author up to September, 1846. On the same map there is exhibited separately Elie de Beaumont's chart of the elevation of mountains,* and a very interesting delineation of the principal mountains of the globe, arranged according to geographical longitude, with their elevations and latitudes annexed. In the principal map, "revised afresh by Dr. Boué," he has indicated by different colours the distribution and arrangement of "six grand formations or groups of rocks, including in each formation a long series of products or changes, connected by artificial if not natural relations."

1. The crystalline schistus formation, comprehending all the granitoid rocks.

2. The primary stratifications, or the transition series, including the carboniferous formation.

3. The secondary formation, extending from the close of the carboniferous series to the close of the cretaceous.

4. The tertiary formation.

5. The alluvial or modern detritus.

6. Volcanoes;—igneous rocks of the tertiary and alluvial epochs; and some extra-European porphyries and diorites.

The *eight* folio pages of letterpress, descriptive of this map, have been drawn up by Professor Nichol, and embrace explanations of the map itself, explanations of the elevation of mountains, and of the contemporaneity of parallel chains, together with theoretical considerations relative to the eleva-

* This chart, or rather the researches which it illustrates, has been fully described in this *Journal*, vol. vi.

tion of mountains. The details which they contain are of a highly popular and interesting nature, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the general reader.

In the Palæontological map of the British Isles, occupying two separate sheets, and beautifully coloured, the author has exhibited the geology of Britain, which, from its varied nature, has been regarded as a type of the geology of the earth. The geology of Britain presents almost all the rocks characteristic of the successive geological epochs; and from its having been more minutely investigated than that of any other equal portion of the earth's surface, the nomenclature of descriptive geognosy is, to a great extent, constituted out of terms locally applied in Great Britain. The descriptive letterpress of this valuable map has been ably drawn up by Professor Edward Forbes. It contains an extensive account of the fossiliferous formations in the British islands, and their relations to those of other countries, together with a systematic outline of the distribution and development of the various classes of organized being during the successive geological periods.

The plan of the map differs essentially from that of any published geological map of Great Britain and Ireland. The names of places on the map are important geological localities. Places very productive in fossils are marked with asterisks, or signs indicating the nature of the organic remains. The more remarkable phenomena of the distribution of life during the pleistoscene or glacial epoch, are indicated in the places where they occur. Lines showing the different zones of depth are traced round the coast. Figures of the most remarkable fossils, especially those of vertebrate animals, are engraven on the upper margin of the map, and types of the groups of Ammonites on the lower margin;—and the whole map is elucidated by extensive tables in the letterpress, and by notes upon the maps themselves.

In other two maps, exhibiting the phenomena of volcanic action, and comparative views of remarkable geological phenomena, with their description, we find a mass of interesting information, which we should seek for in vain in any published work. The *first* of these maps exhibits the regions of earthquakes, and the distribution of active and extinct volcanoes, and the letterpress contains extensive tables of volcanoes, and notes on the rising and sinking of continents, &c. The *second*, with its letterpress, represents and describes the island of Teneriffe, the volcanoes of Pichincha and Antisana, the craters and sections of Vesuvius and Ætna, the singular coral island of South Keeling,* a plan and view of Graham's Island, a plan of Arthur's Seat, and other interesting objects.

In connexion with the geological structure of the earth,† Mr. Johnston has given an interesting map, entitled "Illustrations of the glacier systems of the Alps, and of glacial phenomena in general, from the surveys and sketches of Professor Forbes, and the maps of Raymond and Wiess," including "a map of the limits of the erratic deposit of the valley of the Rhone, by Charpentier;" and in explanation of this map we have a valuable chapter of letterpress by Professor Forbes, embracing an account of his own ingenious theory of the motion of glaciers.

The other three maps in the Geological department represent the mountain chains of Asia‡ and Europe, and also those of North and South America; and in a separate map we have exhibited the mountain systems of Europe from the drawings of Berghaus, constructed on the ingenious plan of contour lines, each of which represents an elevation of 1000 feet. The map of the European and Asiatic chains contains likewise a geological map of Java, a map of the volcanic kingdom of Luzon, and also a representation of the upheaving of the island of Reguain, and is accompanied with explanatory notes, and with Baron Humboldt's essay on the mean height of continents.§

II. The *Hydrographical* department of the Physical Atlas, or that which relates to the waters of the globe, contains *seven* maps and sixteen folio pages of letterpress.

Three of these maps, or physical charts of the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans, are full of the most interesting details. That of the Atlantic shows the form and direction of its ocean currents,—the distribution of heat of its surface,—its fucus banks,—the appearances of volcanic eruptions,—its icebergs and doubtful islands, and all the tracks of ships from Europe to North and South America, and backwards. The section of the letterpress, entitled, "*Line and Steam Packet Navigation*," contains some curious facts which cannot fail to interest the reader.

In the Line Packet Navigation from Liverpool to New York, the average length of passage along the different lines was 33¾, 30½, and 35 days; the longest being 48, and the shortest 22 days, while from New York to Liverpool the lines were 22½, 20½, 24,

* See this *Journal*, vol. vi.
† See this *Journal*, vol. i.
‡ See our Review of Humboldt's Central Asia, vol. v.
§ Ib.

and 22½, the longest being 36, and the shortest 17 days.

In the Steam Ship Navigation, from different English ports to New York, the following were the lengths in days of the outward and howeward voyages:—

	Outward.			Homeward.		
	Longest.	Shortest	Average.	Longest.	Shortest.	Average.
Great Western from Bristol,	21½	13	16	15	12	13½
Royal William " Liverpool,	21½	18½	20	17½	14½	15¾
Liverpool " Liverpool,	18½	16	17	17½	13¾	15
British Queen " Portsmouth,	20½	14	17¼	22½	13½	16

The comparative safety of Steam Navigation is well exhibited in the following interesting details furnished by Mr. Redfield of New York, and relating to the voyages of steamers connected with the port of that city:—

Periods of 5 Years.	Miles Navigated.	No. of Passengers.	No. of Accidents.	Lives Lost.	Proportion of lives lost to No. of Passengers.
Ending 31st Dec. 1824,	2,827,750	4,796,000	12	38	1 in 126,211
... " Dec. 1833,	4,216,200	9,419,700	5	62	1 in 151,931
... " Dec. 1838,	5,467,450	15,886,300	2	8	1 in 1,985,787

The average number of miles to each explosion was, for the 1st period, 235,646 when the pressure of steam was 7 inches; for the 2d, 843,240 when the pressure of steam was 14 inches; and for the third period, 2,733,725 when the pressure of steam was 18 inches. Hence it follows from the average results in this table, that during even the first period of *five* years after the navigation was thrown open to the public competition, such a degree of safety was attained for passengers by *steam*, that the number of accidents was only 1 for 20,000 trips or passages; and that the average loss of life was only 1 out of 126,000 passengers that were exposed? while in the last period only *one life was lost out of nearly two millions of passengers!*

The Physical chart of the Indian Ocean exhibits the temperature of the sea, the currents of the air and ocean, the northern, southern, and eastern limits of the typhoons, the trade winds and the monsoons; the districts and movements of the most important revolving hurricanes, and the trade routes round the Cape to India and China, with the principal routes of navigators, and of vessels employed in trade.

In the letterpress descriptive of this map, we find the following interesting information respecting the Mail Packet Steam Navigation on the Indian Ocean:

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
London to Marseilles *via* Paris,	646	5
Marseilles to Malta by the Post Office Packets,	660	4
Malta to Alexandria,	856	4
Alexandria to Suez (including Stoppages),	216	3
Suez to Aden (2 days' detention included),	1350	8
Aden to Bombay,	1650	10
London to Bombay,	5378	34

The distance from Southampton to Bombay by Egypt is 6254 miles; the average time from 2 to 8 days longer than by the mail route. The route to India by Trieste is 300 miles shorter than that by Marseilles, with the advantage of several hundred miles of railway.

The following are the distances to Madras and Calcutta:—

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
Southampton to Aden,	4604	24
Aden to P. de Galle (2 days' detention included),	2150	11½
P. de Galle to Madras,	540	3
Madras to Calcutta,	730	4
Southampton to Calcutta,	8024	42½

	Nautical Miles.	Average No. of Days.
Southampton to P. de Galle,	6754	45½
P. de Galle to Pulo-Penang	1200	7
Pulo-Penang to Singapore,	380	2½
Singapore to Hong Kong,	1440	10
	9774	55

In reference to the Steam Packet route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, our author observes:—

"That the route by the Cape offers many advantages peculiar to itself, among which may be specified the freedom from interruption by pestilence or political change, and the direct benefit that will thereby be conferred on the Colonies, on the West Coast of Africa, the Cape, and the Mauritius. And it appears that by this route passengers and letters may reach the Presidencies of Calcutta and Madras nearly as soon as by the other, letters by the *Hindostan* direct from England (without stoppages) having arrived at the former place in 39, and at the latter place in 45 days. The distance from Falmouth to Calcutta by the Cape is calculated at 11,250 miles, and it is expected that the voyage, including stoppages, will be performed in from 60 to 65 days. The average passage of the fastest sailing ships between England and Calcutta, is, according to Mr. Little's analysis, between 95 and 100 days."

The Physical chart of the Pacific Ocean, with its descriptive letterpress, contains the same interesting details as that of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and exhibits the *nine* different currents which flow through that mighty extent of waters. The description of the first of these currents, called the Peruvian coast, or Humboldt's current, which sometimes runs 18 miles in 24 hours, is described from a manuscript memoir on the subject, communicated by Baron Humboldt, the discoverer of its thermic properties. The great Equatorial current, which flows from the Antarctic ocean to the coast of America, and then turns in the 20th degree of south latitude back into the Equatorial region, moves westerly over a space of 50°. The other seven currents are, the Mexican coast current, Fleurieu's whirlpool, the Carolinian Monsoon current, the Penschink current, the North Equatorial Counter Current, the ship Mentor's Counter Drift, and Admiral Rossel's Draft. The greatest ocean temperature of the Pacific is 84° 76′.

The tidal chart of the British seas, by John Scott Russell, Esq., showing the progress of the wave of high water through the English and Irish channels and round the British islands, is a very interesting map. A tidal chart of the whole globe, on a smaller scale, is given in the letterpress.

These four maps, with the meteorological one, exhibiting the currents of air, have been bound up separately for the convenience of mariners. They have received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty, and having been ordered by them for use in the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, we cannot doubt their immediate adoption by every vessel in the merchant service.

The two remaining hydrographical maps represent the river systems of Europe, Asia, and America. The river basins are divided by lines, and the declivities of the countries are so coloured as to show the different seas and basins into which they deliver their waters. In our last Number,* we have already given a tabular view of the most important river systems taken from the letterpress of these maps.

III. The *Meteorological* department of the Physical Atlas, or that which relates to the phenomena of the atmosphere, contains *five* maps, and 10 folio pages of letterpress.

The *first* of these is a map of what is called the *isothermal lines* or *curves*, showing the distribution of heat over the globe, and exhibiting also the curves† of equal barometric pressure, a subject upon which much light has been recently thrown.

In another map is exhibited the geographical distribution of the currents of air, defining by colours the regions of the globe within which the constant or trade winds, and the periodical winds or monsoons, and local winds, prevail. The regions visited by hurricanes in the West Indies and in the Indian Ocean, and the Typhoon districts of the China sea, are also indicated, and in the descriptive letterpress are given notes and tables explanatory of the whole subject of aerial currents.

The *third* and *fourth* maps of this department are Hyetographic, or rain maps of the world and of Europe, which display by different degrees of shading the distribution of rain over the earth, the zone which bounds the fall of periodical rains, the desert regions on which no rain falls, and the equatorial limits of the fall of snow. In the rain map of Europe and in the descriptive letterpress, the different phenomena of rain and snow are more minutely detailed.‡

The last map of this department is one altogether new, exhibiting the polarising structure of the atmosphere. It has been constructed by Sir David Brewster, from his own observations on the polarisation of the sky, carried on for four successive years at St. Andrews. The lines or curves of equal polarisation represented in these maps are related to what are called *neutral points*, or poles of no-polarisation. The neutral point most easily seen is situated about 18½° above the point of the sky directly opposite to the sun. It was discovered by M. Arago, and at St. Andrews it is above the horizon all the day from the middle of November till the end of January, never rising in the rest of the year till the sun is within 11° or 12° of the horizon, and never setting till the sun is 11° or 12° above the horizon. A second-

* See this *Journal*, vol. ix.

† These curves have been fully explained in this *Journal*, vol. v.

‡ See this *Journal*, vol. iv.

ary neutral point, accompanying this neutral point, was discovered by Sir David Brewster. Another neutral point, about 18½° above the sun, was discovered by M. Babinet, and is of course always visible when the sun is seen, though sometimes within the arctic circle when the sun is not seen. A third neutral point, and one very difficult to be seen, was discovered by Sir David Brewster in 1841. It is situated about 12° or 13° at an average beneath the sun. When the sun is in the zenith, this neutral point, and that of M. Babinet, coincide in the sun's centre. After treating in the letterpress of these three neutral points, and of the secondary neutral point, the author discusses in three sections the subject of the *maximum* polarisation of the sky, and the form of the lines of equal polarisation, which are lemniscates, and of the construction of the map.

IV. The *Natural History* department of the Physical Atlas contains *nine* maps and thirty-three folio pages of letterpress, illustrative of the geographical distribution of plants, animals, and the different races of men.

The *first* map presents to us two separate charts, in one of which the globe is divided into twenty-five regions, each of which is inhabited by different classes of plants, according to Humboldt and Schouw, while in the others are given the profiles of the great mountain chains in five different zones, showing the distribution of plants in a perpendicular direction.

The *second* map exhibits the distribution and cultivation of the most important plants which are used as food for man, including the sugar-cane, the tea and coffee plants, and spices; and in the letterpress we have a description of the species which have their origin in the old world, and also those which have their origin in the new world. On this map the author has inscribed the curves of equal summer and of equal winter temperature, to which Humboldt has given the names of Isotheral and Isocheimal lines.

The *five* maps which exhibit the geographical distribution of mammiferous animals, of the orders Quadrumana and carnivorous animals, of animals of the orders Rodentia and Ruminantia, of birds and reptiles, convey to us much curious information respecting their predominace in different regions of the globe, as indicated by the number of species,—each class of animals having its appropriate climate suitable for their full development. The perpendicular distribution of many of these animals is also given, and the margins of the maps are occupied with fine engravings of the more interesting species. The copious letterpress which illustrates these maps, abounds in the most interesting zoological details, and cannot fail to gratify every general reader.

The *two* Ethnographic maps, representing the distribution of different races of men in Europe and in the British Islands, present us with many curious and instructive details respecting the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of our species.*

Although we have thus endeavoured to give our readers a general idea of the valuable contents of the Physical Atlas, yet we are persuaded that it is only by an examination and study of the work itself, that they can form anything like an accurate estimate of the amount of instruction and even amusement which it affords. In public libraries and reading-rooms the Physical Atlas will be of inestimable value, and in our public, and even private schools, the teacher can scarcely perform his duties to the youth under his charge, unless he gives them the advantage of studying the phenomena of the material universe through the medium of their graphic representation.

He who studies the phenomena of nature and their physical laws, as deduced from observation, by means of graphic delineations, is somewhat in the threefold position —of the mariner who circumnavigates the globe, running into its estuaries and harbours, driven by its gales, and drifted by its currents;—of the traveller climbing its mountains, threading its forests, gazing over its deserts, now in dread of the savage, now of the brute;—and of the aeronaut floating in his magical balloon, surveying the aërial domains, taking a bird's eye view of his terraqueous footstool, and occasionally descending in his parachute, to sound the depths of the gaseous ocean, and ponder on the wonders over which he has passed. He occupies, moreover, the position of the philosopher, for he sees at one glance the combined results obtained by all the navigators and travellers that have surveyed the scenes he has been contemplating, and by all the sages who have reduced and generalized their observations. In such a survey of nature, clouds and vapours disperse in order to show him the loftiest mountains with their roofs of snow, and their mouths of fire. The ocean becomes calm and transparent to display its mysterious depths—its coral palaces and its leviathan kings; and the opaque earth itself throws off its verdant drapery, and casts even its epidermis of clay, to exhibit its gigantic osteology—its heart of granite—its limbs of

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* See this *Journal*, vol. ix.

basalt—and its abdominal stores of mineral wealth held in bond for man.

By devoting, therefore, a single hour to the contemplation of our globe in the diorama of a Physical Atlas, the student will witness the grandeur of the tenement in which he dwells, and will not fail to appreciate the beautiful conception of Humboldt, when he speaks of the "Life of the Earth." He sees the mighty ocean in peaceful slumber upon its shores. The daily tide rolls over its breast. Currents hot and cold circulate through the aqueous mass, now rising and falling, now advancing and receding, now uniting and contending. The sunbeam lifts its waters in wreaths of vapour—the whirlwind sucks them upward into waterspouts. Here is its surface, variegated with vegetable life, growing and dying among its waves,*—there it swarms with animalculæ, marking the ship's path with their phosphoric light;—and elsewhere it is ploughed by the polar icebergs—freighted with mineral, vegetable, and even animal existence. He looks at the earth, with its upheaved mountain chains—its erupted lavas and its rising plains—its disintegrating rocks, returning to their elements—and its thousand rills carrying back to the ocean the spoils which the ocean gave. He looks at the azure vault, now black with tempest, now red with the lightning's glare, now raging with the hurricane, now rattling with the thunder. He looks at Nature's bounties, scattered about in profuse supply, springing and flowering and decaying around him. He looks at life in its mortal and most restless phase—at the rational and irrational tyrants—possessing all—disturbing all—devouring all; and looking thus at the picture of Nature, all is alive—all in commotion—*matter* convulsed and agitated—*mind* hoping—fearing—trembling; while the Great Globe itself, thus instinct with life and motion, is the only object in the universe that seems in absolute repose.

Art. IV.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.* By his Son. London.

This is a thoroughly good book—good in every sense of the word. There are many things which conspire to make it so. It is well and judiciously written. It contains the life of a man of great talents, great energy, and ceaseless activity, who devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal to the most interesting and ennobling pursuits that can occupy the human mind. He was a successful competitor with the foremost men of his age on what he himself justly called "the greatest arena that ever existed." He brought to that arena none of the arts by which politicians generally rise to eminence. He entered it, praying that he might be preserved from the snares that surrounded him, "from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, prejudice or ambition." His prayer was answered; he kept himself pure, guided in his arduous course by truth and integrity, labouring with a rare singleness of heart for the glory of God and the good of man. He was the chief instrument in winning one of the greatest victories for humanity which history has recorded, and to its achievement he devoted an amount of labour seldom paralleled. Yet so well regulated, so admirably balanced was his mind, that all the duties which devolved upon him as a member of society—as a brother, a husband, a father, an employer, a neighbour, were filled with exemplary propriety, with a careful attention to the wants and feelings of others, and a sympathy in their concerns, which made him the object of universal esteem and of the strongest affection. We have here the Christian citizen and the Christian statesman combined in a manner so attractive as to make this book one of the very best a father can put into the hands of his son whom he wishes to be distinguished as the benefactor of mankind, while doing at the same time what is best for himself and his family.

It is instructive to mark the elements and influences which contributed to the formation of such a character. We can discern them in his childhood; for here, as in many other cases, the remark holds good—"the boy is the father of the man." And the character of the boy, as has so often happened in the case of eminent men, was greatly influenced by the character of his mother.

Thomas Fowell Buxton, the subject of this memoir, was born on the first of April, 1786, at Castle Hedingham. His father was descended from an honourable family, and was High Sheriff of the county of Essex. Being of a gentle and kindly disposition, devoted to field sports, and given to liberal hospitality, he was highly popular in his neighbourhood. He died at Earls' Colne in 1792, leaving his widow with three sons and two daughters, the eldest, Thomas Fowell, being at that time but six years old.

Mrs. Buxton's character has been thus briefly described by her son:—"My mo-

* See this *Journal*, vol. iv.

ther," he says, "was a woman of a very vigorous mind, and possessing many of the generous virtues in a very high degree. She was large-minded about everything—disinterested almost to an excess, careless of difficulty, labour, danger, or expense, in the prosecution of any great object. With these nobler qualities were united some of the imperfections which belong to that species of ardent and resolute character."

She belonged to the Society of Friends; but her husband being a member of the Church of England, the children were all baptized in infancy, nor did she strive to alienate them from that communion. "She was more anxious to give them a deep regard for the Holy Scriptures, and a lofty moral standard, than to quicken their zeal about the distinctive differences of religious opinion." While maintaining an absolute authority over her children, she was not always threatening to enforce it. There was in her system of education little indulgence, but much liberty. She early left them to their own judgment, and encouraged them to form the invaluable habit of self-government, so necessary to strength of character, and so rarely acquired if neglected in youth. Her eldest son was allowed to assume almost the position of a master in the house. One who knew him well when a boy said of him—"He never was a child; he was a man when in petticoats."

No doubt this precocious manhood was calculated to inspire wilfulness; and he described himself in more than one of his papers as having been in his boyhood "of a daring, violent, domineering temper." But this did not trouble his strong-minded mother:—"Never mind," she would say, "he is self-willed now, you will see it turn out well in the end."

Long afterwards, when actively employed in London, her son wrote to her:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." She treated him as an equal, and led him to form and express his opinions without reserve. Hence his habitual decision, and his custom of thinking and acting for himself.—Those parents who dictate to their children in every trifle, and allow them to have no mind or will of their own, are little aware that they are thus destroying the foundation of stability of character and success in life.

Mr. Buxton acknowledged himself much indebted to a man in humble life, Abraham Plaiston, the gamekeeper. He was entirely illiterate, but his memory was well stored with various rustic knowledge. He had much natural good sense, an inexhaustible flow of mother-wit, integrity and courage of the first order, and a strong love of truth.

"He always," says Mr. Buxton, "held up the highest standard of integrity, and filled our youthful minds with sentiments as pure as could be found in the writings of Seneca or Cicero. Such was my first instructor, and, I may add, my best; for I think I have profited more by the recollection of his remarks and admonitions than by the more learned and elaborate discourses of all my other tutors. He was our playfellow and tutor; he rode with us, fished with us, shot with us upon all occasions."

Mr. Buxton was not very fortunate in his early scholastic tutors. At the age of only four and a half years, he was sent to a school at Kingston, where he suffered severely from ill-treatment, and the want of sufficient food! He was then removed to the school of Dr. Charles Burney at Greenwich. There he found a kind master, but hardly a "judicious" one, if we may judge from the custom of compelling the boys "to learn the collect, epistle, and gospel as a punishment."—The association of the Word of God and prayer with punishment, was not the best mode of making the youthful mind love either the one or the other.

At the age of fifteen, after spending eight years at Dr. Burney's without any great advances in learning, he persuaded his mother to allow him to reside at home, where he remained for many months, devoting his time chiefly to sporting, desultory reading, and rambles in the country. At this time the boyish roughness of his manners exposed him to annoying ridicule. This might have driven him to low company, to the companionship of the stable, the animalism of his nature might have become predominate—and in that case the best thing that might be written on his tomb would be, that he was a kind-hearted country gentleman, and an enthusiastic sportsman, familiar with the genealogy and merits of horses and dogs.

"It was, indeed," says his biographer, "a critical time for his character; but the germ of nobler qualities lay below—a genial influence was alone wanting to develope it; and through the kindness of Providence, as he used emphatically to acknowledge, that influence was at hand. Before this period, he had become acquainted with John the eldest son of Mr. Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich, with whose family his own was distantly connected; and in the autumn of 1801, he paid his friend a visit at his father's house."

This was the turning point in his destiny. He found here a family circle possessing the charms of intellect and goodness in an extraordinary degree, which fascinated, assi-

milated, and ennobled all congenial minds that came within the sphere of its influence —an influence which has been widely extended, which has in fact reached to the ends of the earth, and is felt now, and will be felt to the end of time, in the freedom and happiness of distant tribes of mankind. Mr. Gurney had then been several years a widower, and his family consisted of eleven children, seven girls and four boys. Mr. Fowell Buxton was then in his 16th year, and was

"charmed with the lively and kindly spirit which pervaded the whole party, while he was surprised at finding them all, even the youngest portion of the family, zealously occupied in self-education, and full of energy in every pursuit, whether of amusement or of knowledge. They received him as one of themselves, easily appreciating his masterly, though still uncultivated mind; while on his side their cordial and encouraging welcome seemed to draw out all his latent powers. He at once joined with them in reading and study, and from this visit may be dated a remarkable change in the whole tone of his character; he received a stimulus, not merely in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the formation of studious habits and intellectual tastes; nor could the same influence fail of extending to the refinement of his disposition and manners."—P. 9.

How many gifted youths are lost for want of the inestimable advantages of such society —of the purifying and preserving influence of such a holy and happy home!—Who will not concur in Mr. Buxton's own reflections upon the subject?

"I know no blessing of a temporal nature (and it is not only temporal) for which I ought to render so many thanks as my connexion with the Earlham family. It has given a colour to my life. They were eager for improvement—I caught the infection. I was resolved to please them; and in the College of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends and all control, their influence, and the desire to please them, kept me hard at my books, and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I gained at College (little valuable as distinctions—but valuable because habits of industry, perseverance, and reflection were necessary to obtain them), these boyish distinctions were exclusively the result of the animating passion in my mind, to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled me to win."—P. 13.

As there were reasons for expecting that her son would inherit considerable property in Ireland, Mrs. Buxton deemed it advisable that he should finish his education in Dublin; and accordingly, in the winter of 1802, he was placed in the family of Mr. Moore, of Donnybrook, who prepared pupils for the University. There he describes himself as studying morning, noon, and night. He gave up desultory reading, never looked into a novel or a newspaper. He had the liberty of going when he pleased to a capital shooting-place; he only went twice during the five years he was in Ireland. "I had," he says in a letter to his son, "been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading books of unprofitable entertainment—I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution."

In October, 1803, he entered the Dublin University as a Fellow Commoner. So successfully had he prosecuted his studies, that he obtained the second place at the entrance examination, and at the next he got the premium; and he exulted in the fact that he was the first Englishman that had been so honoured. Soon after he won the Certificate from "tremendous antagonists," among whom was Mr. John Henry North, afterwards distinguished at the Irish Bar and in the House of Commons. Mr. Buxton, who formed a friendship for him which lasted through life, described him as a man of cheerful temper, elegant taste, and captivating manners. He was a Conservative, and fell a victim to his exertions in Parliament to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill. In 1805, he and his friend North became members of the "Historical Society," an institution connected with the University, in which the most exciting public questions were then seriously debated, and in which Plunket, Bushe, and other distinguished men cultivated the art of public speaking. Here Mr. Buxton succeeded so well, that he not only carried off several premiums, but the Silver Medal of the Society was awarded him. At College nothing but good fortune attended him. His industry and perseverance enabled him to win every prize for which he contended. He got the Certificate, and "Valde in Omnibus."

All this he ascribed to his Earlham visit and nothing else, and especially to one member of that happy circle, to whom he was engaged. At her feet he laid his thirteen premiums, and the gold medal, the highest honour of Trinity College, together with four silver medals from the Historical Society.

In the spring of 1807, when he had taken out his degree, he received the highest possible proof of esteem from his fellow students. He was invited to represent the University in Parliament. This honour he declined, for reasons which are thus stated by himself:—

"On May 13, 1807, I obtained the object of my long attachment [Hannah, fifth daughter of Mr. Gurney], having refused, in consequence of the prospect of this marriage, a most honourable

token of the esteem of the University of Dublin. The prospect was indeed flattering to youthful ambition—to become a member of Parliament, and my constituents men of thought and education, and honour and principle—my companions, my competitors—those who had known me and observed me for years."

Mr. Buxton's expectations in regard to the Irish property were disappointed, and he found that his fortunes must depend upon his own exertions. After deliberate consideration, he relinquished the idea of following the profession of the law, and entered into negotiations in different quarters, with a view to establishing himself in business. In after life, when referring to this period, he said—"I longed for any employment that would produce me a hundred a year, if I had to work twelve hours a day for it."

After a year spent in anxiety, he was offered a situation in Truman's Brewery, with the prospect of becoming a partner after three years' probation. This offer he joyfully accepted, and devoted himself with great ardour to his new occupation. At the close of the year he succeeded Mr. Hanbury in the occupation of a house connected with the brewery, in Spitalfields, where he resided for several years, and where, by his energy and talent for business, he greatly improved the establishment with which his name has been ever since connected. In 1811 he was admitted as a partner; and during the ensuing seven years he was almost wholly devoted to his business. The success which crowned his exertions materially paved his way to public life. He was gradually relieved from the necessity of attending in person to the details of the management, but continued to take a part in the general superintendence of the concern.

His mother used to set before him the idea of *taking up some great cause*, by which he might produce the happiness of man. He did not forget her lessons; and he was now reminded of them by an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, with the Quaker philosopher and philanthropist, William Allen, who initiated him into some of those questions to which his after life was so usefully devoted. Among these the Bible Society, and the condition of the poor weavers of Spitalfields, first occupied his attention.

Before entering on the consideration of his public labours, we may briefly advert to Mr. Buxton's religious character, that the reader may see with what principles and spirit he assumed his mission of philanthropy, for which he was so well fitted by temperament and education.

His reverence for the Word of God was imbibed from his mother, and he retained it in a remarkable degree through life. He read it habitually and prayerfully, and bowed implicitly to its authority. Indeed his Church friends complained that he was led by this feeling to disparage human teaching unduly, calling it "the Bible and water." His views of religion had not become decided and clear till 1811, when he began to attend the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt in Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields, to whose preaching he attributed his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity. He himself says—"It was much, and that of vast moment, that I here learned from Mr. Pratt." He wrote to that excellent clergyman thirty years afterwards —"Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler Street Chapel."

These seeds found in his mind a congenial soil. His strong love of truth, his susceptibility, his conscientiousness, his integrity, his dislike of show and pomp, and empty forms, his decided turn for the substantial, the practical, and the useful, his whole-hearted devotion to whatever cause he took up, and his power of vividly realizing the grand results of present labour in the distant future, all gave assurance that neither the "way-side," nor the "stony ground," nor the ground overrun with briers and weeds, would furnish a fit emblem of his heart—but rather the good ground where truth brought forth a hundred-fold. We are everywhere struck in these memoirs with the deeply religious feeling, the strong faith and fervent prayerfulness, which animated him in all his public labours. Whatever he did, he did earnestly as unto God. He acted throughout on his own motto—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." A portion of another text expresses his habit of *concentrating* his energies on one object—bringing them with burning power to a focus—"*This one thing I do.*" But when this one thing was done, he was ready to take up another, and pursue it with an all-absorbing zeal till it was finished. And then he was prompt, with the humility of a child, to ascribe all the glory to God; and to give more than the due share of honour to his fellow-labourers.

Let the reader who never saw Mr. Buxton imagine these principles—this noble character—embodied in a commanding person [he was six feet four inches in height, with a powerful frame, and broad chest], with a benevolent and highly intellectual expression of countenance, a full-toned voice, a manly and playful eloquence, car-

rying away with its current of earnest thought the most fastidious of audiences, and he will have before him the illustrious Emancipator of the Negroes.

In November, 1816, Mr. Buxton made his first speech in public, in behalf of the Spitalfields weavers, who were then in great distress. It was at a meeting in the Mansion House. The statistics of misery, and the forcible appeals which it contained, produced a great impression. "By this one meeting at the Mansion House," says the Report of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, "£43,369 were raised." The Prince of Wales was so pleased with the spirit of the meeting, that he sent £5000.

Mr. Buxton was now "launched upon that stream of labour for the good of others, along which his course lay for the remainder of his life."

In 1817 he went over to France to assist in establishing a branch of the Bible Society at Paris. In the passage from Dover to Calais, he reflected on the enormous sums of money spent on fortifications by the two greatest nations in Europe, "not to promote civilization or happiness, but for purposes of mutual hostility, defiance, aggression, and bloodshed." He wondered that the respective rulers should have found it expedient to keep the people twenty-three years cutting each other's throats, and that we should so often have illuminated at the joyful intelligence that 10,000 of our lively neighbours were killed, and 20,000 wounded. He found religion in a low state in France—the Protestants sadly indifferent, and the Catholics either "quite philosophically careless, or thoroughly bigoted." The difficulties which the restraints of Government interposed in the establishment of the Bible Society, made him feel with Baxter, "how great a sin tyranny is."

About this time he published a work on *Prison discipline*, containing a painful exposure of the barbarous treatment of criminals in our jails; a subject to which his attention was more earnestly directed by the labours of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry. The book went through six editions the first year, and gave a considerable impulse to the public feeling on the subject. It was praised in very strong terms in the House of Commons by Sir James Macintosh, and called forth a congratulatory letter from Mr. Wilberforce. It was translated into French; it led to reformation in the wretchedly conditioned jails of Madras—and found its way even to Turkey.

At the general election in 1818, Mr. Buxton was returned for Weymouth, which he continued to represent for many years. On entering Parliament, Mr. J. J. Gurney wrote to him, and recommended him to stick to "*sound Whiggism*," to aid the great work of education and reform that was going on in the world, and to take special care to avoid "*the spirit of Toryism*,"—"which bears the worst things with endless apathy, because they are old; and with which reason and even humanity are nothing, and the authority of creatures as fallible as ourselves everything."

He gives an interesting account of the first debate of importance at which he was present. The subject was the conduct of the Manchester Magistrates on the occasion of the riot at Peterloo:—

"We have had a wonderful debate. Really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first; his speech was absolutely the first, and the clearest, and the finest display of masterly understanding that I ever heard; and with shame I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence with which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third: he took hold of poor M'Intosh's argument, and griped it to death, ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the House, the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a speech, in which the fourth man could keep alive the attention of the House from three till five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate? Now what was the impression made on my mind, you will ask. First, I voted with Ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester Magistrates to a Parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my convictions that the Magistrates, Ministers, and all, have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and indeed I never need have any doubts when I vote with Ministers, the bias being on the other side."—P. 81.

He further expresses his opinion on this subject in a letter to his uncle, C. Buxton, Esq.:—

"I quite agree with you in reprobating the Radicals. I am persuaded that their object is the subversion of religion and the constitution, and I shall be happy to vote for any measure by which the exertions of their leaders may be suppressed; but I fear we shall much differ as to the nature of those measures. I most strongly condemn the conduct of the Magistrates at Manchester; and I equally condemn the conduct of the Ministers, in giving them public thanks; and I think in future as well as in common prudence, that wretched affair ought to be strictly scruti-

nized, and it will be very awkward if these Magistrates, having been thanked, deserve to be punished."

These avowals seem hardly consistent with the vote for Ministers, and it is the only passage in his parliamentary course which needs explanation.

In the year 1819 he took up the question of the Criminal Code, having seconded a motion for a committee on the criminal laws made by Sir James Mackintosh. His speech on that occasion was very effective; and at the conclusion of it, many of the most distinguished members of the House came up and introduced themselves to him. His sterling sense, his good language, his strong facts, and earnest manner, gave universal satisfaction, and greatly prepossessed the House in his favour.

"His speeches were not sparkling or splendid; their end was utility; the ornaments clearness, force, and earnest feeling. He usually bestowed much care in preparation; not in embellishing the style, but in bringing together supplies of facts, and marshalling them in one strong line of argument. Speaking as he did from the heart, and for the most part on subjects which appealed to the feelings as well as to the judgment, he sometimes rose into passages of impassioned declamation; but the usual character of his oratory was the succinct and business-like statement of the matter in hand."—P. 86.

Sir Fowell Buxton voted for the abolition of capital punishments in all cases except murder. During the preceding age the Legislature had been peculiarly bloodthirsty.

"There are persons living," he said, "at whose birth the criminal code contained less than sixty capital offences, and who have seen that number quadrupled; who have seen an act pass making offences capital by the dozen and by the score; and what is worse, bundling up together offences trivial and atrocious—some nothing short of murder in malignity of intention, and others nothing beyond a civil trespass; I say bundling together this ill-assorted and incongruous package, and stamping upon it, 'death without benefit of clergy.' The law, by declaring that 'certain crimes should be punished by death,' had declared that they should not be punished at all. The bow had been bent till it had snapped asunder. The Acts which were intended to prevent evil had proved Acts of indemnity, and free pardon to the fraudulent and the thief, and Acts of ruin and destruction to many a fair trader."

The following year the Committee brought in its report, and the result was a bill to abolish capital punishment in cases of forgery. A speech of Mr. Buxton's on this bill excited great interest at the time.

"The drift of it was to prove that the law as it stood was at once inhuman and ineffective; that the severity of the punishment induced judges and jurors to strive for an acquittal, and that the uncertainty of the greater penalty was therefore more readily incurred than the certainty of the lesser one.

"'Kill your father,' he exclaimed, 'or a rabbit in a warren, the penalty is the same! Destroy three Kingdoms or a hop-vine, the penalty is the same! Meet a gipsy on the highroad, keep company with him, or kill him, the penalty is the same!'"

The result of this system was that in twelve years crime had increased fourfold. In 1811 the punishment of death for stealing from bleaching-greens was abolished, rather as a concession to the folly of the bleachers than as a dictate of the wisdom of Parliament. By the result, however, that wisdom was confounded; for, whereas before the mitigation of the law this offence had been as rife as other capital offences, since that mitigation all the capital offences had increased prodigiously (some elevenfold)—while this offence had *decreased two-thirds*.—(P. 110.)

The reason is obvious. When the penalty was not *life*, the injured were ready to prosecute, witnesses did not hesitate to certify what they had seen, juries brought in verdicts according to the evidence, mindful of their oath—and judges did not listen to the technical quibbles by which the guilty might escape. It is surprising what an effect a small degree of uncertainty has in increasing crime; and uncertainty must always be the result of too much severity. Henry VIII. hanged 72,000 persons for robbery alone; yet Sir Thomas More wonders that "while so many thieves were daily hanged, so many still remained in the country, robbing in all places."

"Queen Elizabeth hanged 500 criminals a year, yet complains bitterly that the people will not carry out her laws: and was obliged to appoint stipendiary magistrates to inflict these penalties. We find from Strype that the people would not prosecute, and the magistrates would not act."—P. 111.

"'It is a fact,' says Mr. Buxton, 'that 600 men were condemned to death last year upon statutes passed within the last century.' One of the worst effects of the sanguinary system of punishment was the prevalence of perjury among jurymen. The following passage is not without importance at the present time, as throwing light on some recent discussions on our jury system:—After giving a number of instances where juries had clearly perjured themselves in order to save the lives of prisoners, he adds, 'I hold in my hand 1200 cases of a similar description. Is it then policy or prudence—I say nothing of its wickedness—to tamper with what is so very delicate, or even to permit the reputation of that

oath to be impaired, or any stain to be cast upon its purity? But when the public see twelve respectable men in open court, in the face of day, in the presence of a Judge, calling God to witness that they will give their verdict according to the evidence, and then declaring their belief in things, not merely very strange or uncommon, but actual physical impossibilities—absolute miracles, wilder than the wildest legends of monkish superstition—what impression on the public mind must be made, if not this, that there are occasions in which it is not only lawful, but commendable, to ask God to witness a palpable and egregious falsehood?'"—P. 113.

In spite of facts and reasonings like these, and at a time when 230 offences were punishable with death, the bill for exempting forgery from the number was lost in the House of Commons. In 1822, Sir J. Mackintosh brought forward the question again, and proposed certain resolutions on the criminal code, which were rejected in 1823; and he and his friends were still struggling against superior force, when Sir R. Peel, on his accession to office in 1826, undertook the momentous task of remodelling the whole penal code.

Mr. Buxton gives an interesting account of the impressions the House had made upon him, and his position and pursuits there, in a letter to his friend Mr. North, whom he wished to join him.

"I do not," he says, "wonder why so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which is called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated. All attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling plain sense is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule; his reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he continues to beguile the House of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them; but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject: he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the House. And now let me tell you a secret. These great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. Come among us, and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place. My line is distinctly drawn. I care but little about party politics; I vote as I like, sometimes *pro* and sometimes *con;* but I feel the greatest interest in such subjects as the slave-trade, the condition of the poor, prisons, and criminal law. To these I devote myself, and I should be quite content never to give another vote upon a party question."—P. 89.

The slavery question obtained most of his attention, and he devoted himself to it with an ardour which soon made him the recognised leader of the Abolitionists in Parliament. To this "*blessed service*," he was earnestly invited, in an impressive letter from the venerable Wilberforce in 1821. After thirty-three years' labour in the cause, that veteran philanthropist felt he was no longer able to bear the burden and heat of the day, and that a successor was needed. That cause he bequeathed to Mr. Buxton as his "Parliamentary heir-at-law." Several causes had been concurring to prepare the latter gentleman for this "holy enterprise"—the horror of slavery, instilled by his mother in boyhood—his connexion with the African Institution—the dying charge of his sister-in-law, the beautiful, the eloquent, the spiritual Priscilla Gurney, who, with her last pulse and last breath, pressed his hand and said,—"The poor, dear slaves!" His most zealous fellow-labourers in this work were the two Gurneys, another brother-in-law, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, a noble-minded philanthropist, and a prodigy for information——Dr. Lushington, whose sound judgment and sagacity were of the greatest value, and Lord Suffield, who laboured almost alone in the Upper House.

In 1823 the Anti-Slavery Society was established, Mr. Buxton being one of the vice-presidents; and the committee engaged warmly in the task of collating evidence, and spreading information throughout the country.

"Public feeling was soon roused into activity, and petitions began to flow in—the lead was taken by the Society of Friends; and it was determined that the presentation of their appeal by the hands of Mr. Wilberforce should be the opening of the Parliamentary campaign."

Mr. Buxton then gave notice, that on the 15th of May he would move, That the House should take into consideration the state of Slavery in the British Colonies. He made his motion accordingly, and an animated debate ensued. Mr. Canning proposed and carried certain resolutions as an amendment. Their object was to adopt measures for the progressive improvement of the slave population, so as to prepare them for the enjoyment of civil rights and privileges; and this was to be accomplished "at the earliest period compatible with the wellbeing of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the Colonies, and with a fair and equitable con-

sideration of the interests of *private property.*"

Mr. Buxton replied in a bold and powerful vindication of the rights of mankind for the enslaved negroes.

In pursuance of the Ministerial resolutions, circulars were sent to all the planters, requiring them to do the most reasonable things that could be imagined, namely, to provide the means of religious instruction and Christian education for their slaves—to put an end to Sunday markets and Sunday labour—to allow slaves to have property by law—to legalize their marriages—to restrain the power of arbitrary punishment—to abolish the corporal punishment of females—to admit the testimony of slaves in courts of justice—to abolish the use of the driving-whip in the field, &c.

These demands produced the fiercest excitement in the West Indians.

"Thoughts were openly entertained of resisting the innovations of the Government by force of arms. It was even proposed to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and place themselves under the protection of America. They could find no language sufficiently bitter to express their rancour; and the Colonial Legislatures unanimously refused submission to the recommendations of the Government."—P. 137.

When the Order in Council reached Demarara, an attempt was made to conceal the intelligence from the black population. But exaggerated rumours got abroad; the negroes found the "great king of England" had set them free, and they refused to work. Compulsion provoked some outrages on person and property;—martial law was proclaimed. Not a soldier was killed, but more than 100 negroes were shot, 47 were subsequently tried and executed, and in a week ten were torn to pieces by the lash, some being condemned to 600 or 700 stripes. Smith, the Independent missionary, though perfectly innocent, was illegally tried by a court-martial, and condemned to be hanged, and the Abolitionists at home were loaded with abuse. The Government were intimidated, Canning forfeited his pledge to *enforce* the orders, and would do nothing. In February, 1824, Mr. Buxton wrote thus:—

"The degree of—I will not call it opposition, but virulence against me—is quite surprising. I much question whether there is a more unpopular individual than myself in the House just at this moment. For this I do not care.

"The slavery question looks wretchedly. I begin to think that, opposed as we are by the West Indians, deserted by the Government, and deemed enthusiasts by the public, we shall be able to do little or nothing; however I rejoice that we have tried."—P. 143.

The small anti-slavery party were attacked on all sides, and vituperated as "enthusiasts" and "saints." Canning resolved to make them scape-goats, and some timid counsellors advised that his attack should be received in silence. Mr. J. J. Gurney, ever confident of truth and freedom, suggested words of encouragement, and Mr. Buxton came forward nobly in defence of a good but odious cause. He held the minister to his pledge, and said—

"I know how reproaches have rung in my ears since that pledge was given, and how they will ring with tenfold fury now that I call for its fulfilment. Let them ring! I will not purchase for myself a base indemnity with such a sting as this on my conscience."

Amidst these discouraging circumstances he devoted himself unremittingly to the task of procuring digested proofs of the cruelty with which the slaves were treated, and the rapid decrease of the black population, though they multiplied fast wherever they were free. In February, 1824, he writes—

"The weight of business, and worse still, o thought, which overhangs me at this time, is greater than I ever experienced before. I am fatigued, I am distressed with fatigue."

The tide of public opinion ran high against the Abolitionists; none but far-seeing men of sterling principle could or did withstand it. It was when the enemy thus came in like a flood that Mr. Buxton again lifted up his standard in the House of Commons, where he laid bare the atrocious cruelty of the planters and their agents. He was well supported by Dr. Lushington, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Wilberforce.

On the 1st June, 1824, Mr. Brougham brought forward the case of the missionary Smith, in a brilliant and powerful speech of four hours' length. It produced a great effect on the public mind, especially the portion in which he dwelt upon the extraordinary forbearance of the rebel negroes, in the midst of provocations too exasperating for human nature to endure.

This debate changed the current of public opinion. The people had taken part with the oppressors through ignorance. The West Indian interest then, as now, could command the services of an unscrupulous and powerful press.

"The nation, which before had partaken of the consternation of the Government, began to awaken to the truth, and from henceforth the religious public of England was strongly enlisted on behalf of the oppressed missionaries and their persecuted followers."

By the impartiality of this persecution, the planters managed to excite the abhorrence of all Evangelical denominations in this country. The authorities of Barbadoes condemned to death a Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Shrewsbury, for the imaginary crime of corresponding with Mr. Buxton, who said in the House—"I never received from, or wrote to him, a single letter; nor did I know that such a man existed, till I happened to take up a newspaper, and there read, with some astonishment, that he was going to be hanged for corresponding with me."

A tyranny so sanguinary, and so blind in its fury, aroused the public conscience as soon as its deeds were known; and the state of feeling was such, that even the House of Commons could not long resist—made up, as it then was, of "West Indians, Government men, a few partisans, and a few sturdy Abolitionists." On the 1st March, 1826, Mr. Buxton presented the London petition, signed by 72,000 persons.

During the following year he occupied himself much in collecting and arranging evidence on the Slave-trade in its connexion with the Mauritius. The atrocities that were brought before him in this inquiry—the cruel rending of family ties—the horrors of the middle passage—the frightful mortality—produced an effect on his benevolent heart which was very near proving fatal. He was so completely overwhelmed with anguish and indignation, that he several times left his papers, and paced rapidly up and down the lawn, entirely overcome by his feelings, and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, it 's too bad; it 's too bad!—I can't bear it." On the next day, which was Sunday, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and remained unconscious till Wednesday, when he began to show symptoms of recovery.

"I am glad," said he, "that the first object I noticed was my wife. I well remember the expression of deep anxiety upon her countenance. To her delight I spoke to her, and the words I used were those which expressed my unbounded affection towards her."—P. 192.

This alarming seizure produced a profound sensation among all his friends; and the Abolitionists, in the greatest solicitude, made hourly inquiries about his health, till he was pronounced convalescent.

It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Buxton's labours in connexion with the Mauritius case were crowned with complete success.

"Long unnoticed and unchecked by the Government at home, the evil had grown up and flourished; but it withered in a day. Those who had readily joined in it while veiled from sight, now shrunk from the light which fell upon their doings."

In this good work Mr. Buxton derived great assistance from Mr. Jeremie, a gentleman singularly devoted to the truth and the right, without any selfish regard to consequences, who had held a public office in St. Lucia, but had there ruined his prospects by the boldness with which he struggled against the ill treatment of the slaves.

For three years the question of Colonial Slavery was suffered to rest; but public opinion was gaining strength, and the agitation was becoming more popular. If, said Mr. Buxton, in 1827, "a man had a large share of reputation, he would lose the greater part of it by espousing the cause of the slaves; if he had a moderate share, he would lose all." But it was not so in 1830. The Anti-Slavery feeling had gained ground, and the planters had lost the public sympathy.

"They had hurled back the quiet suggestions of Government with every expression of defiance and contempt—they had punished the rebel negroes with a severity which shocked every feeling of humanity—they had condemned Smith to the gallows, and thus turned the Independents against them—they forced Shrewsbury to fly for his life, and the Wesleyans were aroused—the Baptist chapels were razed to the ground, and the Baptists became their enemies."—P. 243.

It was now felt that the idea of mitigating slavery was hopeless. It was useless to think any more of lopping off the branches. There was a fixed determination to root out the abomination thoroughly and at once. This determination was greatly strengthened by a meeting held in Edinburgh, in which Mr. (now Lord) Jeffrey made an eloquent speech, urging the meeting to aim at nothing short of "abolishing slavery at the earliest practicable period." But Dr. Andrew Thomson broke in with a vehement protest against any further pretexts for delay, exclaiming—"We ought to tell the Legislature plainly and strongly that no man has a right to property in man—that there are 800,000 individuals sighing in bondage under the intolerable evils of West Indian slavery, who have as good a right to be free as we ourselves have—that they ought to be free—and that they *must* be made free."

This bold expression of Christian and manly sentiment caused the meeting to separate in confusion, but only to reassemble a few days later, "when a most eloquent speech having been made by Dr. Andrew Thomson, a petition for immediate emanci-

pation was adopted, to which 22,000 signatures were rapidly subscribed."—P. 248.

But Government was still for using gentle treatment with the planters, for humouring their prejudices, and trusting to their good intentions, as if they had any. "If patience be a virtue, then was the administration most virtuous, with such fortitude did they submit to the suffering of the slaves." They knew that the slaves were cruelly ill-treated—having no legal redress for any wrongs inflicted on them, and being compelled to work, in Jamaica, for example, *nineteen* hours a day during crop-time, and fourteen and a half at other seasons, with intervals for rest and food amounting to two hours and a half. Still in the charitable eye of Government, the masters were humane and honourable men, from whom all desirable ameliorations might be, in due time, expected. They might as well have waited for the negro's skin to turn white!

In the four "Crown colonies," Demerara, Berbice, Trinidad, and St. Lucia, where slavery was mildest, and where some mitigations had been enforced, the registered punishments inflicted by the *magistrates* in the two years 1828–9 amounted to 68,921, of which 25,094 were inflicted upon females. Allowing the legal number of 25 stripes for each punishment, we have an aggregate of 1,350,000 stripes inflicted by the magistrates in these four colonies alone, and this on the sworn testimony of the planters themselves —P. 253.

Captain S. Hodgson, in his "Truths from the West Indies," shows what slavery was, and at the same time reveals the true secret of "West Indian distress," about which we hear so much at present.

"There are few *bonâ fide* proprietors resident on the spot; the greater part of the estates are mortgaged to nearly their full value, and are superintended by some of the mortgagees or their agents. These people have no idea beyond grinding out of the property the largest possible sum in the shortest possible period, perfectly indifferent to the eventual ruin they must entail by the overworking of the soil; and having no sympathy for the slaves, whom they literally regard as cattle, they think alone of the present gain to themselves. Where the proprietor resides, I have generally observed him kind, and his people happy and contented."

No wonder then that the population decreased with awful rapidity. During ten years, the slaves of the fourteen sugar-growing colonies diminished to the number of 45,800 persons, while the *free* black population in Demerara had (exclusive of manumissions) doubled in fourteen years; and the free negroes of Hayti had increased 520,000 in twenty years: *i.e.* their numbers had more than doubled. In 1831, Mr. Buxton dwelt upon this fact in a powerful speech. He showed that the law of nature, which is too strong for climate, for war, for savage life, for vice and misery, yields at once to the cultivation of sugar by slaves.

"Where the blacks are free they increase. But let there be a change in only one circumstance, let the population be the same in every respect, only let them be slaves instead of freemen, and the current is immediately stopped."

His Biographer adds—

"The appalling fact was never denied, that at the time of the abolition of the slave-trade, the number of slaves in the West Indies was 800,000: in 1830 it was 700,000; that is to say, in twenty-three years it had diminished by 100,000. In 1834, when emancipation took place, the law of nature resumed its force, the population began to increase, and the census of 1844 proves that in the twelve previous years the black population in fourteen of the islands had *increased* by 54,000."—P. 261.

Up to the hour of Abolition, the cruelties of the planters increased, and also their rancour against the religious instruction of the negroes, as, to adopt their own words, "incompatible with the existence of slavery." At length it became evident that in a very short time there would be a general revolt of the negroes, the consequences of which would be fearful. A partial insurrection in Jamaica brought on the crisis, and made the wrath of the planters overflow all bounds. They were resolved to extinguish Christianity in the island; accordingly they destroyed seventeen chapels, and inflicted on the pastors and their flocks every species of cruelty and insult.

"I stake my character," said Mr. Buxton, "on the accuracy of the fact, that negroes have been scourged to the borders of the grave, uncharged with any crime, save that of worshipping their God."

The Rev. Messrs. Knibb and Burchell were banished, and arrived in England at the very juncture when their evidence before the Parliamentary Committees, then sitting in both Houses, was of the utmost value. The Committees reported:—Two points seemed established—1. That there was no remedy for slavery but extirpation; 2. That its abolition was safe. The Reform Bill had passed—a Reform Ministry were in Downing Street, and they undertook and accomplished the great work of emancipation; but it required the most strenuous and determined efforts of the Anti-Slavery

party in the House, and out of doors, to procure a satisfactory measure. Mr. Buxton's firmness and fidelity were tried more by the entreaties of ministerial friends, than by all the fury of the West Indians. On the day that Mr. Stanley brought in his bill, July 6, 1833, he wrote:—

"It retains the apprenticeship of twelve years, which makes me very indignant, and would make me very unhappy, if I did not indulge the hope, that we shall be able to beat them out of it in committee."

He moved an amendment on this point, and suggested one year as a sufficient apprenticeship. The amendment was lost by a minority of only seven. Mr. Howley then consented to reduce the term to seven years. Mr. Buxton voted for the grant of £20,000,000 to the planters; but persevered, as an amendment, that half the sum should be retained till the termination of the apprenticeship. On the 7th August, 1833, the Bill passed the Lower House, and went, with little delay, through the Lords.

"I would," writes Miss Buxton, "that Mr. Wilberforce had lived one fortnight longer, that my father might have taken back to him *fulfilled*, the task he gave him ten years ago!"

The effect of the news in the West Indies was most gratifying. All evil prognostications were falsified by the admirable conduct of the negroes. The 1st of August, 1834, was spent by them in religious exercises. There was the profoundest joy and gratitude, but not an act of impropriety.

Mr. Buxton refused at first to join in the subsequent movement against the apprenticeship; but he was constrained, by the undeniable abuses perpetrated by the masters, to admit the necessity of abolishing it. They broke their bargain. They took the twenty millions, but laboured to retain slavery under another name. They had no excuse for this. The negroes acted admirably—not an instance of provocation did they afford.

"My expectations," says Mr. Buxton, "are surpassed. God's blessing has been on this perilous work of humanity."

He greatly rejoiced when the apprenticeship was abolished, and candidly confessed that he had been quite wrong on this point. While Joseph Sturge and the Anti-Slavery party had been quite right on this score, the planters have no right to complain. Had they honestly stood by their contract, they might have enjoyed the full benefit of the apprenticeship.

Subsequently Mr. Buxton devoted himself with great zeal to the question of the Slave Trade, which he laboured to abolish, by establishing trade and commerce and Christian Missions in Africa. The Aborigines in that continent had been brought under his notice by the Rev. Dr. Philip, with whom he co-operated in protecting the Hottentots. It was with the view of more effectually destroying the traffic in slaves, that he took such an active part in getting up the Niger Expedition, which he watched with the liveliest and most prayerful interest, and whose melancholy failure overwhelmed him with sorrow. Yet it was the climate alone that dashed his hopes. In every other respect his expectations were fully realized.

He felt deeply for the wrongs inflicted upon our fellow-men in connexion with European colonization. The spirit that has more or less actuated those who have promoted it, was curiously exemplified by the Dutch. In 1652 the first Dutch settlement was formed, and "the curse of Christian neighbours" fell upon the helpless owners of the land, now known as "Cape Colony." Van Kiebech the governor, was vexed to see so many fine head of cattle with the savages, and he writes in his journal, that if it had been allowed, he might in one day have deprived them of 10,000 head. With 150 men it might have been done, as the natives came unarmed, not having the least suspicion that white men and Christians could be dishonest or treacherous. A day or two later, this philosophic governor "wondered at the ways of Providence, which permitted such noble animals to remain in the possession of heathens."

They were not long suffered to retain them. Their rich lands and herds became the spoiler's prey. This peasantry, once so industrious, so frugal, so wealthy in flocks and herds—so honest and confiding—were gradually subjected to the capricious tyranny of the Dutch boors, who brought down their hearts by the heaviest labours, and the most revolting punishments.—

"Beneath this grinding misery their numbers had dwindled, their persons had become dwarfed, and their minds brutalized, till the very Negro Slaves looked down on them as lower and baser drudges, far below the level of mankind."—P. 209.

It is this degradation of manhood that is the chief curse of tyranny, and that makes it so great a sin. Mr. Buxton had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the Hottentots liberated by our Government, through his instrumentality. A resolution of the

House of Commons, which he regarded as their Magna Charta, was carried unanimously in July, 1828. Mr. Buxton expected that a thousand blessings would accompany liberty, and he was right. So early as 1832, we find the following testimony borne to the conduct of the Hottentots in the Kat River settlement:—"By patient labour, with manly moderation and Christian temperance, they have converted the desert into a fruitful field."

Colonel Bell, the Government Secretary of the Colony, says that as free labourers and small farmers, they have made "a very surprising progress. A large portion of them, from being an indolent, intemperate, and improvident class, have, since a field was opened for virtuous ambition, become industrious, sober, and prudent in their conduct." Colonel Wade bears similar testimony. The Rev. Dr. Philip, to whom this people is under the deepest obligation for his zeal on their behalf, thus contrasts the condition of the bondsmen with that of the free, and the pictures are very suggestive, and tell us that we should never despair of any tribe of mankind however degraded, and that vices and defects which we are accustomed to ascribe to blood, or colour, or malformation of the skull and other causes, are really the faults of oppression and maltreatment:—

"Regarded by the Negro Slaves as only fit to be their drudges; despised by the Caffres, and by all the natives in a state of freedom; and represented by traders as scarcely possessing the human form, as the most filthy stupid beings in the world, as scarcely to be considered belonging to the human race, the Kat River now presents a scene of industry, sobriety, decency, not surpassed by the peasantry of any country in Europe. They are building themselves good houses, they are very decently clothed, their industry is admitted even by their enemies."

They travel considerable distances to attend worship—profiting much by their religious instruction; and their children, who are acute and intelligent, they send regularly to the mission schools.

With all his zeal for Protestantism, Mr. Buxton never swerved from the principles of religious liberty in regard to the Roman Catholics: he voted for Emancipation in 1829. And though sincerely attached to the Church of England, and anxious for its influence and stability, he voted for the Appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill of the Whigs. In regard to the Established Church of Ireland, he gave eloquent expression to sentiments which are not even now without their importance and significance:—

"How has it been," he asked, "that truth itself, backed by a Protestant establishment, by a Protestant king, a Protestant army, a Protestant parliament—that truth itself, so far from advancing, has not kept her ground against error? My solution of the question is, that we have resorted to force where reason alone could prevail. We have forgotten that though the sword may do its work—mow down armies, and subdue nations—it cannot carry conviction to the understanding of men; nay, the very use of force tends to create a barrier to the reception of that truth which it intends to promote. We have forgotten that there is something in the human breast—no base or sordid feeling, the same which makes a generous mind cleave with double affection to a distressed and injured friend, and which makes men cleave with tenfold fondness—deaf to reason, deaf to remonstrance, reckless of interest, prodigal of life—to a persecuted religion. I charge the failure of Protestant truth in converting the Irish, upon the head of Protestant ascendency. * * *

"I like the bill, and shall vote for it; first because tithe is adjusted; secondly, because stipend is to be measured by duty; thirdly, because education is to be granted. I like, and shall vote for the bill, lastly, because it bears no affinity to the old, overbearing system of Protestant ascendency; and because, as I have so often said, it gives my faith fair play; because, at last, the Protestant religion will do herself justice. Stripped of her odious disguise, she will appear to the Irish what we know she is. She will appear in her natural, her peaceful, her charitable, her attractive character."—P. 391.

In the same enlightened spirit he advocated the new system of National Education. By doing so he gave great offence to his Church friends, who ascribed to him the wish to destroy the Establishment; but had his views prevailed—had the Appropriation Clause not been weakly abandoned, not only would the Irish Church now rest upon a firmer foundation, not only would Protestantism have flourished more; but most of the difficulty which has since beset Irish Government would have been obviated; and particularly the serious embarrassments arising out of the Poor Law might have been avoided. What a long train of calamitous consequences may follow a single act of expediency imposed by the exigencies of party!

Though death had more than once made breaches in Mr. Buxton's family circle, and his parental affection, which was unusually strong, had to endure heavy shocks, yet no man could be happier in his domestic relations, or in the friends that surrounded him. Frequently in his private meditations and prayers, and in his correspondence, he breaks forth in earnest expressions of gratitude to God for the peculiar blessings thus conferred on him. Like other great men of simple character and genial spirit, he loved

to unbend with little children, to mingle in their sports, and accommodate himself to their capacities; and accordingly he secured their confidence and love.

In 1837, he lost his election at Weymouth, because he refused to open public-houses, and "lend" money to the extent of £1000. This event caused much regret to his former supporters, who presented him with a gratifying testimonial.

From no less than twenty-seven different places were proposals made to him to stand as a candidate, but he felt at liberty to take advantage of the opportune repose afforded him, and accordingly declined them all. In 1839 and 1840, he made a journey through France and Italy, during which he wrote a number of interesting letters, describing the scenes he passed through. At Rome he visited the prisons, and made valuable suggestions to the Pope and his ministers as to their improvement, which was greatly needed.

He returned to England in tolerable health, impatient to resume his African labours. A meeting to promote the civilization of that continent was held on the 1st June, 1840, in Exeter Hall, Prince Albert in the chair. There was a great array of the nobility present, and the papers described it as a "most grand and magnificent display of national feeling." Mr. Buxton moved the first resolution.

Shortly after this meeting of the African Civilization Society, Her Majesty conferred upon him the rank of a baronet, without any suggestion to that effect from his friends. No man was better entitled to such an honour. Though no longer in Parliament, he was still busy with his schemes for the good of mankind. But his health began to decline, and it was found necessary to restrain the activity of his temperament, in order to preserve his valuable life. His time, however, was come—he had fulfilled his course and done his work. His last days were spent in exercises of ardent devotion. His confessions of unworthiness and repentance were emphatic and often repeated, his trust in redeeming love unwavering, and his prayers most fervent. On its being remarked to him, when near his departure, that he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied in a clear and emphatic manner, "Yes, indeed I have! *unto eternal life.*"

"On the 19th February, 1844, he was very much exhausted, but tranquil in body and mind. Towards the afternoon, symptoms of increasing oppression returned; and as the evening advanced it was evident he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. He sank into a quiet sleep, his family collected round his bed—but no longer to be recognised by their honoured head: it was only to watch the peaceful departure of the spirit. He lay perfectly still, and about a quarter before ten o'clock, fell asleep in his Lord."—P. 589.

His remains were deposited in the ruined chancel of the little church of Overstrand. A few weeks after the death of Sir Fowell Buxton, a committee was formed for erecting a testimonial to his memory. The project was warmly approved. H.R.H. Prince Albert subscribed £50, and the sum of £2000 was raised. Of this the sable children of Africa, whom his labours had so greatly blessed, eagerly contributed £450, chiefly in pence and half-pence. The testimonial is to be a full-length statue (executed by Mr. F. Thrupp), to be placed between the monuments of Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey.

Art. V.—1. *Die Seherin von Prevorst, etc.* Mitgetheilt von Justinus Kerner. 3te Auflage. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1838.
2. *Arcanes de la Vie Future dévoilés, etc.* Par M. Alph. Cahagnet. Paris, 1848.
3. *The Night Side of Nature.* By Catherine Crowe. In 2 volumes. London, 1848.

In all ages and in every country, mankind, when alike unguided and untrammelled by a definite method of investigation, has exhibited the tendency to believe in the existence of unembodied spirits in general, and in that of disembodied human ones in particular. Nor has this belief or half-belief always been dissociated from the supposition that such spirits occasionally visit or revisit the earth, making themselves sensible to people yet in the flesh. It is upon the records of such apparitions, indeed, that it rests its claims as a part of the popular creed of the world. It appears that, according to the curious works now under review, both ghosts and ghost-seers are as plentiful and incontrovertible as ever. We are told that the force of public opinion, fashioned by the positive or rationalizing spirit of the ignorant present time, renders some of the seers and believers in ghosts afraid, and others of them ashamed to confess their experiences and convictions; but that there are multitudes of both these sorts of spiritualists in the society, of every grade and kind, of the miserable and sense-beclouded age in which we live! Moreover, not only did Plato, Pliny, Henry More,

Donne, Matthew Hale, Samuel Johnson, Addison, and a host of other worthies, believe in such appearances, but there is actually a band of living authors on the subject. Among 'the Germans,' Passavant and Eschenmayer and Ennemoser, to say nothing of Stilling and Kerner and Schubert, have all investigated this shadowy question in the character of believers; and no one, who knows anything of the former three of those men, will deny the great ability and vast erudition they bring to the discussion of their theories, whatever may be said of the weak-eyed mysticism of Schubert, Kerner, and Jung-Stilling. Such is a brief statement of the most important fact of the existence of ghost-seers and ghost-believers, implying that of ghosts to see and believe in. Let us now take a glance at the other side of the subject.

There have always been Sadducees in the world, as well as in Jewry. There have everywhere existed Empirics, or men for experience, and not only in the schools of ancient Greece. It is these men who have ever been the bitterest enemies of the poor ghost. True to the sensuous instinct, which shapes their purely phenomenal science, they have impetuously rejected the conception of unincorporated finite spirits, as at once nonentities and impossibilities. Admitting only phenomena, as observed by the healthy sensation and the healthy consciousness of the race; admitting only such phenomena, together with generalizations drawn from such phenomena, into their schemes of the universe, the appearance of incorporeal spirits to the sensibility of the human nervous system has infallibly and necessarily been excluded from their systems. This merely scientific generation of thinkers ignores the very evidence on the other side of the question as corrupted and useless; ghost-seeing being nothing but a disease, ghost-seers are incapable of stating their own case in a trustworthy manner. There is so much of truth in this way of thinking, that we find the ingenuous authoress of the Night Side of Nature confessing that, after all that has been experienced and written about ghosts and ghost-seeing, there is nothing like scientific evidence of the facts yet forthcoming. Full of faith and enthusiasm in the cause of apparitions though she is, she candidly allows that, so far as a scientific or empirical judgment is concerned, the whole subject still remains 'in the region of opinion.' Now the Saduçaic spirit gained the decided and all but supreme ascendency over the mind of Europe in the course of the last century. Even those faithful souls who continued to hold by the mysteries of Christianity, and still more those who only thought they did or pretended to do so, acquired the habit of calling everything to the bar of concrete experience. Rationalism became the spirit of all criticism. Positivism was the exclusive methodology of the age. Wonders ceased, for everything was to be explained on natural principles. Miracles, witchcraft, philosopher's stones, elixirs of life, powders of attraction, oracles and ghosts had been only dreams of the black night, or mirages of the grey morning; and they were now banished for ever from the horizon of life by the ascending sun of civilization. This bringing down of every asserted thing to the measure of the sensuous experience of the age was easily put in execution upon ghostly apparitions. They were spectral illusions, they were coincidences, they were peculiar dreams, they were this and they were that. One thing was certain, at least, they were not ghosts. In fine, it became a mark of vulgarity to suppose for a moment they could be spirits. Accordingly it is true that, to the present hour, very few people can find courage enough even to raise the question!

In the meantime, however, a change has begun to come over the spirit of the time. The positive, experiential philosophy of the eighteenth century has been questioned. Both its methodology and its results have been being weighed in the balance, and, in the sincere judgment of the ablest men of the new time, found miserably wanting. Accordingly all the pristine beliefs and objects of inquiry, which it had rejected with disdain, are now come in for re-examination. All its negative judgments are to be revised, ghost-seeing among the rest. Thoughtful men are no longer content with denial: they begin to see that the limited experiences of an individual, or of an individual age, constitute no criterion for those of another individual or another age. The best thinkers of the nineteenth century are becoming sceptics, in the sense of being considerers, not deniers. The whole of society is as usual sharing the movement. There is a danger of the immethodical mind, indeed, swinging to the opposite extreme of unreflective credulity. Rash and incapable writers are showing the example of unlearning the lesson of the positive school or epoch, and going right back into the younger age, the more elementary school that preceded it. It is clear that the reconsideration of the ghost question is not now to be settled exactly as our grandfathers did it, and the views of our fathers to be left altogether out of the question, as if they, for-

sooth, had lived in vain. That were nothing less than a kind of dotage or second childhood of the human mind; a second childhood wanting the beauty, innocence, and boundless promise of the first. Nobody that understands the government of God, or perceives the on-growing evolution of the destiny of mankind, can fail to perceive that positive science must be at least one of our guides in the renewed investigation of all this difficult and mysterious class of subjects. Not a step must be taken without it. It is because we lament to see this great principle wholly misunderstood among the mesmerists, oneirologists, and pneumatologists of Germany, France, America, and Great Britain, that we propose to devote a few pages to the discussion of the subject of ghosts and ghost-seers. It will furnish the reader with a clue to the method in which alone all such researches must be carried on, if they are to lead to satisfactory results; and it may also forewarn and forearm his mind against the rambling and unprincipled speculations of scientific fanatics.

Since, then, the inquiry is to be inexorably conducted on the inductive principle, let us begin with the facts of the case. Here it is once for all to be premised that the accurate and sufficient observation of the constituent facts of the universe is a most difficult, as it is an all-important department of science. Few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of the art of simple observation. That art consists not only in the ability to perceive the phenomena of nature through unclouded eyes, but also of the talent to describe them in unobstructed and transparent words. To observe properly in the very simplest of the physical sciences requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich, on one occasion, remarked to a man of science of our acquaintance that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Baron Cuvier with the exhibition of a new organ, we think it was a muscle, which he supposed himself to have discovered in the body of some living creature or other; but the experienced and sagacious naturalist kindly bade the young man return to him with the same discovery in six months. The Baron would not even listen to the student's demonstration, nor examine his dissection, till the eager and youthful discoverer had hung over the object of inquiry for half a year; and yet that object was a mere thing of the senses! In a word, the records of physical science are full of instances in which genuine researchers, men formed by nature and trained by toil for the life of observation, have misstated the least complicated phenomena. Nor would the intelligent public not be amused, as well as astonished, if they only knew how very few of the noisy host of professing men of science, in even this matter-of-fact country, ever discover a single new fact; ever describe with irreversible fidelity a new phenomenon of any significance; ever add one true word to the written science of the world.

If, however, it be one of the hardest of problems to make observations with unbiassed simplicity and useful accuracy on inorganic nature, the difficulty is greatly enhanced when there are superadded the phenomena of vitality to those of chemical affinity, mechanical cohesion, and celestial gravitation, as is the case in the science of physiology. Mechanics is the science which was first brought to something like perfection; and the reason is obvious, for the phenomena with which it is conversant are not only the nearest to the senses of the observer, but they are the least complicated ones in creation. Then followed astronomy in the process of time; and then chemistry, the phenomena of which are still more complicated than those of the science of stars; and it is clear to every thoughtful and competent mind that physiology is now awaiting the consummation of chemistry. When the vast complexity of the science of physiology is considered with thoughtfulness, and when it is remembered that chemistry is still so far from perfection that the chemist cannot construct a particle of sugar, or any other organic substance, although he knows the exact quantities of charcoal and water of which it is composed, the reader will not be astonished to find that M. Comte, the amplest yet the most severe representative of positive science that European influences have yet produced, speaks of the former department of knowledge as hardly yet within the bounds of positive science. He characterizes it as just emerging into that sphere.

But there is a science more intricate still than the physiology of organization. The phenomena of thought, motion, and passion, fall within the reach of positive observation in the direct proportion in which these phenomena are connected with the nervous system, or cerebro-spinal axis, of those organisms in which they transpire. Not to intermeddle with the question of phrenology, and to unite the most diverse systems, we shall for the meantime call this possible science

by the name of physio-psychology. Its object is, or shall be, to investigate psychological or spiritual phenomena, in so far as such phenomena are dependent on the physiological condition of the brain, spinal cord, and nervous systems. Something has already been done in this fifth or five-fold science already, something in the way of facts by the medical psychologists, something by the phrenologists, and something in the way of formulæ by the metaphysicians; but very little after all. Still more than mere physiology, it is a science of the future. It is the most inextricable of all the physical departments; for not only are its phenomena complicated with those of all the other physical sciences—physiology, chemistry, astronomy, and mechanics; but it also stretches towards, and lies in the light of another world than that of atoms. To make accurate and profitable observations in this sphere of inquiry must be the most difficult of all earthly tasks of the sort. If the observer in chemistry or botany requires to be a man of long experience, great patience, precision, and freedom, the observer in this high domain must be one of extraordinary extent and profundity of knowledge, entirely liberated from the dominion of hypothesis and opinion, calm, clear, and belonging to the present day. It must be evident that this last requisite is essential. The names of Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, or Newton, are of no authority in this region, for it actually did not exist to the scientific consciousness of the times in which they lived. In fact, every past observation or narrative that may seem to belong to this science, but which cannot be repeated to-day, must go for nothing. This is the rule in all the other sciences; or rather they have needed no rule about it, but the heroes of these sciences have instinctively begun anew, as soon as these sciences have become the definite objects of conscious methodical inquiry. Now, it is precisely in this elevated and exceedingly complicated province of investigation that the question of ghosts and ghost-seers is involved. It is in this shadowy border-land betwixt physiology proper and pure psychology that apparitions wander, be these apparitions what they may. This is the sole haunt and region of all such questionable shapes. The amount of acquaintance with all the inferior strata of science, and the degree of skill in the disentangling of scientific intricacies, which are absolutely indispensable for anything like a successful inquiry in these perilous shades of nature, must be equally rare and extraordinary. It was quite impossible even to enter this field of research till the present age, in the course of which the inferior sciences, as they may be denominated for the moment, have reached something like a consummation. Indeed it is probable, if not certain, that the physiology of the nervous system is not yet sufficiently advanced for the purpose under discussion; although it may be time to be collecting instances, and classifying them for ulterior methodization, just as physiology was begun long before chemistry approached perfection. The tenor of the foregoing observations is at any rate utterly to destroy the value of all former observations, that is of all old ghost-stories, in so far as anything like science is concerned. It is highly creditable to the author of the third of those works, which have suggested these remarks, that this principle is distinctly recognised in it; and that even in connexion with the contemporaneous cases which are there related. Nor was this confession unnecessary, for this large and interesting collection of physio-psychological wonders is not a whit better than its predecessors in this particular respect. Its merit consists in the vivid, forcible, idiomatic, and memorable way in which it is written. It contains a fund of lively and somewhat impressive reading, and it will be very extensively read. But its scientific value is nothing. It wants dates, names, medical observations, circumstances, analyses of the physical and spiritual character of the seers, as well as those of the narrators, and all those searching details which are necessary to a methodical comparison of instances. There is not a single point of solidity for the man of induction to plant his foot upon for the purpose of taking his first step. The whole fabric sinks away from him like clouds.

It is not to be concluded, however, that books of this sort are totally without value of any kind, although they are possessed of no utility whatever in relation to science. They may conduce to make the unscientific but profound impression on the mind of the reader, that there is some actual basis in nature for such things as they record; such things as presentiments, warning-dreams, wraith-seeing, and ghost-seeing. The multitude of the cases narrated, their constant recurrence at all times and places, their extreme similarity in all sorts of local and temporary circumstances, and the fact published in the works now under review that enormities of the kind are quite as rife in our own days, and in our own houses, and among our own friends, as ever they were, combine to indicate the great, broad, common underground of some vast and complicated order of neglected and misunderstood phenomena.

Although our rigour concerning the col-

lecting of facts in this ambiguous science of physio-psychology cannot well be exceeded, and although as men of science we cannot relax our demands an iota in that respect, we are willing, with the help of faith and fancy as well as charity, to suppose that every word in such ghost-books is not only morally, but also scientifically true: we shall voluntarily labour under this illusion, until we shall have said whatever else is necessary to the understanding of the question that lies beyond the so-called facts. The reader will observe, upon the very threshold of this second department of the subject, that the mere fact of all these seemings or phenomena does by no means imply the theory either of spectral illusions or of ghosts. The conception of spectral illusions on one hand, and that of ghosts on the other, are devices of the human mind, contrived for the purpose of explaining the appearances in question. The vast majority of those who read such books as the Invisible World Displayed, are no doubt accustomed to think that, if the truth of the stories be established, there is no longer any room to doubt the visitation of spirits. They leap at once from the wonder to the ghost, not observing that the ghost is only one way among many possible ones of explaining the wonder. The medical mind of this age, again, being acquainted with the fact of sensuous illusions in deliriums and other cerebral disorders, refers it as instinctively and as instantaneously to the illusion of the senses. The ghost of the vulgar and the spectre of the medical theorist are equally hypothetical. Neither of them is in the phenomena; they are both inventions of the mind perplexed by extraordinary appearances; they are rival hypotheses of the same fact. Two night wanderers see a high and glimmering light in the distance; one of them thinks it is on the top of a tower at sea, the other that it is upon the summit of an inland hill; the tower and the hill are the things they severally put under the flame in order to hold it up; by his separate supposition the mind of each understands the remote appearance, and he may guide himself accordingly. Both of them, however, may be wrong. It may be neither a lighthouse nor a beacon-fire; it may be one of many other things. It is precisely the same with the unusual appearances at present under suppositious discussion. They may be neither popular ghosts nor medical spectres. In these circumstances it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to question both of these opinions somewhat closely; it will at least amuse the spirits, and exercise the speculative intellect of our patient readers. In deference to the science of the day, and courteously presuming that they are the more likely to be near the truth, the medical spectres fall to be examined first.

In the healthy condition of the eye, the optic nerve, and the brain, the phenomenon of sight may be represented in parts. There is first the visible object, say a tree, sending green and other rays of light to the surface of the cornea or first glass of the eyeball; there is then that light so refracted within the eye, by its glasses, humours, and lenses, as to form an image of the tree upon the retina, precisely like that which is caught upon the white table of a camera obscura; and, in the third place, this image is invariably followed by the perception of a tree. It is particularly to be observed that we do not see the image; we do not suspect its existence till science discovers it; and even after it is found out by anatomists and opticians, it is in vain that we endeavour to descry its tiny form. It is the tall pine or the enormous oak alone that we behold. It can only be stated as an ultimate fact, that such a picture in miniature of a great tree upon the sound retina of an eye is the cause of the perception of the tree by the creature that owns the eye. To borrow from Hartley, and accept a hint from all the physical sciences of which anything is known, the process by which this stupendous result is effected, may meanwhile be formulated as a vibratory movement instituted among the fibrils of the optic nerve and brain by the image on the retina, propagated from without inwards. This is not an explanation. It is not meant even as a hypothesis. It is employed solely as a formula, as a symbol, as x, y, or z, is used in algebra. All that is positive in it is contained in the words *propagated from without inwards;* that phrase resembles the little figure two or three in x^2 or y^3; and no one can object to it, for certainly, be the image's influence on the retina what it may, it is at least shed inwards.

Nor will this be thought a useless commonplace, when it is remembered that memory can reproduce the perception of the tree as well as light; memory whether voluntary or associative. The eye shut, one can see the tree a second time. That second sight of anything formerly seen with the help of light is, in some circumstances, so vivid and lifelike as to puzzle the will. In the case of painters, and such as are possessed of delicate optical organizations, the lucidity of these secondary images is one of the inferior secrets of power. In truth, the second-seeing sensibility, of which this is a species, is the bodily essential of every kind

of artist, from the poet round to the sculptor; and indeed of the man of genius in general. Now, as little is known of the mechanism of this wonderful process as of that of the first sight of things. Yet it seems very clear that it consists in part of the inversion of the latter one. It depends, in its physical contingency, on a vibratory motion (to speak algebraically again) *propagated from within outwards:* and, in the instance of any one object, first seen then remembered, on the *same* vibratory motion, that is the same x, y, or z. The condition which seems to limit these images of the memory, at least among men as we find them, is a degree of clearness much inferior to that of direct sight. The tree of memory, the tree of the association of ideas, is generally but a faint reflection of that which the eye saw. The nearer they come to one another, there is the more of one element of the artist, for the poet is the 'lightly moved' as well as the 'all-conceiving' man. In following out these hints concerning the physical nature of the poet, the reader must generalize for himself; for the present argument does not permit a digression from the organs of sense, and the remembrance or reproduction of their products. In Blake, the painter and mystic poet, this propagation from within outwards was so intense as to paint the absent and the dead visibly before him. Whatever images he remembered in whole, or constructed out of parts drawn from memory, reached the retina from within with outlines so clear, light and shade so unmistakable, and colours so true, that he could not but believe that he saw them face to face. It was in this way that Sir William Wallace, King Robert Bruce, and several of the heroes of antiquity, stood before him while he painted their portraits with equal innocence, enthusiasm, and poetical fidelity. There is a poet in Edinburgh, who not unfrequently awakes with the remanent image of some scene from dreamland in his eye, and it is some time till it evanesces. In fact, everybody has experienced this sort of thing, if not in health, at least in delirium; if not awake, at least asleep. There is a state of nervous system brought on by the long and inordinate use of alcohol, in which the unfortunate victim cannot disentangle himself from these images of the associative principle or the involuntary memory. He cannot distinguish between the real objects around him and those second-sights of his; and he is actually more loyal to the latter, as might be expected in a morbidly self-sensitive frame of body. The case of the maniac need scarcely be added to these illustrations of the inverted identity of second and first sensations of things in their purely physical contingencies; for it is only of these contingencies that there is any question at present. Lastly, there is that peculiar condition of the system, in which a person apparently in good health, but in reality disordered, however obscurely, is visited by what are more ordinarily called spectral illusions. There are innumerable cases of this sort on record. Abercrombie and Hibbert, Ferriar and Macnish, Feuchterleben and Combe, and in fact the medical psychologists of every age and country, are full of them. Every reader is familiar with them. Suffice it in this place, then, that these illusions are different in no essential respect from those of mania, delirium tremens, common delirium, and dream. Nor do any of them differ materially from the landscapes of the Edinburgh poet, or the unwearied sitters of the happy Blake. There is in reality no difference in kind between all of them together, on one hand, and the dimmest instance of second sight or remembered sensation that ever transpired in the brain of a clodpole on the other. The latter could be converted into the like of any one of the former by the modification or intensification, in this degree and in that, of the x, y, or z, *propagated from within outwards.* In a word, let x, y, or z, be exalted in tension to such a degree as to equal the vividness of an actual image in an ordinary and healthy man, and there is furnished the physical condition of a sensuous hallucination; and that whether the intensification be produced by the abatement of other influences, as in dreams; or by actual inflammation, as in *mania* or delirium; or by compositions of these two, as is likely in all the other examples. Such, in fine, is the fact and the theory of the medical spectre, and it is now time to see how it confronts the popular ghost.

It is evident that the employment of this well-known fact and principle of the sensuous illusion, for the purpose of explaining away the innumerable narratives concerning spiritual apparitions that are current in the world, is both feasible and ingenious. It is the first thing that occurs to the scientific mind indeed; and there is no doubt that the more a physician or a psychologist is acquainted with the boundless variety of disease in general, and of morbid nervous manifestations in particular, the more will he cling to this solution of ghost stories. It is at once his instinct and his habit to hold by analogy, and to render the unknown intelligible by union with the known. The popular mind perceives, or reads about an apparition, and at once concludes it is a ghost, without reflection worthy of the name,

without definition, and therefore without intelligibility. The medical denier has a great advantage over the credulous layman. His opinion is pronounced with some reflection at least, even if it eventually prove to have been too little; it contains a well-defined conception, and it is perfectly intelligible. But although it is clear and considered, it is quite possible that it may be wrong; and that either in the way of being altogether irrelevant, or in that of being only a part of the whole truth of the case. This can be determined only by a rigorous induction of instances; but we have already expressed our opinion, along with good reasons for it, that there is yet no set of observed facts in this region of inquiry worth a single straw in the estimation of inflexible science. Accordingly our task as critics is properly speaking at an end, for no more can be said upon the subject till some one compear before the public with an orderly and definite edifice of new observations. But we are to suppose that ghost stories are not only founded in truth, as they undoubtedly are, but that the popular accounts of them are circumstantially correct; a thing which nobody who knows anything of the history of the scientific statement of the facts of nature will ever believe. Be it supposed, however, for the sake of the discussion.

The simplest, and perhaps the most beautiful kind of the narratives under review, is that of wraiths. Can the medical spectre explain the wraith? The ordinary manner in which the wraith is said to be seen is very affecting. One dies, or is killed by accident, or is murdered; and at the very hour in which his dissolution is transpiring, an image of him flits before some absent friend in another city, in another country, or even in another quarter of the globe, who knows absolutely nothing of the circumstances of extremity under which the sufferer succumbs.

"Very lately," says our modern lady-patroness of the world of spirits, "a gentleman living in Edinburgh, whilst sitting with his wife, suddenly arose from his seat, and advanced towards the door with his hand extended, as if about to welcome a visitor. On his wife's inquiring what he was about, he answered that he had seen so-and-so enter the room. She had seen nobody. A day or two afterwards the post brought a letter announcing the death of the person seen."—Vol. i. p. 240.

"Mr. H., an eminent artist, was walking arm in arm with a friend in Edinburgh, when he suddenly left him, saying, 'Oh, there's my brother!' He had seen him with the utmost distinctness, but was confounded by losing sight of him, without being able to ascertain whither he had vanished. News came, ere long, that at that precise period his brother had died."—Vol. i. p. 237.

"A Scotch minister went to visit a friend, who was dangerously ill. After sitting with the invalid for some time, he left him to take some rest, and went below. He had been reading in the library some little time, when on looking up, he saw the sick man standing at the door. 'God bless me,' he cried, starting up, 'how can you be so imprudent?' The figure disappeared; and hastening up stairs he found his friend had expired."—P. 238.

Such are the appearances called wraiths. They seem to steal along the streets, and into the freestone houses of Edinburgh, as numerously as they glide up Highland glens, and hover around Highland sheilings. It is said that there is a venerable man of science in Great Britain, a man of European reputation, who never loses a friend, or even an intimate acquaintance, but he sees a "fetch." We never saw such a thing, nor did we ever hear anybody say he had ever seen one; but everybody seems to know somebody who knows that somebody else has done so. In fact, the examples of this sort of thing which have been published are not few, and those which are withheld from publicity by the fear of enlightened opinion are quite innumerable, it would appear. It is upon the number of cases in truth, and on the complete similarity of them all, that belief in them can be most securely grounded. If there were only a few instances, they might be attributable by the doctrine of chances, to coincidence. It is with the aid of the conception of coincidence, indeed, that Hibbert and the medical theorists explain them away. Nor can it be denied that, until it be known how many unsubstantial images of absent friends are not coincident with the deaths of these friends, it cannot be demonstrated that the number of coincidences is too great for the doctrine of chances. The synchronism of the apparition with the hour of death is the important point here, and it is the only one. Yet no man is in a condition to settle it scientifically: and it never will be settled until all the apparitions of absent friends, occurring during a given time throughout a given population, shall be collected, and until the number of these which were coincident with deaths be thereafter eliminated. The proportion of the coincidences to the negations will show whether the former can be comprehended under the doctrine of chances. Until this vast and difficult collection and comparison of instances be undertaken and completed, no scientific judgment can be pronounced. Does this seem to be too great a demand of evidence? Let the reader con-

sider the enormous schemes of observation which are necessary to determine astronomical results. Let him remember how many long years of toilsome experimentation are necessary to the establishment of some central fact in chemistry. Yet these are physical subjects, and not once to be compared in intricacy with the occult phenomena of that manifold epitome of nature, the body of man. Nor would such an enterprise be hopeless if it were an attainable one, for the positive number of coincident cases (while nothing is known concerning their comparative number) is apparently so great as to insinuate the suspicion that the apparitions are actually connected with the deaths of those who appear. This is all that can be claimed indeed; but we are quite forgetting that we have agreed to consider everything in these narratives as if it were already proved.

It is clear, then, that the present theory of sensuous illusion cannot explain, for it does not embrace, the connexion of the decease of the absent, and sometimes very far distant person, with the appearance of an image of him at that very time. If the apparition of Mr. H.'s brother was a spectral illusion, why did that illusion come upon the survivor at that particular time? This is generally thought a triumphant question by the believers in ghosts. But it is not so. It only shows that, on the gratuitous supposition that the coincidence is not mere coincidence—a supposition which has been made for the sake of the argument—sensuous illusion is not the whole of the phenomenon. It may still be a part of it; and we shall return to this conception in the sequel; the conception, namely, that wraiths, doubles, and ghosts, are all spectral illusions, *combined with something else*. But it is necessary first to discuss the popular theory of all these things, or rather the imaginative solvent of them, which pretends to be a theory in certain high places; for it is by no means confined to the vulgar, as has already been hinted. It is even beginning to swagger like a young science: it is learning the use of big resounding words: it is arming itself with something like a technical terminology: and in a word we must fight it.

The popular conception of a spirit then, as it has been more artistically, if not more scientifically figured by people of refinement, is the following; or rather something like it, for it is not easy to describe the vague and indefinite image now under consideration. It seems to be essentially dependent on the division of a man into three parts—body, soul, and spirit. This analysis is almost universally made by the popular mind, and it is very ancient. Professor Bush has made an elaborate induction of all the anthropological language of the Old and New Testaments, and has come to the conclusion that it is implied in the Bible. Guided by that induction, considering that it is the part of the Scriptures to teach the true view of the constitution of man, although astronomy, geology, and medicine, are beyond their province, and availing himself of some of the questionable results of modern science, that fanciful orientalist has fashioned the popular notion of a human being into a proposition. He represents the shapeless spirit as embodied in the soul, an etherial entity affecting the form of the body; and that soul, with its indwelling spirit, as incarnated in the body. Proceeding from without inwards, there is the body first, then the etheriform soul, and lastly the spirit. When the earthly house of this tabernacle, the body, is dissolved by death, we have a house with God, the soul of ether, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This unfleshed, psychical frame is invisible to the ordinary eye; but it is visible to some peculiar individuals, or to some peculiar individuals when in a peculiar state of nervous system; or it is perceptible by a supposed universal sense in them, and thence translated into the visible species of that general sense: for there are endless refinements and subtleties among those adventurous men who, in a thing of sheer concrete science, if ever such thing were, abandon the method of positive observation, and give themselves over to system building.

This view, if it could only be admitted with all its suppositions within suppositions, 'laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,' would of course explain the whole night side of nature at once. It is the popular one invested with the pomp and circumstance of technicality. It is that which is implied in the pneumatology of Swedenborg, that greatest, purest, most accomplished, and most philosophical of hallucinators. It is that of the somnambulists of Mesmer and his disciples. It is also that of the poets. English literature, to say nothing of the ancient and foreign muse, abounds in descriptions of this psychical configuration; for we will not call it a spiritual body, simply because it does not seem to find any countenance whatever in the prophecy of St. Paul. It is the legitimate child of poetry, and lying in the bosom of its mother, it is not without its beauty. Take Shelley's graceful picture of the soul of Ianthe,—

> Sudden arose
> Ianthe's soul; it stood
> All beautiful in naked purity,
> The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.

Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away; it re-assumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin.
* * * 'Twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and the soul.
The selfsame lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there;
Yet, oh how different!

It is painful to disturb this fair image, and torment it with all the vulgar and inexorable tests of physical science. Nor shall we do so. Let it live for ever in the consecrated home of the imagination. It is not this fine ethereal creation of the poet that is to be questioned; it is the thin etheriform fabrication of those who believe in ghosts. It will be interesting to all, and useful to some minds to see how all the conceivable modifications of this view can stand the scrutiny of physical and psychical science.

It is very obvious then, that if these so-called ghosts or psychical bodies be anything at all, they must be either material or spiritual, unless some third kind of existence can be demonstrated to be actually in the universe. If they be material, they must be solid, liquid, or gasiform; or at least one of the modifications or combinations of these forms of matter. In truth, it is subsumed even by the ghost-mongers, as they are called by Archdeacon Hare, that they are neither solid nor liquid, so that the gaseous or vaporiform shapes are the only ones that remain for them. Now vapours or gases they cannot be, for these simple and irresistible reasons. Neither a gas nor a vapour can permanently bound a figure, even of the most irregular or cloudlike species, within our atmosphere. There is a principle of diffusion which forbids it. Two masses of aeriform matter cannot remain in contact. Instantly one such sensible form is brought into contact with another, they begin to melt away into each other. Dalton discovered many years ago that one gas acts as a vacuum to another, and Mr. Graham has eliminated the rate of that kind of mutual dissolution with his wonted precision. There is no exception to the law; and a most beautiful and beneficent one it is, for it is in virtue of it that the carbonic acid of the atmosphere does not sink below the oxygen and nitrogen, like water below oil, and suffocate the organic kingdoms of nature. A man made of air could not exist in integrity one moment in an atmosphere of any sort whatever; and the more etherial the thin substance, which such a figure might be supposed to be composed of, the more rapidly would it evanish. Nor would the incoherent speculator improve his position by insinuating that there may be, or even that there probably is, a finer kind of matter than even hydrogen, the lightest of the gases, for the etheriform body thus invented were only still more stringently subject to this great ordinance of the Creator. If, on the other hand, it were to be surmised by 'those of the opposite faction,' that the force of vital affinity may possibly raise their favourite images above the control of a physical rule, just as the vital force of the body of flesh renders it not amenable to the apparent laws of chemical decomposition, the new defence would be no better than 'a weak invention of the enemy.' Organization does not defy chemical affinity at all. It only unites with it in the production of proximate principles, which do not indeed exist in the mineral world, but the composition and constitution of which are strictly regulated by chemical forces and proportions. Does its vitality hinder a plant or an animal from being burnt to ashes? Do not oil of vitriol and caustic proceed at once to destroy the stoutest organization in the world? Can the power of life interfere with a man's falling with accumulating velocity to the ground, if he trip himself upon the edge of a precipice? In one word, the vital forces operate always in consentaneity with, never in opposition to the laws of chemistry and mechanics.

Supposing these 'erring and extravagant spirits' to be composed of spiritual substance, to use the correct phraseology of the Westminster Divines, the difficulty of the ghost-lover is only enhanced. A part of the essential definition of spirit is the simple negation that it is insensible. It cannot be literally seen, else it is not spiritual. But our ingenious English authoress seems to conjecture that the spirits of the dead have the power of investing themselves with an etherial body of some kind, which they cannot maintain for any length of time, and so it speedily vanishes. She appears to think that a supposition of this sort is necessary in order to explain the dress of the poor soul who visits the pale glimpses of the moon most usually, if not always, 'in his habit as he lived,' the ghost of a robe, or of a scroll of paper being too much of a good thing even for the eye of an enthusiast. If we have understood our authoress in this, it must be said at once that it is nothing short of enduing a finite creature with an infinite or divine power; but the opinions in the work under review are so shadowy and intangible, except when daily human nature is the subject of them, that we cannot be confident of having seized the meaning of

our interesting opinionist in this instance. Perhaps there is meant to be expressed, in the passages referred to, another conjecture, which we remember to have seen in an article on the Seeress of Prevorst some years ago. That hypothesis was to the effect that a departed spirit may have the power of communicating an impulse to the spirit of a living man, not through his senses, but without any bodily mediation at all, and that such an impulse, acting from within outwards on the brain and nerves of sense, might fashion a spectral illusion, which would in this way have its foundation in reality, although, so far as the eye were concerned, a sensuous illusion. This is the only clear thought we have ever met on the ghostly side of the question. The Christian and the disciples of that school of theanthropists, of which Emerson is an excellent example, as well as all poets, entertain the assured belief that God works upon man while yet in the flesh otherwise than through the senses, and without any corporeal mediation whatever. With all the force of that great truth in its favour, the difficulties in the way of accepting this view, even as a just conception, are quite overwhelming. In the first place, God can mould and change the creatures of his might as he wills; almighty power, and almighty power alone, exalts the possessor above law. The poor ghost must work in sweet consent with the laws of God, or else not work at all. In the second place, God never operates through the spirit of man in the way of producing sensuous illusions, excepting of course in the sense in which every illusion, as well as every reality, is the work of the Divine Being; so that the analogy is only the ghost of one after all. Again, a finite spirit has no part in space. God is everywhere, or rather everything is always present to Him; but everything is not present to the finite spirit. The finite spirit is not everywhere. Place cannot be predicated of it, till it be re-embodied; and it has been shown that it is not re-embodied within our atmosphere. Yet the ghosts of Kerner, Cahagnet, and all the authors on their side of the question, infest particular places, as well as come at particular hours, and frighten particular people; the people being generally in a visibly morbid condition, or the members of ghost-seeing families, the hours twilight and the witching time of night, and the places being houses where terrible things have some time or other transpired. Accordingly the subtle supposition we are now contesting can find neither the support of a single analogy in the domain of ascending science, nor the countenance of one definite idea in philosophy. Experience in the other regions of human inquiry, the understanding of the individual, and the common reason of the race, combine to disown it. Nor must it be forgotten, in addition to these irreversible considerations, that the burden of proving all the fantastic conjectures, which have just been examined, lies with those very inventive people who construct them, and those very easily contented ones who give them welcome to their minds.

There has been only one other view of these ghosts referred to. It is possible, or rather it is probable, that such analysts of man into three elements, as Professor Bush, may maintain the opinion that there are three kinds of substance in the universe. It may be suggested that there exist not only matter and spirit, but a substance which is neither of them. It is almost implied in the partition of human nature into body, soul, and spirit, that there is such an entity as psychical substance, the substance of which the supposed soul is made; using the word substance in its philosophical sense, of course, and not in its popular one. No one, however, has been careful to define such a substance; for it is no definition to say that a thing is not matter and not spirit. As the definition of matter is not that it is the negative of spirit, and as that of spirit is not that it is the negative of matter; but as each of these two substances has its positive qualities in addition to those which inhere in it as the opposite of the other, so we await the affirmative definition of this hypothetical thing. The question cannot be entertained till a positive definition be forthcoming. Yet it is needless to hold the willing disciples of these discoverers in suspense; for it is as evident as anything can be that, be it eventually defined and qualified as it may, the very same objections as apply to the supposition of a spirit's direct or indirect appearance to a bodily man, withstand that of this conjectural frame, composed of any conjectural psychical substance whatever. It may be just as well perhaps to suggest to the young or untrained inquirer our own belief—it would sound uncharitably to say our certain knowledge—that the psychical body, or nerve-spirit, or whatever else these new scholars may choose to name it, is nothing but the abstract conception of the phenomenal unity or *tertium-quid*, which results from the combination of the body and the spirit, and that solidified for the understanding by the fancy. It is like the phlogiston of the old chemists, a fictitious thing endowed with incredible no-properties; it is like the caloric

of the new ones, a supposititious substance invested with qualities the most unsubstantial. Nascent science is prone to the suffiction of entities where entities are not required; but popular opinion is incomparably more so, and especially the opinion of people possessed of more sensibility than judgment. It is particularly to the purpose, also, in the present instance, to observe that the most judicious are apt to be bribed into inconsequence when the heart is retained on the side of nonsense in the Court of Common Pleas. Our English writer, for example, is enamoured of her revenants and restants, because they convey the dear assurance of a world to come to her soul: The purpose of the Night Side of Nature is the conveyance of that blessed conviction to other minds. The motive principle of all her sedulity and eloquence is a highly honourable one, but it is mistaken. He who spake as never man spake teaches in another way: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' We trust, however, that our interesting enthusiast is really accustomed to rest her hope of immortality on grounds which are deeper and more immovable than these phenomenal and outward shows. Many people, and especially women, believe the great doctrines of humanity in the right way, while they argue for their belief in a wrong one. Like children, soft and true, they stand as firmly on the ground as they need to do, although they know nothing of the law of gravitation.

What then is to be said about all these strange stories, drawn from the three greatest countries in Europe? Rejecting the spectre-theory as insufficient, always assuming for the sake of discussion that there are no fallacies of narration about them; and dismissing the ghost-theory as incoherent, where shall one find a clue to the perplexity? Wisdom unites with the past history of science to warn the investigator against premature hypothesis. The facts must first be determined with experimental severity, and then co-ordinated with the slow care of the naturalist, before the dynamics of the inquiry can be approached with hope. The world must learn to wait. It waited four thousand years for Kepler and Bacon, and still longer for Dalton and Kant; and neither the scientific nor the philosophical spirit of the present age is nearly ready to eliminate the secret process of these wonderful phenomena. We are serious, for it is a grave subject. There are things related simply, soberly, and with great show of evidence, in the three works now before us, which the ingenuous mind cannot dismiss with either a smile or a sneer; which the man of science can neither explain, nor explain away; which the philosopher can no more deduce from his ideas than he can assimilate them with his system.

The Seeress of Prevorst has been long before the German public, and is written by Justinus Kerner, a painstaking physician, a lyric poet, somewhat of an idealist in philosophy, and a pious Christian of the evangelical school. It was introduced to the British reader a few years ago by an English gentlewoman, widely reputed for her novels of remorselessly real life, at that time a thorough realist in philosophy, and a person whose goodness has never assumed the form which is ordinarily called piety at all. Kerner is a good, honest, learned soul; of a considerably attenuated constitution of mind, but possessed of a heart overflowing with love and courage. His translator, on the other hand, is one of the shrewdest of women, remarkable for common sense in common things, and prone to naturalism, even now that she has donned a little mysticism, and become the authoress of the Night Side of Nature. Yet the lyrical physician of Weinsberg and the English novelist do touch one another at several points of their respective characters. They are both independent of every earthly consideration but their convictions of the truth. They are equally eager for the investigation of any new facts, in how questionable a guise soever they may come, which may perhaps let in some more light upon the darkness by which they both feel, although standing in such different points of view, the mystery of life to be encompassed. In fine, they both love the wonderful. As for the work itself it is by no means an easy task to give an account of its contents. It is the detail of a multitude of singular phenomena displayed during years of suffering, evidently from some radical derangement of the whole nervous system, by Frederica Hauffe, a native of Prevorst in the Highlands of Wirtemberg. It is beaded with numerous citations from Plato, Van Helmont, Schelling, Ennemoser, Eschenmayre, Böhm, Swedenborg, and other distinguished mystics in philosophy and theology. The story of the poor creature appears at first sight to countenance the reality of many things, which the positive science of modern times has either swept away, or explained upon well known natural principles. The seeress was visited by presentiments which seemed to be subsequently verified; she had dreams which were apparently fulfilled; she saw into the human frame, de-

scribing the nerves of the body, and prescribing for herself and others with something like success; and she drew without instruments the most accurate and complicated of spherical diagrams in order to express some of her unique experiences. She was attended by a guardian spirit, who solaced, guided, and protected her; having ministered so particularly to the down-smitten patient as to withdraw hurtful objects from her neighbourhood. The law of gravity was suspended in her favour, and it was in vain that her attendants attempted to keep her under water. In addition to all these marvels she sang extempore hymns and spoke in unknown tongues. In a word, the whole case, as stated by Kerner, involves the reality of prophetic dreams, amulets, the swimming of witches, the apparition of departed spirits, a possible communion on the part of men with the innermost secrets of inorganic nature, and the gift of tongues. But above all, the seeress revealed, and Kerner believes, that the world of spirits is inter-diffused through the one we inhabit. She conferred with angels, saints, and woful spirits face to face.

Our readers will smile at all this; and so do we, but it is not with disdain. It is with eager curiosity to know the real meaning of such things. This is not the first nor the fiftieth instance of this sort of narration. M. Cahagnet's *Arcanes* is a work of the same kind; and he seems to be an ingenuous creature too, belonging to the French or rather the Parisian school of scientific mystics, as Kerner is a disciple of the German school of philosophical ones; using the substantive term not in its old Greek meaning, but in its new sinister signification. The authoress of the Night Side is a great accession to the cause of Kerner and Cahagnet. She has furnished the most readable book of the three. Although all the speculative portions of the work are simply incoherent, the religious and moral observations in it are frequently excellent, and all the narrative is first-rate. Its merits in the last respect will secure it a very large number of readers. Such is this segment of the literature of angelology. There has been no need of making extracts from it, for really everybody knows the sort of things which are woven into stories of ghosts, doubles, and haunted houses, so that these books will replenish the memory quite as much as they will occupy the attention.

Although, however, it is not easy, nor perhaps possible to propose a rationale, which should reduce the chaos of this physio-psychological department of inquiry to order and intelligibility, it may not be so difficult to indicate the directions in which light is likely to arise upon it. As the subject is distinctly of a twofold character, and lies in the twilight rather than in the night of nature, there are two quarters on which the investigator must bend his cautious eye. There is the fact of sensuous illusion, not necessarily confined to the sense of sight, but extended to those of hearing, and even of touch, which is manifestly never absent in these phenomena; and there is the unknown fact or process, which initiates such more than ordinary illusions, and renders them so specific and determinate that they are sometimes presentimental, sometimes representative, and sometimes retrospective of actual future, distant, or past persons. It is not impossible that the unknown quantity in the equation is to be found in the region of nervous sympathy. The doctrine of sympathy and antipathy has fallen into too much neglect among the regulars of science. It feels too mystical for the sensuous and numerical spirit of the present stage of positive research, a spirit so statical and even gross, that it is remarkable to find that no one has proposed the supposition that the force of gravitation is a new imponderable! 'This too, too solid flesh,' is impeding the development of those more dynamical notions of nature, which have notwithstanding begun to germinate within the more logical minds of the time. The notion of one nervous system acting upon another one at a distance, or otherwise than through the five senses, is hardly admitted in these days. Yet Bacon not only believed in such a thing, but proposed experiments to limit and determine its results. That great clear-seer, we remember, suggests among other things that two lovers should record all the critical movements transpiring within them during a time of separation, and afterwards compare their notes and dates with the view of discovering whether they seemed to have been affected by one another. It is unfortunate for this proposal that the fact of conscious observation of one's self is the death of true emotion; and it is little short of monstrous to think of a soft spontaneous woman, her heart almost in pain with budding hopes, with her note-book on the pillow beside her wakeful little head, to write down the minute, hour, and day, of this tender agitation, and of that, in the radiance of a rush-light! But the Baconian or scientific apprehension of the physio-psychological relation between absent friends is not necessarily absurd.

If some great catastrophe were to take place within the limit of the sun, the shock would be communicated to the earth, which

would answer the appeal to its gravitative and other cosmical sympathies. But what if sun and earth had been a pair of palpitating, mobile, vibrant nervous systems, the organs of sensations that stretch through countless solar systems and many a firmament, the ministers of 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' the vehicles of emotions that embrace Almighty God?—Nor is the application of this illustration to the wraith, to take the least complicated case of ghost-seeing, very far-fetched. The brother of Mr. H. is dying, the last great change is passing over his frame, it is being shaken into the dust again. The excellent painter, a man of the most tremulous sensibility, unweeting of the dire catastrophe that is rocking the fraternal nervous system to the centre, is yet interiorly and secretly commoved by the event; but he does not understand or even observe the latent trouble of his marrow, until it throws itself down upon the eye as a spectre, and he exclaims, 'There's my brother!' It is more difficult, indeed, to put this construction upon the stories of haunted houses, and some of the other curiosities of literature, which are faithfully narrated by our German, French, and English authors. Nor is it either necessary or advisable to do so, for we have no theory to support; even in the instance of the wraith we are but sceptics in the sense of being considerers; and it was our present purpose to do no more than offer a hint to minds more inquisitive than our own. As to the ultimate solution of the question, it is at all events our assured belief that it will never be effected until some great and comprehensive medical psychologist, not of the merely phrenological, not of the purely psychological, but of the physio-psychological school, shall devote a lifetime to its investigation. A lucid thinker like Feuchterleben, with equally vast stores of information, equally Catholic canons of criticism, and equally enormous learning, but with more originality of spirit, with more of that poetic quality by which all great discoverers have been notoriously distinguished from the erudite artisans and the busy dilettants of science, with more imaginative insight, would find this sphere of research full of noble results. So extensive and perplexed indeed is the whole subject, that the union of two energetic researchers, one of them a physiologist, the other a philosopher, and both psychologists, a pair of men like Reil and Hoffbauer, would render us still more sanguine of the speedy clearing up of the mystery. At all events, it is with students like these alone that we are willing to leave the inquiry; and we do so with hope.

There is one conclusion, however, to which the wisely sceptical student of ghosts, spectres, prophetic dreams, presentiments, clear-seeing, and the like, may come without waiting a single day longer; and it is one of such urgent importance, in our opinion, as to demand immediate attention. If morbid sensibility renders the connexion between a human nervous system and nature, as well as betwixt one nervous system and another, so delicate, searching, and far-extending, what would be the results to the individual, and the race, if there prevailed throughout society a pure, wholesome, and natural susceptibility to every kind of physical impressions? For surely no one will deny that man is still very far from the realization of his ideal condition. He does not fulfil the law of his nature. He is nowhere perfect in his kind, in the manner and degree in which, for example, the wing-footed red-deer of the Scottish Highlands, or those whirlwinds of unmounted cavalry that sweep the plains of South America, or the self-relying lion of Zahara is perfect, each in its kind. Even the daisy, or our still more favourite flower, the blue-eyed speedwell, is enabled to show forth all its little capabilities, and it is complete; but man is neither what he should be, nor what he shall become. To speak only of the lower ingredient of his constitution, it appears that his very nervous system does not habitually attain to anything like a free and a full manifestation of the wondrous properties lying latent within its round. All men, considered merely as so many cerebro-spinal axes, are maimed and defective. They all want something that belongs to them. Like Harry Bertram in the Romance of Guy Mannering, they do not know the fields that are their own, their ancestral rights, nor yet the small voice of nature that stirs their hearts into remembrance. Nor is there any room for wonder! Think of the enormous amount of hereditary, chronic, and lurking disease in the world. Consider the vast consumption of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, and opium; remembering that the taste for all of these drugs has actually to be acquired, even by otherwise unnatural creatures like the men and women of the present day, and that taste is therefore not congenial with the paradisaic instincts of ideal man. Examine the very meats which the flaccid genius of dyspepsy has invented. Count the hundred spices and impurities by which the fine edge of ordinary sensibility is blunted and torn. Recollect the extent to which night is universally turned into day. Take particular notice of the excessive and exclusive cultivation of the mere muscle of the body in one class of people, of the mere stomach and

lungs in another, of the mere nerves of superficial and sentimental sensibility in a third, and of the mere miserable brain in a fourth one, and so forth. Think, in fine, of everything in the daily life of Europe that is calculated, if not intended, to thrust man out of harmony with all the finer movements of nature on the one side, and of his own unfathomable soul on the other. Nor can anybody claim exemption from the rule. Be one ever so wholesome in physical living, ever so virtuous in moral conduct, and ever so generally cultivated in mind, it will avail him only a little; but that excellent little is worth a world of self-denial. The disorder, the dulness, and the perversion of the native sensibilities of the frame are distributed through the whole race by marriage, as well as by example and consent. Civilized language contains at least one significant indication of the fact. When there appears among men a person of extraordinary sensibility to the more sacred influences of that temple of nature, in which they are changing money more than serving like priests, they call him a genius, leave him to shift as he can, and let posterity discover that he was the most genuine man of them all. Aye, and so bad is the horrid imbroglio of custom, that no sooner does a soul come into the world in such an organization, than he is entangled in the habits of society, and, falling from a greater height, he frequently sinks lower than the lowest.

Everybody knows, of course, that a more penetrating and better tuned sensibility is only one of the co-efficients of genius; it is the immeasurably, and even the incalculably inferior of the two; but it is the only circumstance of creative power over which anybody has daily control. Let it then be seen to. There is no saying what a few ages of simplicity and equable culture may effect. That eloquent analyst Isaac Taylor has shown how greatly the mere exaltation of the present qualities of the nervous system of man would add to the felicities of the intellectual and emotional life in Heaven. It is more to the purpose to assert it will do the same on earth. It will bring him closer to the heart of nature. It will extend, deepen, and ennoble his whole being. It will gradually restore him to his abdicated sovereignty over creation. It is therefore the duty of all men to work, individually and together, towards this consummation among others—namely, the immediate attainment of as high a strain as possible of physical purity. There are indeed things of higher value, but this is at once the most substantial and the most becoming of foundations, for the erection of every grace that is more excellent still. Nor are we unwilling to avow our conviction that a far-spreading and thorough reformation of this sort, is destined to approve itself as one of the signs of a thorough and far-spreading millennium.

Art. VI.—1. *Vie et Portrait de Pie IX.* Par Félix Clavé. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1848.

2. *Rome et Pie IX.* Par Alphonse Balleydier. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1847.

3. *Notizie per l'anno* MDCCCXLVII. 1 vol. 12mo. Roma, 1847.

On no spot of earth has so much been written as on Rome. Republican, imperial, pontifical Rome, has ever been a centre of interest to the nations of the civilized world. An object of affection or of hatred, of veneration or of fear, she has at no time ceased to occupy a large share of the thoughts and speculations of mankind. Nor, though long since fallen from her high estate, does she even yet fail to command an extraordinary portion of interest and attention. From the midst of the busy life of active and vigorous northern cities, men have found leisure to look out at the ancient mother of civilization, as she has sat in these latter days in drivelling dotage on her seven hills, amid the silence and immobility of desolation. But so entirely has she appeared to appertain to a past order of things—so wholly severed from the progressive movement of the nations, whose life is the life of this nineteenth century—so remote from them in ideas, manners, and habits, that the world seems long since to have ceased to regard her as a society of living men—a body politic, possessed in some sort of establishments, interests, institutions, government, and all that makes one social system an object of interesting observation and inquiry to another. Our travellers and tourists, whose name is Legion, throng thither, and return to tell what they have seen, and to write books upon books, ever fresh books, on Rome. But none ever dream of telling us aught of the social and economical condition of the hundred and eighty thousand human beings who, somehow or other, do breathe and live amid the squalor and wretchedness of those crumbling old walls. Our countrymen visit Rome, look at it, and write of it, as if it were only a museum. It is for them a collection of antiquities and objects of art merely. They discuss its ruins, rapturize over its statues, bask in its sunshine, criticise its

pictures, stare a little at its Church ceremonies—and this is all.

But the mighty sound of the onward movement of the nations, rushing ever faster and faster along their path of civilization, has at length startled the aged mother from her slumbers. Effete old Rome has essayed to raise her palsied head, has gazed forth once more into the world, and has shaken herself from her drowsy rest. Aye, and powerless, fallen as she is, the rustling of that once mighty form has stirred the still atmosphere of Italian life from the Alps to Calabria, and waked an echo audible in the remotest recesses of the civilized world. Mankind has been startled at the unexpected phenomenon. It is as if a skeleton had rattled its dry bones against its coffin planks. Historians had closed the volume of her story—had written their "finis," and spoke of her in the past tense. Singers had sung that she "never should rise!" And lo! Rome is still alive, is striving to arise, and would fain essay to walk.

Surely a spectacle strange and interesting! Men, looking more closely, see that in truth it is a living city. Crawling about in unquiet, suffering restlessness, its thousands may be descried amid the fetid heap of squalid ruins which once were Rome. Nay, they seem to begin to try to express thoughts and utter words, which they must have overheard us use, even while we thought that they were all gone dead. Assuredly a most interesting and curious subject of observation! Henceforward other matters than Coliseum, Belvedere Apollo, and fresco paintings, will be heard of at Rome and from Rome. Let us endeavour, then, to shape forth for English readers some sort of general idea of what this poor old venerable Rome is doing and trying to do—and yet more, what will have to be done there, if, indeed, she is ever to arise and march on the path of civilization.

What Rome, her ruler, and her people, have recently been striving to do does not indeed need to be now told by us. But for the just appreciation and comprehension of this, and far more notably for the appreciation of the work that yet lies before her to do, and of the means and difficulties of doing it, some knowledge of what Rome *is* becomes necessary. Some more or less definite notion of the social and economical condition of those hundred and eighty thousand individuals, and of themselves, their qualities, and capabilities, would seem desirable to such as take an interest in the resuscitation of that wonderful old city. And this is precisely what none have ever supplied, and none apparently have ever demanded. Both a cause and a consequence of this neglect and apathy is to be found in the exceeding difficulty of obtaining any such adequate information. For many years publicity of any sort has been most carefully shunned by the rulers of the eternal city. Every administration, every institution, every branch of the public service has been scrupulously veiled from the scrutiny of the vulgar eye. The broad light of day has been excluded with the utmost jealousy from the secret chambers, where those lovers of darkness who held in their feeble and trembling hands the thread of Roman destinies conducted the operations of their rule.

And in some sense they were wise in their generation, these children of darkness. Successive generations of childless old men, each personally needing the duration of the crazy edifice but for a few years at most, *have* contrived to preserve the roof over their heads, and to keep the worn-out machine at work longer than those who observed the outward manifestations of its internal rottenness could have supposed possible. For such outward manifestations have been many, unmistakable, and ever-increasing. Great were the efforts of old Mother Church to conceal the cancerous sores which were consuming the vitals of that temporal dominion which constitutes her body. Of those which afflict her spiritual existence—the soul of that body—we have no intention of speaking now, except as it may be necessary to refer to them as influencing the temporal condition of her people. Carefully has the old soiled threadbare and torn mantle of outward decency been patched, and pulled, and pinned, and even readjusted with new dizening of cheap coarse lace over its most ragged parts, in the hope of hiding from all eyes the hopeless state of incurable disease within. For hopeless it must surely have long since appeared to any who might have cared to hope more than that their own end might arrive before that of the system under which they had grown old.

And yet one has at length come who does hope something more than this. A ruler has ascended the Papal throne who has dared to look steadfastly at the ruinous state of the crumbling edifice around him; nay more, who has dared to let in the light and the gazing of profane eyes on the secret wretchedness so long concealed; and, greatest daring of all, who has absolutely ventured to put forth his hand to the tottering fabric—who has thought of repairing instead of propping, of renewing instead of patching, of cleansing the accumulated filth instead of thrusting it out of sight.—Yes, greatest daring of all, assuredly! for there is a stage in the progress of ruin at which the attempt

to repair is fraught with greater, or at least with more immediate danger than the undisturbed operation of decay. Many an ancient wall, or mere mass of crumbling dust, will for years retain its form and coherence by the inert force of its own weight, and bound together by the ramifications of that very same abusive ivy whose growth has ruined it, when the slightest touch of the mason's repairing hand would bring the whole mass to the ground.

That such and so dangerous is the work of repair on which the Ninth Pius is now engaged, none, who have even a superficial knowledge of Rome and its government, will be inclined to doubt. It is the attempt of a courageous man, and of, we would hope, an upright ruler. It is a well-nigh desperate effort, the generous nobleness of which all must admire and applaud, and which must to a certain point command all good men's wishes for its success.

And now to attempt some appreciation of the chances of success which may attend this arduous undertaking, it must be, in the first place, remembered that in all such cases of reparation the principal difficulty presented to the judgment lies in the question—What of the old shall be abandoned, destroyed, removed—and what preserved? Herein lies the difficulty and the danger; for we know how dangerous is the attempt to mend old garments with new cloth; we know the result that is likely to come about. What portion, then, of the once mighty system of the Papal Government, the progressive work of so many centuries of well-sustained endeavour, and the labours of so many pontiffs—of that system constructed to grasp a world, but now strangling an enfeebled province by the unexpanding narrowness of its clutch,—what portion of this may Rome's reforming ruler venture to retain? Truly, no simple or easy question to the most unshackled mind; but to a true priest of Rome's Church, born beneath her wing, bred under her teaching—to a Pope honestly conscientious to do a Pope's duty, what a question! How fearful! how tremendous!

And such a Pope we believe, not without good grounds for our conviction, Pius the Ninth to be. We believe him to be a true priest and sincere pontiff. It has been often asserted, not only by his enemies but by his admirers, that he is otherwise. It has been believed and hoped by some friends to the progressive movement in Italy—lovers of expediency rather than of truth—that Pius is no sincere well-wisher to the Papacy; that he speaks a small portion of his thought only; that he intends the destruction of the fabric he pretends to repair; and that he well knows that such must be the ultimate effects of the steps he has already taken. We are well convinced that such is not the case. We are thoroughly persuaded that those who think thus are as mistaken in fact as they are, in our opinion, wrong in principle. Whatever hopes or wishes we may nourish with regard to the future fate of Italy and of Rome, we would far rather that her destinies should be intrusted to honest hands. We have the strong conviction that no good thing can be produced by an acted or spoken falsehood. As long, then, as it must needs be that the same hand should grasp the crozier and the sceptre, we prefer that the priest-king should be at least an honest man. And if the incompatibilities of his position should bring about that other events than such as he professes to look for as the result of his acts should arise from them, we may rejoice in the fallaciousness of the politician's provisions, while we can still respect and esteem the man.

We must conceive him, then, coming to the decision of the momentous question above stated, as a true and earnest Pope, father and protector of the Catholic Church in its spiritualities and its temporalities. It is a genuine successor of the best of the Gregories and Innocents who has now to judge what portions of their work *can* be preserved, and what, for the sake of the vital preservation of the whole, *must* be replaced by new constructions.

With a view of enabling our readers to form some notion of what *their* judgment on such a question must be, and of the issue which events are likely to shape for themselves, we will endeavour to picture to them some of the more manifest results of Papal Government, as they exhibit themselves to every observer.

On crossing the frontier line between Tuscany and the Roman States, near Aquapendente, the change in the general aspect of the people, the villages, and the entire country, is such as to strike the most unobservant traveller. A general air of careless negligence and ill-conditioned dilapidation prevails. The fields look ill-cultivated, the inhabitants ragged, and their habitations on the verge of ruin. The traveller's carriage is stopped in front of a wretched tumble-down hovel some few hundred yards beyond the bridgeless stream which forms the boundary of the two States. It is the Papal Custom-house and Police-station, the first visible manifestation to the northern traveller of the working of that system whose "magni nominis umbra" has overshadowed Europe for so many centuries. "Ex pede Hercu-

lem!" The genuine characteristics of Papal rule are visible enough in this extremity of the abortion. A number of soldiers—dirty, slovenly, and listless—are lounging in front of a dilapidated building, whose broken brick-wall bears a shield with the Papal arms, and the words "Carabinieri Pontificii." Some are smoking, some sleeping, some basking in the sun, without energy sufficient even to converse with each other. Adjoining the lair of these Pontifical Carabineers is that of another horde of officials, the Custom-house officers—like their military neighbours, dirty, lazy, preposterously numerous, corrupt, and inefficient. The former are useless for the repression of crime, and the latter equally valueless for the prevention of contraband trading. Either set of drones feed like parasitical vermin on the vitals of the wretched country whose substance they exhaust, and serve but to increase the monstrous amount of unproductive population which throughout the Roman States crushes the productive classes beneath its weight.

But the frontier is not left behind without still further illustrations of the effects of Papal rule. The regime of privilege is shown in full action. A peasant arrives at the barrier with his yoke of oxen and a load of produce. His time is his only possession, and the hour which he will have to lose at the "*dogana*" is, one would have thought, already grievous enough. But immediately after him a "*vetturino*," with a carriage full of travellers, drives up. Forthwith the first comer—the peasant—is put on one side; and the examination of the travellers' baggage—another hour's work—is about to commence, when the cracking of postilions' whips is heard, and a carriage, drawn by post-horses, makes its appearance. The *vetturino* travellers must now yield in their turn, and the poor peasant may be considered indefinitely postponed; for it is likely enough that before the posting-carriage and the *vetturino* have been disposed of (though the first by means of a bribe will not be detained long), some other vehicle privileged to pass before him may come up. One great evil of injustice is the rage and heartburning it produces in the victim of it; but this, it must be owned, does not exist in the case under consideration. Wrong done to the moral sense, like injury done to the physical frame, becomes by continuance less poignantly felt. The one and the other alike become callous. Nature finds in insensibility an alleviation for that which would otherwise be intolerable. But not the less is the victim in either case injured and degraded, and the amount of his insensibility to the injury will be the measure of the permanent mischief inflicted on the corporeal or moral organization. The peasant in the above case feels no indignation, no impatience, no ill-temper. The course of things described is that which he has been used to all his life. It is to him as the order of nature; and he would as soon think of complaining of the wind or the rain. But on all occasions the Italian is the most patient creature in the world; he is never in a hurry, never objects to wait any given time, and never scruples to ask another to wait an hour or two, as easily as an Englishman would beg for a minute. They set no value on time, simply because it *is* of little use to them.

Well! the frontier is at last passed, and after traversing a few miles of road very strikingly worse than that on the Tuscan side of the boundary, the traveller, with much difficulty and some danger, is dragged up the hill of Aquapendente. A worse hill in a great high road it is hardly possible to conceive. So it was constructed ages ago; and so has all the traffic between Florence and Rome passed over it for many generations. That it might easily be *improved* appears never to have entered into the head of any one during all this time. The Diligence, which travels this road—the sole and *privileged* one of course—takes about 48 hours to accomplish the journey of less than 200 miles, and is drawn by from two to fourteen horses or oxen, according to the exigencies of the road. The mail, which traverses the same road, is constantly several hours behindhand; but nobody dreams of complaining, and still less does anybody dream of mending the road.

The top of the hill, however, is at length reached, and the traveller enters the first town of the Papal States. Let him come from what country he may, unless it be from Ireland, he must, we think, be astonished and dismayed at the squalid misery, dilapidation, ruin, and filth, which presents itself to his eyes on all sides. The appearance of the streets, the buildings, the shops—if such they can be called—the population of all ages and classes,—all speak the same tale of wretchedness and degradation. The remainder of the journey repeats the same eloquent lesson at every mile of its course. The moral aspect of things—(which may however be always inferred with tolerable accuracy from the external manifestations of physical well-being or the reverse)—as far as may be judged from the few little indications which fall under the notice of an observant traveller, is in complete accordance with the rest of the picture. Fraud, falsehood, and men

dicity force themselves on the notice of the least observant.

At length the stranger stands before the gate of Rome. It is an epoch in the life of the most unimaginative—that first entrance into the ancient mother of so much civilization and of so much barbarism—that eternal city which mankind has so much cause to bless and so much to curse! And here we must quit the course of the ordinary traveller, if we would form any idea of the real condition of Rome. The tourist, wrapped in an ecstasy of imaginative pleasure, full of all the mighty host of classical and medieval recollections and associations, passes through the handsome and tolerably clean, because almost uninhabited, Piazza del Popolo, gazes up at the magnificent terrace of the Pincian on his left hand, and reaches his splendid hotel in the Via Babuino, charmed with his first impressions of "the eternal city," and disappointed in nothing save in not having heard a picturesque group of peasants singing under the walls, "*Roma, Roma, Roma, non è più come era prima.*"

Let us, however, not confine ourselves to those parts of the town frequented ordinarily by the English and other strangers. Let us penetrate the mass of buildings between Santa Maria Maggiore and the Coliseum; let us visit the Trastevere; above all, let us venture into the reeking mass of abomination situated between the capitol, the Farnese Palace, and the Tiber. The constant state of the streets is such as to make it marvellous that typhus and a hundred other forms of filth-bred disease do not sweep off the miserable population. Drainage appears to be unknown. The very commonest decencies of life are wholly disregarded. The stench is unsupportable. It has occurred to ourselves, incredible as the statement may appear, to have observed the remains of a dead sheep suffered to lie in the same spot in one of the streets of Rome, and to poison all the surrounding atmosphere with its decay and putridity for more than ten days. We have also, and that frequently, observed the dead bodies of cats and dogs lying in the same spots for days together. The appearance of the population in the streets matches well with that of their dwellings—sordid, ragged, unhealthy looking creatures are sauntering in the shade, or basking in the sunshine; or if occupied in some kind of labour, are so performing it as to spread out the fair toil of an hour over half a day.

Such is the physical aspect of *mighty* Rome! Its moral features are of course not so plainly visible or easily appreciable; they can only be judged of by the occasional specimens which chance may afford an observer in his conversation and dealings with the people; but if these be fairly estimated, they may be deemed tolerably accurate exponents of the entire truth; and that truth we conscientiously believe to be—that the whole body of society, from the highest to the lowest grade in the social scale, is altogether corrupt and vitiated. We do not put forth a conclusion so sweeping, a conviction so painful, unadvisedly or lightly. We are not unmindful of the danger of forming general conclusions from particular instances. We are aware that the portion of any society which a traveller most readily meets with is very generally the worst part of it; but every *à priori* consideration would lead to the persuasion that the moral condition of the people of Rome *must* be that which the most careful observation shows in fact that it is. It is not that villany, fraud, and vice abound; alas! where do they not? It is, that shame is dead; it is that the moral sense has perished; it is that that which is vile has ceased to be hated as such, even by those whose better instincts, superior prudence, or lesser temptation, have saved them from themselves becoming so. These are the true and unerring tests of a corruption and degradation which has infected the entire social body, and so entered into the diseased system as to render hopeless all cure short of thorough renovation.

The wealthy proprietor of a palazzo in the Corso, by means of assertions apparently the most ingenuous, induces an English family to sign a lease without requiring that certain stipulations should be inserted therein formally. On the morrow the promises are violated, and the assertions proved to be wholly and wilfully false. The Roman gentleman who has committed this act of swindling, on being applied to in amazement by his dupes, replies with the utmost tranquillity, that no assertions or agreements that are unwritten are worth anything.

A "respectable" tradesman uses false weights nearly to the extent of ensuring a diminution of cent. per cent. in the quantity of goods furnished. The tribunals are applied to; but as the amount in each case is small, the magistrates and lawyers cannot be made to comprehend why a complainant should give himself and them more trouble than the amount of the fraud was worth. But the robbery of a shilling, it is urged on their attention, is as much *robbery* as that of a million; the man is dishonest, and ought to be exposed and punished. No! they can conceive no other reason why such a complaint should be made than with the view of recovering that which the complainant has lost. No man expects to be trusted. None

is in any way offended that the most minute and humiliating precautions against his presumed dishonesty should be openly and avowedly taken.

If we turn our view to the more immediate manifestations of the action of Government, the few peeps which the rents in the curtain of official mystery—rather than any properly provided publicity—afford us, indicate, if possible, a still worse degree of corruption. No institution, no office, no authority, no department rightly and sufficiently performs the functions for which it was created, unless indeed it be the lottery-office—that truly does its appointed work of demoralization and pillage on the people, and does it well and thoroughly. The tribunals notoriously delay, refuse, and pervert justice. The police prevent no crimes, and discover no criminals. Murders occur in the streets of the city, and the murderer is secure. Within our own knowledge the minister of police himself declared to an applicant for protection against outrage, that he advised him to quit Rome, as he was powerless to protect him! In the financial departments the system of fraud and corruption—which has grown with their growth, and become part and parcel of their *quasi* normal constitution—is such as to render all hope of purifying them vain. We were ourselves assured by one who has since become one of the ministers of the Crown, that to his knowledge the peculation in one branch of the post-office business was enormous. He named the sum, amounting to many thousand scudi; but we will not undertake to repeat figures which we did not note at the time.

Let us turn for an instant to the indications of moral condition which the spiritual aspect of Rome, in the middle of the nineteenth century, may afford us. We will do so in no polemical spirit. We will not make our observations from the stand-point of any other creed or rival sect, but as purely philosophical students of social phenomena. Trusting then that our readers will so regard us, and will believe us to be as wholly free from the *odium theologicum* as we know ourselves to be, we hesitate not to declare our conviction, that a more degrading superstition, a more gross and unspiritual idolatry, does not exist in any heathen land, than is practised under the name of Christianity in the metropolis of the Christian world. We are not now speaking in any wise of the Roman Catholic faith as held and practised elsewhere. There is every *à priori* reason to expect that a more northern people should hold a more spiritual faith. We know well that the Roman Catholicism of Rome is not that of France, or of Germany, or of England; still more, even, we are not undertaking to speak of Roman Catholicism at Rome, as the priesthood profess to hold it and to teach. We speak of it only as we know that it is practically held and followed by the mass of the people: and we are sure that our assertions will be supported by any who have without prejudice examined the subject. We are not ignorant of all that has been said to defend the Roman Catholic faith from the charge of image-worship. We know that the priesthood explain, that the figures which are dressed, bedizened, kissed, caressed, prayed to, carried about, etc., are not *worshipped*, but used only as suggesters of things spiritual to the outward bodily senses. But is this theory compatible with the fact, that of various figures of saints—of the virgin in particular, some are deemed more holy, more powerful, more propitious than others?—that some votaries prefer one image, and some another, of the same saint?—that "la Madonna di" this place is specially famous for granting favours of one sort; and "la Madonna di" that place for bestowing favours of another kind?—that one Church possesses and draws a large revenue from a wooden "bambino," *i. e.* infant Christ, particularly celebrated for assisting women in child-birth, and sent about in coaches for that purpose; while another has one specially valuable as preserving its votaries from shipwreck? Do not these facts prove—beyond all possibility of avoiding the conclusion—that special virtue is attributed *to the image itself?* If the Saviour or the Virgin were the intended object of the worship, would not it be in any case the same at all their different altars? Is there one Saviour in one Church, and a second, with different qualities and character, in another? Is the virgin of one shrine kinder than the virgin of another? No; it is impossible to deny the truth, that the popular worship of modern Rome is as absolutely and essentially an *idolatry* as any that has ever degraded mankind. The truth is, that the Paganism of old Rome has never been entirely and effectually eradicated. The old deities of the Roman Pantheon still haunt the seven hills; and in spirit as well as in bodily fact the statues of the old gods have often changed their name alone, to become the object of modern worship.

The first result of such a system most necessarily shows itself in an erroneous, unworthy, and degraded conception of the Supreme Being. As a proof of the extent to which this result has been produced, we will cite a fact which has already been noticed in the columns of an English Journal. A highly prized and magnificently adorned

relic—the head of Saint Andrew—had been stolen from the Church of Saint Peter. The canons of that basilic thereupon issue a placard, with which the walls of Rome are covered, offering a reward for the recovery of the stolen treasure, and setting forth that they, the canons, would offer up extra prayers for the space of three days, for the purpose of appeasing God, and averting the evils with which he might be expected to visit the city in consequence of the theft. "Here," as the Journal* above alluded to well remarks, "is a numerous body of educated men asserting their belief that the Supreme Being may be expected to manifest anger for a certain special theft above what he would feel at any other crime of a similar nature—that this anger would be manifested by inflicting evil, not on the thief, but on the innocent citizens, in blind indiscriminate vengeance, and that this vengeance might be averted by a certain amount of reiterated repetitions of a given form of words!" Is it possible to conceive a more benighted state of mind than is here evidenced? Do Juggernaut's disciples form to themselves a lower and more immoral notion of their deity than these so-called Christian priests?

The truth—that the religion of modern Rome is in reality a modification of Paganism, was well pointed out in a little book entitled "Rome Papal and Pagan," which appeared a year or two since. It was not then asserted for the first time; but the intrinsic identity of the two faiths in their practical effects on the popular mind was well and convincingly proved. And we bring the testimony of another witness to the truthfulness of the author's facts and inferences.

After speaking of such a deplorable want of moral civilization, it would seem an anti-climax to enlarge on the deficiency of physical progress. Suffice it to say, that the absence of all the smaller as well as of the more important commodities of life is most striking. Commerce does not exist. The infinitely small trading transactions which do supply the small quantity of foreign goods consumed, are hampered with obstructions, and oppressed by duties to an all but prohibitory degree. And the stupid acquiescence of the people in things as they are, lends additional effect to the paralysing influence of the Government. Take one instance of this, as shown in the case of one of the simplest articles of daily use. The Romans cannot make any tolerable ink: it is imported from France and from England: and one of those little stone-bottles so familiar to English eyes, which costs sixpence at an English stationer's, and thereby affords the retailer a very large profit, is sold in Rome for about a shilling, or rather more. The Roman stationer asserts—truly enough perhaps—that the heavy duty makes it impossible for him to sell the article at a lower rate. But on inquiry it is found that the duty is levied on the gross weight, so that the stone-bottle, which weighs far more than its contents, is by far the most costly part of the purchase; yet it has never entered into the head of the Roman tradesman that he might import his ink in large bottles, and divide it off himself into small quantities for retail sale, and thus diminish his duties by one-half or more! No, no! Such profound speculations are quite out of the line of his habitual thoughts.

"Pulchra *Madonna*
Da mihi fallere * * *
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem,"

would be still, we fear, the more likely tendency of his thoughts.

And such is the city, and such the people—the product of long years of misgovernment—which the Ninth Pius would now restore to the benefits of a liberal and enlightened rule. Such is the nation which, itself loathing its own degeneracy, is struggling for self-government and regeneration.

And now let us turn again to the question proposed above:—what portions of the system of Papal Government can be usefully preserved, and what must be destroyed in the attempt to improve this so wretched people?

The intention of Pius the Ninth, at the commencement of his career of reformation, was to preserve whole and inviolate the absolute authority of the Papacy in temporal as in spiritual matters. He very distinctly stated his views on this point on more than one occasion. On the first assembling of the "Consulta," he declared, in his Address to the members, that he did not intend by that institution to diminish in any respect the absolute power of the Sovereign; that those were much in error who saw in it the germ of a system incompatible therewith; that it was his duty and his determination to hand down to his successors in the chair of St. Peter, the power he had received from his predecessor whole and intact. His Holiness intended that the Government of the Papal States should remain an absolute despotism. We were ourselves in Rome at that time, and had then ample means of convincing ourselves, that the Romans did not *so* under-

* Athenæum, No. 1066.

stand the boon granted them; and it was not difficult to foresee, that a very short period would suffice to contradict the expectations of his Holiness—nay, that the power had even then already departed from the sceptre of the Innocents and Gregories. Since that time the rushing torrent of European events has so precipitated the course of things at Rome, that the above declaration of the Pope, made some six months ago, seems obsolete by a hundred years. No further illusion can remain to the Holy Father of handing down to his successors that old power which he received. He must now at least know that the temporal power of St. Peter's successor has departed from him for ever. Pius the Ninth's *first* estimate of what could be preserved and what must be abolished of the old Papal system was then an erroneous one. And now, even while we are writing these pages, that question is being debated amid strife and trouble, violence and tumult, discontent on the one hand, and conscientious distress on the other.

It is beginning to become evident that NO portion of that proud fabric can be preserved. It needs but small sagacity in reading the signs of the times to become convinced that the temporal power of the Papacy verges to its close. The entire edifice was too rotten to admit of mending. The bold mason who cut the first crumbling stone from out the tottering wall, has brought down the entire mass with a crash.

England watches the startling spectacle not uninterested. In truth, the phenomena there exhibited are evolving a lesson which should be pregnant with utility to mankind. But though much has been written of late by the English press on the aspect and probabilities of affairs at Rome, no portion of it seems to have seized on the great truth which they are calculated to teach us. Some of the most accredited organs of public opinion, on the contrary, speak of the question at issue as of a dispute between the Pope and his subjects, which should be settled according to the dictates of good feeling and mutual forbearance and moderation. The *generosity* of the Pope is insisted on, and his subjects accused of *ingratitude* in forcing from him further concessions. But we believe such an appreciation of the subject to arise from wholly inadequate notions of the state of Rome, and of the workings of its Government. The real merits of the question must be examined on quite other grounds, and the conclusion to be arrived at will be one of much wider application than the dominions of the Church.

For, in truth, the attempt which Pius the Ninth engaged in was from the first an impossible one. He was endeavouring to co-ordinate incompatibilities. His object was nothing less than to conciliate the liberal institutions which the advanced political science of this age demands with the pretensions of absolutism, and that absolutism vested in the hands of a ruler pretending to infallibility. What success could have been anticipated for such a scheme? Accordingly but little progress is made before difficulties arise—difficulties insoluble under the conditions of the experiment. All the parties concerned find themselves in a false position. It is soon discovered by both Pope and people that it is impossible to get on with ministers selected from the clergy, and especially from the Sacred College. Lay ministers are substituted, and thus another vast portion of the nodding edifice falls. A few more weeks, and a "constitution" is proclaimed, a representative body is created, and the Pope becomes a constitutional monarch, sharing his power with a lay parliament! Does any one at all conversant with the working of a free Government anticipate the permanent duration and successful operation of a political machine so constituted? The Roman hierarchy itself, with the instinct of self-preservation, inserted in the draft of this constitution certain clauses framed in the vain hope of preserving itself from the action of the supreme power it thus created. It was provided that the sums needed for Church purposes should be voted without discussion or inquiry; that no subject in any way bearing on Church matters should be touched on; and finally, that the parliament should have no power of revising or meddling with this fundamental statute. Futile attempt! An omnipotent power (as all representative parliaments must be) is created, and is requested to bear in mind that its omnipotence is hedged in by some other power, which is nowhere visible or tangible! It is an old attempt, but all experience has proved the absurdity of it. Then arises, ere long, a yet worse dilemma:—The monarch finds it inconsistent with his duty as a priest and Pope to do that which would be his duty as a lay monarch, and which his ministers and the entire nation deem to be their duty to their country. The "constitution" is at a dead lock.

And then at last the glaring fact is forced upon the comprehension of the nation, and by them set nakedly before their monarch—that the functions of royalty and priesthood are incompatible in an age of progress; that if the nation is to advance on the path of improvement the same man cannot be Pope and King; that the State and the Church must be two, and reciprocally independent.

And for this the Roman people are accused of being ungrateful to their Pontiff. We can with confidence undertake to say that the Roman people have not been deficient in gratitude to their ruler. The reverse has been most strikingly the case, as can be testified by any attentive observer who has been in Rome for the last few months. The difficulty has been shuffled over, but it has not been got rid of. It will occur again ere long; and it will argue no ingratitude on the part of the Romans, that it will become clearly impossible for such an union of Church and State to continue. The force of events will push the Pontiff to the brink of that precipice from which he must voluntarily throw himself if he would not be violently thrust down. The temporal power of the Papacy seems no longer possible in Rome. And nothing but the gratitude and affection of the Romans for Pius the Ninth could have preserved the empty semblance of it even thus far.

The Pope may perhaps preserve his tottering temporal power. The Papacy may renounce her old and natural alliance with despotism. In Italy and elsewhere she may take democracy to her arms; a large secular advantage she may thus secure, but can she secure it without a larger damage to her purely spiritual character, authority, and influence? On the other hand, if true to his early professions—if true to that spirit of absolutism on which his throne is based, the Pope resists the tide of liberalism as it rises around him—his temporal authority is doomed. That fabric goes to pieces—the result of a larger amount of toil, perseverance, energy, and intellectual power, than the world ever saw applied to a like object. The disruption of the Church and State at Rome—the breaking of the tie where first the bonds were knitted, and when the knot was most tightly drawn—what over Europe would be the future which such an event should usher in? We venture not to forecast it.

Of the works whose titles stand at the head of this Article there is but little to be said. The two French works are mere catch-penny publications, got up in great haste to meet the demand occasioned by the increasing celebrity of the Reformer Pontiff. They have both had a considerable sale in Rome—Roman energy and speculation not having been equal to the production of anything calculated to supply the same want. The first, by M. Clavé, is the better of the two, and contains some amusing anecdotes of the early life of Mastai Ferretti.

The third work mentioned is merely a sort of Roman red book, and is remarkable only as showing the almost incredible number of attendants, officials, and functionaries attached to the Papal Court, and the inextricable labyrinth of its endless multiplication and division of tribunals, courts, and jurisdictions of all sorts.

Art. VII.—1. *The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of* James Brooke, Esq., *of Sarawak, now Her Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General to the Sultan and Independent Chiefs of Borneo.* By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R.N. Third Edition. *With an Additional Chapter, comprising recent Intelligence.* By Walter K. Kelly. In 2 vols. London, 1847.

2. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the occupation of Labuan; from the Journals of* James Brooke, Esq., *Rajah of Sarawak, and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N. *With numerous Plates, &c.* In 2 vols. London, 1848.

3. *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago, with Drawings of Costume and Scenery.* By Frank S. Marryat, late Midshipman of H. M. S. Samarang, Surveying Vessel. London, 1848.

4. *Sarawak—its Inhabitants and Productions; being Notes during a residence in that Country with His Excellency Mr. Brooke.* By Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an. London, 1848.

5. *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years* 1843–46, *employed Surveying the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief Vocabulary of the principal Languages; published under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., C.B., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., &c., Commander of the Expedition. *With Notes on the Natural History of the Islands.* By Arthur Adams, Assistant Surgeon, R.N. 2 vols. London, 1848.

It is interesting to study the variety of means by which Providence carries on its great work of progressive civilization. In the earlier stages of society, the arts of life followed the conqueror in his bloody career, and subjugated nations exchanged a wild independence for the blessings of stable go-

vernment and salutary institutions. At other times, and these, too, of frequent occurrence, civilization has been the offspring of political and religious oppression. Chased by the tyrant from their fatherland, or driven by bigotry from their altars, families distinguished by patriotism and piety have fled for shelter to some friendly shore, and have repaid the hospitality which welcomed them by the noble truths which they imparted, and the holy life which they led. In a more advanced state of society, an exuberant population, in search of food or employment, have been dispersed among the uncultivated wastes, and the luxuriant woodlands of far-distant climes; and thus have the arts of peace, the principles of freedom, and the message of eternity, followed in the train of the starving emigrant, and hallowed the resting-place of the persecuted saint and the patriot exile. No sooner has the temporary dwelling excluded the summer's heat or the winter's cold, than the sons of toil equip themselves for the destined task. The forest falls beneath the peasant's brawny arm, and under his skilful care a golden harvest waves over once barren plains. The village rises amid fruit and foliage—the germ peradventure of some gay metropolis—the centre, it may be, of some mighty empire. The school-house and the temple adorn and bless the exile's home, while light, secular and divine, emanating from this double source, diffuses itself around, and reaches even the homes and the hearts of the savage population. In our own day, however, it is by the schoolmaster and the missionary that the great work of civilization must be carried on; and it is by means of our colonial establishments, and the extension of our commercial relations, that we can expect to obtain the most successful and permanent results. The interchange of European or American manufactures with the produce of savage or semi-barbarous nations, cannot fail to lead to a closer and more friendly intercourse, while the rapidity of locomotive travelling and of steam navigation, and the electric transmission of intelligence over Europe, must give to all maritime states a power of control over barbarous nations which they could not otherwise have wielded. Should our missionary or colonial establishments be assailed by violence—should pirates interrupt our trade, and enslave their captives—a quick and condign punishment will soon reach the aggressors, and secure our countrymen, in their most distant settlements, from the cruelties and depredations to which they have been too frequently exposed. Even among the distant islands of the Indian and the Pacific Oceans, the British and the American flags have waved over the burning villages of the treacherous and bloody savage.

But it is only in seasons of European quiet that the arm of civilization can put forth its power to control the savage tribes that yet occupy and deface the fairest portions of the earth; and it is only in times of domestic peace that a Christian people can direct the undivided energy of their faith against the licentious orgies and the bloody rites of Pagan idolatry. While Freedom has to struggle against the despot, and enlightened nations have their liberties yet to conquer, the Christian and the Philanthropist must pause or falter in their aggressive movement against ignorance and superstition. It is but when nations are governed by equal laws—when rank and wealth exercise their just and salutary influence—when the civilized races are united by friendly ties, and the mutual interchange of food and industry;—it is only then that the national will can be concentrated on national objects, and that our armed battalions and our ships of war can be summoned to the noble enterprise of wafting the teacher and the missionary to the land of darkness—of striking the fetters from the slave—and of breaking down the strongholds of cruelty and vice.

In the annals of philanthropy there are recorded many precious examples of individual and successful devotion to its cause. When Howard strove to ameliorate the prisoner's lot, and to purify his living grave—when Elizabeth Fry laboured to instruct and reform the convict—and Guthrie to teach and educate the ragged child—and Ashley to soften the agonies of female toil and of youthful labour, it was to one mind that humanity owed each noble conception, and it was by one stern will that each arduous purpose was accomplished; but until our own day History has furnished us with no example in which a single individual has ventured to undertake, on any considerable scale, the civilization and improvement of barbarous communities.

This remarkable effort, which has excited the admiration of his countrymen, and will command the applause of every succeeding age, has been recently made by Mr. James Brooke, an English gentleman, who has devoted his fortune and his talents to the civilization and improvement of one of the loveliest portions of the globe. The numerous works placed at the head of this article, relate almost solely to this most interesting chapter of Modern History; and difficult as the task must be, we have felt it incumbent

upon us to present our readers with a succinct and continuous narrative of those extraordinary operations in which Mr. Brooke has been engaged.

Mr. Brooke was born at Combe Grove, near Bath, on the 29th April, 1803. He was the second, but is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the East India Company's Civil Service. At an early age he went to India, as a cadet in the Bengal army, where he held advantageous appointments. On the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to Assam; and in an action with the enemy, his gallantry was so conspicuous that he received the thanks of the Government. But having been shot through the lungs, he was obliged to return to England for the benefit of his health. Having made himself master of several modern languages, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and upon the expiry of his furlough he again embarked for India. The ship, however, was wrecked on the Isle of Wight, and this little incident, combined with the paltry and unjust regulations of the East India Company, deprived our Eastern empire of the services of a man who might have been its brightest ornament; and thus transferred to the cause of humanity the energies of his powerful mind, and the benefits of his transcendent talents. Owing to the delay which this misfortune had occasioned, Mr. Brooke's leave of absence had expired when he reached Madras; and when he found that a troublesome and tedious correspondence with the Home authorities would be necessary to replace him in the position which he had innocently forfeited, he at once relinquished the service, and resolved to proceed with the ship to China, in search of health and amusement. In crossing the China Seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Indian Archipelago, inviting the traveller by their surpassing beauty, and teeming with Nature's rarest and richest productions. But while a tropical sun was shedding its pure light over the landscape, and tipping its rocks and mountains with gold, there lay above the valleys a moral darkness which time and toil only could disperse; and where animal and vegetable life arrested the eye by their magnificence and beauty, life intellectual stood forth a hideous blot upon Nature's scutcheon, drawn in the blackest lines of cruelty, treachery, and vice. The two antagonist pictures appear to have been simultaneously impressed upon the mind of our youthful adventurer, and the attractions of the one seem to have allured and impelled him to abate the deformity of the other. To visit and explore the lovely scenes which were now presented to him in the course of his voyage, was only a passing thought; but when he learned at Canton the true value and the singular variety of the products of the Archipelago, the idea took possession of his mind, and upon his return to England he resolved to realize it. In conjunction with a friend, to whom he had imparted his purpose, he fitted out a vessel of large burden, and proceeded to the China Seas, but circumstances and events which have not yet been made public, prevented him from carrying his plans into effect under any other auspices than his own.

Upon the death of his father in 1838, Mr. Brooke succeeded to a handsome fortune, and was thus enabled single-handed to carry out his darling project. When his preparations for sea were completed, he published a prospectus of his undertaking in the *Geographical Journal* for 1838,* expressing his conviction that the tendency of his voyage was to add to knowledge, to increase trade, and to spread Christianity. Animated by such noble objects, he left the Thames on the 27th of October, 1838, in his yacht the Royalist schooner, a vessel of 142 tons, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, "which, in foreign parts, admits her to the same privileges as a man-of-war, and enables her to carry a white ensign." Her ship's company consisted of *nine* officers, *nine* seamen, and *two* boys. Most of the hands had been with Mr. Brooke three years and upwards, and in the course of a year spent in the Mediterranean he had tested both his vessel and his crew. The Royalist was a fast sailer, and was armed with six six-pounders, a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts. She carried four boats,

* This communication, entitled *Proposed Exploring Expedition to the Asiatic Archipelago*. By James Brooke, Esq., and published in the Society's Journal, vol. viii. pp. 443–448, contains an admirable exposition of his plans, and shows how thoroughly and deliberately he had studied the subject, and weighed the various chances of failure or success which were likely to occur. In this paper, which was the first public notice of his intentions, his views are limited entirely to the object of exploring Borneo, Celebes, and the other islands of the Archipelago.

† In the course of this voyage, Mr. Brooke visited the Island and Gulf of Symi, in February, 1837, and communicated to the Journal of the Geographical Society a very interesting paper, entitled, *Sketches of the Island and Gulf of Symi, on the south-western coast of Anatolia*. By James Brooke, Esq. This well written article exhibits the learning and sagacity of the author, and is a most favourable earnest of what might have been expected from his future labours. We are surprised that it has not even been noticed in the multifarious works which relate to his proceedings in Borneo.

and provisions for four months, besides all the requisite instruments for observation, including three chronometers, and the means of collecting and preserving specimens of natural history. In concluding the proposal which he made to the Geographical Society, Mr. Brooke remarks, "I embark upon the expedition with great cheerfulness, with a stout vessel and a good crew, and I cast myself upon the waters, but whether the world will know me after many days is a question which, hoping the best, I cannot answer with any positive degree of assurance." "I go," he said to a friend, "to awaken the slumbering spirit of philanthropy with regard to these islands. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt I shall not have lived wholly in vain."

Quitting England on the 16th December, the Royalist made a good passage to Rio Janeiro, which occupied nearly two months. After a fortnight's stay, Mr. Brooke sailed on the 9th March for the Cape, and having put into Table Bay on the 15th March, 1839, and completed the repairs of his yacht, he again set sail on the 29th of the same month, and anchored at Singapore in the last week of May. In this delightful spot he spent the months of June and July, making preparations for his trip to Borneo, and arranging the plan of his future operations. Furnished with letters from the governor of Singapore to the Rajah Muda Hassim, governor of Borneo Proper (and uncle to the sovereign), who had shown much kindness and liberality to the crew of an English vessel wrecked on the coast, and taking with him valuable presents of various kinds, Mr. Brooke left Singapore on the 27th July, and anchored on the 1st of August, on the coast of Borneo, in a night "pitchy dark," amid torrents of rain and peals of thunder. Learning that the Rajah was at Sarawak, where he was detained by a rebellion in the interior, Mr. Brooke resolved to proceed thither, in place of Malludu Bay, at the north point of the island. On the morning of the 2d the clouds cleared away, and exhibited to him the majestic scenery of Borneo, with Gunong Palo, a mountain 2000 feet high, rising in the background, and throwing out its picturesque knolls into the wooded plains. On Sunday the 4th, after "performing divine service himself, manfully overcoming that horror which he had to the sound of his own voice before an audience," he landed near a forest of noble timber, clear of brushwood, and thus gives vent in the following beautiful passage to the sentiments which the scenery inspired:—

"This dark forest," says he, "where the trees shoot up straight, and are succeeded by generation after generation, varying in stature, but struggling upwards, strikes the imagination with features trite but true. Here the hoary sage of an hundred years lies mouldering beneath your foot, and there the young sapling shoots beneath the parent shade, and grows in form and fashion like the parent stem. The towering few, with heads raised above the general mass, can scarce be seen through the foliage of those beneath, but here and there the touch of time has cast his withering hand upon their leafy brow, and decay has begun his work upon the gigantic and unbending trunk. How trite and yet how true! It was thus I meditated in my walk. The foot of European, I said, has never touched where my foot now presses—seldom the native wanders here. Here I indeed behold Nature fresh from the bosom of creation, unchanged by man, and stamped with the same impress she originally bore! Here I behold God's designs when he formed this tropical land, and left its culture and improvement to the agency of man. The Creator's gift, as yet neglected by the creature, and yet the time may be confidently looked for when the axe shall level the forest, and the plough turn the ground."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 18, 19.

Near the island of Talang-Talang, Mr. Brooke was welcomed on the 7th by the Bandar, or treasurer of the place, who came in his canoe, and assured him of a hearty welcome from the Rajah; and having "dispatched his gig for Sarawak, in order to acquaint the Rajah of his arrival," he was met on the 13th by a canoe, containing a Pangeran of note (Illudeen) to welcome them, accompanied by other persons of distinction, and a score of followers. The party ate and drank, and talked with much ease and liveliness, and, from the state of the tide, were obliged to sleep in the Royalist. On the 17th the yacht anchored abreast of Sarawak, and saluted the Rajah with twenty-one guns, which was returned with eighteen from his residence. Mr. Brooke and his party were received in state, in the most flattering manner, in the Hall of Audience, a large shed erected on piles, but tastefully decorated in the interior. The strangers were seated in chairs on one hand of the Rajah, and on the other sat his brother Mahammed, and Macota and other chiefs, while immediately behind him were seated his twelve younger brothers. Tea and tobacco were served by attendants on their knees. A band played wild airs during the interview; and after a visit of half an hour, the strangers rose and took their leave.

After various interchanges of visits and presents, some of them without the usual formality and reserve, Mr. Brooke obtained leave to travel into the country of the Dyaks, and to visit the Malay towns of Sadung, Sa-

marahan, &c.; and in pursuance of this plan, he left Sarawak (formerly Kuchin), accompanied by the prahus (boats) of Pangeran Illudeen and the Panglima, the former pulling twelve paddles, and having two brass swivels and twenty men, and the latter having a gun and ten men, while the Skimalong, a long boat of Mr. Brooke's, carried a gun and ten men. With this equipment, superior to any force of the Rajah's enemies, they "proceeded up a Borneon river (Morotaba) hitherto unknown, sailing where no European ever sailed before; and admiring the deep solitude, the brilliant night, the dark fringe of retired jungle, the lighter foliage of the river bank, with here and there a tree flashing and shining with fire-flies, nature's tiny lamps, glancing and flitting in countless numbers, and incredible brilliancy." The expedition had proceeded about a hundred miles up the Samarahan river, admirably calculated for the purposes of navigation and trade, receiving hospitality and kindness at the different villages on its banks, when the Pangeran, dreading the hostility of the Dyaks, and alleging that the river was narrow, rapid, and obstructed by trees, insisted upon returning to Sarawak, which they reached on the 25th. On the 30th, the same flotilla set out to explore the river Lundu, and to visit the Sibnowan Dyaks and their town of Tungong. This river is about half a mile wide at the mouth and from 150 to 200 yards off Tungong, which stands on the right bank, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is only *one enormous house* with three or four small huts, for the whole population of about 400 souls! This remarkable tenement is 594 feet long, and the front room or street is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The floor is 12 feet above the ground, and it is reached by means of the trunk of a tree, with notches cut in it, which performs the part of a ladder. The back part is divided by neat partitions into the private apartments of the various families, which communicate with the public apartments. The married persons occupy the private rooms, while the widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public apartments. There is in front of this extraordinary building a terrace, 50 feet broad, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo, and extending partially along the front of the building.

"This platform," says Mr. Brooke, "as well as the front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c. &c. There were 200 men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and for those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than 400 souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy story, in which they stow their stores of food, and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is longer than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst *over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls*, according to the custom of these people.

* * * I was informed that they had many more in their possession, all, however, the heads of enemies. On inquiring, I was told, that it is indispensable that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53-55.

The practice of *head-hunting*, as it is called, referred to in the preceding extract, is carried to a great extent in Borneo. It is necessary, in many places, to propitiate the bride by throwing down before her a number of heads in a net; and though one head may, in cases where there is no competition of lovers, satisfy the bride, yet the courage of the male, and consequently his success in love, is measured by the number which he can display. It is not, however, at marriages alone that these disgusting trophies are demanded. At the death of any person, a head must be procured previous to the celebration of the funeral; and it is confidently stated, that in the north as well as in the south of Borneo, human victims, generally slaves, are sacrificed on the death of a chief, and even on other occasions. Among the land tribes, the heads are the general property of the village, and are stored up in what is called the Head-House; but the Sea-Dyaks hold them as personal property, and occasionally wear them dangling at their loins. An old chief, when regretting the destruction of all his property by fire, stated to Mr. Low, that "he would not have regretted it so much if he could have saved the trophies of the prowess of his fathers—the heads collected by his ancestors." Baskets full of these heads, deprived of the brain, and dried over a slow and smoking fire, may be found at any house in the villages of the sea-tribes; and the number of these disgusting objects is a measure of the distinction of the family. The mode of treating a captured head by the Sea-Dyaks is thus described by Mr. Low:—

"The head is brought on shore with much ceremony, and wrapped up in the curiously folded and plaited leaves of the Nipah palm, and frequently emitting the disgusting odours peculiar to decaying mortality. This, the Dyaks have frequently told me, is particularly grateful to their senses, and surpasses the odorous durian, their favourite fruit. On shore, and in the village, the head, for months after its arrival, is treated with the greatest consideration, and all the names and terms of endearment of which their language is capable are lavished upon it. The most dainty morsel culled from their repast is thrust into its mouth, and it is instructed to hate its former friends, and that having been now adopted into the tribe of its captors, its spirit must be always with them: sirih leaves and betel-nut are given to it, and finally a cigar is frequently placed between its ghastly and pallid lips. None of this disgusting mockery is performed with the intention of ridicule, but all to propitiate the spirit by kindness, and to procure its good wishes for the tribe of which it is now supposed to have become a member."—Low's *Sarawak, &c.*, pp. 206, 207.

After the feast which follows this barbarous ceremony, dancing generally commences, and this is "performed with the recently acquired heads suspended from the persons of the actors, who move up and down the veranda with a slow step and corresponding movements of their outstretched arms, uttering occasionally a yell which rises fierce and shrill above the discordant noises of the gongs, &c., to which the dancers move."

The mode of dealing with heads among the land tribes, is well described by Mr. Maryat, who had occasion to witness a *Head-House* while visiting three villages in the Serambo mountains, occupied by the hill Dyaks, under Mr. Brooke's sway. Mr. Maryat's party was escorted to a house in the centre of the village, differently constructed from the rest. It was raised and well ventilated by numerous port-holes in its pointed roof.* A rough ladder conducted the party to the room above; and when they entered they were "taken aback" by finding that they were in the head house, and that *the beams were lined with human heads all hanging by a small line passing through the top of the skull.* "They were painted in the most fantastic and hideous manner; pieces of wood, painted to imitate the eyes, were inserted into the sockets, and added not a little to their ghastly grinning appearance. The strangest part of the story, and that which added very much to the effect of the scene, was *that these skulls were perpetually moving to and fro, and knocking against each other.* This, I presume, was occasioned by the different currents of air blowing in at the port-holes; but what with their continual motion, their nodding their chins when they hit each other, and their grinning teeth, they really appeared to be endowed with new life, and were a very merry set of fellows."

In the last week of September, Mr. Brooke undertook another expedition to the river Sadung, accompanied by the Pangerans Illudeen and Subtu. The town called Songi is of considerable size, and along the river, from which there is a good deal of trade, the population may amount to 2000 or 3000 persons. After visiting an Illanun pirate, who resides up the Songi, a tributary of the Sadung, and also Seriff Sahib, the son of an Arab, who married a daughter of the Borneon Rajah, they sailed up the river to a point thirty miles from its mouth, where there was a village, consisting of three moderately long houses, inhabited by the Sibnowan Dyaks, where they found a collection of heads, some of them fresh, and said to be women's, hanging, ornamented with feathers, before the entrance of the chief's private apartments. After a night's exposure to torrents of rain and the vivid lightning of the tropics, the river party dropped down to the entrance into the Sadung, and passing over the sand flats to the Royalist, they were joined by the Pangerans, who next day returned to Sarawak, leaving the Panglima Rajah to pilot them out. When the Panglima, in his prahu, with twelve men, was lying close to the shore, they were roused from their sleep by a piratical attack of the roving Sarebus Dyaks, who stole upon them by surprise, wounded severely the Panglima and several of his men, and but for the timeous discharge of a gun from the Royalist, which frightened the assailants, the whole party would have been slaughtered.

Returning to Sarawak on the 1st October, Mr. Brooke and his party accepted of a pressing invitation from the Rajah. From four o'clock they sat, and talked, and drank tea, and smoked, till eight in the evening, when dinner was announced. The table was laid *à l'Anglaise*—a good curry of rice, grilled fowls, and a bottle of wine. The party did justice to their cheer, and the Rajah, throwing off all reserve, bustled about with the proud and pleasing consciousness of having given an English dinner in proper style, now drawing the wine, now changing the plates, pressing his guests to eat, and saying you are at home. After dinner they drank and smoked and talked till the hour of rest. Mr. Brooke's couch was a crimson silk mattress, embroidered with gold, and covered with white, gold-embroidered mats and pillows. The others fared equally well, and greatly

* A drawing of this *Head-House* is given by Sir E. Belcher, vol. i. p. 26.

enjoyed their wine, in consequence of their own stock having been expended.

Having taken a cordial leave of the Rajah, and in the course of his three expeditions obtained much useful information respecting the natural history, geography, statistics, and language of the Dyaks, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore on the 2d October, carrying along with him letters for the merchants of that place, and a list of the imports and exports of Sarawak. As it was probable that the civil war might continue for many months, he thought it would be injudicious to return to Sarawak, and he therefore decided on making an excursion to the island of Celebes, as he had contemplated in his original prospectus. Taking with him a large assortment of British goods, as presents to the chiefs and people, he set sail on the 20th November, and about the middle of December, 1839, he arrived off Celebes. Captain Keppel has given only such extracts from Mr. Brooke's Journal of that "portion of his excursion to Celebes and among the Bugis, as particularly bears upon his Borneon sequel," amounting only to a portion of a chapter. But Captain Mundy has devoted *ten* chapters to the subject, and has given the whole of Mr. Brooke's Journal of this interesting expedition. As our object is to make our readers acquainted with Mr. Brooke's life and labours in his own territory of Sarawak, we can only devote a brief space to a notice of his visit to Celebes, or rather to his circumnavigation of the gulf of Boni.

On the 16th of December Mr. Brooke landed at Bonthian Bay, where he was kindly received by the officers of the Dutch fort. On the 18th he set out with three doctors and native guides, to see the splendid waterfall of Sapo, "inferior in body of water" to many falls in Switzerland, but superior to any of them in sylvan beauty, its charms being greatly heightened to the imagination, by its deep seclusion, its undisturbed solitude, and its difficulty of access. After passing through the glades and glens, grassy knolls and slopes, they plunged into the woods, and found themselves at the side of the stream below the waterfall. Having finished their breakfast, they all stripped to their trousers, entered the water, and waded along the bed of the river to the fall. The steep and woody banks prevented any other mode of approach, and as the stream rushed down, tumbling over huge rocks, this mode was anything but easy. Sometimes they were up to the arms in water, now stealing with care over wet and slippery stones, now favoured by a few yards of dry ground, and ever and anon swimming a pool to shorten an unpleasant climb.

"In this manner," says Mr. Brooke, "we advanced about half a mile, when the fall became visible; thick trees and hanging creepers intervened; between and through the foliage, we just saw the water glancing and shining in its descent. The effect was perfect. After some little further and more difficult progress, we stood beneath the fall of about 150 feet sheer descent. The wind whirled in eddies, and carried the sleet over us, chilling our bodies, but unable to damp our admiration. The basin of the fall is part of a circle, with the outlet forming a funnel; bare cliffs, perpendicular on all sides, form the upper portion of the vale, and above and below is all the luxuriant vegetation of the East; trees arched and interlaced, and throwing down long and fantastic roots and creepers, shade the scene, and form one of the richest sylvan prospects I have ever beheld. The water foaming and flashing, and then escaping amid huge grey stones on its troubled course—clear and transparent, expanding into tranquil pools, with the flickering sunshine through the dense foliage, all combined to form a scene such as Tasso has described."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Keppel's *Expedition*, vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

At Singapore Mr. Brooke met with Dain Matara, a well-born, affluent, and educated Bugis, who offered to accompany him in his expedition, refusing any remuneration for his services. Mr. Brooke agreed to take him and his servant, and found him a cheerful, good-tempered, and intelligent companion. On the 20th, Mr. Brooke, with a party of twelve, undertook the ascent of Lumpu Batang. They rested at different villages on the hill, where they saw the cockatoo in its wild state, and encountered a community of dusky baboons; and on the 22d, after midday, they attained the summit, never before reached by Europeans. On the top they saw the dung of wild cattle, which are said to be a species of urus;* and found specimens of pumice stone, indicating the volcanic nature of the mountain. Mr. Brooke estimates the population of the villages in this district at about 5000. The chief product of the country is coffee, which is collected by the Bugis merchants to the extent of 80,000 peculs annually, the price being 15 or 16 Java rupees per pecul. Tortoise shell and mother of pearl shells are abundant.

On the 6th of January, 1840, Mr. Brooke intimated to the King of Boni, his arrival as a private individual, and his wish to visit him. His Majesty gave orders that all the wants of the party should be supplied; but

* See this *Journal*, vol. v.

in consequence of foolish reports that five ships were on their way to Boni, to expel the Dutch, no answer was given to Mr. Brooke's proposal. Having collected information respecting the condition and politics of Boni, and believing that some sinister influence was at work to prevent his meeting with the king, he resolved to proceed on his voyage.

The state of Boni, though of recent origin, is now the most powerful in Celebes. Its form of government is an aristocratic elective monarchy, the king, or the Patamankowe, being chosen by the Aru Pitu, or Rajah Pitu, that is by six men or Rajahs. These six men fill also the great offices of state, and each, in case of absence, can appoint a proxy. The Tomarilalan, who is prime minister or treasurer, is not one of the elective body, but is a sort of balancing power, and the medium of communication between them and the king, although there is reason to believe that this functionary wields a higher authority than even the Aru Pitu. The king decides when the Aru Pitu is equally divided; but in cases of election to the supreme power, the Tomarilalan decides between the contending parties. In such cases a general assembly of the inferior rajahs and official functionaries is convened, whose voice influences, if it does not decide the election. The public voice, however, thus faintly developed in this elective monarchy, has not yet, as Mr. Brooke expresses it, "worked any benefit to the community generally."

On his arrival at Peneke, in the kingdom of Wajo, on the 26th January, Mr. Brooke met with a kind and affable reception from three rajahs. They visited the Royalist, and offered to show him and his party a deer hunt, and to take them to Tesora, the present capital of Wajo. They accordingly set out on the 30th, and passing through Doping, Piagaga, and Penrang, amid assembled thousands carrying arms and banners, and firing muskets, and uttering discordant yells, they reached Tesora, a large straggling city, the ancient boundary of which is marked by a fortification several miles in circuit. The houses are mostly large and well built, but old and tottering; and the remains of brick-built mosques and powder-magazines indicate the former extent of the city. The population, now about 6000, must have been four times that number. Mr. Brooke and his party were received at the house allotted to them by crowds within, and a mob without, and sat eating sweetmeats, and afterwards devouring their dinner—the gaze and wonder of a Bugis multitude. When they lay down to sleep, the crowd, particularly the female portion, pressed closer to look at their faces; and when they left the house, fresh hordes pursued them till midnight. The following day they visited the Rajah, and after a luxurious collation, at which politics were unreservedly discussed, they were entertained with the brutality of cock-fighting. The Bugis consider themselves as a *free people*, and Mr. Brooke was unable to discover the faintest trace of any limit to the freedom of discourse. They are a manly and spirited, though an idle race. As colonists and traders they are enterprising. The women enjoy perfect liberty; and though talking often "in a very unlady-like manner, on unlady-like subjects, yet they are chaste." The population of the eastern and northern shores, and particularly of Wajo, is 67,800, reckoning 15 persons to a house, the number of houses being 4520.

The southern limb of Celebes contains the four kingdoms of Luwu, Wajo, Boni, and Soping. Goa, the fifth, has been long under European domination, and Si Dendring, once part of Boni, is now an independent kingdom. The three states of Boni, Wajo, and Soping, have acted as one state for the purpose of defence. Wajo is governed by six hereditary Rajahs, three civil and three military, who elect the head, viz. the Aru Matoah. A chamber of forty nobles are appealed to on difficult emergencies, and three Pangawas, or tribunes of the people, who summon the council of forty, watch over popular rights. The three Pangawas are elected by the people, and generally hold office for life. The Rajah Panrang, next in rank to the six, "holds the privilege of advising or upbraiding the six Rajahs." The wealth of all classes consists in slaves, or rather serfs. There are fifty slaves or more to each freeman. They are neither imported nor exported. Debtors and criminals become slaves, and their masters have the power of life and death.

In returning through Boni, Mr. Brooke observed a ludicrous example of court etiquette. Although the country possesses a constitution, yet it has been reduced to a state of perfect despotism by the Patamankowe or king. "When this personage sits all sit—when he rises all rise. Should he ride and fall from his horse, all about him must fall from their horses likewise. If he bathe, all must bathe too, and whoever is passing at the time must plunge into the water in the dress, good or bad, which they happen to wear."

Mr. Brooke had heard in the early part of his journey of the cave of Mampo, which

was said to be "full of figures of men and beasts," and he took much trouble to obtain leave to visit it. The hill of Mampo, 400 feet high, and composed of coral rock, is two miles from the town of Unii, and is flat-topped and covered with wood. The Patamankowe appointed the Aru Tanneté to accompany Mr. Brooke to the cave, and the party set out on the 3d of April, attended by a mob of 200 or 300 persons. The entrance to the cave, which immediately expands into a lofty hall, dropping with the fantastic forms of numerous stalactites, is at a short distance from the town of Alupang, consisting of seventy houses, and standing on the hill side.

"Mampo cave," says Mr. Brooke, "is a production of nature, and the various halls and passages exhibit the multitude of beautiful forms with which Nature adorns her works; pillars, and shafts, and fret-work, many of the most dazzling white, adorn the roofs or support them, and the ceaseless progress of the work is still going forward and presenting all figures in gradual formation. The top of the cave, here and there fallen in, gives gleams of the most picturesque light, whilst trees and creepers, growing from the fallen masses, shoot up to the level above, and add a charm to the scene. Yet was I greatly disappointed, and enjoyed the sight less than I should otherwise have done.

"These varied forms of stalactites the natives speak of as figures; a fallen pillar represents a rajah; and, by a like stretch of imagination, they call various stones dogs, horses, ships, rice, looms, &c. Names arbitrarily enough bestowed, but which retain their particular designations, and produce their uniformity of statement when they speak of the figures they each have seen in the cave. Some parts of the cave are inclosed with stones, and offerings of slight burning sticks, similar to those used in Chinese temples, are stuck round them. The path to these shrines is so well trodden, that they are evidently much frequented by the natives.

* * * * * *

"The hundreds of dark figures with flaming torches mingling their light with the streams of sunbeams from the roof—their yells and shouts as they entered the spacious halls, and the time—the clime—the spot—all produced a highly picturesque effect; yet I could not enjoy, though I admired; and my chief comfort was, that I might spare other travellers from being misled by the exaggerated, but consistent account of the natives.

"The European imagination would deck this cave with all the semblance of a cathedral, with some slight approximation to the reality; they would see the shrines of saints or heroes—the Gothic arch—the groined roof—the supporting pillars.

"The natives, from tradition as well as imagination, bestow on the varied shapes of stalactites the names of men, of beasts, or of birds. The halls of Alhambra are the nearest approach to the caves of Nature's formation, and we may suppose they were first imitations of Nature's subterranean works.

"The transition from the dim light and freshness of the cave into the bright glare of a tropical sun, was very displeasing; and I felt glad, after an excursion of some hours, to return to our quarters at Unii."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal*, Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. pp. 141–143.

Leaving Tesora, and descending the Chinrara, Mr. Brooke joined the Royalist, and proceeded on his voyage northward, visiting Luwu, the oldest and most decayed of the Bugis states, and rounding the northern extremity of the gulf of Boni, where the river Uru discharges itself by seven mouths into the sea. He visited the Minkoka tribe, on the east side of the gulf, a people who are "keen barterers," marry only one wife, and have a language of their own. Mr. Brooke got 2½ lbs. of wax for a red cotton handkerchief, worth 8d.: 30lbs. of sago for one worth a shilling, and from 70 to 100 cocoa nuts for a small red cotton handkerchief. Descending the coast by Pulo-Bassa, an island growing from the reef, the Royalist ran across the bay to Bonthian, and thence to Samarang, where Mr. Brooke was compelled to put in for provisions, and where he received money and hospitality from Mr. MacNeill. From Samarang he proceeded to Singapore, where he remained a few months to recruit his health and refit his vessel. Early in August he set out for Sarawak, where he arrived on the 29th of August, 1840.

Sick, languid, and disabled, Mr. Brooke's determination had been to remain only for a few days on his way northward, and this resolution was strengthened when he found that no progress had been made in suppressing the rebellion, which had lasted for four years. The cordial reception, however, which he met with from the Rajah Muda Hassim, the chiefs, and the people, and the earnest prayers of the first, that he would not leave him in his present disgraced and deserted position, induced him to join the miserable Borneo army; but such were "the scenes of cowardice, treachery, intrigue, and lukewarmness which he witnessed in the course of ten days, that he left them and returned to his vessel. The Rajah renewed his entreaties, and offered to make over to him the government of Sarawak, with its revenues and trade. Mr. Brooke refused to accept this offer while the war was pending; and considering the war as just and righteous, and its speedy termination as a service to humanity, he started to join the Sarawak forces on the 3d of October at Leda Tanah, where he saw "the whole army bathe, with the commander-in-

chief at their head." The army consisted of 200 Chinese, armed chiefly with swords and spears, 250 Malays, and about 200 Dyaks of various tribes. The enemy, who occupied the fort of Bolidah, were from 350 to 500 strong, half of whom were armed with muskets, and the other half with spears. The fort was on a slight eminence at the water's edge, defended by a few swivels and a gun or two, and by various snares, some like mole-traps, and others were holes filled with ranjows, or spiked bamboos. To assault the fort by a chain of three forts, and a stockade, was the resolve of the allied army. A reinforcement of men and guns, sent for by Mr. Brooke, having arrived, a breach was soon made in the wooden fort on the 31st October. Mr. Brooke proposed to storm the place with 150 Chinese and Malays; but though some of the chiefs agreed, and tried to influence the courage of those who dissented from the proposal, no attempt was made to attack the enemy. Neither persuasion nor ridicule had any influence upon them, and Mr. Brooke returned in disgust to his ship. The Rajah again induced him to return, and on the 10th December he rejoined the army. The campaign now assumed an active character. New recruits had arrived, and new forts were erected; and after a series of skirmishes, with varied success and little loss, the enemy advanced from the stockade into the open field. Mr. Brooke instantly saw their mistake, and profited by it. With his detachment of Englishmen, twelve in number, he charged quickly across the padi-fields, followed by *one* Illanun, named Si Tundo, and by the rest of the natives at a respectful distance. The manœuvre was completely successful. The moment the English appeared on the ridge above the river, in the hollow of which the rebels were seeking protection, they were completely routed, and the victory was decisive and bloodless. The rebels lost their arms and ammunition, several forts were captured, the remnant of the defeated troops were disheartened, and in a few days a treaty was signed, Bolidah delivered up, and at the close of 1840, the rebellion at an end. Mr. Brooke made it a condition with the Rajah that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, and that their women and children, who were given as hostages, should be treated kindly, and preserved from wrong.

In the beginning of January, 1841, the army broke up from its encampment near Siniavin, and returned to Sarawak. When Mr. Brooke "was winding up his affairs, in order to have an agreement drawn up between the Rajah and himself," a fleet of Illanun pirates appeared on the coast, and with the Rajah's permission anchored off Sarawak. It was reported that their object was to seize fifty lacks of dollars which were supposed to be on board the Royalist, whose figure head was believed to be of solid gold. The fleet consisted of eighteen prahus, decorated with flags and streamers, and firing cannon and musketry. The smallest carried 30, and the largest 100 men, and each had from 30 to 50 oars. Their armament was one or two six-pounders on the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. Mr. Brooke "put himself into a complete posture of defence, lest hostilities might ensue." The interview with the Rajah, however, was friendly, and the fleet departed in peace. Magindanao, Sooloo, and the northern part of Borneo, are the great nests of piracy; and as no measures have been adopted for its suppression, the greatest devastation and misery are inflicted on the rest of the Archipelago.

Having received from the Rajah the papers duly signed and sealed, which declared him "resident at Sarawak," that is, which gave him permission to live in the province, and "to seek profit by trade," Mr. Brooke engaged to "bring a vessel for trade, laden with a mixed cargo for the Sarawak market;" and the Rajah promised in return to build him a house, and to procure antimony ore in return for his goods. Under these arrangements, Mr. Brooke sailed for Singapore, on the 16th February, and after a stay of three months, during which he purchased, for $5000, the Swift, a schooner of ninety tons, and put a suitable cargo on board her, he returned with his two vessels to Sarawak early in April, 1841. Though he was received with honours and salutes, and with renewed kindness on the part of the Rajah and the people generally, yet Mr. Brooke found that the house promised him was not even begun, and that the antimony ore was not ready for delivery. The wooden tenement, however, was speedily erected; but though the whole cargo of the Swift was delivered to the Rajah, yet the price of it in antimony was not paid. When suffering under this disappointment, a fleet of 100 prahus, manned by two or three thousand wild Dyaks and Malays, swept past his house and up the river, for the purpose of slaughtering the inoffensive people on its banks, and procuring slaves and plunder. By a firm remonstrance with the Rajah this expedition was prevented, and hundreds of lives probably spared. It was at this time also that Mr. Brooke learned that the crew of an English ship, wrecked on the north-

west coast, were detained as prisoners at Bruni, the capital. He in vain requested the Rajah to apply to the Sultan for their release, and at last determined to dispatch the Royalist for that purpose. A portion of the antimony ore (750 peculs) having been now shipped on board the Swift, and no further remittance being probable, she was sent to Singapore, both vessels sailing for their different destinations on the 25th of July, and Mr. Brooke and his three companions remaining at Sarawak.

Although Mr. Brooke, with his three companions, without the protection of his vessel or his crew, was now at the mercy of the Rajah, he did not scruple to urge him to the fulfilment of his promises, and to point out his injustice in withholding the antimony ore, and in delaying to assist him in the release of his countrymen, and his want of faith respecting the negotiation for the government of Sarawak, and the detention of the female prisoners taken in the rebellion. These representations were met with more abundant promises, but no exertion was made to fulfil them. After returning from an excursion into the interior, and waiting with anxiety the return of his ship, Mr. Brooke received a letter from Captain Gill of the Sultana of Bombay, which had been destroyed by lightning on the 4th of January, 1841. Forty-one of her crew had reached Borneo in an indescribable state of starvation and misery. The Sultan had allowed Captain Gill and Mr. and Miss De Souza, with three servants, to proceed to Singapore, but they were obliged to put in dismasted to the island Sirhassan, and were afterwards detained by a fleet of piratical prahus. Afflicted by this intelligence, Mr. Brooke took measures for the relief of the parties at Borneo and Sirhassan, but before he learned the effect of these, the Royalist arrived at Samarang near Sarawak on the 18th, and the Swift on the 19th August. The intelligence brought by the Royalist was in every respect unfavourable. Pretending that the prisoners had entered into an agreement with him, the Sultan refused in a letter to Mr. Brooke to release them; but this miserable subterfuge served only to increase his exertions in their favour. The Honourable Company's steamer Diana had been sent by the Governor of Singapore to communicate with Mr. Brooke, and then to proceed to Bruni to demand the release of the wrecked British subjects. Influenced no doubt by this event, the Rajah sent some Pangerans to Bruni with the same humane object, and in a short time the Diana returned with Captain and Mrs. Page, Mr. Young, the second officer, and all the rest of the Sultana's crew, save only a few who had landed at the north part of Borneo, and been afterwards brought as slaves to Borneo Proper.

Mr. Brooke's position at Sarawak was now a critical one. The Pangeran Macota, a cruel and faithless chief, had shown the bitterest hostility to him. By threats and violence he had "prevented or driven all persons from visiting him," and he had used every means to prevent the Rajah from completing the transference of Sarawak to Mr. Brooke. In this state of affairs, Mr. Brooke determined to make a bold and decisive movement; and having obtained the fullest proof of the intrigues and crimes of Macota, he laid the information before the Rajah Muda Hassim, and demanded an investigation.

"My demand, as usual," says he, "was met by vague promises of future inquiry, and Macota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany: but the moment for action had now arrived. My conscience told me that I was bound no longer to submit to such injustice, and I was resolved to test the strength of our respective parties. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions and mode of operation, and having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience. In a few words I pointed out the villany of Macota, his tyranny and oppression of all classes, and my determination to attack him by force and drive him from the country. I explained to the Rajah, that several chiefs and a large body of Siniawan Dyaks (200) were ready to assist me, and that the only course left to prevent bloodshed was immediately to proclaim me governor of the country.

"This unmistakable demonstration had the desired effect: a resistance, indeed, on his part would have been useless, for the Chinese population, and the inhabitants of the town generally, remained perfectly neutral. None joined the party of Macota, and his paid followers were not more than twenty in number. Under the guns of the Royalist, and with a small body of men to protect me personally, and the great majority of all classes with me, it is not surprising that the negotiation proceeded rapidly to a favourable issue. The document was quickly drawn up, sealed, signed, and delivered; and on the 24th of September, 1841, I was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak, amidst the roar of cannon and a general display of flags and banners from the shore and boats in the river."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Capt. Mundy's *Narrative, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Thus confirmed in his government, Mr. Brooke devoted his highest powers to the interests of humanity and the civilization of his people: He released upwards of a hundred of the unfortunate females whom the

fate of war had left in the power of the Rajah; he substituted a moderate tax on rice in room of the arbitrary exactions of his predecessor; he established a court for the administration of justice, in which he himself presided, with the assistance of such of the Rajah's brothers as chose to attend; he protected the Dyaks from the oppression and rapacity of the Malays; and he prepared a naval force for defending himself against the incursions of the sea-pirates.

The year 1842, the first of Mr. Brooke's reign, began under favourable auspices. In the code of laws which he printed and promulgated in the Malay language, he adopted the criminal law of Borneo, he granted freedom of trade in everything but antimony ore, and he laid down rules for fixing and collecting the revenue. After experiencing many difficulties, and facing many dangers to which he was exposed in the administration of justice, he undertook an excursion, about the middle of April, to his diamond mines at Suntah. On the 26th April, they entered the small river Slabad, but it was so obstructed by fallen trees that they were forced to return after ascending about four miles. Leaving their boats they walked to the steep mountain Tubbany, about 400 feet in length. About half way up they gained the entrance of a cave into which they descended through a hole. "It is 50 or 60 feet long, and its far end is supported on a colonnade of stalactites, and opens on a sheer precipice of 100 or 150 feet. Hence the spectator can overlook the distant scene; the forest lies at his feet, and only a few trees growing from the rock reach nearly to the level of the grotto. The effect is striking and panoramic, the grotto cheerful; floored with fine sand; the roof groined like Gothic, whence the few clear droops which filter through, form here and there the fantastic stalactites common to such localities. The natives report the cave to be the residence of a fairy queen, and they show her bed, pillow, and other of her household furniture. Within the cave we found a few remnants of human bones, probably those of some poor Dyak who had crawled there to die."

After his return to Sarawak, where he found "peace and plenty, the poor not harassed, and justice done to all," Mr. Brooke undertook an expedition against the Singé Dyak Chief Parimban. The mountain of Singé with its groves of fruit-trees, is inhabited by 800 males, the most ignorant and wild of the Dyaks. Their chief, Parimban, had made himself unpopular by his extortion, and had illegally made war upon the Sigos, one of the Dyak tribes of Sarawak. Mr. Brooke gave the chieftainship of the tribe to a younger and more popular chief of the name of Bibit, and making Parimban pay two guns to the Sigo Dyaks, he concluded a peace between them.

On his return to Sarawak, Mr. Brooke made arrangements for visiting Brunê, the capital of Borneo Proper, to procure the ratification by the Sultan of the grant of the Government and country of Sarawak; to obtain the release of the Lascar crew of the Sultana and Viscount Melbourne, which had been wrecked on the Luconia shoal; to reconcile Muda Hassim to the Sultan; to make him virtual if not nominal sovereign of Borneo, and thus get himself firmly established and relieved from the intriguing, mean, base Borneons.

He accordingly embarked in the Royalist on the 15th July, and on the 22d he arrived in the Borneo river. No sooner was his arrival intimated, than a mob of Pangerans with their followers came on board at two o'clock in the morning, eager in their inquiries after Muda Hassim, and anxious for his return. After various intercommunications, Mr. Brooke was presented to the Sultan on the 25th. In the course of a week he was so fortunate as to achieve all the objects of his voyage. A reconciliation was effected between the Sultan and Muda Hassim—the twenty Lascars of the shipwrecked British ships were released, and on the 1st August, 1842, the contract making over to Mr. Brooke the government of Sarawak, was signed, sealed, and witnessed.

After receiving mobs of visitors on the 3d and 4th, the Royalist set sail next day, and arrived on the 15th at Sarawak. The Sultan's letters to Muda Hassim were to be produced on the evening of the 18th, in all the state which possibly could be attained; and the following ceremonial accompanied the final cession of Sarawak to its new Rajah:—

"On the arrival of the letters," says Mr. Brooke, "they were received and brought up amid large wax torches, and the person who was to read them was stationed on a raised platform; standing below him was the Rajah with a sabre in his hand; in front of the Rajah was his brother Pangeran Jaffer, with a tremendous kempelan drawn, and around were the other brothers and myself all standing—the rest of the company being seated. The letters were then read, the last one appointing me to hold the government of Sarawak. After this the Rajah descended, and said aloud, 'If any one present disowns or contests the Sultan's appointment, let him declare!' All were silent. He next turned to the Patingis and asked them; they were obedient to the will

of the Sultan. Then came the other Pangerans —'Is there any Pangeran or any young Rajah that contests the question? Pangeran Der Macota, what do you say?' Macota expressed his willingness to obey. One or two other obnoxious Pangerans, who had always opposed themselves to me, were each in turn challenged, and forced to promise obedience. The Rajah then waved his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, 'Whoever he is that disobeys the Sultan's mandate, now received, I will separate his skull;' at this moment some ten of his brothers jumped from the verandah, and drawing their long krisses, began to flourish and dance about, thrusting close to Macota, striking the pillar above his head, pointing their weapons at his breast. This *amusement*, the violence of motion, the freedom from restraint, this explosion of a long pent up animosity, roused all their passions; and had Macota, through an excess of fear or an excess of bravery, started up, he would have been slain, and other blood would have been spilt. But he was quiet, with his face pale and subdued, and as shortly as decency would permit, after the riot had subsided, took his leave. This scene is a custom with them; the only exception to which was that it was pointed so directly at Macota."—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Keppel's *Expedition, &c.*—vol. i. 334.

Although four or five of the Dyak tribes had yielded a ready submission to the sway of their new Rajah, and begged for his protection, yet his authority was defied by the Singé Dyaks, who had been misled by their chief, Parimban, and the Panglima Po Tummo. It became necessary, therefore, to attack them in their stronghold. The mountain on which their village stands is as steep as a ladder, and from an embankment at the top they can roll down rocks, and securely use their spears and other missiles on their ascending enemies. The Patingis, by Mr. Brooke's direction, ascended the hill, and though the Dyaks, with drawn swords, endeavoured to intimidate them, the village was taken, and the two chiefs fled. The sudden appearance of the Dyaks from the left bank of the river, the enemies of the Singé Dyaks, induced Parimban and Po Tummo to surrender themselves, in order to avoid a worse fate; and they accordingly met Mr. Brooke, clothed in white, a symbol of peace and submission. "I told him," says Mr. Brooke, "*I would not kill him*, but take him to the Rajah, and he would then know what were the Rajah's orders;" and yet he tells us a few lines afterwards, that "Parimban and Po Tummo were put in irons, preparatory to their execution," and that they were executed on the 7th of September. "At six o'clock in the evening, as the sun set, Parimban and Po Tummo closed their earthly career. They were taken out to the rear of my house, and dispatched by the knives of the Rajah's followers. I could not help being shocked, though the necessity was a strong one, and their death merited. Besides, their release would have entailed the destruction of numbers of my friends and supporters. Parimbon died with courage. Po Tummo shrank from the execution of the sentence. Both were laid in one grave."*

We have not been able to reconcile ourselves to this act of Mr. Brooke's government. He was Rajah of Sarawak; he promised that he would not kill his captives, and they were not subject to the orders of Rajah Muda Hassim. However necessary, therefore, the punishment might be, and however merited their death, his promise of life should have been kept, and when they surrendered themselves in order to escape the fury of their Dyak foes, he should have protected them from "the knives of the Rajah's followers." In this war of seven days, thus painfully and fatally terminated, Mr. Brooke succeeded, as he himself says, "without the loss of a single life, and without injury to any property, except Parimban's and that of his immediate relatives." With no blood therefore to avenge, and no injury to deplore, the lives of the Singé chiefs might have been spared.

In the beginning of February, 1843, Mr. Brooke went to Singapore, to communicate his views and plans to the Governor, who assured him of his aid in suppressing piracy and advancing commerce, and of his willingness to give him the assistance of any steamers that could be spared from more pressing duties. These important objects had occupied the attention of the British Government, and Admiral Sir W. Parker had, at the conclusion of the Chinese war, ordered the Dido, commanded by the Hon. Captain Keppel, to the Malacca Straits and Borneo. While at Penang in the month of March, 1843, he became acquainted with Mr. Brooke, who accepted of his invitation to return to Sarawak in the Dido. During their "passage across," Mr. Brooke guided Captain Keppel to the haunts of the Balanini pirates, where they fell in with two small fleets—the *first* of *five* large proas, each pulling 50 oars, which escaped with such rapidity, that they appeared to Captain Keppel, "from their swiftness, to be flying," and the *next* of *six* war vessels, which attacked a boat expedition under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke, but were soon overcome, with the

* Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Captain Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. pp. 329–333.

loss of ten men killed and twenty wounded. On the 16th the Dido anchored at Sarawak, and astonished the natives by a salute in honour of Muda Hassim. Mr. Brooke was received with undisguised delight, and warmly welcomed to his adopted country. Having equipped themselves at Mr. Brooke's with swords and cocked hats, they marched to the Rajah's residence, where they smoked cigars, drank tea, chewed betel-nut, and stared at and complimented each other. After the Rajah had returned the visit of Captain Keppel, and after another pirate fight, in which eighteen or twenty of the enemy, along with their chief, were slain, an expedition was organized at the desire of Muda Hassim for a campaign against the pirates of Sarebas and Sakarran. The force from the Dido was eighty in all, manning the pinnace, two cutters, a gig, and Mr. Brooke's boat, the Jolly Bachelor. The native force was about 1000 men. The preparations being completed, on the 4th of June the expedition, with its wild and undisciplined armament, left Sarawak, and proceeded to Boling, where the shallowness of the river compelled them to leave about 150 men. On the 11th the tide swept them rapidly up the bore, and all on a sudden a turn in the river brought them in front of a steep hill, where several hundred savages rose up and gave one of their war yells, the first that Captain Keppel had heard, and more terrific than any report of musketry or ordnance. Passing onwards, they were stopped by a barrier of trees across the river. Captain Keppel rashly squeezed his gig through a small opening, and found himself in front of three formidable-looking forts, which instantly opened upon him a discharge of cannon. Thus exposed to their grape-shot, and cut off from his companions, he was drifting fast upon the enemy, and the warriors who covered the banks of the river were yelling and rushing down to seize his boat and his crew. The other boats, however, soon got through the barrier, and while the pinnace maintained a destructive fire against the fort, M. D'Aeth, who was the first to land, jumped on shore with his crew, and at once rushed towards the fort upon the top of the hill. This dashing assault of the fort was so novel and incomprehensible to the enemy, that they fled panic struck into the jungle. All their guns were taken, their stockades burnt, and the capital Paddi, and the adjacent villages, consigned to the flames, and given up to plunder. Thus triumphant, the Dido's boats proceeded up the two branches of the river, under Lieutenant Horton and Mr. Brooke. In ascending the left branch, they were vigorously attacked by the enemy, who continued the fight during the night; but as the expedition was now close to the spot to which they had removed their families and their property, they sent a flag of truce, promising entire submission, and offering hostages for their good behaviour. After having dislodged and routed the enemy at Pakoo, they attacked Rembas, where they forced the pirates to surrender at discretion.

The heroes returned to Sarawak, saluted by the yells and guns and gongs of the inhabitants, and now raised to a high place in the esteem of the Rajah. The Dido was at this time recalled to China, and Captain Keppel left Sarawak on the 24th June, but fortunately for Mr. Brooke, his place was supplied by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who arrived in the Samarang of 26 guns, early in July, 1843, having been instructed to visit Sarawak,—to communicate with Mr. Brooke —to proceed to Borneo Proper,—to examine and report on the coal measures of that district,—and to obtain a sufficient quantity of coal for trial on board one of our steamers.* Sir Edward was warmly received by Mr. Brooke, visited Rajah Muda Hassim, and on the 11th set off on an excursion along with Mr. Brooke to visit the antimony and gold mines, and the Dyak tribes. The antimony mines are about five miles inland from the river, and about 700 feet above its level. The entire mountain is a mass of ore, which is blasted by making large fires on the heavy masses, and throwing water upon them to split them. At Selingok, three miles further inland, are the gold mines, which are worked by a Chinese party at a rental. The gold is obtained, by washing, from a very loose disintegrated granitic debris, containing detached crystals of quartz, pyrites, antimony, and traces of tin. After visiting the "Head-House," which we have already described after Mr. Marryat, and communicating with the Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak.

On the 16th July, when the Samarang was preparing to leave Sarawak, she was forced by the tide on a slaty ledge, and afterwards grounded, heeled over, and filled; and not a member of her company seemed to entertain the slightest hope of her recovery. After eleven days' immersion, however, she was recovered by the greatest exertions on the part of the crew, without the loss of a

* The search for coal was at this time fruitless. Small seams of very good cannel coal were found in the N. E. of Labuan, and on the islands of Cherimon and Areng (which means coal), but the expense of working it would be so great, that, according to Sir E. Belcher, it could be landed cheaper from England.

single instrument. On the 20th of August, the Samarang, accompanied by the Harlequin, Vixen, Royalist, and Ariel, proceeded, with Mr. Brooke on board, to Borneo. They reached the mouth of the river on the 28th, and leaving the vessels at anchor, they proceeded in their boats to pay their respects to the Sultan. The city of Bruni or Brunai, is built on the waters, the palace, as well as the entire city, being erected on piles driven into the mud on the banks of the river. The population is about 22,000. After an hospitable reception at the palace by the Sultan's deputy Pangeran Usop, and examining the coal district, the Harlequin conveyed Mr. Brooke to Sarawak, and the Samarang went to Hong Kong.

On arriving at Singapore on the 18th July, Captain Keppel learned from Mr. Brooke that the Sakarran pirates had been out in great force, and that if he could come over quickly he might have a chance of catching and crushing them in the very act of piracy. Captain Keppel lost no time in obeying this request, and having obtained the aid of the Phlegethon steamer, he arrived at Sarawak on the 29th July, 1843. After visiting the Rajah and completing their warlike preparations, the Phlegethon steamer weighed anchor on the 5th August, and the little fleet composing the expedition anchored off the mouth of the river Linga. Having cautioned Seriff Jaffer against aiding Seriffs Sahib and Muller, on whose destruction they had determined, they sailed up the Batung Lupar, a magnificent river, about four miles wide, and on the 7th they came in sight of the fortifications of Patusen, five in number, but two not quite finished. When within musket-range, Lieutenant Wade, who had the command, was the first to break the line and pull directly in the face of the largest fort. The rest did the same. The forts opened fire on both steamer and boats. The guns of the Phlegethon would not go off, so that the boats had all the glory to themselves. The instant they reached the shore, the crews rushed against the forts, and entered at the embrasures, while the pirates fled by the rear. In this affair one of the Dido's crew was cut in two by a cannon-shot, and other two badly wounded. A town guarded by forts, two miles up the river Grahan, was similarly captured. In this town they found Seriff Sahib's residence, with all his curious and extensive wardrobe, a magazine with two tons of gunpowder, and a number of small barrels of fine powder, branded *Dartford*, in the same state as when it left England. In these affairs the habitations of 5000 pirates were burnt—five strong forts destroyed, with several hundred boats—above sixty brass cannon captured—about fifteen iron cannon spiked, besides vast quantities of other arms and ammunition taken. In this manner Seriff Sahib, "the great Pirate Patron for the last twenty years, was ruined past recovery, and driven to hide his diminished head in the jungle." Macota, Mr. Brooke's virulent enemy, and the abettor of the piracies of Sahib, had located himself about a mile from this settlement, and was in the act of building extensive fortifications. When he learned the fate of his neighbours, he decamped with his followers, leaving all his valuables behind. Everything belonging to him was burnt or destroyed, excepting some ponderous brass guns. After Seriff Muller's town on the Rembas, which had been evacuated, had been plundered and burnt, the expedition ascended the river in pursuit of the enemy. At the first landing-place, when the crew were employed in cooking, Captain Keppel and Lieutenant Wade, fancying they heard suppressed voices, took up their guns and crept into the jungle. On a sudden they came in sight of a mass of boats concealed in a snug inlet, filled with the pirates, and guarded by armed sentinels. Lieutenant Wade, in place of waiting for the arrival of his party, dashed in advance, discharged his gun, and called upon his men to follow. The terrified pirates scrambled from their boats like a suddenly roused flock of wild ducks. Lieutenant Wade and Captain Keppel advanced with their force, nine in number, and again rushed on in pursuit. Before crossing an open space about sixty yards wide, which lay between the foot of the ascent on which the Dyak village stood, Captain Keppel cautioned his too daring lieutenant to wait the arrival of his men, but he seems to have still advanced, for in a few minutes he fell mortally wounded at Captain Keppel's feet, and, pierced by two rifle shots, he died instantaneously. Remaining with the body till the men came up, Captain Keppel gave it in charge, and carried the village on the height without any further accident. The following anecdote of this gallant officer, and account of his funeral, is touchingly given by Captain Keppel :—

"I may here narrate a circumstance, from which one may judge of the natural kind-heartedness of my lamented friend. During the heat of the pursuit, although too anxious to advance to await the arrival of his men, he nevertheless found time to conceal in a place of security a poor terrified Malay girl whom he overtook, and who, by an imploring look, touched his heart. The village and the piratical boats destroyed, and the excitement over, we had time to reflect

on the loss we had sustained of one so generally beloved as the leader of the expedition had been among us all. Having laid the body in a canoe, with the British union-jack for a pall, we commenced our descent of the river with very different spirits from those with which we had ascended a few hours before. In the evening, with our whole force assembled, we performed the last sad ceremony of committing the body to the deep, with all the honours that time and circumstance would allow. I read that beautifnl impressive service from a Prayer-book, the only one, by the by, in the expedition, which he himself had brought, as he said, 'in case of accident.'"—Mr. Brooke's *Journal in* Keppel's *Expedition, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 105.

Resting from their fatigues on the 15th and 16th August, the expedition advanced on the 17th against the Sakarran Dyaks. In sailing up the Sakarran, various incidents occurred. On the 19th, Patingi Ali was permitted to advance with his light division with instructions to fall back as soon as he saw the enemy. War yells, however, and musket-shots, soon indicated that they were engaged with the pirates. When Captain Keppel came in sight of them the scene was indescribable. "About twenty boats jammed together formed one confused mass, some bottom up, the bows and sterns of others only visible, mixed up pell-mell with huge rafts." Among these were Patingi's division. "Headless trunks, as well as heads without bodies, were lying about in all directions; parties were engaged hand to hand, spearing and krissing each other; others were swimming for their lives, while thousands of Dyaks were rushing down from both banks, hurling their spears and stones on the boats below." In this emergency Captain Keppel's gig got through an accidental opening in this floating battlefield. The attention of the pirates was instantly attracted to it, as if to secure their prey; but Mr. Allen having quickly arrived with the second gig, opened upon them a destructive fire of rockets, and drove them behind the barriers from which they had rushed upon Patingi Ali. From this position they hurled spears and other missiles, and poisoned darts from their sumpitans. Although several of the troops were struck with these arrows, yet by the instant excision of the parts and the sucking out of the poison from the wounds, no fatal consequences ensued.

Patingi Ali, prompted, doubtless, by Mr. Stewart, commander of the Ariel, who, without Captain Keppel's knowledge, concealed himself in Ali's boat, had made a dash through the narrow pass, and no sooner had he done this than huge rafts of bamboo were launched across the river to cut off his retreat. Six large war prahus, with 100 men each, then bore down on his devoted followers, and one only of his crew of seventeen men escaped to tell the tale. When they were last seen, and when their own boats were sinking, Mr. Stewart and Patingi Ali were in the act of boarding the enemy, and they were no doubt overpowered and slain with twenty-nine of their comrades, who fell on this occasion. The number of wounded was fifty-six.

On the 24th August the expedition returned to Sarawak, where it was received with the usual rejoicings; but it was again summoned into activity by the report that Sahib and Jaffir were collecting their troops in the Linga river. Reinforced with the boats of the Samarang, which had arrived with Sir Edward Belcher, the expedition advanced—took Macota prisoner, and forced Sahib to make a final and precipitate retreat, single and unattended, out of the reach of doing any further mischief. That a chief so savage and bloodthirsty, accustomed to disregard all the feelings of our nature, should display any trace of humanity, has given us some surprise. When he was hotly pursued by the Balow Dyaks, he threw away his sword, and saved himself by *leaving behind him a child whom he had hitherto carried in the jungle*. Seriff Jaffer was compelled to surrender himself, and to resign all pretensions to the province which he possessed. Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel spent some days on board the Samarang with Sir E. Belcher, and after visiting the Lundu Dyaks, they returned to Sarawak in all the triumph of conquest. In one of the ceremonies which await the returning warrior, and which was performed over the Sakarran victors, the three wives of the chief Tumangong threw handfuls of yellow rice over the heroes, and then sprinkled their heads with gold dust, made by grating a lump of gold on a piece of dried shark's skin.

When Sir E. Belcher returned to Singapore, a question had arisen respecting the existence of an European female, supposed to have been detained somewhere about Ambon, and conjectured to be the widow of the late Mr. Presgrave, resident councillor at Singapore. Mr. Butterworth, the governor, engaged Sir E. Belcher to conduct this inquiry, and placed the Phlegethon at his disposal. On the 14th October, 1843, Sir Edward reached Sarawak, and he and Mr. Brooke made arrangements for carrying the Rajah Muda Hassim and his family to Borneo. The Samarang was left among

the Labuan group to survey these islands, while the rest of the party in the Phlegethon went to Bruni.

The reigning Sultan, who was half an idiot, was the nephew of Rajah Muda Hassim. He was the tool of his prime minister, Pangeran Usop, who, in consequence of a rumour that Great Britain was to send seventeen vessels to subjugate Borneo, had put the batteries into a state of defence. The party in the boat, containing Badrudeen, Muda Hassim's brother, were insulted from the battery on Pula Cherimon, but were allowed to proceed. The Phlegethon was securely moored in the main street of Bruni, within pistol-shot of the Rajah's house, and within musket-shot of that of the Sultan. The Rajah and his family were embarked in the Samarang's barge, and attended by the armed boats of the Phlegethon; and they were landed in state at the palace, where he was favourably received. At this reception the Rajah, in the highest strain of courtesy, denounced to his nephew the Sultan, the counsels of the minister; and after the Pangeran had replied, the Sultan, motioning the Rajah to him, said, "My father enjoined me at his death to be guided by your counsels, and I intend to do so;" and feeling suddenly ill, retired, desiring Mr. Brooke to consider the Rajah as conducting affairs. Pangeran Usop and Pangeran Mumin declared themselves ready to yield implicitly to Muda Hassim's wishes, and ordered all the forts to be destroyed. The poorer classes openly professed their desire that Mr. Brooke should remain and govern them jointly with Muda Hassim. Pangeran Usop was permitted to occupy an inferior station—an unmerited kindness which he doubtless owed to the presence of Mr. Brooke. Before quitting Bruni, Mr. Brooke obtained a letter, addressed by the Sultan to Queen Victoria, offering to cede the island of Labuan, to aid in the suppression of piracy, and to establish commercial relations with England.

While examining the coal seams in Labuan, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward Belcher noticed an isolated upas tree (*antearis toxicaria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark smooth and of a red tan colour, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots. Sir E. Belcher, upon approaching the tree to tap it, experienced no bad effects from its effluvia. Dr. Lawson, however, the surgeon of the Phlegethon, accompanied by one of the mates, "a powerful person and of a strong constitution," went to obtain a large portion of the wood, bark, and juice; but the mate was so much stupified that he was obliged to withdraw from his position on the tree. Mr. Low saw an upas sixty feet high, with a fine stem and very white bark. A more virulent poison is said to be obtained from a climbing plant which grows in the neighbourhood of Biutulu. It is probably the *Chitik* of Java, or *Tjettik*, or *Upas Rajah*, as it is called by Sir E. Belcher, which acts like *nux vomica*. It is a curious fact, as Sir Edward mentions, that the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly upas.

Early in November, Mr. Brooke and Sir Edward visited Ambong, the country of the Bajows and Dusens, in order to inquire after the European lady already mentioned; but they ascertained that there was no foundation whatever for the story.* The scenery here is magnificent and beautiful. Behind the town is a high range of hills in the form of an amphitheatre, embracing two-thirds of the park-like scenery on the rivers Abai and Tampassook, and from the anchorage about half a mile from the town, the imposing peaks of Kini Balu, with their blue tints, and rising to the height of 13,698 feet, are seen surmounting the range. Sir Edward Belcher found a brisk traffic going on in the town: a glass-bottle purchased a fine fowl, and a piece of calico of forty yards, worth in England 9s., was bartered for a fine fat bullock weighing about three cwt. Having completed their work at Ambong, Mr. Brooke and Captain Scott set sail in the Phlegethon for Sarawak and Singapore, while Sir Edward Belcher pursued his voyage to Manilla.

When Mr. Brooke was "penning his doubts and difficulties" on the 17th February, 1845, a boat from Her Majesty's steamer, Driver, brought Captain Bethune and Mr. Wise, one of the owners of the Ariel, bearing a letter from Lord Aberdeen, appointing Mr. Brooke confidential agent to Her Majesty in Borneo, and directing him to proceed to Brunê with a letter to the Sultan and the Rajah Muda Hassim. Leaving Sarawak on the 21st, they reached the Borneo river on the 24th, and were kindly received by the Rajah and his brother, Budrudeen, who had been using their best exertions for the suppression of piracy. Taking leave of the authorities, Captain Be-

* The details of this inquiry are given by Sir Edward Belcher in his *Narrative, &c., &c.*, vol. i. pp. 188–196.

thune and Mr. Brooke visited Labuan, an island fifty feet high and twenty-five miles in circumference; and after finding good coal, the latter returned to Sarawak. "Finding all going on well in that quarter, he proceeded to Singapore to consult Sir Thomas Cochrane respecting the hostile intentions of the pirate chief of Malludu to attack Brunè, on account of its treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of piracy." Returning again to Bruné in the Phlegethon, he found upon his arrival in the end of May, that "everything was retrograding;" the English party were doubting both the will and the ability of their allies to assist them. Two British subjects had been detained in confinement, and the American frigate, Constitution, when landing at Bruni, was said to have obtained a monopoly of the trade.* The Rajah and his brother considered their lives in danger, and Mr. Brooke "trembled with inward rage" at the idea of being the tool and the participator of such mistaken policy. He returned, therefore, instantly to Singapore, and reappeared at Bruné on the 8th August, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the Agincourt, with a fleet of seven vessels. In the audience with the Sultan and Rajah, Pangeran Usop was found to be the guilty party; and having refused to appear when summoned, his house was overwhelmed with shot. The Pangeran fled for safety, and British supremacy was again in the ascendant.

On the 19th August twenty-six boats, with 550 marines and sailors, proceeded up the narrow river of Malludu, one of the small rivers which run into the bay of that name, to attack the pirates who occupied two forts mounting twelve heavy guns, and defended by from 500 to 1000 fighting men. Though the forts were protected by a strong and well-contrived boom, yet the boats daringly cut away part of it under a heavy fire, and carried the place in a fight which lasted fifty minutes. The enemy stood manfully to their guns; and "a loss of six killed, two mortally, and fifteen severely wounded, was repaid by a very heavy loss of killed and wounded on theirs." Many chiefs were slain; two or three Seriffs in their flowing robes, and many Illanuns in their gay dresses and golden charms. Twenty-five brass guns were captured, and Malludu ceased to exist.

Mr. Brooke parted with his brave companion on the 25th August, and returned to Bruné, where he had a triumphant interview with the Rajah and his brother Budrudeen, who, with the spirit of an Englishman, was making active preparations for pursuing his enemies. Mr. Brooke, rejoicing, set sail for Sarawak in H.M.S. Cruiser, on the 3d September; and on the 20th, after a visit of five days to the Dyak tribes, Captain Bethune left Sarawak, and returned to England.

Mr. Brooke spent the rest of the year 1845, and the early part of 1846, in consolidating his government, in curbing the advocates of violence and robbery, and in reducing the pirates—rejoicing in the increasing trade of his territory, and in its gradual advance in civilization. He had left Bruné in the possession of his friends, but no sooner had the English squadron departed than Pangeran Usop and his brother Pangeran Yakub attacked the capital. They were defeated, however, by the troops of Muda Hassim and Budrudeen, and were finally captured and executed. The great enemies of British influence having been thus destroyed, Mr. Brooke was confounded by the intelligence brought by the "Hazard" on the 28th of March—that a frightful and bloody catastrophe had occurred in the city of Bruné.

The Sultan Omar Ali, who is said to have the "head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," seems to have taken offence at his uncle, the Rajah Muda Hassim, whom he had appointed his successor; and there is reason to believe that his devotion to England was the ground of his offence. In the dead of night Muda Hassim, with thirteen of his family, were attacked and slain. The Pangeran Budrudeen, though surprised by his assailants, offered a bold resistance, and when desperately wounded he retired outside his house with his sister and another woman. His servant Jaffer, and six other women, were wounded. Budrudeen ordered Jaffer to open a cask of gunpowder, and taking a ring from his finger, desired him to carry it to Mr. Brooke. Jaffer departed, and the Pangeran, with his two women, were blown up. Muda Hassim, with some of his brothers and sons, retreated to a boat, and firing a cask of gunpowder in the cabin, the whole party were blown up; Muda Hassim however, was not killed, but instantly blew his brains out with a pistol. In order to complete this treacherous and bloody drama, the Sultan engaged a man to desire Macota to kill Mr. Brooke by violence or by poison. Jaffer was sent by the Pangeran Muda Mohamed to warn the captain of the Hazard of his danger; and he accompanied Her Majesty's ship to carry the sad intelligence to

* Mr. Brooke justly observes, when stating this supposition, and apparently with deep mortification, "the Americans act while the English are deliberating about straws."—*Verbum Sapienti.*

Sarawak. When the news reached Mr. Brooke his grief and rage were excessive. "My friends," says he, "my most unhappy friends!—all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, is dead—sacrificed. * * * But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle—one last convulsive effort, and if it fail, Borneo, and all for which I have so long, so earnestly laboured, must be abandoned." * * *

While these feelings were agitating him, one of the divisions of England's fleet was rapidly approaching the shores of Borneo, to avenge the murder of her allies. The Iris, commanded by Captain Mundy, had been nominated to the station which includes Borneo, and he had been requested by Mr. Brooke to visit the coast about the end of March. Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, in the Agincourt, accompanied by the Iris and Spiteful steamers, and joined by the Hazard, anchored off Sarawak river, on the 24th June, 1846; and on the following day the Admiral and Captain Mundy went in the Phlegethon to Sarawak, a town now containing 12,000 inhabitants. After enjoying Mr. Brooke's hospitality, and visiting a Dyak village, the Squadron, consisting of the Agincourt 74, Iris 26, Ringdove 16, Hazard 18, Royalist 10, and the steamers Spiteful and Phlegethon, sailed to the northward. On the 28th June, they made an expedition up the Rejang, and surprised the pirate settlement of Kanowitz. On the 6th July they entered the Borneo river, and while at dinner with the Admiral, a large prahu, decked with flags, and containing handsomely dressed individuals, paddled alongside the Agincourt. The gentlemen came on deck as Pangerans, to welcome the Admiral with an apologetic letter from the Sultan. Believing them to be impostors, as they afterwards proved to be, and not men of rank, they were detained, and the prahu disarmed. The expedition, with guns, rocket tubes, and 600 bayonets, proceeded up the river on the 8th July. Four of the enemy's forts opened upon them with round and grape-shot, which was returned with rockets, and the ships' pivot-guns. After a quarter of an hour's cannonade, the gun-boats under Lieutenant Patey stormed the battery about 90 feet above the river, pursued the enemy into the jungle, and captured all the ordnance and ammunition. The city battery and the hill forts now commenced firing on the expedition as it advanced. The fire of the Phlegethon upset the enemy's aim; and before the gun-boats could reach them, the artillery-men fled in every direction. Thirty new pieces of cannon of large calibre, nineteen of which were brass, fell into the hands of the victors, and the Sultan and all the inhabitants fled into the interior. The loss of the British was only two men killed and seven wounded.

Escaping from the fury of his enemies, the Sultan retreated, with a body-guard of 500 men, to the village of Damuan, thirty miles from the capital, where he resolved "to make a stand, and fortify himself." Captain Mundy and Mr. Brooke, with 500 seamen and marines, set out in pursuit of him on the 10th of July, but after travelling through flats of mud and forests of jungle, soaked with rain, scorched with sun, and stung by mosquitoes, and finding no passable road to Damuan, they returned to the city, having captured six brass guns, burned the village of Kabiran Battu, and all the property of Hajji Hassim, the adopted son of the Sultan, who had fled to join his Highness. The weather having improved, and a new road to Damuan having been discovered, the expedition again set out, and after encountering every species of annoyance from rain, sun, mud, jungle, and insects, they reached the village of Damuan, from which the Sultan had made his escape only a few hours before. Having captured and destroyed the stronghold of the Sultan, with all the arms and ammunition, the expedition returned on the 16th. "Sir Thomas Cochrane was amused at the figure and costume in which Mr. Brooke and Captain Mundy presented themselves to him—unshorn for four days, covered with mud, with a rig unchanged during this period, and the skin peeled off their faces, from exposure alternately to rain and sun."

Having been assured of protection, the dispersed inhabitants returned to the city. The Pangerans Mumin and Muda Mohamed communicated with the advance, but no satisfactory arrangements could be made in the absence of the Sultan. A proclamation, however, was read to the authorities, bearing that if the Sultan would return, and govern his people justly, and abstain from piracy, hostilities would cease; but that if he acted otherwise, the Admiral would return and burn the city to the ground.

On the 21st of July, the Admiral and Mr. Brooke, in exploring the mainland for coal, discovered a large vein (opposite the island of Pilungan, and about six miles from the Moarra anchorage), which has been ascertained to be a continuation of the strata in Labuan. "It will probably," says Captain Mundy, "not cost more than seven or eight shillings a ton to stack it on Moarra Point,

whilst coal at Singapore (and Hong Kong) is 32 shillings a ton (from 30 to 35 shillings) at least." The beds of coal which cross the Kiangi stream, at a very short distance from Bruné, are eleven and three feet thick respectively. The coal in the island of Labuan, now supplied to our war-steamers at 17 shillings per ton, may eventually fall to six shillings per ton, when wrought more scientifically, and with better tools. The H.E I.C. steamer, Nemesis, was recently "coaled" from Labuan, and the engineers have reported that this coal is the best for steaming purposes which they have met with in India.

In their voyage to the north of Borneo, the British squadron visited the village of Kimanis, on the river of the same name, where they found the picturesque tomb of the rebel princes, Pangeran Usop and his brother, who were strangled by the order of the Sultan. They had fled to Kimanis, and endeavoured to hoist the standard of rebellion, but they were soon made prisoners, and, by "return of post," came their death-warrant—a formal official instrument, signed in October, 1845, by the Sultan himself, now in exile, Muda Hassim, and Budrudeen, now murdered by the Sultan, and Muda Mohamed, now imbecile from wounds received at the hands of his Sovereign! The squadron then visited the river Mankabong, where they had a distant view of the larger towns —went on to Ambong, where the flourishing town described by Belcher had been destroyed by the Illanun pirates, for its wish to befriend the English—captured a well-armed pirate prahu, rigged for sixty oars—destroyed the war prahus and chief buildings of the pirate town of Tampussuk—and burned the notorious Illanun town of Pandassa, whose merciless inhabitants were "driven as fugitives into the jungle, to be dealt with by the aborigines, who had long groaned beneath their grinding tyranny."

After visiting the ruined fortress of Malludu, the stronghold of the great Arab pirate, Seriff Osman, whom Captain Talbot had beaten and driven into the jungle in August, 1845, the squadron proceeded to the Mambakut river, to attack the position of Hajji Saman. The English force was joined by forty war prahus, with 500 men, and armed with thirty brass swivel guns, belonging to the different chiefs in the neighbouring river who were favourable to a legal trade along the coast. Many rafts of bamboos, and a small fort, obstructed their progress, but they surmounted every obstacle, and reached a beautiful village, each house having a garden, sown in regular beds with cabbages, onions, &c., and the interior of the houses so neat, with excellent furniture, and culinary utensils, that had it not been for the display of human skulls hanging in regular festoons, with thigh and arm bones occupying the intervening spaces, Captain Mundy would have believed himself in a civilized land. A little further on, they encountered and burned the fortified residence of the pirate chief—repelled an attack of the Dyaks with poisoned arrows—and after entertaining the native chiefs who had heartily assisted them, they returned to the Phlegethon.

Mr. Brooke returned to Bruné on the 19th August, 1846, permitted the Sultan to repair to the city, and after receiving from him "many oaths and protestations of sorrow" for his crimes, he made him proceed in state to the graves of his murdered relatives, where he demanded justice on the murderers of the royal family. Mr. Brooke then proceeded to Sarawak, carrying with him, in the Phlegethon, the unhappy survivors and dependents of Muda Hassim's family.

After a series of successful operations, described in the seventh chapter of Captain Mundy's own Journal, the Illanun pirates were finally driven from the north-west coast of Borneo. Captain Mundy visited Bruné, and found the poor Sultan humbled and submissive, and ready to maintain the most friendly relations with Mr. Brooke and the British Government. A letter containing these assurances, addressed to Mr. Brooke, was delivered to him, on the 29th September, by Captain Mundy, on his arrival with the Iris and Wolf at Sarawak, which he found in a state of peace and prosperity, Mr. Brooke, at the time of his arrival, being seated at the head of his table, detailing to a few native chiefs the events of his campaign against the Sultan.

Having received orders to take possession of the island of Labuan in the name of the Queen, and with the assistance of Mr. Brooke, Captain Mundy returned from Singapore to Sarawak on the 7th December. The Iris, having received on board the Rajah of Sarawak, proceeded to Bruné, where the treaty for the cession of Labuan was signed and sealed on the 18th December, 1846. The island was accordingly taken possession of on the 24th December, in presence of a large assembly of Borneon chiefs, who had arrived in a flotilla of 30 sail, and who were entertained at a *déjeuner* by Captain Mundy.

The commencement of the year 1847 was rendered melancholy by the death of Captain Scott of the Wolf, at Labuan, and Mr. Airey, Master of the Iris, at Singapore; but when we consider the nature of the cli-

mate in which they served, and the dangers to which the expedition was exposed, we have reason to be thankful that objects so great and humane have been accomplished with so trifling a loss. Exclusive of *six* officers who fell victims to the climate, fifteen killed and forty-five wounded was the amount of casualties during Sir Thomas Cochrane's expedition against the pirates.

In the middle of May, 1847, Mr. Brooke embarked from Labuan in the Nemesis, and on the 29th of that month he had the Sultan's seal affixed to the commercial treaty with England. When the Nemesis was on its way from Brunė to Labuan, she encountered a fleet of Balanini pirates, with eleven prahus and 350 men, who, during an attempt to "enter into a parley with them," opened their fire along the whole extent of their line, by which a man on board of the Nemesis was killed. The steamer quickly returned the fire, and moving at the distance of 200 yards from one extreme of the position to the other, she poured in round shot, grape, and canister, from her two 30 pounders, which, with four long sixes, composed her whole armament. After two hours' cannonade, Captain Grey of the Columbine, with his own cutter, and two cutters of the Nemesis, made a vigorous attack upon the left of the enemy's position, and after a gallant defence, in which the men fought hand to hand in the water, two of the prahus were taken. Six of the prahus having been left on the beach, deserted by their crews, the Nemesis pursued other three that had fled, and Captain Grey proceeded to secure the prizes on the beach; but no sooner did the pirates observe what the steamer was about, than they rushed to their vessels, gallantly re-manned five of them, launched them with great rapidity, and strove to get to seaward of the cutters under Captain Grey. The action between the cutters and the pirates was an unequal one, and Mr. Wallace of the Nemesis observing this, returned to the assistance of the boats, and forced the pirates to seek for safety in flight. The English loss was two killed and six wounded, while the pirates left fifty dead on the beach, and ten killed in the prahus. The pirates displayed some skill in nautical tactics; and such was the desperation with which they fought that not one of them was taken alive. About 100 Chinese and Malays had been in confinement in this fleet. They were chained round the neck in couples by ratans; and as their barbarous captors had placed them on deck during the action, many of them were killed and wounded by the fire of the Nemesis. Only three of the pirate ships reached their native islands in the Sooloo Sea, the other three having foundered on the voyage. The Sultan of Brunė, in consequence of having heard the cannonade, sent down a flotilla of native gun-boats; and at Mr. Brooke's request, about 40 or 50 pirates, that had taken refuge in the jungle, were captured by the Sultan's forces, and executed, whilst the numerous captives were liberated, and forwarded to Singapore.

The pirate demons, thus justly punished, had, during nearly a whole year's cruise, committed the most cruel depredations. They had burned one of their Chinese captives alive, and perpetrated crimes too dreadful to relate. When near the river of Sarawak, they discussed the question of attacking that flourishing settlement, but the presence of some ships of war at anchor off the town compelled them to continue their course; and it was when returning home, laden with captives and plunder, that Mr. Brooke had the opportunity of inflicting upon them that severe chastisement which their actual crimes, and their designs against himself, had so justly merited. In the month of June, when Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, he found that he had been appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner, and Consul General to the Sultan and independent chiefs of Borneo. He had previously resolved on paying a visit to England, and after making arrangements for the government of his province, he set sail for England, and reached Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's steamers on the 1st October, 1847. Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and a few of his nearest relatives, welcomed him, after an absence of nine years, to his native land, to receive those honours and rewards which England never refuses but to her intellectual benefactors. The first Lord of the Admiralty had placed the Meander, commanded by Captain Keppel, at the disposal of Mr. Brooke, to convey him to Labuan as its governor and commander-in-chief, and had nominated his friend Mr. Napier to be Lieutenant-Governor of the island. Mr. Brooke was graciously received by Her Majesty at Windsor, and was consulted by the Government respecting the new field which he had opened up to British commerce. The city of London presented him with its freedom; the University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and he was welcomed to all the clubs, both civil and military, which adorn the metropolis. A mission* under high auspices, has been or-

* Messrs. Macdougall and Wright embarked early in December, with their wives and families, and are by this time carrying on their labours at Sarawak. At the end of December preparations were

ganized, for establishing schools, preparatory to the introduction of the Gospel among the Melays and Dyaks of that benighted land.

In a postscript to his work, Captain Mundy informs us that Admiral Inglefield had visited the Sultan Amor Ali, and found him, as well as his nobles, anxious to fulfil their engagements to Great Britain. The Admiral entertains a high opinion of the capabilities of Labuan as a settlement, on account of its fine timber, its rich virgin soil, and good water. About 200 natives were working the seam of coal at the north end of the island, and the steamers on the station were supplied from it.

We have thus endeavoured, and with no small difficulty, to give our readers, in a very abridged form, a continuous history of the labours of Mr. Brooke, and of his brilliant campaigns carried on against the pirates and faithless inhabitants of Borneo, along with his gallant friends Captain Keppel, Captain Mundy, and Sir E. Belcher. Although the works of the two first of these officers consist principally of the Journals of Mr. Brooke, they yet contain most valuable original chapters, which are well written, and highly honourable to their authors as men of good feeling and great intelligence. England may well be proud of having three such officers in her naval service—men so peculiarly fitted to exemplify in distant lands, whether savage or civilized, the prowess and humanity of their country. To the labours of Sir Edward Belcher, in her Majesty's surveying vessel the Samarang, the sciences of physical and nautical geography are under great obligations, and the general reader will follow him with much pleasure over the wide field of observation to which his well written narrative refers. The work of Mr. Marryat, though principally distinguished by its beautiful embellishments, evinces considerable powers of observation and description, and had the youthful author been spared, he would doubtless have been an ornament to his country. The work of Mr. Low is full of most interesting information respecting Borneo and its natural history; and the science of botany owes to him several important discoveries.*

Brief and meagre as is the preceding narrative, its details of atrocity and crime are sufficiently numerous and prominent to appal the stoutest heart. That the fairest portions of the globe, blessed with the finest climate, and teeming with the richest productions of organic and inorganic life, should be under the dominion of savages, who burn their living captives, and eat their parents alive,* and ornament themselves and their dwellings with the hideous relics of mortality—is one of those mysterious truths which we seek in vain to fathom. The thief that pilfers from us, the highwayman that robs us, the murderer that takes our life to save his own, the slave-dealer and the slave-holder, are reputable characters, when compared with the ruthless and bloody pirates who prowl over the waters of the Indian Archipelago. Dwelling in lovely valleys, and fed almost by the hand of Providence with all the necessaries and luxuries of life, the Sultans and Princes of the East pursue piracy as a trade,—equipping formidable armaments,—overpowering the merchant ship in its peaceful voyage,—shackling their prisoners as if they were beasts of prey, and disposing to the highest bidder, of the living as well as the lifeless cargo. When we view the lot of the African slave in all its phases, from his kind treatment like a child in the domestic circle of his benevolent owner, to his oppressed condition under the lash of a cruel task-master, we justly denounce the system as unrighteous and inhuman. But what language can we find to vent our indignation or express our feelings when we learn that the wives and daughters of England, following the fortunes of their husbands to their Eastern homes, are seized by the Buccaneers of the Tropics, tied hand and foot like cattle for the slaughter, and sent into hopeless servitude, or abandoned to the passions and caprices of some barbarous owner? If England felt it her duty to break the chains of African slavery, let her now embrace the opportunity, so singularly presented to her, of extirpating the pirates which swarm round her Eastern Empire—of securing to her subjects the peaceful navigation of the Indian seas—of pouring the lights of religion and of knowledge into lands of darkness now red with crime—and of convincing the world that her deeds of mercy are not inferior to her deeds of glory. Mr. Brooke seems to be the instrument by which this grand object is to be accomplished. His gallantry in battle, his sagacity in government, his knowledge of the pirate and his haunts, and his deep sense of morality and religion, pre-eminently qualify him for the

in progress for the erection of the native school-house.

* Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak in the Meander, Captain Keppel. Since he left England he has been made a knight of the Bath; and we have no doubt that intelligence will soon be received of his safe arrival, and the prosperous state of his territory. At this date (July 17th) no account of his arrival has reached the Colonial Office.

* See Mundy's *Narrative*, vol. i. p. 209.

place which Providence has so plainly assigned him. Though exposed to all the hazards of climate and of war, his life has been almost miraculously spared. The kriss of the Malay, and the spear of the Dyak, have been brandished against him in vain; the deadly arrow, launched at his heart, has often missed its aim; and even the poisoned chalice has been dashed from his lips. While Europe is the scene of fearful change, and the theatre of foreshadowed convulsions, we descry in the East the same elements of instability—the germs doubtless of a great social and religious civilization.

ART. VIII.—*The Rise and Fall of Rome Papal.* By ROBERT FLEMING. Reprinted from the first edition; with Notes, Preface, and a Memoir of the Author. London, 1848.

THE events of this last February, while they have, in the most impressive manner, authenticated a prudential Rule, have strongly incited all men to disregard it. The Rule which has thus, and in so signal a manner, been illustrated and confirmed, is that which imposes caution and restraint upon the impulse to forecast the course of events, and to predict the history of nations. As if by an articulate voice from heaven, the political speculatist has been enjoined henceforward to distrust his sagacity, and to be as modest as those ought who in truth know nothing beyond to-day; but then these same events, while they utter this caution in our ears, drive us on as with a tenfold force to contemn it! Every day, with its new thunder-clap of spreading revolution, mocking yesterday's calculations, heightens that feverish impatience which leads us to speculate anew, and to anticipate to-morrow's history. Every man is every day saying to his friend, "We did not expect this yesterday;" and every day he again asks, "What, think you, will be the course of things to-morrow?"

This contrary influence, springing out of the very same series of events, and driving us into the commission of a fault which it warns us to avoid, must not be too severely blamed. The *Rule* is indeed sound and good; and it would be an impiety not to listen to the corroboration which it has just now received. Every well-disciplined and religious mind will accept anew the lesson which teaches diffidence and modesty. But then—and this is equally true—the impulse to penetrate the future, which is wrought up to a sort of paroxysm by occurrences such as those that have signalized the present year, draws its force from the very constitution of the human mind; and he would show himself fruitlessly and "unseasonably wise," who should undertake to preach it down. Man is so framed, that he can more readily forget the things that are behind, than cease to reach forward, in predictive speculation, towards those things that are before. The thought that we *have* lived quells the faculties: it is the thought that we *are* to live that stirs them. If the prophet could make good his credentials as master of facts as well as the teacher of history can do so, not a soul would remain in the lecture-room of the one, while the other might anywhere be listened to.

Thus it is, at this very moment, that while every soberly-minded man is saying to himself—I will never again surrender myself to the overweening confidence of political writers, who tell us that such and such must be the fortunes of Europe for the next half century—he does not in fact refrain from putting the question to those who are reputed to be far-seeing—"How, think you, will it go in France? Shall we see a second '92? What will Germany do? What will become of Italy? How will it fare with the Pope? Shall *we* weather the storm?" Thus we question those who, on the 23d of February, surmised no more than ourselves what the 24th would bring to our ears!

But now, if there be among the several classes of society one class more likely than any other to be repeating, in a solemn tone, at this time, the truism, "Man knows nothing of to-morrow," it is the same that will, with the keenest eagerness, and with the most intense anxiety, be prying into to-morrow's abyss. It is the *religious* who will at once give heed to the caution, "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," and will the most flagrantly seem to disregard it. There is a depth of meaning in this fact—and a fact surely it is—that while the sincerely pious will hear the voice which has lately been uttered as from the heavens, they will be running hither and thither to listen to every seer who engages to unravel the mystery of the coming time.

Yet, if the caution be fit, and if it be a genuine lesson of Christian wisdom, and if *also* the contrary impulse be natural and irresistible, there must be some mode of combining the two antagonist forces, consistently with reason and piety. Who can deny that this desire to look into futurity springs from the very constitution of our minds? Nay, the habit and the tendency so to do might be

assumed as a sort of gauge of the grasp and power of individual minds. It is an indication of man's immortal destination that he is ever looking on towards an illimitable futurity. The more mind and soul, the less exclusively does the present hour occupy the thoughts. A great man, in a secular sense, is one who, being thoroughly conversant with the past, rules the present moment on the ground of his anticipations of the future; but the Christian man, whose entire inheritance is in the future, while he is carried towards it with a deep intensity of undefined hope, thinks himself furnished with special aids for opening its secrets, such as secular sagacity does not supply. More eager to know what is coming than other men, and more confident of knowing it authentically, it is hard to hold him back by considerations of any kind—it is hard to restrain him from running into indiscretions which tend to bring contempt upon Christianity itself. Hope is the element in which he breathes—expectation is the habit of his life; and besides, inasmuch as an earnest longing for the highest welfare of all men everywhere is his passion, no great movement among the nations can take place in his sight which does not mightily stimulate the long-cherished and often disappointed belief, that a bright day for the world is close at hand. Now at last shall that new order of things take its commencement, under which whatever is heavenly shall prevail over whatever is earthly. So he thinks.

Christian men, therefore, are everywhere pondering the future; and each is doing so in his own fashion; or, we should say, each is doing so on the ground of principles which he has already assumed to be unquestionable. Few indeed are those who, devoid of all prepossessions, and not worth so much as a theory of their own, and diffident of apocalyptic schemes of interpretation, are now, on grounds approvable to reason, asking—what probably shall be the course of events throughout Europe, in relation to Christianity? Instead of any such non-hypothesis mode of inquiry, most men, in presence of the appalling revolutions that shake the European system, find themselves marvellously confirmed in their previous opinions. The European earthquake which has set everything else on the totter—thrones, social order, and commerce, has seemed by a sort of instantaneous crystallization, to fix immovably whatever, in the minds of religious persons, might hitherto have existed in a fluid or a malleable condition. Every man's particular belief has gained firmness since the 24th of February; and every man is saying to his brethren—"Now at length shall the world be compelled to acknowledge that *our views* are correct."

It is thus especially with some two or three forms of religious belief, which, strikingly opposed as they are each to the other, have come of late to characterize, in a marked manner, the several compartments of the professedly Christian world. Diverse indeed are these vaticinations, both as to the principle whence they spring, and as to the conclusions to which they lead. Yet let it not be imagined that, because so diverse, one or more of them must be destitute of all colour of probability, and altogether irrational. It is not so; for each of these antagonist schemes might in its turn be set forth with shows of truth, and might be so sustained by citations of Scripture, as that it would be difficult not to surrender one's self to it as undoubtedly sound, and as exclusive of every other hypothesis.

Let it be imagined that we have entered a college cloister, and unobserved have mingled in the group of reverential disciples that surrounds the teacher of "Church principles." The Christian Plato addresses his followers in some such strains as these:—

"Until recent events occurred—until the very twenty-fourth day of February, it might have been doubted whether the period which we seniors have lived through, was indeed a *religious* period; that is to say, whether it was a season through which deep spiritual principles have been in course of evolution. You yourselves until of late may have surmised that our habits of mind, I mean *ours*, as distinguished from *yours*, and our position, and our professional engagements, and our deep and long-formed convictions, have led us to attribute a too religious sense to an order of events, which in fact was chiefly if not wholly secular or political. No such surmise, surely, can you now entertain. Is it not conspicuously true, that the sixty years past have constituted a season of political revolution in an inferior sense, but of religious revolution in a genuine sense? Until this very moment, the fitful history of these sixty years may have seemed to want coherence; or to have waited for an intelligible interpretation: but now it has it. In the year '93, the modern Atheism struck her blow at the Church, through the heart of a most Christian king! And since then the same Atheism has been waging war, not against monarchy, not against aristocracies, not against civil order, but against the Church, and it has been doing so in Spain, in Italy, in England, as well as in France. The Atheist Emperor of the French was the Church's Pontius Pilate, and

would that I could say that his late successors have played a part towards her much better than that of a Judas! Meantime life-blood has returned to the veins of the Church; in England especially she has arisen from the dust, in preparation as it were for her bridal hour, and in clear foresight of the moment when her adversaries—her open enemies—and her false friends, shall together rush on to their ruin. Throughout Europe at this moment the same Atheism under its various phases of—political reform, representative charlatanism, liberalism, dissent, and what not, is avenging the Church upon her adversaries and upon her faithless adherents, by those discords which faction is always waging against faction to the destruction of all. The Church, confiding now in the near help of Heaven, sits tranquilly watching the end; and soon shall that voice be heard, 'Behold I make all things new.' The doctrine which *we* have been instilling into your minds, and promulgating these fifteen years, shall receive its confirmation, namely,—That the world can have no rest, but that which it is the office of the Church to confer and to secure.

"Until of late it might have been thought, and some of yourselves may have surmised it, that the function and dignity of the Church, as the power which must be supreme on earth, and by which alone social well-being can be secured, was going into abeyance, and was to find a substitute in the advancing improvements of political science and of popular enlightenment. Especially during the last five and twenty years it may have seemed as if the revolutionary chaos was gradually giving way to purely natural and economic ameliorations, and that a now well understood political mechanism would permanently come in the place of that Spiritual Power, which, through the middle ages, had so happily been the guarantee of morality and of international peace. But in a moment all this modern mechanism has given way, and its fragments are drifting upon the deluge which is taking its course from end to end of Europe. It might, I say, have been imagined, that the European community was—contrary to all sound teaching, advancing in an auspicious course towards a final and pacific adjustment of its jarring interests, not only independently but in contempt of the only principle upon which peace and order can ever rest—that of the Church's supremacy. Mark me here, and understand that I utterly reject all those vague and insipid abstractions which are so often on the lips of misdirected men—such as "Christian influence," or "Evangelic truth," or the like, and which phrases, how well soever they may sound, mean anything or nothing, or they mean just what every man pleases to think they ought to intend! What *we* intend is a something great and real, a something which may be logically defined, and which men may look at, and may certainly recognise when they see it; it is that which, while it is unbounded in its powers and functions, is itself well-bounded, and is distinctly figured in its constitutions and offices. It is that which makes Christianity everything to us; and apart from which Christianity itself assumes the tones of a commination of wrath, and is no longer a dispensation of mercy. You will not imagine, that while I tell you that we have passed through a sixty years of chaotic confusion, we are therefore now certainly quite near to its end; and that the bright day of ecclesiastical order is dawning: I hope it may be so; but the ways of Heaven are inscrutable, and it may have decreed for us another half-century of the same fruitless struggle of men to withdraw themselves from the only rightful authority. The nations may continue their vain endeavours to substitute political constitutions for this authority, and to govern themselves on principles of natural reason and of mechanical equipoise. It may be so, or in a moment all such endeavours may vanish as a dream, and the true light may shine forth upon the world, from the only source of light!

"But I see that some of you still secretly think that the revolutions of the period of which we have been speaking, have been mainly political, and only in an incidental sense religious or ecclesiastical. Yet look at things more carefully:—in considering any course of events, it may be inquired; first, what they have actually been; and then, what they certainly would have been, if a power that was absent or overthrown had actually been present and in force. Now, in assigning the French Revolution of '92 to its causes, whatever importance you may attach to those of them that were in a strict sense political, and say that the overthrow of the aristocracy and of the monarchy was the inevitable consequence of that previous state of things, which could no longer be endured, and which must, under any conditions, have broken up, I still affirm, *first*, that the true cause or deep impulse of that Revolution was the revolt of France against the Church; and *secondly*, that, amid those events, had there been no treason against the Church among its professed friends and supporters, and had the ministers of religion at that time known their office and dignity, and done their duty well, and had they been

sound at heart, and if they had had the courage to rule in the storm, as God's ministers, and had known how to curb and to counsel the great, and to vanquish the low; had they then been worthy to act as mediators between hostile social parties, no revolution, or no *such* revolution could have had place. Useful and slow-paced reforms might, under the guidance of the Church, have been brought about:—the monarchy, beneath the ægis of the Church, would have been preserved, and Europe saved its battle-fields of twenty-five years, and its deluges of blood; and saved, too, from what is worse than battle-fields or deluges of blood—outbursts of heresy and schism! I assume it then to be certain that the clue to the History of Europe during these past sixty years is that assault upon the Church which, thanks to God, she has survived. But, as if to preclude the possibility of our misunderstanding that course of events which at this time fills us with dismay, it has been ordained that it should take its commencement at the door of the Church! Who can deny so conspicuous a fact—that the revolutionary storm of this year had its origin in an indiscretion the most extraordinary, on the part of the very rulers of the Church? The hurricane broke forth from Rome!—it broke forth from the conclave of cardinals!—It was the election of a Reforming Pope—incredible infatuation! that has set all these powers of anarchy in motion! The raft of European affairs is utterly broken up, all its cordages have given way; and it was the hand of a Pope that loosened the first of these cords! It is therefore the Catholic countries that are first feeling the ill consequence of this loosening of bonds; and there is a retribution to be seen in the fact. Look to that adjustment of the European polity which took place in 1815, and which, although it included the restoration of the Church, did not really restore her to her true position; and even for so much favour as she then received, she was greatly indebted to the intervention of heretical princes. The framework of that time was political, not ecclesiastical; and therefore it is now crumbling to nothing. The Church, then treated by statesmen as only one interest among others, is now made the instrument of bringing down ruin upon all states, and first upon those that committed a sacrilege in consenting to her degradation.

"It must not be affirmed that it was the political misconduct of Louis Philippe and his intrigues, that brought about the revolution of February; nor was it the designed work of existing parties; for those best acquainted with the relative forces of those parties anticipated no such result, and were amazed as much as others in beholding it. Louis Philippe's fall is a proper sequel to the fact of his usurpation; but still more does it speak of that retribution by which wrongs against religion are always punished. The 'king of the French'—it was a high crime to allow himself so to be designated—consented to administer a constitution which in fact he never honestly administered, and which in its principles outraged the Church in a worse manner than is done by our own toleration of heretics and schismatics. But how significant is the fact, that this Church, which he consented to degrade, has abandoned him to his fate, and has now given in her adherence to the mob!

"It would be easy to trace the same notes of retribution in the events that have attended the overthrow of legitimite authority in Prussia, and again in Austria. These events speak a language which none but perverted minds can misunderstand. But let us inquire how it fares with us at home. We have among us a true Church, and its genuine principles have of late been revived and triumphantly expounded. She lives, and promises to live; and England, which still gives her a home, although not her rights, stands, while thrones are falling on every side of her. How frightful soever may be the ecclesiastical disorders which take their unbridled course around us, the temple of God is not as yet overthrown; it has not been devastated; its sacred treasures are still within the veil; its daily sacrifice has not been intermitted; God is in the midst of her, by His true presence on her altars. More than a few of her ministers are found faithful, and hence it is that notwithstanding the raging of the people, England enjoys repose while all the world beside is convulsed. It is not with us as it is in France and in Germany, where everything, even the very rudiments of social existence, are every day mooted anew, as if nothing was known and certain. Among ourselves, clergy and people hold unquestioned those truths which impart in some measure the stability of heaven to the instability of earth.

"But you ask me to divine the future. It does not seem to me that those principles of anarchy which have marked the course of events in Europe now these sixty years, and which variously express themselves in such phrases as—the advance of civilization, social enlightenment, popular education, power of the press, representative government, religious liberty, free trade, emancipation, and a hundred other specious absurdities,—I do not think that the false princi-

ples of which these phrases are the expression have as yet fully wrought themselves out, or have exhibited their innate poisonous quality. The Tubal-Cain-demon of mechanical invention, and of democratic insolence, has yet to prove himself a demon, in the ruin he has to bring upon all things. It may probably cost us some years yet of confusion to work out this issue; but the day is coming—I see it is not afar off, when the nations, broken, shattered, bankrupt of hope, and in utter desperation, shall meekly look up towards the Church, and shall flock towards her as doves to their windows, and shall return with joy and weeping to her bosom, asking for themselves her maternal cares, and shall receive from her hands those boons which no reforms, no revolutions, no mechanisms, no liberty, no philosophy, falsely so called, can ever confer—I mean an assured safety, a genuine peace, and that love and order which, though distinguishable blessings, are inseparable."

But we shift the scene, and enter a gas-lighted, crowded, and handsomely-appointed place of worship. The speaker, unencumbered by ecclesiastical costume, is lecturing, not—so he tells us—not upon the French Revolution, but upon the second Psalm; and in a tone of suppressed triumph he repeats the phrases—"The Lord shall have them in derision; Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth."

"In this place," says the preacher, "and on this occasion, I abstain from topics that are properly political, or I refuse to regard political events in their political aspect; nevertheless, if it be the privilege of the Christian to look with calm indifference upon the agitations which shake the world, knowing that *his* part is in a kingdom that cannot be moved, it is, on the other hand, his duty to look at and to ponder the same changing scenes, considered as developments of the great scheme of providential government upon earth, and as all leading on towards a state of things which he is taught to anticipate with the earnestness of pious hope and desire. Now in this mood, Christian-like as it is, let us ask what has been the true, though perhaps the occult character of that amazing course of events which has filled up the past sixty years? It has been a period, you will say, of political change; yes, but more than this, it has been a season during which the shaking of the nations has been bringing down to the dust all those institutions and politics—the work of the dark ages—and which—citadels of Satan as they are—have so long stood in the way of the triumphant progress of the gospel. The issue of all these political agitations—what has it been but to make the Papacy, and every sister tyranny, tremble in anticipation of its fall? What is it, during these sixty years of political tumult, that has been coming down from its high place, and preparing for its final exit? It is Church-despotism; I speak not of the Papacy specially, I speak of Church-despotism, under whatever guise or disguise it may appear. Church-despotism, whether existing afar off or near to us, has during this stormy period been undermined; it has been sliding downwards to the dust, its last shows of reality are fast fading from the view, its specious sophisms are understood and exploded, and soon, soon, it shall no more be seen on earth. Till of late you might easily have fallen into the error of supposing that the overthrow of Church-tyranny was not to be the end or real meaning of the revolutions of these sixty years. You may even have thought that this tyranny was refreshing itself, and preparing for a new term of activity. You may have trembled in believing that, on an amended plan, and established on a firmer foundation, Church-power was likely to be restored throughout Christendom, and that it would extend its baneful influence over heathen lands. But can you think so now? The 24th of February, has it not dispelled for ever all such apprehensions? or let me rather ask, did not the appearance, three years ago, of that wonder in heaven, a reforming Pope, give you indication enough of what was coming about, and of what we have seen in its commencement, I mean the overthrow of the Church; and this overthrow brought about by the folly of its head! The thunders which uttered their voice in '92 inarticulately, have repeated these sounds so full of hope to our ears and of dismay to others, most intelligibly in 1848. We seniors who heard the death-note of those institutions—called ecclesiastical—which usurp the authority of the Head of the Church, and have marvelled at the length of their reprieve, now await from day to day the trumpet-sound that shall announce the fall everywhere, of Church-pretensions, Church-splendour, Church-tyranny. Even at this very moment do we not seem to hear the voice of the angel who proclaims that 'Babylon is fallen!'

"It is a fact most significant, that the church has already received, and is now again receiving, a mortal blow in that country which has been the scene of the latest and the most atrocious of those enormities which it has ever perpetrated. Is there no

retribution to be discerned in this instance? Have not the sins of the fathers been visited upon the children? It was the guiltless successor of the authors of St. Bartholemew, and of the persecution of the Huguenots, and of the expatriation of the Protestants, who poured forth his blood upon the scaffold; and it was the clergy of the Gallican Church that perished in the same manner, or that fled in destitution to the very countries into which their predecessors had driven the pastors and the people of the Reformed Church. It has been this same France, revolutionized, that has inflicted upon the Papacy its deepest humiliations, that has despoiled her, and that has made her a creature of the state, and has now compelled her, as in mockery, to perfuncturate her mummeries in the instauration of a Government which has outraged whatever in her esteem is the most sacred! Once again she licks the dust, and in the fall of her false patron, Louis Philippe, finds a new shame, while her ministers are hurried hither and thither by a mob which compels them to sprinkle the trees of liberty with holy water! But in what plight, think you, will this same church come forth from this storm? Oh! she will come forth stripped and torn, and ashamed ever again to lift up her head among men. Let us turn for a moment towards Italy, the home of the Church. Can you assure me that at this very moment, while I speak, there *is* a Pope at Rome or anywhere else? Do you believe that, if such an event were now announced in Italy, as the final abrogation of the Papal authority, the people of Italy would wear mourning for a day? I do not think they would; I think they would exult in the overthrow of that which to them has long been a mockery and a nuisance. But let us look in another direction. Nothing, as you are well aware, that deserves to be called religious liberty has hitherto been enjoyed even in those countries that were the birth-place of the Reformation. Much as *we* have yet to complain of, under what is called a perfect toleration, what should we say to, or how should we endure *Prussian* religious liberty? We should spurn such a mockery, and should prepare ourselves to die in the endeavour to win for ourselves, and for our children, the right to think, to speak, to act, in matters of religion, in a manner absolutely uncontrolled by the state. But things being as they are throughout the Protestant countries of Europe, and spiritual tyranny having so firmly established itself within them, can we wonder, or can we regret to see the very foundations of social order broken up in all those countries. If the Papacy fall, every polity must fall too which professes, and which acts upon the principles of spiritual despotism. What is going on, therefore, among the states of Germany, is the breaking of those bonds which hitherto have prevented that noble-hearted people from thinking and acting as Christian men. Why has infidelity, under its several guises of pantheism and neology, taken possession of the German mind? Why, but because that faculty of thought, that freedom of speech, and that liberty of action, which true Christianity demands, and apart from which it cannot exist, have been denied to the German people? Absolutism and the gospel shall never be seen walking hand in hand. Strange indeed and most perplexing would have been the spectacle, if, while atheistic France is in a state of dire confusion, and if, while papistic Italy, and Austria too, are drinking of the same cup of dismay, Prussia should have held on its course in peace—Protestant and intolerant as it is.

"But what say we of our own country? May she long enjoy her insular immunity from foreign aggression, and her exemption from revolutionary violence! And yet who that looks impartially at our condition—social, political, and ecclesiastical—can dare to indulge a confident hope that it shall be so? How much is there among us that might justly bring down the wrath of heaven upon England! How many wrongs are there rankling in the bosoms of men which may in a moment involve our boasted constitution in general ruin! But I forbear: it is only a deep conviction that compels me to profess the belief—nay, is it not a consp cuous truth—that the course of events, not through these last few months merely, but through fifteen years past, has been tending towards one and the same issue—an issue appalling, perhaps to our dread of convulsive changes, yet animating, must it not be, to the hopes of a soundly constituted Christian mind? You will easily understand that I have nothing less in view than the utter demolition of all those institutions, falsely called 'Churches,' which have so long corrupted and debased the Christianity they profess to uphold, but the triumphant course of which they obstruct and forbid. If, then, you ask me to divine the future fate of England, I will be the prophet no further than to predict—and this I do with assured confidence—that whatever agitations we may be destined to pass through, and whether they may be social or political—whether severe in the extreme or mitigated—whether sudden or slow in their course;—the end of them shall be to bring about the fall and disappearance of national Churches! Or, let me otherwise express myself: I would say,

then, that the fall of national Churches shall be a circumstance inevitably consequent upon the utter and indignant rejection, by all Christians, and all men, of that doctrine upon which the priest has, throughout many centuries, built his usurpations. What is the Papacy? Nothing but priestly usurpation. How then can the Papacy fall without dragging down with itself, and into a common ruin, priestly usurpation of every species, and in every land? In a word, then, whatever the *political* result of the revolutionary movements of the present moment may be, this shall be its *principal* result, namely, the fall of that spiritual despotism which has now run through a period of sixteen hundred years. This despotism fallen—then shall *that* 'kingdom' be set up upon earth which, as it is spiritual, 'cannot be moved.' The pomps and pageantries of hierarchies shall be seen no more on earth; but then 'the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he shall dwell among them!'"

Yet once again the scene shifts, for we enter a consecrated structure, the "duly appointed minister" of which, in tones of the deepest intensity, and of governed vehemence, and with an awe in his looks as if the last judgment were impending, expounds to his congregation the sacred meaning of the things that are now coming to pass on the earth; he predicts, moreover, and without a falter, the things that are to be. His finger holds his pocket Bible open at an Apocalyptic line; and each of his hearers has already found the very place. The words are these—"And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great." Not in the style of the teacher whom we first listened to, whispering his mystic explication of "Church principles" to a band of disciples, nor yet with the denunciative boldness of the second speaker does *this* preacher address the acquiescent congregation around him. Dark shadows, portending dire calamities near at hand, overcloud his brow, and yet the gleam of a remote hope plays upon his lips, and once and again for a moment smoothes his forehead. But the wrath of heaven tells its thunders from his tongue: "'Woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth'—that is to say, the *Roman* earth; yet 'peace shall be upon Israel,'—upon our British Israel. The smile of the Almighty blesses and preserves its sacred institutions, its pure, apostolic, and antipapal Church!" But do not let us misjudge this stirring preacher. It is true his bosom heaves with an overweening spiritual confidence in the certainty and excellence of whatsoever he believes, adheres to, and defends. It is true that the very thought of the "scarlet abomination of the seven hills" brings language from him in a torrent, that sounds too much like "cursing and bitterness," like imprecation and "all uncharitableness." Nevertheless if you know the preacher better than he can be known in the pulpit, you will acknowledge that he has a large heart, a heart full of Christian benevolence, and hands ready for every good work. He looks and speaks far more fiercely than he feels. His temper and his rhetoric are what belong to him as an interpreter of prophecy. Call upon him on Monday morning with a "case of distress," and you will find him the kindest creature in the world; but thus he speaks:—

"Men had begun to doubt, and some even among ourselves, and some of whom we had hoped better things, had begun to doubt whether these things which we, and other instructed servants of God, have long been alleging from Scripture, and proving to be true, on most sure evidence of the same, were indeed as we have affirmed them to be. A while ago, men around us, and some even of those to whom I speak, were crying, 'Peace, peace, there shall be no more war or tumult in our times!—It shall not be,' they have said, 'for the nations of Europe have at length come fully to understand their true interests; they have learned the inexpediency and the folly of war. Governments and people alike are growing wise—wise without the help of that wisdom which is from above. Never again shall the clarion of war awaken its demons—never again shall there be tumult or violence in the well-policed streets of European capitals. Sedition, civil slaughter, and war, are things of history only. Anarchy has had its day; but now intellectual light, science, literature, free institutions, free trade—together with the ripening good sense and good feeling of mankind, forbid at once civil disorders and international conflicts.' Many have thus spoken, and have declared their conviction that those who have interpreted the Apocalyptic visions to them must have erred in their calculations, and have mistaken the times, and miscalculated their epochs. In this style many around us, and perhaps some of yourselves, have been used to speak or think. In your bosom thoughts like these have wrought distrust towards us. You did not understand those events in the track of which the Papacy has these two years past been preparing the way for its own downfall, and digging its own grave. How

superfluous a labour, for Heaven has prepared for it a yawning abyss, into which, as a millstone, it shall descend in a moment! Many have said—how vain a flattery!—'Romanism is reforming itself: it shall be *Popery* no longer: the Roman Catholic Church will soon take its place as a mild and purified form of Christianity, not unsuited to the habits and feelings of the south of Europe; and itself worthy to be recognised by ourselves in a fraternal manner.' So men thought only a few weeks ago. But what think they now? Instead of regarding the past sixty years as a period through which, and by means of its many calamities, gradual ameliorations—political and religious, have been in progress, bringing on a safe and permanent condition of things throughout Europe, instead of any such delusive views of our times as these, all seriously minded men will *now* at least grant that these sixty years constitute *one* era, which had a fearful beginning, and which is now coming to a frightful end—that as in its beginning it showed itself to be an *era* of *religious* convulsion, so now in its end it is declaring the same thing. This sixty years was marked, at its commencement, by the pouring out of the vials of wrath upon the Apostate Church of Rome—upon 'the seat of the beast.' And it has marked itself, in its course, by a series of events tending to the breaking up of the Papacy; and now it marks itself, at its close, by events which it is impossible we should misinterpret as precursive of the pouring out of the dregs of the cup of wrath, and of an utter and final overthrow of the Romish apostasy. Not to utter a word which might seem to minister to our own repute as the interpreters of God's word, I will simply appeal to your inmost convictions, and ask, have *we* been wrong in our interpretation of the trumpets and of the vials? Surely not. You grant us that, in the main, we have truly interpreted the page which is now open before us in relation to the past. But you say to us, 'Go on, and lift the veil of to-morrow.' Nay, it is because we verily believe that the time is at hand, is even at the door, that we stand back in awe, and choose rather to be silent. Wait yet but a very little while, and this world's affairs, as related to God's truth, shall ask no interpreter. Be sure of this, however, and you see it now coming about, that those Protestant nations which have been unchurched by their own infidelity shall have their full share of the judgments that are coming upon nations darkened by an Apostate Church. As to ourselves, far be it from me to affirm that sharp trials may not be appointed for us! See how much there is among us of this same Continental infidelity! See how much contempt of God's law and ordinances! See what Sabbath-breaking! See to what an extent we harbour the ministers and emissaries of the Papacy! See how far our statesmen have been encouraging God's enemies in disheartening His friends and in putting to shame His approved servants! Look, moreover, at our religious divisions, and consider to what an awful extent that guilt is incurred by many among us, which the inspired Apostle does not hesitate to put by the side of the most heinous offences. I mean the sin of schism, a sin which has come to be almost boasted of by some who make high pretensions in religion! On all these, and many other accounts, we may well tremble, as a people, in prospect of God's judgments; yet shall not the righteous Lord deal favourably with a land 'holding the truth,' professing obedience to His Word, and zealously sending it forth among the heathen? Shall not Heaven smile on our many institutions of Christian charity? In a word, may we not humbly hope that this favoured land shall be as the ark, while the Divine judgments sweep over the face of the earth? Nay, is not the voice from heaven at this moment uttering the gracious command to us His servants, to us the people of this island, saying—'Come, my people, enter into your chambers until these calamities be overpast?" I *do* therefore hope security and peace for this our land. I do hope for the upholding of our sacred institutions, and for the maintenance among us of the ordinances of religion *authentically administered*. As to the nations of the continent, I see not what should avert from them the woes that are so clearly predicted, or what shall turn from their lips that vial, the outpourings of which are now visible. Wrath! wrath! must be the portion of those who, on the one hand, have received the mark of the beast, and who worship him; and on the other hand, of those who have cast off the very profession of the gospel. I will say little concerning those who flatter themselves with the hope of ameliorations, civil and religious, to be gradually introduced, and so of an early return of the nations to order, peace, and morality; I can only wish them well rid of a delusion savouring so much of the wisdom that is of this world, and which goes so near to put open contempt upon the clearest intimations of the prophetic Scriptures."

It would not be very difficult to clothe in a specious form of words the speculations and the prognostications of another, and again of another religious theorist, or

to make each in its turn appear probable. Each of the three, the characteristics of which have now been hastily traced, if it were set forth with care, and sustained by its own chosen arguments, might so be made good, as that it would be far more easy to admit it as certain than to prove it to be fallacious. It is so with each, because each theory rests upon, and disjointedly conveys, a momentous truth. In other words, a momentous truth, seen under a partial aspect, inspires each of these three teachers with a confidence which is well-founded so far, but which is preposterous in relation to those points of belief that distinguish one theory from the others.

In abatement of all such overweening confidence we should say this—that if our anticipations of the future are founded upon *visible probabilities*, and if they are derived, by methods of reasoning, from facts political or social, then ought it to be granted that, as the convulsions of the last few months have taken all calculation aback, and have astounded the "wise and prudent" as much as they have amazed the unthinking, it is evident there are causes now at work which are too little understood, or which are too vast in their present scale of operation, to warrant any confident assumptions whatever, as to the course or issue of to-morrow's catastrophes. So far as human foresight might be available just now, our position resembles that of a man—if such a case may be imagined—who, having been snatched by some preternatural force from his own latitude, and put down by night upon some other, where he is unable to determine the points of the horizon, so that he knows not whether he is looking east or west, discerns a gleam of light, yet he dares not surmise whether that streak of crimson be the sinking twilight, and is to be followed by a long night, or whether it be the hopeful breaking of a dawn. At this moment of gloom, who shall affirm, with any confidence, whether the brightness of a new day, or the terrors of a wintry night, are in prospect for Europe and the world? We are standing upon the sands of the sea, the waves of which are all in wild tumult, and are thundering at our feet; but is the tide ebbing, or is it flowing? are we safe where we stand; or are we liable to be swept away by the swelling surge? None can tell us. There are no tide-tables applicable to these unknown shores. The nations are not merely in a fitful state, and open therefore to crossing accidents which could not be foreseen, but they are in a state which, the more attentively it is considered, will the more appear to be without any rational parallel in history. The civilized community has, during this half century, moved forward towards a position immensely in advance of any which heretofore has been occupied by human societies. The book of history, although boys at school must continue to read it, will henceforth barely command the serious attention of men; the destiny of the nations for the future shall overlay and cause to be forgotten the story of their fortunes past, as if the volume itself were a palimpsest.

But if, on the other hand, quitting as hopeless our hold of political or philosophical speculations, we were to regard this earthquake year as the time of God's visible interposition, and to think of it as an hour in which the wild passions of men were, as immediate causes, to bring about the Divine purposes in some unaccustomed manner, compelling all men to acknowledge with awe the hand of the Almighty—then, and on that supposition, should not religious men keep silence? should not those who fear God keep silence before Him, in the belief that "He cometh to judge the earth in righteousness?"

On limited fields, or within certain narrow precincts, one may indeed, with some degree of confidence, anticipate the future—always premising that some mighty influence, now not apparent, or not thought of, may come in to give a wholly new and unimagined direction to the course of events. Thus, for instance, it may be allowable to conjecture the probable consequences of events which are likely to effect the Romish Church. Protestants are expecting the downfall of the Papacy; but what is it precisely that they look for? Do they distinguish between the Paparchy and Romanism? Probably not; or not in any well defined manner. Could any event that can be thought of as probable to take place in Italy, or especially at Rome, contain in itself a virtue that should work a material change in the moral and religious condition of 300,000,000 of the human family? Not unless we choose to suppose, at the same moment, a supernatural intervention accompanying such events, and itself little short of miraculous. If such an event consisted in the annihilation of the Pope's secular power and state—in the final demolition of all which hitherto has made up the contrast between Peter's earthly condition and that of his successors—if this denuding and impoverishment of the apostolic See were to be suddenly effected—and probably it will be effected—and if the head of the visible Church, voluntarily stepping down, or violently hurled down, from his seat among

princes, were to walk away from the Vatican to the cell of a Dominican convent, staff in hand, what would he do but ascend, in the very same day, a seat loftier than the loftiest of regal or imperial thrones—that of a free, spiritual domination, bowed to with a passionately enhanced devotedness, by a fourth or a fifth of the human family! A Pope dethroned temporally, or abdicating as a prince, would, in the present condition of the Roman Catholic world, and even if he should be clad in rags, and compelled to beg his bread, wield an authority more widely extended, and more intently regarded, and more cordially sustained than any which a human hand has ever yet grasped. In this sense understood, the fall of the Papacy would almost certainly be the resurrection or reinstauration of Romanism. In fact, a thorough carrying out of the theory of Romanism—and how specious a theory is it!—seems to be now waiting for this very turn in affairs, namely, a renunciation, or throwing off from it of whatever is visible, tangible, worldly, and the bold announcement of a scheme of government which shall be purely spiritual—should be absolute, universal, and itself holding in contempt, not merely the pomps and vanities, the luxuries and the embellishments of this world; but sternly refusing to put to its lips more of earthly good than a dry crust and a cup of water. The world, we may be sure, will never again see a Leo X., but it may see, and probably will see, in one person, a Dominic, a Ximenes, and a Loyola.

We might, however, advance one step further, and grant as not improbable the abolition of the Papal office—the non-election of a successor to Pius IX., the proclamation through the world of the startling fact, that there is, and will be no more a Pope! A mighty revolution truly! and one which men must note as fraught with consequences most momentous. But would this event—after all that Protestants could make of it—would it metamorphose the souls of the millions of mankind to whom Romanism is more as a reality, more as a necessity, more as a solace, and more as a good, than Protestantism is to the mass of Protestants? If the sudden annihilation of the vicarship of St. Peter, meant and brought with it the sudden extinction, within the bosoms of men, of so much of the light of Christianity as Romanism has hitherto conveyed to them, then wo be to the day in which Popery breathes its last sigh! But it could not be so: nations would not morally expire merely because they were told there was no more a Pius, or a Gregory, or an Innocent at Rome, to care for them. A moral and spiritual throe would bring forth, within every community, a succedaneous Pius. To millions of our fellow-men, the *Priest*, and his offices, are more important than the *Pope* is to them. When they shall be told that there is no more a *Pope*, they will sit down in sackcloth upon the earth, and sprinkle ashes on their heads. When they find that the *Priest* is no more, they will rush headlong down the precipice of despair and impiety.

Roman Catholic nations (supernatural influences apart) are not to be evangelized, or protestantized by force of catastrophes. The fall of "Babylon"—and we are far from sure what the apocalyptic "Babylon" is, or what it includes—when it takes place, may be precursive of the spread of Christian truth;—or it may open the way for it: it may be the rolling away of a stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. But a miracle, beyond the range of miracles, would be the occurrence of a moral and spiritual revolution, as directly consequent upon, or produced by, a political or ecclesiastical convulsion. Any expectation of *such* a result, to spring from *such* causes, would be of a piece with the supposition that a change of ministers—the fall of the Whigs, and the coming in of the Tories, would ensure us a mild winter, or a fine summer. Whatever may be the remote result of natural catastrophes, and the *beneficial* effect of which must be looked for, after the lapse of a thirty or a fifty years, their *immediate* and visible consequence is ordinarily, if not always, detrimental to public morals, and obstructive to the spread of Christianity.

What is likely to be the result—moral and religious—of the political commotions of Germany? we mean of the several Germanic nations. Oh! it will be said, already the tyranny of the "spiritual magistrate" is giving way. The preachers of the gospel, our evangelic itinerants who so lately were summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal, and fined and imprisoned for daring to call men to repentance otherwise than as permitted by law, and who, in fact, could do nothing effectively for awakening the consciences of men, may *now* take their course, at will, through towns and villages, "none daring to make them afraid." To some extent it is so, just at this moment; and it is possible, moreover, that if Germany be permitted to realize only a half of her present intentions, some important concessions, in favour of what, in England, we mean by religious liberty, may be constitutionally secured. Yet even this benefit, if it be really enjoyed, implies far more of intelligence on the subject than at present prevails

anywhere on the Continent, and it demands also an immensely better feeling, on the part of the Established Clergy, than they can now pretend to. The first rudiments of religious liberty—if the phrase be understood in a genuine sense, require to be taught and explained, as well in France and Switzerland, as in Germany, in Prussia, in Denmark. The most lax of neologists—men out of whose stock of Christian belief you could scarcely make up religion enough for a Hume or a Gibbon, are often as unknowing in the principles of religious liberty as any Austrian archbishop.

But grant all you will as to the establishment of religious liberty, and as to the happy consequences thence to result, let us calmly consider what are the natural and inevitable effects of the convulsions that are now in progress upon the national mind; and let it be supposed that these convulsions are to take the most auspicious course possible, and are to involve as little as may be of the characters of a catastrophe. Let us suppose that absolution is to die out as tranquilly as the snuff of a candle, and that the Germanic races are to come into the enjoyment of a happily-equipoised representative polity —let them reach the acmé of British or of American constitutionalism—what will be the consequence of such a change, as touching Christianity? Germany—who can deny it?—has outstripped us far on the paths of ecclesiastical erudition and of Biblical criticism. On these fields not only has research been carried further, and in a sounder manner, by German professors; but a taste for such pursuits has been much more extensively diffused than among ourselves. Germany, therefore, has a firm hold of Christianity, *as a matter of learned inquiry and of ingenious disquisition*. Then, again, it holds to religious abstractions, and in a sense, to Christianity, through the medium of its taste for metaphysical speculation. German thinkers, whose actual belief, if put in words, would scandalize even the *free-thinking* among ourselves, may, in style and habit, and in aspect and tone, seem personally to be quite as religious as the most religious among ourselves.

Now, not to name some other causes to which this—if one may so term it—religious preëminence may be attributed, it has manifestly resulted, in an indirect manner, from that condition of political thraldom which has precluded the intellect of Germany from the field of political speculation. The bold and active minds of Germany have been "shut up" within the dim precincts of antiquarianism and of metaphysical theorizing, *because* they have been shut out from those precincts of reality and of intense excitement which are opened to a people by free institutions, like those of England and America. Why is it that we cannot match the German scholars? and why do we come off so poorly on the listed enclosures of metaphysic combat? Why, but because we are all of us, or nearly all, intent upon the vivid interests of the great and real world. A parliamentary career, a professional career, with its high rewards—a mercantile career, with its opulence, is open to every energetic spirit. As for a life of hard reading—eighteen hours' study *per diem*—it will not pay! As for theories of the universe!—to what earthly account can they be turned? The German mind, which has so long been caged by absolutism, as a moping spectator of political movements, has excelled on arduous lines of research by a dire necessity: it has become erudite and profound, moodily, and in revenge of its oppressions. But *now*, what will take place? The prison walls are crumbling in this earthquake; the fences are already levelled; all men, and foremost the men of most intelligence, are rushing on towards the platform of political development. Men are beginning to breathe as well as to think; and they will henceforward act more than they meditate. The public weal, with its real and its imaginary interests, will drive out of their minds whatever has a less potent hold of the hopes and passions of men. How then will it fare with nice points of criticism, or with transcendental philosophies, when some vital parliamentary question is to be carried?—just as it fares with straws and tatters when a sudden gust of wind takes its course through a paved square.

In England we may easily be cool upon matters with which we have always been familiar; but in Germany novelty will drive men towards frenzy. Besides, when the tumultuous emotions of this era of change have subsided, there will gradually open before the people of all classes new courses of commercial and professional enterprise, as well as of political ambition. This will be the natural consequence of political liberty; and it will be hailed, too, as its invaluable fruit. Every man's energies and time will be worth to him five-fold more than they were heretofore. Men will find the opportunity for making fortunes who, under the old system, never dreamed of such a thing as possible, and who lived contentedly upon what they will soon learn to think of as a despicable pittance. The habits of the middle classes will become more expensive; and as the price paid for show and luxury, they must surrender their light-

hearted physical tranquillity; there will be less holiday-making, and more toil and more care, and more of the corroding alternations of hope and fear. London, and Manchester, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, will repeat themselves wherever a thorough political emancipation takes place. There will then be fewer philosophers, and fewer scholars; but many more combatants upon the arduous field where fortunes are won and lost.

Need it be proved that mighty changes, such as these, must powerfully affect the religious condition of any people, and especially of a people whose hold of Christianity has been, and is, attenuated in an extreme degree? A reply, if needed, to a question on this point might be found in looking to the gradually expanding operation of the very same order of causes among ourselves. Have not the ever swelling tides of political agitation wrought their obliterate effect to a great extent upon the religious mind of England? Do not the ever enhancing and the imperious demands of commercial and professional life, the iron tyranny of competition, with its knotted whip, do not these things bring into jeopardy, and are they not every day more and more bringing into peril, ingenuous and simple-hearted Christian feeling? Does not this tyranny of business drive hundreds and thousands of professed Christian men out from their closets, to save, it may be, yet a remnant of their religious hopes in their pews? as when the town is on fire men rush with their valuables to deposit them in the Parish Church.

Well therefore may it be apprehended that, in Germany, where Christianity itself hangs by a thread, the sudden stimulus given to the most turbulent and the most stirring passions and desires, all of a worldly sort, will, both by the excitements and by the necessities therewith connected, banish almost from the thoughts of men the things that are unseen and eternal.

Let it be fully granted that the proclamation of an entire religious liberty, from side to side of Europe—liberty to teach, and preach, and proselyte; liberty to worship anywhere, everywhere, and anyhow; liberty to write and to print and to distribute, to sell and to give, tracts and Bibles; in a word, British religious liberty, and more, if more be desirable—would open a field of promise which Christians would exult to see outspread before them. Be it so: nevertheless we must profess to think that the concomitant excitements of political, professional, and commercial ambition, likely at the same moment, and as a consequence of the very same revolutions, to be brought to bear upon the Continental nations, will, on any ground of probable calculation, operate with ten—twenty times the force, and in a direction opposed to the spread of Christianity. The proclamation of Continental religious liberty would set scores and hundreds of good folks among ourselves a-travelling instantly, with their portmanteaus crammed with tracts and Testaments—French, Italian, German, Spanish, and the rest; and the subscription-lists of Continental Societies would swell at an amazing rate. But we much doubt if the nations of the Continent, who think themselves far in advance of us on all grounds of philosophy, will ever accept Christianity at *our* hands. We do not believe that France, Germany, Italy, Spain, will ever consent to import *our* theology, or *our* notions of the Gospel. When they return to Christianity, they will do so energetically, *indigenously*, and independently. They will do so in a manner which, while it will rejoice every Christian bosom, will astound and scandalize Church-ridden good folks of all parties, among ourselves.

Such a revolution, we devoutly believe, shall come in its time; but at present—and setting off as of little account the facilities it would afford to British itinerant zeal—religious liberty in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, would be something like the unloosing a corpse—the knocking off marble chains from a marble statue—or the unstopping of an empty bottle! Religious liberty is indeed an incalculable boon when granted to a people among whom *religious intensity of feeling* has long been pent up. But is this the case anywhere between the shores of the Atlantic and the deserts of Siberia? Every morsel of religious liberty that has been granted by successive Governments in England has been conceded with a solemn feeling, as if an experiment were making which must put in peril, the church, the aristocracy, and the throne; and on the side of the recipients of the boon it has been accepted with a depth of emotion like that of a man who at length looks upon the sky after a life of unjust imprisonment. In France, if not in Germany, religious liberty would be "decreed" as easily as the remission of a halfpenny toll, and would be accepted—we know not in what mood, unless it be that of those who take something that is offered them in these terms—"Does anybody care for this?"

Momentous changes, happily affecting the religious condition of the nations of the Continent, may be the issue of the present revolutionary commotion; but if so, such changes will take their rise from causes *not as yet visible*, or not yet put in movement.

It is otherwise among ourselves. This same European earthquake is now acting—is re-acting upon England and Scotland, in a manner which, if it be not glaring and conspicuous, is such as presents an outline of awful grandeur, dimly revealed, in the mists of futurity, to the eye of the thoughtful.

The Future!—"what shall it do for England?" We know not; but we see the Christianity of England, as affected by the social revolutionary crisis of the Continent, preparing to develope itself so as it has not hitherto, either in modern times, or at any time since its first promulgation. A page will explain what we mean. Christianity has developed its energies singly in the course of ages. The rudiments of truth, all clearly defined as they are in the canon of Scripture, have been *chronologically* brought into activity, or made prominent. Not indeed as if any *new* principle of faith, or any *new* mode of piety, was from time to time evolved—(any such supposition we must hold to be equally unfounded and pernicious)—for, on *our* supposition, nothing has in any age been brought forward which might not have been seen, understood, and established at any previous time. The Church historian should make it his task to trace and to exhibit these successive developments of the Christian system, and should, moreover, endeavour to show that a certain reason and order has been providentially observed in the series: each epoch having had a relation to the preceding period as a result of it, and to the following as its precursor.

Not to attempt in this place a theme so extensive, it may be enough, in the way of exemplification, to look to the history of recent times. Within a century three perfectly distinguishable developments of the Gospel have had place; the *first* of these has manifestly passed the height of its intensity; the *second* is perhaps passing it; the *third* is yet in full course. But there is a *fourth*, destined, we must believe, to break upon the world, and to renovate the Church; and we risk the conjecture that those social convulsions that are now taking place are the means appointed to usher in among ourselves this new, and probably final display of the salutary powers of the religion we profess. The great question of the *equipoise of classes* within the social system, which, as unsolved, is racking Europe, and France especially, with ruinous violence, and which, unless it be truly and speedily solved, must shake the British Constitution also—this problem can, as we believe, be practically disposed of only by the aid of influences which Christianity is to furnish. But then it is not Christianity in *its now actual condition among us* that can render the sort of aid which the inveterate evils of the social system are demanding. Christianity must travail anew, and must bring forth her last product of power, before she can save us as a people from convulsions, or work deliverance for us in a secular sense; and therefore is it that this peril, and these dark alarms, and these mutterings of dismay surround us; and therefore it is that political dangers go on blackening our prospects until, in the midst of this agony, the truth which subsists in a latent state among us shall be brought out and become effective. That is to say, the *ultimate power* of the religion of the Scriptures shall gain a full expression, and shall take hold of the world's affairs, ruling them in a new manner.

We have said that three distinguishable developments of Christianity have had place within the last hundred years. The reformation had obtained for us, and consigned to our keeping—Christianity according to the written word. This was the meaning of the revolutions of the sixteenth century; and its text was—"to the law and to the testimony." The *work* of the Reformation still abides; for all communions that have separated from Rome still rest upon this foundation, namely, the supreme authority, and the sufficiency of Holy Scripture.

The middle of the last century—the years that date just one hundred years back from this time—saw, in the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield, and their immediate followers, a development of Christianity which was not simply *extraordinary* as to its extent, and as to its efficacy, but which was *new* and peculiar. The Methodist movement, taking its stand upon the basis of the *Reformation Gospel*, which itself was such an unfolding of the meaning of the apostolic writings as had *never before* been effected, moved forward from this ground, and the Methodist leaders brought the *lately understood* Gospel to bear, with unprecedented effect, upon the consciences of men *individually*. The simplest and the most rudimental idea of Christianity, as a call to repentance, and an offer of mercy, and an opening of heaven, and a dispensation of the "gift of God"—this rudimental idea filled the hearts and occupied the minds, and broke ever and again from the lips of preachers, whether Arminian or Calvinistic:—this *fresh Gospel* was METHODISM.

About forty years seems to be the allotted period of a religious epoch; and at the end of that term, or near it, Methodism, in its character as a *new development* of the Gos-

pel, had accomplished its functions, and had itself subsided into a tranquil and permanent ecclesiastical condition, taking its place among other and older communions. Its beneficial influences were indeed far from being terminated; its vitality was exhausted; its preachers proclaimed the same glad tidings with happy effect, and they believed themselves to be wearing the mantle of their Elijah. But it was not so. A new Evangelic power—a power springing out of Methodism, independent of it, was about to descend from heaven to earth; and the mantle of Elijah was soon seen to have come down upon the shoulders of the Founders of Missions.

It might at first sight be thought that the missionary enterprise was nothing more than a mere carrying out, into heathen lands, of Methodistic zeal, and of the Methodistic Gospel. But it showed itself at once to be quite another matter. In heaven's eye it was a development altogether new, and which was to bring into play a very different order of motives and emotions, and was to give prominence to objects which *never before* had been distinctly discerned by the Church, or steadily regarded as of prime importance. The Christian Church (of all communions) was to the core revolutionized by the Missionary Development: its tone and dialect, its topics and its occupations were all changed, and shifted, with wonderful rapidity, and with equal *completeness*. Well might it have been said forty years ago—"old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new!" Methodism was an intensity coming to a focus within men's bosoms, individually; it was *concentrative* mainly, and diffusive incidentally, or in a secondary manner. But the missionary development was in a feeble sense concentrative; while its *energies* were all diffusive. If Methodism exhibited the light of heaven, brought with irresistible force to bear upon each heart, the missionary dispensation was a beam of day, illuminating a distant expanse. That the two developments were essentially different, and that the one was not a mere branching off of the other, became manifest, or might easily have been inferred, from the almost antagonist style of that order of personal religion which came to be characteristic of each. The missionary piety is not a personal intensity; but a mild benevolence. Methodism might, and sometimes did, carry unsound minds on towards insanity. The missionary zeal might impel unsound minds, not indeed towards insanity, but towards absurdity. The very scene of the two movements was shifted, for the one had taken place ordinarily within walls consecrated to the worship of God;—the other occupies boards trodden yesterday, and to be trodden to-morrow, by the world. It is the same Christianity indeed, which *once* held to the church, the chapel, or the meeting-house, but which now resorts to the Town Hall; we must not, however, so far delude ourselves with names as to imagine that one and the same Religious Development has run on from the one class of structures to the other.

Methodism had its forty years as Heaven's ambassador to men: it has now gone to its *parish*, where Heaven forbid that it should relax in its useful labours. The missionary zeal, too, has had its forty years, as a distinct development of a certain order of Christian motives. It is not now waning or subsiding; but it is assuming *a permanent form*, and is conforming itself to established modes of procedure as an instrument of foreign Christianization; and Heaven forbid that its labours should be relaxed or restricted, or that its funds should be diminished! In the next forty years the several Missionary Societies may effect far more good than they have effected in the past forty; and there is reason to indulge so cheering a hope. But the missionary epoch, *as a dispensation*, has passed the point at which another epoch might be looked for as commencing.

Just as the missionary zeal sprang out of Methodism, so out of the missionary zeal has sprung (mainly although not wholly) that now current development of the energies of the Gospel which we are witnessing. The order of causation on this ground is natural. Christianity, when it awakens the consciences of men individually, impels them to teach every man his brother, and it calls all men brethren, and desires the salvation of all. In this order, care for the soul comes first; but care for the body immediately follows. The evangelist visits men in their homes that he may persuade them to repent: he finds them there destitute, famishing, naked, and utterly wretched. He reports what he has seen. But from the moment that this report reaches the ears, and sinks into the heart of Christians, the very Gospel they entertain becomes in a manner transmuted within their bosoms. In other words, Christianity, brought on a large scale into near communion with the bodily wretchedness of men, spontaneously developes an energy of its own—an energy proper for the occasion. Then comes on the dispensation of compassion, under which the wants of the body excite a sympathy more vivid than that which relates to the wants of the soul.

It is quite true that Christianity has, in

every age, and even under its most corrupt forms, proved its heavenly origin in this very manner; that is to say, by producing and by rendering effective, a sympathy of which heathen nations knew nothing. But that development of Christian compassion which is now midway on its epoch, has received a character quite new and peculiar from the alliance it has formed with three powers, heretofore scarcely known to it. The *first* of these is the legislative and administrative powers of the State, a reaction from which imparts to it gravity and momentum. The *second* is the voluntary "society" power, whence it derives an intensity of excitement, and in connexion with which it spreads itself over a wide surface, and takes effect upon thousands of minds, instead of tens, as heretofore. The *third* of these modifying influences is that derived from those established principles of political economy which regulate Christian benevolence in accordance with what should not be called worldly prudence, but rather scientific discretion. The most simple-minded philanthropists have at length come to understand that mere love and pity, left to follow their own impulses, may injure those whom they would help. Raw sympathy, brought into a state of excitement by Christian motives, is a power actually to be dreaded, if it act on a large scale. Thus modified, therefore, and thus brought into relationship with civil government, with voluntary associations, and with the principles of political science, Christian compassion, directed towards the alleviation of the bodily sufferings of men—especially of the lowest classes—is a new power, and the present is the era of its development.

But there is a power yet to be elicited—a power proper to our holy religion, and most characteristic of it, and which the now imminent perils of the social system throughout Europe, and not least so in this country, seem to be bringing into activity. What we intend is something more stern than the *sympathy* which the Gospel generates, and more serious than the *zeal* which it inspires; we mean—that sense of Right which it so solemnly authenticates, which it will yet bring to bear, not simply, as heretofore, upon the individual behaviour of men, one towards another, but upon the relationship of class to class, throughout the social system, and the momentous operation of which will, as we conjecture, give a character to those revolutions that are impending upon the civilized world. Christianity, we believe, is now about to do for civilized communities that which no political reforms, and no political philosophy, and certainly no insurrections, can ever effect. If it were asked, What shall be the future of England? the prediction might be risked, that, inasmuch as Biblical principles have here a firmer hold of the human mind than in any other country, it shall be the chosen field whereupon the last development of the powers of the Religion of Christ shall take place; and wherein shall be carried out, in a signal manner, that dispensation of Justice under which nations may prosper permanently, and be at peace within themselves.

Are we supposing that Christianity shall come in to frame political constitutions, or that texts shall be cited in Parliament for the purpose of overruling contrary decisions of political science? By no means: a very different office do we assign to the Bible, and a very different function to its interpreters. An illustration of what is intended presents itself at hand. Take the case of that mere compassion, or sympathy for the bodily sufferings of those around us, to which the motives of the Gospel impart intensity. Those who are most susceptible of this sympathy, and are most alive too to Christian influences, are often impelled, in their benevolent eagerness, to adopt measures, the tendency of which would be, if not instantly, yet after a while, to aggravate these miseries, or to spread them over a wider surface. Here then comes in the guidance and the corrective influence of Political Science—of Political Economy, and of that practical discretion which is acquired in administering any system of relief, whether voluntary or statutory. In this case, it is the office of Christianity to call out the benevolent affections, and to impart to them a momentum which at length prevails over the sluggishness, and the selfishness, and the blind prejudice that stands in its way. The Gospel generates the emotion, and keeps it in a state of efficient activity; and then the office of Political Science is so to instruct and to inform this power of sympathy, that the end it aims at, namely, the improved condition of the wretched, shall indeed be secured.

Now, in the case before us, what we suppose as yet to take place, is analogous to what we have here referred to as actually taking place. The Bible will afford no *direct* aid in digesting political constitutions, or in framing enactments intended to regulate the rate of wages, or to define the respective rights and privileges of classes. From the Bible we shall never be able fairly to extort any such things as a criminal code, or a system of taxation, or a scheme for regulating or for restricting the employment of

capital: it was given to the world for no such purposes. But it is therefore not available for giving effect to those measures of amelioration which a ripened political science shall point to and authenticate? We are confident that it *is* thus available, and believe, as we have said, that the present urgent perils of the country are the means destined for bringing out, from the depths of the Christian System, those long latent energies of Justice, apart from which the clearest demonstrations of political science will never take effect. National perils, and the distresses of classes, while they compel political science to ripen and to promulgate its conclusions, shall, with a sort of convulsive throe, call out and bring into operation, a salutary force from the Christian Code. Political Science shall determine what *is* Justice, as between class and class, and shall tell us on well ascertained grounds of experience, what those measures are, which may be looked to for securing to each class its well-being; and then a hitherto unknown and unimagined intensity imparted to Christian principles, shall break down all opposition, and shall bring out, in fact, the true and the good in the structure of society.

It cannot have escaped the notice of intelligent readers of the Bible, that in almost all those passages, as well of the New as of the Old Testament, which the devout mind clings to as predictive of ultimate felicity for the human family, there appears, at the end of the vista of hope—a tribunal of Justice. We entirely put out of view every one of those passages which, on grounds of reasonable interpretation, should be regarded as bearing upon the adjudication of men, individually, at the tribunal of an after life. We now refer to those passages only which it is scarcely possible to understand otherwise than as prophetical of the condition of the nations on earth. The Messiah's kingdom in this world (we are implying no opinion as to what is called "the personal Reign"), this kingdom of the son of David is spoken of in terms which convey, as its distinctively characteristic feature, the idea of a stern administration of JUSTICE, and of Justice for heretofore oppressed classes. The instances are very many, and they all bear one import, and they might all be brought under interpretation, as various expressions of that prediction—ill as it seems to accord with what we are apt to regard as the tenor of the Gospel, and which the Son of Man himself utters, when He promises to those who shall faithfully "keep his works"—and shall prove themselves the fit ministers of his kingdom, that they "shall have power over the nations," and shall "rule them with a rod of iron," and under which administration those nations shall be broken to shivers "as the vessels of the potter." If this be a prediction quoted from the second Psalm, and throwing it forward to the period of Messiah's triumphant entrance upon his kingdom, then it indicates in the clearest manner what we now assume, namely, that a dispensation of inflexible JUSTICE—justice for the nations, and administered on behalf of the wretched, shall be that which is to fill up the intentions of God's dealings with men *upon earth*.

Nothing can be clearer to the same purport than is the tenor of the seventy-second Psalm. That it is predictive of the Messiah's rule on earth has always been believed. It is, in a word, the foreshowing of a rule of right coming in upon inveterate wrongs, and subsisting and continuing for a lengthened period to carry forward its purposes, while the wrong also co-exists. The Messiah shall "judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment, and shall break in pieces the oppressor." Let the Psalm be read anew with this idea—that it holds forth the *principal characteristic* of a future dispensation, the end of which shall be universal peace on earth. The thirty-second chapter of Isaiah bears entirely the same import—"A king shall reign in righteousness," under whom "princes shall rule in judgment." An efficacious development of the first principles of morality—principles *taking precedence of motives of benevolence*—shall bring in the epoch of tranquil happiness, and thus "the work of RIGHTEOUSNESS shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

Hitherto Christianity has won its praise, and has demonstrated its heavenly origin, far more conspicuously as an impulse of mercy, and as bringing relief for the wretched, than as a rule of right. So long as the world has been managing its own affairs in its own way, the Gospel has wandered hither and thither over the field, binding up the wounds of the victims of cruelty, and pouring in its own oil and wine. But when the time comes for Christ to rule the world, then those offices of mercy which in times past have been its glory, shall take a subordinate place, so that the stern energies of justice may bear sway. Is not the forty-fifth Psalm a prediction of Messiah's reign on earth? and what is its tone? it is the very same. A stern and *martial* administration of JUSTICE among the nations is, in a word, what it means; and this is the marking feature, the *note of recognition*, whereby the coming in of a Messiah's kingdom shall

be known and shall be hailed by his people : —thus shall the redeemed nations greet his advent—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty ; in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of (for the sake of) truth, and meekness, and righteousness, and thy right hand (administrative energy) shall teach thee terrible things." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever ; the sceptre of thy kingdom is *a right sceptre.*"

The pith of these, and of many other well-remembered passages, is this—that, *at the end,* and when the Divine scheme is winding up, and is reaching its long-intended and long-postponed purpose, the religion of Christ shall bring to bear upon *the social and national condition of mankind*—a heretofore unthought of development of the eternal laws of justice. In the midst of that glare of glory which prophetic Scripture instructs and encourages us to look to with eager hope—in the very midst of that heavenly effulgence, there is discernible a symbol sharply defined by its dark contour against the brightness of the vision, and it is the "Iron sceptre" of Messiah's kingdom that we there descry.

If, then, we are to speak of the Future—and of the Christian Future—and of the Christian futurity of the British people—we should not think of predicting catastrophes ; —not because catastrophes may not actually come, for they may seem quite probable ; but because they do not lie within our ken. *We* do not profess to be prophets. We have learned that political calculations are cobwebs, or are likely to be swept away like cobwebs, and that Biblical calculations, if definite, are perilous, and too often illusory. What we *are* thinking of is the development of a principle, and which is a main element of revealed religion, and which, hitherto, has not merely had a too feeble influence upon men individually, but which has never yet taken a forcible hold of any social system, or had a conspicuous part in adjusting and rectifying the political and economic relationship of classes. Then a step further we advance in conjecturing that those shocks of the European earthquake which have in them a social, rather than a merely political meaning, shall so affect this country as to bring out the latent energy of the religion which *we* (alone almost among the nations) cordially adhere to and profess.

This development of a latent principle must come on along with, and as consequent upon, a new perusal of the Scriptures—that is to say, the perusal of them in a new light. The Reformation brought about such a new perusal of them, or a reading of things that had often been read before, but had never before been so understood. Methodism was produced and carried forward by the means of such a fresh reading of the words of life. And has not the Missionary zeal given us, in a sense, a new Bible ? has it not brought out of their dark corners scores of bright passages that had barely been noticed by our predecessors ? Within these forty years the Bible has come to be what it never was before, namely, a Missionary Manual. So shall it be when the first putting forth of the Iron Sceptre shall attract all eyes, and shall carry trembling and awe into the slumbering consciences of professed Christians. It would not have been equitable at any time previous to the present Missionary era, to have brought an indictment against the Christian ministry at large on the ground of its neglect of those missionary texts which *we* have at length learned to understand as an imperative command to carry the Gospel into heathen lands. For *us* now to neglect this duty, and to overlook these texts, would be to bring down upon ourselves the heaviest guilt. But our fathers had not been awakened so to read the Scriptures ; the time was not come, and all slumbered until it came.

It is the same as to a large class of passages, the clear import of which has rarely, if ever, been set before the people from the pulpit. Passages there are, which, when the time of awakening comes, shall break like a thunder-clap upon Christian congregations. The preacher will tremble as he takes his text, and the people will tremble as they hear it expounded and applied. What will then be new ? not the text, or the interpretation of it, as if critical ingenuity had at last dug down upon some fossil sense that had never before been thought of. What will be new will be a mind to accept as true, and as applicable to ourselves, some of the simplest and the most intelligible phrases and sentiments of the Bible.

The eliciting and the establishment of one class of truths has almost always involved a temporary occultation of some other truth. So it has been, that while the import of Scripture, as a message of pardon and a revelation of free grace, has been recovered, and has been set clear of the incrustations of sixteen centuries, the not incompatible, but antagonistic import of Scripture, as revealing a great scheme of retribution, has well-nigh been lost sight of. But now—so we may safely conclude—now that the doctrine of grace is fully recovered, and now that it has taken its due place in the belief of Protestant Churches, whence it shall never again be removed—now may that other truth, upon the counteractive influence of which the equipoise of revelation depends

—now may it without risk be fully brought forward, be boldly announced, and authoritatively enforced. If the doctrines of grace are irrefragably certain, not less certain is the doctrine of an administrative scheme of government, exact, universal, undeviating, and in the carrying out of which Eternal Justice is to be honoured.

But how shall we reconcile principles so contradictory, or how expound the Gospel and the Law, so as to save the integrity of both? To attempt this is not our task. An easy task shall it be when the Bible comes to be listened to, theological logic apart—an easy task shall it be when Christianity has developed its ultimate energy, as an expression of eternal rectitude!

It would not perhaps be extremely difficult to follow out in idea that chain of causes which may bring about among ourselves, and ere long, such a development as we have spoken of. Our social condition, especially as a mercantile and a manufacturing community, is becoming every year more critical and more perplexing; meantime, the now present and unlooked-for convulsions of the continental nations are reacting upon us in a manner which the boldest minds dare not distinctly look at, or inquire into. A moment may come, and it is perhaps at hand, when social perplexities *must* in some manner be met and disposed of. But shall we meet them as they have been met in France, by murderous collisions of class with class—by street slaughter—by the mowing down of mobs with artillery, and by a plunge through blood-reeking revolutions, to land upon the *terra firma* of a military despotism? Not so; may we not devoutly hope it? But if not, then it must be in another manner, and in a manner which shall throw an unwonted stress upon the moral energies of the country, or upon the religious convictions of all classes.

Destitution and distress, perhaps enhanced and diffused, or if not actually increased, yet reported, adduced, and brought out more distinctly to view than at present it is, —this exhibition of suffering must at the same moment quicken the alarms of statesmen, and excite, in an extreme degree, the sympathies of the more feeling portion of the community. The sluggishness of public men will be broken in upon, and large measures of relief will be thought of and propounded. At the same time, such arrangements and mitigations as "charity" can command will be had recourse to. But it will quickly be discovered that the social problem is one that is not to be dealt with on any such ground as this. The difficulty is too mighty to be disposed of delicately and lovingly. The malady is of a sort that will not yield to emulgents—the lotion of sympathy frets the patient as much as it soothes his anguish. In a word, although mercy is never out of season, it will be felt that the era of mercy, as chief agent for the relief of the sufferings of classes, is past. After a brief and awful pause, it shall be acknowledged that the era of RIGHT has come on. But Right—whence is it to be derived, or from what principles reasoned out, or by what sanctions authenticated, or by what penalties enforced? If it were attempted, at such a moment, to make out and to define the limits of social justice, on any principle known to the British Constitution, this method of procedure could bring out no results commensurate with the occasion, and for this reason, that no *such* occasion, no *such* social crisis, no *such* portentous problem has ever been contemplated, much less provided for, by the British Constitution, or by any other political framework, ancient or modern.

If recourse were had, in such an emergency, to abstract doctrines, or to scholastic systems of moral philosophy, or to some theory, happening just then to be in vogue, nothing but interminable debates could be the consequence. Universities might wrangle for ten years, before any conclusion which practical men could comprehend and adopt could be arrived at. We are not, however, without resource. Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, and therefore it is a recognised and constitutional authority. Moreover, Christianity is the cordial belief of great masses of the people—upper, and middle, and lower; it is therefore an *authority*, the intervention of which would readily and gladly be hailed, not by one rank or interest, but by multitudes of every rank, and especially so in an hour of fear and perplexity.

What then is it that might, at such a moment, take place? not, as we have already said—that Revelation should be brought in to supersede the functions of civil society: far from it. Legislative wisdom, and statesmanlike ability, and practical good sense, would combine to devise, to digest, and to elaborate the measures best to be adopted; and then, those measures having been assented to and approved—BIBLE FORCE would come in to carry them through, sweeping away irresistibly all oppositions of class selfishness and prejudice. Such and such measures (and we should quite overstep what we think to be our function in presuming to specify them) having been propounded, and discussed, and voted as good, not by the legislature merely, but by the British

people, there would be no question whether they should, or could, be put in force. Public men will have devised these measures, the legislature will have passed them, and then heaven itself will see to what remains. Neither Moses nor the prophets, neither David, nor Solomon, nor Isaiah, nor Jeremiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Paul, nor James, nor even our blessed Lord, will teach us how to frame Acts of Parliament, or on what grounds of political expediency societies should be constituted; but when Parliaments have ascertained what it is which a crisis demands, and when experienced writers have informed us in what modes our endeavours may best be carried forward, then prophets and apostles, in tones never before listened to, shall enjoin the due performance of the part we have thus assigned to ourselves.

When once BIBLE POWER has, by any such social crisis, been brought to bear, in an open manner, upon national interests—when once the "sign of the Son of man" has thus been seen in the political heavens—when the iron sceptre has caught all eyes, that is to say, when Christ's authority shall, in a signal instance, have prevailed in controlling state affairs, then shall this same power be seen to be taking effect in a thousand instances that were not at first thought of. Sympathy and mercy, applied as they have been, and are, to the alleviation of the miseries endured by classes, are like the fragrant ointment poured forth by piety and love; but the word of truth and justice, when once it shall be uttered, shall take effect upon the diseased social body in another manner:—"Go, for thou art healed of thy plague." To what an incalculable extent would the weight of distress now pressing upon all classes be relieved, simply by an efficacious recovery of, and return to, public and private rectitude! If commercial reverses visit us periodically, as pestilence and famine may visit us, in the form of judgments from heaven, how greatly are these reverses aggravated, as they affect classes and individuals, by the defective morality to which custom and familiarity have given a loose sanction! There may be room to question whether even the most disastrous of those overthrows which the trading and commercial classes have sustained, would have occurred at all, had there been diffused through all classes a higher-toned morality.

All thinking persons feel that the never yet adjusted relationship of class to class, in our social systems, is an urgent problem, carrying with it every kind of difficulty, and which the now-pending revolutionary conflicts between classes on the Continent are rendering more difficult and more perilous every day among ourselves. Great organic changes, or measures equivalent to organic changes, must be brought to bear upon the social malady—or otherwise it will, in this country as it has in France, come to its crisis spontaneously, and with an accompaniment of the direst calamities. These changes, or these measures of relief, we believe to surpass the powers of the legislature to give effect to them, even if they do not surpass its wisdom to devise. The alternative, therefore, is the occurrence of a terrific crisis, and the repetition of such at short intervals; or else the bringing in of a force new to politics, and hitherto latent in the inspired writings.

It has been latent hitherto, because that state of the social system which should bring it into activity belongs to the present time, and is itself now only partially developed. What might be called *social consciousness* is that which distinguishes the civilized communities of modern times. This consciousness implies, not only a wide spread cognisance of the condition of the several classes that make up the body politic, but a *feeling* pervading each class, and connecting each with the others by a sort of vital sympathy. The body politic is continually coming into nearer and nearer analogy with animal life. There is within it one sensorium, towards which all sensations tend, and one nervous system, affected throughout by any morbid condition of any part or member. Representative government, whether it may be more or less complete, theoretically or practically well managed, is but one of the modes of national consciousness, and only one medium of the national volitions. Through the press, and by the means of that extended and instantaneous interchange of feeling and will which belong to a commercial state, and which the recently contrived velocities of correspondence and of transit so wonderfully facilitate, everything that is anywhere thought, felt, suffered, intended, willed, or done, is instantly reported, understood, and (to use a physiological term) is duly assimilated, and is commingled, either as aliment, or as medicament, or as infection, or as poison, with the system.

But this universally diffused social consciousness brings with it a relationship, between class and class, of mutual dependence and of obligation, which otherwise could not be alleged. Men who live under an absolute despotism, as in Turkey or Russia, witness individually the wrongs that are endured by others individually or by classes with apathy, or with sympathy, as it

may happen, yet with no consciousness of an implied moral responsibility, and with no sense of moral reciprocity. But whether we distinctly admit the fact or not, the *feeling* that spontaneously arises in every bosom, on parallel occasions, in countries where the agents of government are responsible, where there is popular representation, a free press, and absolute liberty of speech and action, is wholly of another sort. This feeling has in it something of that tumultuous restlessness which attaches to the active moral sentiments. The reported sufferings of classes, or the knowledge of their degradation, their ignorance, and their hopeless destitution, excites (at least in sound minds) not compassion simply, but a self-reproaching disquiet, of which we do not easily rid ourselves. "These things," we say to ourselves and to one another, "ought not so to be: they *must* not be suffered: something *must* be done, or attempted, to bring in a remedy."

Now, this is a modern feeling: it is the accompaniment of an advancing political condition; and it is the symptom of the diffused vitality of the social system. What then follows? or what is it that must take place in consequence of this vitalizing of the social mass? In a country within which a *definite moral code* is recognised as of ultimate authority, and is bowed to because its sanctions are held to be valid, in such a country it is inevitable that this same moral code, which heretofore was only of private interpretation, or which took little effect except as it bore upon the conscience of the *individual* in his behaviour towards *individuals* —this code, sustained by its awful sanctions, must, and will eventually, come into effective operation, as bearing upon what we may call the social, or the political conscience. In this country the decisively practical turn of the national mind, and the dislike of abstract or metaphysical reasoning, as applied to substantial interests, happily comes in to aid the national feeling in favour of Christianity as an ultimate authority in morals. Already we may discern the onward movement of a silent process, which is bringing all the difficult questions of class wellbeing up to the tribunal of the one recognised religious authority. Unless dire catastrophes should come in to throw us aback, and to break up the social machinery, it must ere long come about, in this country, and notwithstanding the prevalence of infidelity and impiety in the highest and in the lowest classes, that these political problems will be dealt with on the ground of RIGHT, as affirmed, defined, or implied, in Holy Scripture.

The present turmoil throughout Europe, and in France especially, is going on, no one can guess towards what issue, unless it be military despotism, because nothing is recognised abroad as fixed and unquestionable; nothing is bowed to as of ultimate authority; nothing is reverenced because it is held to be sustained by sanctions. But it is not so among ourselves; and in any case in which a mass is internally agitated, the parts in movement will arrange themselves at length around the one part or element that is fixed. In England, although everything may be brought under discussion, and everything sacred may be questioned; yet not for ever. The religious convictions of the great majority of the instructed classes are firm. The Christian belief of the British people is an anchorage, and it is a fulcrum, and it is a foundation; and the agitations that shake the nations only tend to throw so much the more stress upon this one and only point of immovable support, which the civilized world feels to be anywhere under its feet.

Facts and appearances irreconcilable with any such supposition as this might readily be alleged; and the hope it would encourage might easily be made to appear chimerical. We profess it, nevertheless, and are bold to say that, while diffident of any interpretation of Apocalyptic symbols, we discern, amid the alarms and confusions of the passing hour, bright indications of the coming on of that last development of the Christian system, which is the drift of all prophecy, and which shall render Christianity, towards the nations, a dispensation of Justice, more prominently than hitherto it has been a dispensation of mercy.*

ART. IX.—1. *The Camp and Barrack-room; or the British Army as it is.* By a late Staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry. London, 1841.

2. *The Autobiography of a Working Man.*

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* It is not an approvable practice to place at the head of an article the title of a book of which nothing is said in the course of it. We condemn, therefore, in this instance, what we have done, and can only say that we should hold it to be not merely in a *literary*, but in a *moral* sense, wrong, so to treat any living writer. In this case many of our readers will long ago have formed their own opinion of the remarkable essay of which the little volume before us is a good reprint. The *merits* of this essay, or the grounds and reasons of that attention which it has lately received, could not be properly considered within the compass of a few pages.

By "One who has whistled at the Plough." London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, 1848.

3. *Recollections of Rifleman Harris.* Edited by Henry Curling, Esquire, Half-pay, 52d Regiment. London, 1848.
4. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.* Vol. 91. (Third volume of the Session of 1847.)

In this great year of the Christian era, 1848, it is, doubtless, a very humiliating fact, that the representatives of the people have been voting away large sums of public money for the purchase and the support of the instruments and agents of human destruction. It is a very humiliating fact, we say, but it is one which stares us most obtrusively in the face. Our better reason may revolt against it—Christian morality may deplore it—but *there* stands THE SOLDIER at the corner of the street.

There he is—the hundred thousandth part of a great thing called an Army. A great thing wonderfully organized—most ingeniously devised; a very imposing, a very costly thing, made up of very varied materials, but most homogeneous as a whole. It is hard to say what it does not contain. Nothing so hard, nothing so soft; nothing so full, nothing so empty; nothing so gay, nothing so mournful, as not to be a part of it. Light plumes, and heavy ordnance; the empty drum and the well-charged shell; the gay music, and the mournful funeral-pall—there are all sorts of contrasts and contrarieties in it, but how complete a thing is it as a whole? Look at the intricacy of its machinery—the wonderful adhesiveness of its parts—the unity and integrity of it. Dispersed though it be in a fragmentary state over the whole surface of the globe, there are chains and wires, which take no account of space, keeping it together as surely and irrefragably as though it were a compact mass. Within this mighty circle, there is nothing so majestic—nothing so insignificant, as not to be brought into immediate contact with each other. The minutest component of that great fact—the British Army, has an intimate affinity and is a matter of immediate concernment to the greatest and most glorious of the realities, who give a dignity and a radiance to the whole. There is a link, which unites the small child who tinkles the triangle with the mighty warrior who conquers nations, overturns dynasties, and revolutionizes the world. The voice of that small hero of the triangle may make itself heard by the great hero of history; and not so insignificant is the child—being an atom of that great comprehensive army, but that his injuries will be resented and redressed by the veteran of a hundred fights, and a hundred orders.

It is no bad sign of the times, though better signs our successors may be called to discourse upon in the five-hundredth Number of this Review, that England has just begun seriously to concern herself about the condition of the men who fight her battles abroad, and guard her property at home. Better soldiers it is scarcely necessary that they should be—for they have beaten nearly all the world; but it would seem nothing so difficult to render them better men. Hitherto almost everything has been against them. They have been bad because they have not been expected to be better. The world has set a mark upon them, and they have not belied their credentials. It seems, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, to have been our pleasure to call them the most depraved of men, and our study to keep them so. As a privileged class of evil-doers they have been regarded, and it would seem as though society were unwilling to disturb a time-hallowed fact of such universal acceptation. There are traditions to which we cling with extraordinary tenacity, and the reprobate character of the soldier is one of them. To "swear like a trooper"—"to drink like a trooper"—to do every evil thing that is done under the sun "like a trooper"—are legendary forms of speech which we do not very willingly dismiss into the limbo of worn-out superstitions. There are conventional notions of a soldier much cherished by the civilian, which work out their own realization. When men are not expected to be better, there is little chance of their ever becoming so.

In no country in the world is the soldier so heartily despised as in England: and in none is he more cordially admired. Men look down upon him with unbounded contempt; women look up to him with passionate adoration. He is ridiculed on the one side; he is worshipped on the other. He is at once a lobster and a hero. He is insulted in the streets; he is courted from the areas. The butcher's boy shoulders his empty tray with a face full of impudence, and the cook-maid, as she retires with the joint, looks back at him with a face full of love. His red coat, his erect carriage, his handsome person, the halo of bravery which surrounds him, gladden the eyes, possess the imaginations, and fill the hearts of the gentler sex, whilst men think him a very poor creature indeed, because he may not put his hands in his pockets, stay out after night-fall, or get drunk at discretion. They see that he is at the mercy of the drill-sergeant—that he has sold his liberty for a shilling a day—that he

is turned into a mere machine, without an opinion of his own, without even the ordinary privilege of a free and enlightened citizen to wear as much dirt upon his person as he pleases. For all this they heartily despise him; and because he is adored by the women, they, moreover, cordially detest him. Besides, he is mixed up in their minds with some undefined notions of taxation—and that is enough in itself to render him the most unpopular animal in the world.

But how few there are in any condition of life who trouble themselves to look beneath the surface—to penetrate the outer shell of this strange thing we call a soldier—to associate with his name anything beyond visions of pipe-clay, ramrods, spongestaffs, the lunge, and the "rigid miseries of the goose-step." And yet he is an intelligent being, to a point a little above instinct; and might be made a reasonable creature. We have tried hard heretofore not to emancipate him from the thraldom which sits so heavily upon his moral and intellectual being; but a new light is now beginning to dawn upon the country. Some doubts have been entertained whether a soldier may not after all have a soul to be saved; and to the credit of the last Parliament be it recorded, that the condition of the soldier was in 1847 elevated by both Houses into a topic of grave and earnest discussion.

With most unfeigned satisfaction do we regard and with most unqualified commendation do we allude to these efforts to legislate for the British army; and we speak of them now with the assured conviction that every new Session will advance the cause of Military Reform, and give birth to new measures calculated to raise the character of the soldier. It is well that at the head of the measures, which have already received the assent of Parliament and the approbation of the country at large, should be one the object and tendency of which is to loosen the chains of military bondage—to render the soldier, by the limitation of his time of enforced service, less of a slave than under the old soul-subduing system of enlistment for life. The Bill introduced in March, 1847, by the present able and benevolent Secretary at War, and generally described, somewhat vaguely, as the *Army Service Bill*, is a move in the right direction—an initial step essential to the success of all after-measures for the amelioration of the condition of the soldier.

For—look at the manner in which the army is recruited. It is a "voluntary" system, with nothing that is voluntary in it but the first precipitate plunge—the folly of an hour which is pregnant with the repentance of years. Think what it is that has consigned so many men to a hopeless life of military servitude. Think of the efforts made to entrap the raw material of a soldier—the gilded bait which is cast before his eyes—the wiles which are employed to delude him of the little reason that he has—the craft that is put forth to catch and the violence which is exercised to keep him. What can be more discouraging than his first initiation into military life? If thought be not stagnant within him—if in the fulness of his suffering all power of reflection has not utterly died—he must soon become painfully conscious of the fact that his new life is a cheat and an imposture. The time-honoured couplet descriptive of the pleasure of being cheated has to his case no application. It is all misery from first to last—head-ache at the beginning, and heart-ache to the end. He has enlisted in heedlessness or in pique. He has quarrelled with his sweetheart or been dismissed by his employer. In a state of mind peculiarly susceptible of such impressions, he has been dazzled by the gaudy ribands and the shining accoutrements of the recruiting sergeant. Every strip of coloured sarsenet streaming from the cap of the seducer—every well-polished plate and buckle that glitters on his person—has a separate spell to lure the victim to destruction. The stirring notes of the drum and the fife seem to summon him to a career of glory. He is intoxicated before the *treat* begins—before the first glass, proffered by the tempter, has been tossed off in the tap-room or the drinking-booth—before the man of the gay ribands has begun his attractive survey of the *arva beata divites et insulas* over which lies the path of the soldier. It has been all over with him, we say, long ago. The voice of reason—the voice of affection—the voice of conscience—they have all been drowned by the merry music of the recruiting party. The man of the ribands stands treat like a hero, and talks like a demi-god. It is "far above singing" to Hodge. He is all a-gape with wonder and delight. Another glass, another story, and he sees in the ascending clouds of tobacco-smoke great battles fought, great victories accomplished—a manhood of glory and an old age of honoured ease. He is prepared to believe anything that is told him: his credulity would grasp even a Roman triumph, with himself for the hero of it, if Ribands were only to set him upon the track. But no need of that: he has taken the shilling without it; he has sold himself to the recruiting-sergeant; he has "gone for

a soldier;" and a hundred thousand of these gone creatures make "the finest army in the world."

This is the ordinary receipt for making a soldier. There are variations, but not very important ones. One, however, seems to be worthy of especial consideration, as it affords a remarkable contrast to that which we have above described. There we have seen the case of the soldier made by the recruiting-sergeant—of the victim of gay ribands and strong drink—of the simple one who swallows the bait in utter ignorance, to be terribly undeceived. Now we make the acquaintance of a very different personage—a fellow who is not to be charmed by recruiting parties, charm they never so wisely; who is more than a match for the hero of the ribands; who knows tricks worth a score of his. This is the man who has "seen better days"—the ruined spendthrift, whose last hope of raising the wind is gone; who has exhausted the patience and perhaps the purses of his friends; who has disgraced himself and his family; and who now, with the prospect of starvation before him, hopeless beggary in the streets, or a residence in a prison, turns his thoughts to the army as a refuge for the destitute, and in a determined spirit of *felo-de-se*, deliberately enlists. There is a jaunty, rakish, care-worn look about him. Outwardly and inwardly, to use his own language, he is desperately "seedy." He has nothing but youth in his favour; and drink and debauchery have pretty well eased him even of that recommendation. He looks older than he is; he has far less stamina than Hodge—but then he is a trifle less clumsy. He will get through his drill quicker than the bumpkin, if he choose; but the chances are that he will not choose. He knows that he has taken the last plunge, and has ceased to care about himself. He has long ago forfeited his self-respect, and he has never had any delusions about the glory of military life. He has enlisted, in all probability, for foreign service: he is going to the East Indies. In the eyes of Hodge the army is the army; he neither knows nor cares what particular section of it is doomed to absorb his life. Well-born knows better. He has an idea of his own on the subject. He chooses his own regiment, knowing its destination; he is not beguiled by vagrant ribands at country fairs, but he goes deliberately to the depôt of the regiment he has selected, and settles the matter with all his faculties about him. His desire is to leave the country at the country's expense; and he thinks, on the whole, that he would rather go as a soldier than as a convict.

Here we have the two extremes of recruit manufacture—the first sample, it must be understood, belongs to a very large, and the second to a very small class. There is an intermediate state which seems to unite something of the simplicity of Hodge with the intelligence of Well-born. Between the country bumpkin and the ruined clerk or broken gentleman stands the artisan or mechanic. Of 1000 recruits it may be estimated that 628 are agricultural labourers and servants, 310 artisans and mechanics, 43 clerks and shopmen, and the residue of 19, gentlemen's sons, in various shapes—as medical students, lawyers, &c. This is the distribution guaranteed by Sir Howard Douglas, and we are by no means inclined to question its accuracy. Neither are we inclined to question the truth of the assertionput forth by the same authority—that the agricultural labourers make the best soldiers, and the gentlemen's sons considerably the worst. We have known examples to the contrary, but not sufficient to disturb our belief in the soundness of Sir Howard Douglas' estimate of the general character of gentlemen recruits. We admit that the army gains little by them—they are Her Majesty's hard bargains. "What then?" the opponents of the Limited Enlistment Act answer—"a proof of the absurdity of commending and supporting the bill, upon the plea of its drawing into the army a *better class* of recruits." A schoolboy would be whipt for being so out in his logic. The well-born scamps of whom we speak do not constitute a better, but a worse class of recruits; they belong, indeed, to the very worst. There is not a military reformer, in or out of Parliament, who would ever think of including in any "better class" the scum of the aristocracy. What we wish to attract to the ranks of the army, designating *them* as a better class, are better members of the same grades of society. We would fain see men, whether born in a hovel or in a mansion, carry the best of themselves to the army; we would fain see them enter our ranks, not with broken fortunes, beggars alike in character and in substance, but with the lustre of no failure and no disgrace upon them—in the flush of youthful hope, and the freshness of youthful innocence, looking to the profession of the soldier as one to elevate him above, not to sink him beneath his fellows, to provide him with a comfortable subsistence, to place him in a respectable position, and to call into action—not as now hopelessly to repress—all the best instincts of humanity. The army has been too long regarded as a vast social cess-pool or sewer, into which the offscourings of every class

are carried by the force of adverse circumstances—a reservoir for every imaginable description of human filth and human rubbish. One step better than death or transportation, men have turned to it, in the last gasp of failing fortune, rather than perish in a gutter, or end their days in the hulks; and they have, ere now, after a trial, thinking themselves miserably mistaken, fallen back upon death or transportation after all.

And that it has been so, we have abundance of evidence---evidence assuming almost every conceivable shape, to convince us. As last resource, men have allowed themselves to be swept into the army, and have bitterly repented of the deed almost before it has been done. The very leavings of humanity though they be, they have tried, in the morning-hour of reflection, to rise above that degradation. Society, in the emphatic language of scripture, has spewed them out; but they have still recoiled from the thought of that uttermost humiliation. Waking from their long drunken slumbers, great is the effort to free themselves from the toils of the betrayer—but it is too late; the fatal shilling has been taken; there is nothing left but submission or desertion.

Let us hear a voice or two from the ranks on this subject of enlistment;—firstly, how these recruiting parties have been wont to set about their work:—

"When on the recruiting service in those days, men were accustomed to make as gallant a show as they could, and accordingly we had both smartened ourselves up a trifle. The serjeant-major was quite a beau in his way; he had a sling belt to his sword like a field-officer, a tremendous green feather in his cap, a flaring sash, his whistle and powder-flask displayed, an officer's pelisse over one shoulder, and a double allowance of ribbons in his cap; whilst I myself was as smart as I dared appear, with my rifle slung at my shoulder. In this guise we made as much of ourselves as though we had both been Generals, and as I said, created quite a sensation, the militia-men cheering as we passed up and down, till they were called to order by their officers."—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

This is the first step—a huge practical lie at starting. There must be all this false show of finery or nothing can be done. What follows is quite in keeping with the initial cheatery; there must be more fraud—juggling and drugging; men must be turned into brutes and kept so, until they become outright soldiers:—

"The appearance of our Rifle uniform, and a little of Sergeant Adams' blarney, so took the fancies of the volunteers, that we got every one of them for the Rifle corps, and both officers into the bargain. We worked hard in this business; I may say that for three days and nights we kept up the dance and the drunken riot. Every volunteer got ten guineas bounty, which, except the two kept back for necessaries, they spent in every sort of excess, till all was gone. Then came the reaction. The drooping spirits, the grief at parting with old comrades, sweethearts, and wives, for the uncertain fate of war. And then came on the jeers of the old soldier; the laughter of Adams and myself, and comrades, and our attempts to give a fillip to their spirits, as we marched them off from the friends they were never to look upon again; and as we termed it, '*shove them on to glory.*'"—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are made. All this is significant enough; but, perhaps, a single example of this style of recruit-making will make the matter still plainer:—

"We reached Rye the same night, and I recollect that I succeeded in getting the first recruit there, a strong able-bodied chimney-sweep, named John Lee. This fellow (whose appearance I was struck with as he sat in the tap-room of the 'Red Lion' on that night, together with a little boy as black and sooty as himself) offered to enlist the moment I entered the room, and I took him at his word, and immediately called for the sergeant-major for approval. 'There's nothing against my being a soldier,' said the sweep, 'but my black face; I'm strong, active, and healthy, and able to lick the best man in this room.' 'Hang your black face,' said the sergeant-major, 'the Rifles can't be too dark; you're a strong rascal, and if you mean it, we'll take you to the doctor to-morrow, and make a Giniral of you the next day.' So we had the sweep that night into a large tub of water, scoured him outside, and filled him with punch inside, and made a Rifleman of him. The sergeant-major, however, on this night suspected from his countenance what afterwards turned out to be the case, that he was a slippery fellow, and might repent. So, after filling him drunk, he said to me—'Harris, *you* have caught this bird, and *you* must keep him fast. You must both sleep to-night handcuffed together in the same bed, or he will escape us;' which I actually did, and the next morning retraced my steps with him to Hythe, to be passed by the doctor of our regiment."—*Recollections of Rifleman Harris.*

And so soldiers are kept. It seemed, in those days, a *primâ facie* impossibility, that any man, having enlisted, or having been enlisted—for in these matters the passive is always more fitly to be used—in a state of stupefaction, whether from drink or from despair, should ever, on returning to the possession of even a moiety of his senses, desire to hold to his bargain. Old soldiers knew well the improbability of the thing; and so they kept their prey fast with handcuffs.

There was good reason for this, apart from

military zeal and loyalty to the Crown. A recruit lost was so much out of the pockets of the recruiting party. Private Somerville of the Scots Greys, in his "Autobiography," tells us the story of his enlistment. It is amusing and to the point; it illustrates the advantages of prompt action in these matters, and may afford to the uninitiated an explanation of the phrase "taking the shilling." Somerville and a friend, being in very desperate circumstances, deliberately resolved to enlist into the Greys. These young men were then in Edinburgh, and there also was a recruiting party from that attractive corps. The net was not thrown over them; they deliberately entangled themselves in its meshes:—

"W. N. had seen the Greys in Dublin, and having a natural disposition to be charmed with the picturesque, was charmed with them. He knew where in Edinburgh High Street to inquire for the corporal, and having inquired, we found him in lodgings, up a very great many pairs of stairs—I do not know how many—stretched in his military cloak on his bed. He said he was glad to see anybody up stairs in his little place, now that the regimental order had come out against mustachios; for since he had been ordered to shave his off, his wife had sat moping at the fireside, refusing all consolation to herself and all peace to him. 'I ha'e had a weary life of it,' he said plaintively, 'since the order came out to shave the upper lip. She grat there—I am sure she grat as if her heart would ha'e broken—when she saw me the first day without the mustachios.' Having listened to this, and heard a confirmation of it from the lady herself, as also a hint that the corporal had been lying in bed half the day, when he should have been looking out for recruits, for each of whom he had a payment of 10s. We told him that we had come looking for him to offer ourselves as recruits. He looked at us a few moments, and said if we meant it he saw nothing about us to object to; and as neither of us seemed to have any beard from which mustachios could grow, could only congratulate us on the order that had come out against them. * * * We assured the corporal that we were in earnest, and that we did mean to enlist, whereupon he began by putting the formal question—'Are you free, able, and willing to serve His Majesty King William the Fourth?' But there was a hitch; two shillings were requisite to enlist two recruits, and there was only one shilling. We proposed that he should enlist one of us with it, and that this one should lend it to him to enlist the other. But his wife would not have the enlistment done in that way. She said 'that would not be *law*, and a bonny thing it would be to do it without it being law.' 'Na, na,' she continued, 'it maun be done as the law directs.' The corporal made a movement as if he would take us out to some place where he could get another shilling; but she thought it possible that another of the recruiting party might share the prize—take one of us or both—so she detained him, shut the door on us, locked it, took the key with her, and went in search of the requisite King's coin. Meanwhile, as N. was impatient, I allowed him to take precedence of me, and have the ceremony performed with the shilling then present. On the return of the corporal's wife, who, though younger than he in years, seemed to be 'an older soldier,' I also became the King's man."

We do not think that this matter of "taking the shilling" has ever been set forth so intelligibly, and certainly never more entertainingly, to the mental vision of the uninitiated. It is not, as some think, a mere metaphor; no, the shilling performs an important part in the ceremony, and once taken there is no retreating.

No retreating except by desertion: to retreat is then to desert. When such the manner of enlistment, who can wonder at the number of desertions? In the debates last year upon the Limited Enlistment Act, it was stated that in three years 28,000 men had been committed to jail, and 8000 men had deserted. Desertion follows, in most cases, as the result of after-repentance. In *some* it is a piece of deliberate roguery. It is not always that the recruit is a raw one; he has been known, in some instances, to be more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant—nay, for all the regimental authorities:—

"A private of the 70th regiment," writes Rifleman Harris, "had deserted from that corps, and afterwards enlisted into several other regiments—indeed I was told at the time (though I cannot answer for so great a number) that sixteen different times he had received the bounty and then stolen off. Being however caught at last, he was brought to trial at Portsmouth, and sentenced by general court-martial to be shot."

And it was stated in the course of the debates last year in the House of Commons, by Captain Bollero, that he had known instances of men who had enlisted eight or nine times, received the bounty-money, and then deserted. The magistracy of Great Britain know well what the system is. Some instance of habitual fraud of this kind is probably familiar to every man who has sat for a few years on the bench. The bounty, as we shall presently show, which is actually received by the soldier, is nowadays so small, that if the offence be committed upon system—if desertion be made a trade—it is necessary to conduct the business on a somewhat extensive scale. It will not answer merely to dabble in it.

The fact is, that sometimes a clever fellow is found who is more than a match for the recruiting-sergeant. The man of feathers and ribands is caught in the net of his own

eagerness. He overleaps himself, and finds that he is the betrayed and not the betrayer. Men ere now, we say, have driven a profitable trade as recruits; have enlisted under various disguises; and turned to good account the zealous cupidity of the great cormorants, who would have made them their prey. There is often some clever acting in these cases, and many amusing stories might be told of the way in which the knavery of the barrack-room has been over-reached by the knavery of the world.

The bounty-money, though only payable in part, and often being little better than an absolute delusion, is a great temptation to the roguery of these cunning fellows, who are confident in their ability to over-reach the recruiting-sergeant. The balance of active cheatery, however, is hugely on the side of the system. If the service be defrauded by one recruit, it amply revenges itself by defrauding a thousand. And this is a more fertile source of desertion than the other. Some run away to cheat; others because they are cheated:—

"During my stay at Chatham," writes the author of the *Camp and Barrack-Room*, "desertion was of frequent occurrence, and I understood to a greater extent than had been previously the case. This evil had its origin in a complication of causes, the major one being the manner in which recruits were treated on their joining, when not only was the bounty given them absorbed by the purchase of necessaries, but likewise the larger portion and in many instances the entire of the subsequent month's pay. Thus for two or perhaps three months, the recruit would only receive two, at the most threepence per diem; and young lads having good appetites, this trifling sum would be expended in procuring something by way of an evening meal, their ration meals only embracing a breakfast and dinner. Having accordingly no money to spend in amusement, and imagining they must continue to be similarly situated whilst in the service, young soldiers become quickly disgusted with it; and, when destitute of principle, desertion on the first opportunity followed almost as a matter of course."

This delusion of bounty-giving is, indeed, a crying evil. The soldier on joining the army, instead of finding himself, as he is led to believe, with so much in pocket to spend after his heart's desires, is in the long run brought in, if he do not give "leg bail" in good time, a debtor to his regiment. No one, writing from the ranks, in these times, fails to raise a complaint upon this subject. The staff-sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry speaks of it; and the private of the Scots Greys exposes the grievance, in a minute account of his own commercial dealings with the authorities of his regiment:—

"I received," he says, "nominally a bounty of £2, 12s. 6d., but only 10 shillings of it in cash; the remainder went to help to furnish my outfit. A cavalry soldier requires two pair of over-alls in a year—and he is only allowed by Government one pair. He is allowed 6s. a year for boots. All his shoes and repairs, and an extra pair of boots, probably every third year; every article which I have named, including the saddle-bags and corn-sack, must be paid for out of stoppages from his pay, with the following exceptions: one pair of cloth over-alls, one stable jacket, and one dress coat annually; 6s. a year for boots, and 3s. for gloves, and a new cloak every six years. Besides the sum of £2, 2s. 6d., which was appropriated from the bounty, I was indebted to the regiment about £3, 10s. for this outfit. All other recruits were the same. The rations costing from 6d. to 8d. per day, according to the contracts for provisions, and 1d. per day for vegetables, were first paid for by stoppages. We got 2d. of daily pay, and all remaining went to pay off the debt. These stoppages during the first years of a recruit's services, together with the endless drilling on foot and on horseback, and the hard stable-work, generally gave young men an unfavourable opinion of soldiering. But the beginning is not so disheartening now, since the period of enlistment is shortened. The recruit keeps up his spirits when he sees a limited time before him, at the end of which he will still be a young man, and may leave the service if he dislikes it, or remain if he does not choose to leave."

This is good testimony in favour of limited enlistment—but before we revert to it, a word or two more on this subject of bounty. No doubt, it is a great delusion—a lie altogether—and if it be a fertile source of offences against the service, it is only another illustration of the great Shakspearian truth, that of our pleasant vices are made instruments to scourge us. The whole system, indeed, is one of fraud; and fraud begets fraud in all conditions of life.* As we sow, so must we reap. The evil is one admitted alike by the reformers and anti-reformers of the army—by men who supported the Limited Enlistment Act, and by men who op-

* Forty years ago, Sir John Doyle, speaking in Parliament of the desertions which took place under the well-known "Parish Bill," and the diminution of this offence under Mr. Wyndham's Act, well observed—"But, perhaps, it is not quite correct to set down as deserters those who received bounty under the Parish Bill, and were never heard of more; for such fellows never joined, or meant to join, any corps, and therefore could not strictly be called deserters, but robbers; and I am not sure that it would be quite incorrect to consider those as accomplices who held out such temptations to them." No doubt they were accomplices; and they are accomplices now, though after a different fashion. During the war men got the bounty, and then deserted; now, they often desert because they never get the bounty at all."

posed it. Sir Howard Douglas, who strenuously opposed at every stage Mr. Fox Maule's Army Service Bill, took occasion whilst so doing to animadvert upon the present delusive bounty-system:—

"The whole system of bounty," he said, on the 30th March, 1847, "is a delusion on the soldier. Whatever bounty is promised should be a reality, and paid in money; part on enlisting, and the rest on joining; but by charging the bounty with the payment of the soldier's kit, the recruit finds that instead of being in credit for the remainder of the bounty, he is usually in debt. This occasions great disappointment, it is in fact deception, and is no doubt a fruitful cause of discontent and desertion. In the French service the kit is provided for the soldier. So in the service of the United States, where the soldier is better off than in ours; the premium on enlistment is more liberal, the pay is about the same, but every article of personal equipment, besides clothing—namely shirts, flannels, stockings, socks, and shoes, are provided by the public; and thus a great many British soldiers, deserters, are found in the ranks of the United States Army. He should not propose to continue the bounty at the present nominal rate, but give some real bounty, and provide the kit at the public expense."

And so from the two extremes of the army, from the General as from the private, we receive the same strong testimony against the present delusive system. There can be no doubt about it. We require no stronger evidence of the evil of the present mode of enlistment, with its glittering promises of bounty and other blessings, than the simple fact that it is altogether A LIE.

And public opinion has at last begun to set in strongly against a mode of enlistment begun in fraud, and often perpetuated by violence. We must get rid of this blot altogether; we must induce men to enter the army with their own free will, and with all their faculties about them. It has been long believed that this is impossible—that no man with his senses not more or less disturbed, would bind himself down for life to a service of which practically he knows nothing. And now, at least, we have bethought ourselves seriously of obviating this necessity of lying by word and deed—of defrauding the embryo soldier, and then coercing him—of depriving him first of his faculties and then of his liberty; we have at last bethought ourselves, we say, of the possibility of obviating all this, by abolishing the old system of life-enlistment; and a bill has been introduced for the purpose of rendering the service "more palatable" to the masses of the people, and so obtaining "voluntary recruits." A system of limited enlistment has now been adopted. The infantry soldier enlists for ten years; the cavalry and artillery for twelve. At the expiration of that first period of service the soldier has the option of re-enlisting—if in the infantry for eleven years, and if in the cavalry for twelve. Should he not be inclined to re-enlist, he may still enrol himself for a deferred pension, and obtain it after twenty-two years—every two years of such life on the retired list being equal to one on active service. This is the most material portion of the New Enlistment Act. In it is contained that without which all efforts to ameliorate the condition of the soldier must prove futile. It is the first step towards the elevation of the military character. It is an attempt, and a noble one, to place the whole military system of the country upon a basis of liberty and reason, of truth and morality. The great edifice of the British army is no longer to be built of lies, and propped up with violence. Better days are dawning upon us.

It has taken a long, a very long time, to force these principles upon the recognition of the representatives of the people. What was at last done in 1847 was vehemently contended for in 1805. There is very little which can now be said upon the subject which was not said in that year by Colonel Crawford and Mr. Wyndham. Army reform is a plant of slow growth. "Is it," asked Colonel Crawford, in 1805, "fitting that without some plea of strong necessity, we should suffer that a man, because in a moment of thoughtlessness, caprice, or perhaps temporary distress, he enters into the army, should be deprived *for life* of the liberties and rights which the people of this country enjoy, under that happy constitution which we prize as so great a blessing?" And for years and years the country was contented to answer—"It *is* fitting." Nay, even now, there are able and influential members of the military profession, in Parliament and out of Parliament, who cry aloud—"It *is* fitting," and tell the military reformers of the present day, who would make a man, not a slave, of the soldier, that they are "ruining the army."

Now we have so great faith in the principle, that neither individually nor nationally is there ever ruin in righteousness, that we should ourselves be altogether satisfied with the fact, that the great change of which we speak is a change which it is morally right to effect. But we are not about to deal with the question after this fashion. There are conventional requirements which must be satisfied. Reason and experience are appealed to by the opponents of the measure, and they are not content that we should take our stand upon its simple morality. It was

well said in the course of the debates of 1805, that though a great deal of authority had been brought forward against the project of limited enlistment, there had been little or no argument to shake it. And so in the debates of 1847. Authority was appealed to by the opponents of the Act, but argument was sadly wanting. Yet, even in the matter of authority, it fell out that where it was expected to be strongest, it unfortunately broke down. The opinion of the Duke of Wellington, which was to have been conclusive against the Bill introduced by Mr. Fox Maule, was given in its favour. The "highest military authority of the age" both spoke and voted in support of the measure. There was characteristic caution in the speech, but it was not the less effective; and the Douglases and Londonderries, who believed that they were echoing the sentiments of the great Duke, found that they were scouting the creed of their master.

The Duke of Wellington hinted at a possible evil which might arise out of the measure. But what can human sagacity achieve with which some possible evil may not be associated? He spoke of the advantages of retaining old soldiers in the service. All parties, we presume, are agreed upon this point; though some, may be, have shown too great an inclination to underrate the services of young soldiers. What *they* have done, history declares. Now the case in reality seems to be this:—Old soldiers are for the most part either very good or very bad. We have known excellent men, steady, well-conducted, well-trained, hardy, and gallant fellows, pass from boyhood to middle age, still stationary in the ranks. There have been educational barriers to their promotion. Not a word has been said against them in the character-book, except that they can neither read nor write. With these accomplishments to aid them they might have been sergeant-majors in time, or perhaps in stirring periods have even obtained commissions. But we have known other old soldiers of a very different class. Debarred by repeated acts of misconduct from all prospect of promotion, they have become hardened and reckless. There is no chance and there is no hope for them. Their whole life is one long calculation of the relative sources of self-indulgence—a striking of the balance between so much pleasure and so much pain—the luxury of the military crime, and the wretchedness of the military punishment. A day's debauch may be purchased by a week's solitary confinement. The debauch over, and the imprisonment over, they are no worse off than before. Perhaps, long experience has taught them something of cunning, and they escape punishment where younger hands would be sure to attract it. And so they go on, till non-commissioned officers are weary of reporting, and commissioned officers of registering and punishing their crimes. Though on active service, if not enfeebled by dissipation, as in all probability they are, they may march well and fight well, with only some occasional excesses, in their own peculiar style, to consign them to the tender mercies of the provost-marshal, these men are not good soldiers. They are the worst soldiers in time of peace, and in war far from the best. Now, to get rid of this last description of old soldiers, and to retain the first—to cast out those who set an evil example to the young, and to keep those whose conduct it is well to emulate, were surely not to weaken the efficiency of our regiments. It appears to us that the New Enlistment Act is calculated to produce these very results. On the expiration of the first term of service the good men are likely to re-enlist, and the bad to take their departure. If we are not greatly mistaken, the real soldier will be anxious to renew the contract, whilst the man who has altogether mistaken his profession, will be eager to break the chains of what to him is military bondage, and to rush into civil life.

Nothing renders life in the ranks so endurable as good conduct. Habits of regularity once contracted soon cease to be irksome. Clockwork punctuality is a thing of no difficult attainment, and once obtained there is nothing in it to harass and distress. Cleanliness—the experiment fairly tried—is soon found to be a blessing; and there is a luxury in self-respect, which once tasted, men are sure to cultivate. The present is not so unendurable to the good soldier; and there is a future before him to solace and encourage him when his spirits are temporarily depressed. The opening years of his military life he knows to be the most trying. Every year improves his condition. The first term of enlistment is one of probation—of trial—of upward-toiling—of hope-sustained endurance. That term of his military servitude embraces all that is most irksome in the soldier's career. Then is it that he is subjected to hard training—that he is at the mercy of others—that he is compelled to deny himself, to discipline himself, to mould himself to new habits. The next term of enlistment is one of attainment. The soldier reaps then what he has sown. The fulfilment of his hopes appears to be near at hand. The rewards of his service are within his reach. Not to re-enlist is then to sacrifice, as it were, all the capital of time, labour, and

suffering, which he has invested, just as the investment is about to become profitable. Just at this turning-point of his career, the man of evil habits, who is always in difficulty, who has a damning array of offences scored down against him in the character-book, who has no prospect of promotion, and nothing seemingly before him but the same long line of extra-guards, weeks of solitary confinement, drams stopped and pay forfeited, with, perhaps, an occasional appearance under the hands of trumpeter or drummer, with troops drawn up in hollow square —will begin in all probability to think that he has had enough of it. But the good-conduct man will not throw up his chances of an after-life of better things. He has got over the worst, and he will not let it go for nothing: it would be folly, indeed, to throw up the game just as the winning cards are put into his hands.

But here it will suggest itself to all who have given any consideration to the subject, that we have been regarding the soldier as he was under the old life-enlistment system, and not as he will be under the operation of the new Army Service Bill. Here we have our Reserve in hand. They who talk about the refusal of our soldiers to re-enlist on the expiration of their first term of service, in most cases view the matter with eyes accustomed only to regard the condition of the soldier as it has been under a system which we are now beginning altogether to reform. The short-service soldier will, it is reasonable to expect, be a very different personage from the life-service soldier. It is only fair to calculate upon a great and most beneficial change in the feelings and habits of the soldier—a change in itself sufficient to secure the re-enlistment of a large proportion of the men who enter our ranks. Army-service under the new Act becomes altogether a different thing—the soldier, we repeat, a different being: he is a free man, not a slave. He has not sold himself, body and soul, to the recruiting sergeant. There is hope for him on this side of the grave. Despair does not render him reckless, and therefore he stumbles not at the very threshold. It is the bewildering effect of the reflection, that in a moment of drunkenness or caprice, he has bound himself for life to a service which may prove abhorrent to him, that often at the very outset of his career, has plunged a youth into a slough of vice from which he has never extricated himself.

In answering this one objection, indeed, we bring together in long array a large number of the more manifest advantages which recommend the new system of enlistment. Whatever, under the old system, may have been the feelings with which men, on the expiration of their first ten years of service, have regarded their profession, we feel confident that so great a change will be wrought by the new Enlistment Act upon the *morale* of the army, that we need entertain no fear of our regiments being drained of their old soldiers. The groundwork of our faith we have in part declared. Something more remains to be said. One of the declared objects of this great measure of Military Reform is, to attract to our ranks a better class of recruits, and to obtain their services, for a time, without violence or fraud. Nothing short of the most deplorable prejudice could assert that limited enlistment is not likely to prove more attractive than life-enlistment—that the shorter the time of service contracted for, in the first instance, the more willing to enter the service our youths are not likely to become. Our faith is large, that all the disgraceful tricks—all the cheatery and lying—all the drugging and stupifying, which have been long resorted to, in times of war and of peace, to recruit the army, will disappear under the more enlightened system which has now happily been sanctioned; and that we shall soon see our regiments recruited by men who have deliberately entered the service, not in a state of drunkenness—not in a state of desperation—not under the influence of anger or caprice, but advisedly, with the consent of parents and the approbation of friends—calmly calculating the chances of future reward—hopefully regarding the service as one with which it is honourable to be connected, and steadfastly resolving to do their duty in such a manner as to do credit to their profession, and to retain their own self-respect.

And this, indeed, is a great change; for, to tell the truth, it has hitherto been the case, that when a man has "gone for a soldier," his friends have regarded him as a gone man. The enlistment of a son or a brother is looked upon very much in the same light as his death or his transportation. Some, indeed, think that it is not merely death and burial, but something even beyond that. Certain it is, that out of the army there prevails the worst possible opinion of what is going on within it. It is not, we are afraid it must be conceded, regarded by the lower orders as an honourable profession, or even as a respectable trade. There are few parents, among the industrious classes, except when some great victories have raised the nation's gratitude, and swelled the chorus of popular acclamation, who experience any feeling of exultation at the thought that they have children in the army. They generally shake their heads and sigh, looking upon the fact as a family misfortune. Now, it is

hoped and believed that the New Enlistment Act will, in this respect at least, work out a great and important change in the feelings and habits of the people; the army will no longer be regarded as the last resort of misfortune and misconduct—as the refuge of men hopelessly broken in fortune, or irredeemably sunken in vice. Parents will direct the thoughts of their children towards it, and young men will regard it as an honourable maintenance for them during the best years of their life, and a certain provision for declining age. Thus it is that we shall draw into our ranks a "better class" of recruits. We do not, we repeat, want broken gentlemen, or ruined tradesmen—they make the worst soldiers—we want well-conditioned members of the working classes, looking upon their connexion with the army as a privilege not as a misfortune—as a source of pride and happiness, not of shame and regret.

Entering the service under more hopeful and encouraging circumstances, there is a far better prospect of our recruits becoming good and contented soldiers, and as good and contented soldiers, of their desiring at the expiration of their first period of enlistment, to renew their contract with the Crown. Limited enlistment alone would bring about a better state of things, and without it no other improvements would be effective; but it is not upon limited enlistment alone that our army reformers are now relying. The limitation of the period of service is the first step, and the most important one in the great march of military reform; but, that taken, there is no thought of halting. The general condition of the soldier has recently attracted no ordinary amount of public attention. The evils which have so long existed in the army, which have so injuriously affected alike the physical and moral wellbeing of the soldier, which have depressed him so greatly in the social scale, and rendered his life one long term of utter discomfort, are not likely to be longer disregarded. Some changes have already taken place; and there is a growing inclination among thinking men, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to address themselves earnestly to this great work of Military Reform—a work which it is no credit to the nation to see only just commenced. The first ten years of the new Enlistment Act will not leave the soldier at their close what they found him at their commencement.

We have already out-grown the belief that the soldier is a ruffian "to the manner born," and that it is a hopeless thing to attempt to humanize him. In the great march of public opinion, the heresies of to-day become the truths of to-morrow, and the "new-fangled doctrines" which we scouted with contempt, are accepted as commonplaces of general recognition. There may still be a few who think, or pretend to think, that too much care will spoil the soldier—that to make him a happier and better member of society would be to render him a worse member of the army. There always are men behind the age in which they live; who tremble at the thought of every innovation, and think ruin the only synonyme of reform. Such men have been long used to contemplate the soldier in a state of uttermost degradation, and in that state of degradation would they keep him. But the intelligence of the country is a long way in advance of these exploded notions of military servitude; and the soldier is recognised as a man, with a human heart beneath his cross-belt, and a human brain beneath his forage-cap; a sentient, reasoning creature, with intellect and affections, a little blunted perhaps by the indurating circumstances which have hitherto surrounded him, but not so suppressed that the action of better influences may not again restore them to their natural activity.

Our great mistake hitherto has been that we have not given sufficient thought to the soldier as he is—*off parade*. We have looked too much at the pipe-clay. We have been too easily satisfied with the consideration that his arms and accoutrements are well cleaned—that he is well set up, well drilled—that he stands stiff as a statue, with eyes front, immovable as stone; that he never mistakes his right for his left, is never out of line, never out of time, but always regular as clock-work in his motions, and as steady as any machine. These are great things, we acknowledge; but there is —something else. The soldier is not always "standing at attention"—is not always "at the shoulder"—is not always under the immediate eye of his commanding-officer. It is fitting that he should turn out for inspection without a particle of fluff on his coat or a stain upon his accoutrements; but it would be well to think a little more of him, when he has turned in again—to remember that there is to the soldier a barrack-life as well as a parade-life, and bethink ourselves how we can render the former as conducive as possible to his physical comfort as well as to his moral health.

To this end there is nothing of more importance than that he should be well *housed*. The country is, by this time, pretty well convinced that if there be one outward thing more than another calculated to advance the happiness and morality of the people, it is the erection of dwelling-houses in which they may obtain accommodation for them-

selves and families, without submitting to every possible discomfort, and exposing themselves and all who belong to them to every evil influence which can contagionize the system and corrupt the heart. This effort to create *homes* for the people is one of the noblest movements of modern philanthropy. It is to the want of a home that we may attribute so much of the suffering and so much of the crime which are so destructively rife in all the cities and towns of the empire. Provide the soldier, too, with a home, and see what will be the result.

It may almost be said that there is but one crime in the army. It may put forth many different ramifications, but radically it is one and the same. Whether the branch be neglect of duty, insubordination, violence, or dishonesty, still the root is *drunkenness*. Look at the character-book of every company in the service; see the crimes which are registered there.—"Under the influence of liquor" on parade—"drunk and disorderly in barracks"—"drunk and abusing Sergeant Jones, or striking Corporal Smith;" here the offence is directly recorded. Then how many more follow—disposing of his kit—being deficient of so many articles of regimental clothing, and so on, with drunkenness either as cause or effect. What clean character-books there would be if it were not for the drink! But it is a thing to be wept not to be marvelled over—we pity the offender more than we revile him. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that he falls a victim to a state of things which he cannot, let him do what he will, ameliorate or escape.

It is the same in civil life—men who have no homes, no domestic comforts, no sources of quiet enjoyment, rush eagerly to the bottle. There are many reasons why, in military life, that great vortex should be still more attractive, still more perilous—why destruction should be more rapid and certain. Thousands are ruined every year—ruined as men, ruined as soldiers, by the absence of everything like comfort and quietude in barracks. The wretchedness of barrack-life is not easily to be appreciated by men who have not tried it. To the well-disposed—the uncorrupted, it is absolute torment. From early gun-fire to evening tattoo it is one long series of annoyances and aggravations. Let him do what he will he cannot find peace. Privacy there is none—tranquillity there is none. It is all exposure, all noise; all misery, all demoralization. There is but one cure for all—but one stimulant in his depression, but one refuge in his agony. He flies to the bottle; he takes to dram-drinking. He gets what he can from the canteen, and something more from less authorized sources. His pay is soon gone; he borrows at large interest; his credit, like his cash, is quickly exhausted, and then he "disposes of his kit." Punished for that, and under heavy stoppages for the replacement of the missing articles, he pillages his comrades, or takes to the highway. Crime has become an excitement to him; he braves all; he cares for nothing. He begins to think that, when he made his choice between existence in barracks and existence in a penal settlement, and decided in favour of the former, he made the great mistake of his life. So he becomes a candidate for transportation; and, perchance, he succeeds. Some, however, bent on thoughts of colonization, have recently miscalculated the chances; and instead of emigrating to Van Dieman's Land, have been shot down like dogs. The recent history of the European Army in India is pregnant with examples of such terrible mistakes.

It would be no such difficult matter to elevate the moral character of the soldier if we could keep him from yielding to the allurements of drink. But there is not much hope of this, so long as we cast him abroad upon the world, to seek his pleasure out of barracks. There is nothing to keep him at home. In point of fact, there is no home to keep him. Everything about him is public, exposed, uncomfortable. He may lounge about on his cot, half-asleep, and half-awake; or he may stroll about the barrack-square; or smoke a cheap cigar in its vicinity. But domestic enjoyment is utterly denied to him. Be he married or single, it is all the same: he has no home in barracks. Hundreds are crowded together, with as little regard to decency as to comfort; there is nothing in the world to induce the soldier to spend his time off parade in quiet, rational pursuits; he is not supposed to have the ordinary wants of humanity; and yet with everything against him, with everything to demoralize, with everything to drive him to the bottle, he is expected to be infinitely more steady and sober than men in every other condition of life. The least unsteadiness of gait; the least bewilderment of manner; a flushing of the face, or a thickness of utterance—and the vigilance of the non-commissioned officer sets it down at once to the influence of liquor. He is put through his facings; and wo betide him if he boggles at the "left about three quarters." It is right enough that we should endeavour to keep him from drinking, but there are better ways of doing it than by putting him through his facings,

and then sending him to the guard. The "hangman's grip" will, after all, never "keep the wretch in order." It may sink him lower and lower in the abyss of destruction; it will never lend him a saving hand. Neither extra-guards, nor solitary cells, nor the cruel cat, will ever keep a man from drinking; the more he is punished, the more utterly he is stript of his self-respect, and the less cogent, therefore, all inducements to self-denial. The sense of shame is soon deadened within him, and then his descent is rapid and sure.

There is no more difficult question to determine with satisfaction to the inquirer than that of military punishments. Humanity writes page after page upon one side; experience writes page after page on the other, and still the question is undecided. The new Enlistment Act, it is hoped, will render it one of easier solution. The profligate personnel of the army is always asserted in proof of the necessity of retaining the most severe and intimidating forms of punishment. "Think," it is said, "of the ruffianly elements of the British Army—think of how the offscourings of society are swept into our ranks; and then say whether we can with safety cease to hold the lash *in terrorem* over them." By drawing into our regiments a "better class of recruits" we shall, in a great measure, remove this difficulty; and if having gained their services in the first instance without violence or fraud, we can retain them by good and humanizing treatment, we shall effectually abolish the use of the lash, without passing an Act for the purpose.

This, indeed, appears to be the grand desideratum. It will satisfy both parties. The legal retention, and the practical abolition, of the lash, would gratify the abstract humanity of the one, and the practical experience of the other. No one contends that there is anything desirable in the perpetuation of a brutal and degrading form of punishment; and, perhaps, of all others, military men themselves—the very men who argue against the total abolition of corporal punishment—are those whose inward souls most strongly revolt against the brutalizing system, and who most desire in their heart of hearts to see the discipline of the army maintained without a resort to it; but experience has taught them that there are men in every regiment whom it is wholly impossible to control without violence—men violent and brutal themselves to the lowest possible degree, lost to all sense of shame, stript of all the noble attributes of manhood—scarcely in one respect above the brutes that perish, and in many far, far below them. Out of the army, even candid and unprejudiced people are wont to entertain most mistaken opinions of the feeling which obtains in the army respecting this great matter of corporal punishment. The necessity of its retention is a source of the deepest regret to a large proportion of the officers of the army. Personally, it is to them pain and misery past counting. There is not in all Her Majesty's dominions, far and near, a class of men imbued with kindlier sympathies, with more humane tendencies, than the officers of the British army. It is, often and often, with throes of inward pain, which it would be hard for men not subjected to such trials to estimate aright, that the members of Courts-martial, after much earnest thought—the verdict of "guilty" pronounced—proceed, one by one, beginning with the youngest and most inexperienced of the military judges, to pass that terrible sentence of so many lashes on the bare back. And when to this is superadded the greater trial of seeing the punishment inflicted, as is the case wherever an officer sits in judgment upon a man of his own regiment, it will, if we only throw a little heart into our consideration of the matter, appear to us plainly enough, that the member of that court-martial, if he be not altogether stone, must suffer acutely, as every stroke descends upon the bleeding back of the culprit. The spectacle of the infliction of corporal punishment in the army is one which words cannot easily characterize—such mingled feelings does it inspire. It is solemn and disgusting—terrible and humiliating. The officer clenches his teeth as one determined not to betray his feeling; the soldier often clenches them, with mixed feelings of anger and determination. Young men are sometimes wholly unable to bear it. We have seen newly-recruited soldiers fall to the rear overcome by the horrors of the spectacle. A punishment-parade has, indeed, rarely come off without seeing some of the spectators carried from the ranks fainting. It is not merely because the small proportion of *officers* present renders such an occurrence among them nearly a hundredfold less probable; but because education imparts habitual self-control, under such circumstances, to men of a higher class of society, that we have the means of recording, as the result of some experience that *officers*, though sympathizing in every nerve and fibre of their frames with the agony endured by the culprit, seldom or never give way, but brace themselves up firmly to witness it all to the end. It is a fact, however extraordinary it may appear to men who have given no thought to the sub-

ject, that the members of aristocratic circles, who have been cradled in luxury, and whose youth has been a time of self-indulgence, do, in the hour of trial, display a mastery over themselves, a power of self-endurance, a strength of will, and an amount of patience, such as we look in vain for among those classes which have been habituated to hardship from the very hour of their birth. The clubs and saloons of London have turned out the most gallant and the most enduring officers that have ever faced an enemy in the field, or undergone toil and privation throughout a harassing campaign. But these men, whatever the amount of their self-control, do not feel less painfully the agony and humiliation which they inflict upon their fellow-man and brother-soldier, when, at the end of the proceedings of a Court-martial, they write down the sentence of the lash. Deeply do they deplore the cruel necessity; but they feel that, however inhuman the punishment, there may be worse inhumanity behind. Under the system of enlistment which has too long obtained—under the system of domestic military government which we are now only beginning to reform—it was felt that the lash, however bad in itself, was only a necessary auxiliary—an evil part, as it were, necessary to maintain the harmony of an evil whole. There was nothing, they knew, but downright brutality in the punishment itself; nothing but what was most sickening and most degrading. The formation of the hollow square—the stripping of the victim—the cording of his hands—the mustering of the trumpeters or drummers—their peeling for the work—the fingering of the cat by the first executioner, preparing to deliver his twenty-five—the descent of the first stroke—the slow counting of the lashes—the periodical "stop"—the stepping in of the new man—and then, worst of all, the terrible laceration of the back of the victim; as, lash following lash, swollen and discoloured from the shoulders down to the loins, the white flesh of the culprit becomes one dreadful mass of purple jelly—it is a sight so sickening, even in the retrospect, that we would fain turn away from its contemplation.* There is nothing that can be advanced against corporal punishment of more force and cogency than the simple fact, that for the offences of one guilty man so many innocent are condemned to suffer. The length of these terrible punishment-parades has now been greatly diminished; the legal number of lashes that can be inflicted by Court-martial of any description has, indeed, been reduced to so low a figure that military judges are unwilling to inflict the punishment upon the grosser class of delinquents (and upon none others ought it ever to be inflicted), except as an addendum to another penalty. And it must, we fear, be recorded as a fact, that the limitation of corporal punishment has forced our military tribunals, in some instances at least, to fall back upon capital punishment; and the backs of our soldiers have been spared at the expense of their lives.

If we could have abolished the penalty of

* The amount of suffering inflicted upon the culprit varies much with variety of constitutions and temperaments. Some are unable to bear the infliction even of a hundred lashes; the surgeon steps in before half the sentence is carried into effect. Others will bear several hundreds, without a cry or a groan, clenching between their teeth a piece of Indian rubber, or some more resisting substance, and quietly, when the punishment is over, putting on their shirts and jackets without assistance, and walking off to the hospital, whistling a tune as they go. Private Somerville, in his "Autobiography," has given us a minutely detailed account of the sufferings he endured under the lash. When the first stroke descended, he says, "I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart as if a knife had gone through my body!" When the second lash was delivered, he "thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one;" and as the farrier proceeded, he "felt his flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of the head to the toe-nails." As the cruel work went on, he writes, with a vivid recollection of the past agony, "the pain in the lungs was more severe than on my back. I felt as if I would burst in the internal parts of my body. * * * I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and to prevent its utterance again, I shut my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked and became black in the face." After receiving a hundred lashes, Somerville was taken down. The case, owing to circumstances with which the majority of our readers are probably familiar, created considerable sensation at the time. The more recent case of Private White, who was flogged at Hounslow, and who did not long survive the punishment, has also acquired considerable notoriety from the melancholy circumstances by which it was attended. But neither in the one case nor the other was the punishment inflicted comparatively severe. In the attendant circumstances of the first, there was much that it is impossible to speak of without unqualified condemnation; but in the last, there was nothing to justify the virulence with which the army authorities were assailed. It was an untoward event which might have followed the infliction of any other description of punishment; and the manner in which the whole case was prejudged, and the inquiry into its circumstances conducted, was anything but creditable to the public functionaries concerned, and the section of the public and the press which abetted them.

the lash, not by rendering it an illegal, but an uncalled-for punishment, how much more should we have accomplished. Crime has not diminished in the army. There has been nothing to cause its diminution. Hitherto everything has been against the soldier—everything has retarded his moral advancement. The best feelings of his nature have been crushed within him; if he has been found evil, he has been kept so—if not, he has been made so; but we are now hoping for better things. We are thinking more of the comforts of the soldier; we are thinking whether we cannot treat him better, and, in the first place, whether we cannot house him better. It is the absence, we have said, of all household comforts that drives the soldier to the bottle. It will never do, having drawn into the ranks a better class of recruits by the attractions of the Limited Enlistment Act, to disgust him at the very outset of his career—to show him how wretched a life is that upon which he has entered. Our barracks are stately buildings, viewed from a distance; but how wretched are they within; how limited is their accommodation; how total is the disregard of all decency, as of all comfort, manifest in their internal arrangements? Sir De Lacy Evans did good service when he brought this important subject last year to the notice of Parliament and the country—pointing out that in small barrack-rooms of 32 or 33 feet by 20 broad and 12 feet high, twenty men were often housed together, eating, drinking, sleeping there—doing everything but exercise; then showing that these barrack-rooms were often the scenes of great immorality and indecency, there not being "the smallest provision for married men, who with their wives were often obliged to sleep in the same room with nineteen other men!" "The women, indeed," he said, "were often *confined* in that room." There may be less dirt, less putrid effluvia in these barrack-rooms than in those wretched tenements of Bethnal Green, and other places in the neighbourhood of our large towns, which have attracted so much of the attention of Sanitary Commissioners and philanthropic individuals; but the crowding together in the dwelling-houses of our soldiery is as wretched and demoralizing as in the worst purlieus of the most over-peopled city in the empire. Sir De Lacy Evans pointed out to the House that in many of our barrack-rooms there is only a space of nine inches between the bottoms of the beds and the tables on which the soldiers dined. The space between these beds is often no more than five inches, but to allow more room for getting in and out, two of these narrow cots are pushed closely together. And thus herding in these wretched rooms, the soldier is compelled, if he would stay at home at all, to spend his time off parade. What sort of enjoyment has he? The best friend, in all human probability, which he can find there, is sleep; but even that is denied to him. There are half-a-dozen men in the room talking together—boisterously you may be sure—blasphemously and indecently it is more than probable. Reading is out of the question. There is too much noise—too much practical joking going on. He is in an atmosphere of disquiet: he can do nothing. Day follows day, and still the same weariness—still the same idle efforts to kill time. All his faculties run to waste—all his moral sensibilities are blunted: the vicious are there to tempt him, and he is tempted; he finds a home in the canteen or in worse places, and in spite of the best resolutions at starting, soon stumbles into the pit.*

Mr. Fox Maule has dealt with this subject of Army Reform generally in a spirit of high-toned philanthropy; but we cannot agree with him when he alleges as an objection to the extension of barrack-accommodation that "if men were accustomed to all the conveniences and comforts of extensive barracks, they would not without discontent subject themselves to more contracted and narrower abodes when circumstances might render it necessary that they should do so." We believe this to be the greatest possible mistake; we believe, in-

* The same disregard to the comfort of our soldiers as is shown in the matter of barrack-accommodation, is exhibited in the manner in which we ship them on board our transports for foreign service. Let us take one example of many:—"The cold and discomfort of ship-board," writes Captain Fane in the opening chapter of his 'Five Years in India,' "seemed to please our men as little as their officers, and though on our first embarkation we had not lost a man, and all seemed cheerful at the thought of foreign service, yet, after the experience they had already had, we found that many declined a second trial; and though some were again brought back, still our muster-rolls at our second embarkation on the 4th January, wanted several of their usual complement, from desertion. Poor fellows! one could not blame them, for nothing could be worse than the arrangements made for their comfort and convenience by the Transport Board. Instead of their deck being filled with hammocks, which could be taken down during the day, and thus leave space for the free circulation of air, the place had been blocked up with what are termed berths or standing bed-places; which made it far more difficult to keep the place clean, and contributed neither to the comfort nor convenience of its occupants." This is a very undercharged picture of the misery to be encountered on board every crowded transport-ship—especially in the tropics.

deed, that the very reverse of the proposition here set down would be found, when tried, to represent the fact. Nothing reconciles men so much to necessary hardships and privations, as the knowledge that they are not, and the assurance that they will not be, subjected to *un*-necessary hardships and privations. Only give men confidence in the desire of their superiors to inflict no unnecessary sufferings upon them, and they will bear cheerfully those sufferings which they know to be inevitable. The recollection of past benefits is the best guarantee to them that their happiness is not disregarded. We can imagine nothing less calculated to maintain a contented spirit throughout the army, than a recognition of the principle laid down by the Secretary at War. It surely is not by keeping our soldiers in a state of habitual discomfort that we can best preserve them from discontent.

It was much more to the point—much more like Mr. Fox Maule, when he said that the fact of the matter was, that we are now arriving at a time when it was expected that the progress of improvement should not be stayed in any quarter; and admitted that "considering the progress of civilization, there was much fault to be found with the crowded manner in which the soldiers were kept in some of the barracks." Yes, indeed, there is much fault to be found—there is every fault to be found; and mere financial considerations, conclusive as they often are, cannot deter us from thinking that this matter of barrack-accommodation ought to engage the earnest and immediate attention of Government. The whole country is crying out for better dwelling-places for the labouring poor; and shall the servants of the Crown, supposed to be under the immediate protection of Government, be left to herd together as wretchedly and indecently as the most miserable paupers in our overcrowded towns? Talk as we may about the cost of erecting barracks—and under the present system of Ordnance-erection the expense we know is grievous—there is no real economy in housing the soldier badly. Sir De Lacy Evans last year, in the course of the interesting debates on Army Reform to which we have several times alluded, said, that he could assert, "without the fear of contradiction, that the Government increased their pension-list more by their neglect of the health of the troops in barracks, than the expenditure necessary for their improvement would amount to;" aad we believe that nothing was ever uttered with more truth.

But we have the assurance of Government that the subject of barrack-accommodation, and especially with reference to the admitted wants of the married soldier, will be duly considered, and that all that can be done in the present financial condition of the country, will be done to increase the comforts, and improve the moral condition of the British soldier. We are aware of the difficulties which beset their path—we know what is the outcry for a diminution of military expenditure. The very men—men whose philanthropy we do not question, and whose sincerity we do not doubt—who talk most fluently about the blessings which may be bestowed upon the poor, by erecting for them comfortable homes—homes which will have the effect of keeping the parent from the beer-shop, and the child from the pavement—would grudge the public money spent upon the extension and improvement of barracks, as though the soldier were not a fellow-creature, beset by equal (and in truth, he is by far greater) temptations, and equally to be rescued from vice, by providing him with a comfortable home. Let us diminish our military expenditure if we can. It is a mistake to suppose that we can diminish it in this way. It would be but a penny-wise and pound-foolish economy to deprive the soldier of the means of preserving his health, and retaining his respectability. The world is, we hope, beginning to recognise truths such as these in civil matters, and it will not be long, we hope, before it duly applies them to the affairs of the army. We may spend something less on military prisons and military hospitals if we spend something more on military barracks. It costs something to make a soldier; and having made him, the best thing we can do is to keep him as long as we can.

There is no doubt, however, that in spite of all the outcry against military expenditure, there never was a time at which a greater disposition to ameliorate the condition of the soldier existed among all classes of the inquiring and reflecting public. The finest army in the world has hitherto been no credit to us as a moral, whatever it may have been to us as a military nation. But the signs of the times are propitious. There are better days in store for the soldier. Whilst we are rescuing other classes from perdition, we shall not leave the soldier to perish. Every year will see some addition to his physical comforts—to his means of moral improvement. "I see no good reason," said Mr. Fox Maule, "why the canteen-room might not be converted into a reading-room, in which the soldier might profitably engage his leisure hours." Only give him the means of profitably engaging his

leisure hours, and see what he will become. It is because he has not the means of profitably engaging his leisure hours that he is what he is—a reproach to a Christian Government.

And, indeed, there would seem to be every prospect of a speedy amelioration in the character and habits of the British soldier. We have no fear of the Limited Enlistment Act draining the army of its old soldiers. Before it can take effect we shall have drawn into our ranks men whom it will be worth our while to keep there, and who will find, as time advances, that their position in the army is worth keeping. The period we hope is not far distant when English soldiers will consider that no greater punishment can be inflicted upon them than a silent dismissal from the service. Such, indeed, is the feeling in the native army of the East India Company. "The dismissal of a man from such a service as this," said an old native Soubahdar to a British officer, "distresses not only him, but all his relations in the higher grades, who know how much of the comfort and happiness of his family depend upon his remaining and advancing in it; and they all try to make their young friends behave as they ought to do." We cannot achieve all this in the British army, because, in a country where provisions are so highly priced, we cannot pay the soldier as we can in India, so much in excess of his necessary expenditure—we cannot supply him with the means of providing for a distant family. But much would be done if we could only teach him, and all connected with him, that it is an honour to serve the Crown—an honour to bear the name of a soldier, and that the more members of a family are so connected with the State the more that family is ennobled.

"No man," writes Colonel Sleeman—an officer of the Company's army, whose successful exertions for the suppression of Thuggee have not yet been adequately rewarded, "can have a higher sense (than the native soldiers of the Company) of the duty they owe to the State that employs them, or whose salt they eat, nor can any men set less value upon life when the service of that State requires that it shall be risked or sacrificed. No persons are brought up with more deference for parents. In no family from which we draw our recruits is a son, through infancy, boyhood, or youth, heard to utter a disrespectful word to his parents. Such a word from a son to his parents would shock the feelings of the whole community in which the family resides, and the offending member would be visited with their highest indignation. When the father dies the eldest son takes his place, and receives the same marks of respect—the same entire confidence and deference as the father. If he be a soldier in a distant land, and can afford to do so, he resigns the service and returns home, to take his post at the head of the family. If he cannot afford to resign—if the family still want the aid of his regular monthly pay, he remains with his regiment, and denies himself many of the personal comforts he has hitherto enjoyed, that he may increase his contribution to the general stock. * * The knowledge that any neglect of the duty they owe their distant families will be immediately visited by the odium of their native officers and brother soldiers, and ultimately communicated to the heads of these families, acts as a salutary check upon their conduct; and I believe that there is hardly a native regiment in the service in which the twenty drummers, who are Christians, and have their families with the regiment, do not cause more trouble than the whole eight hundred Sepahees."

Such is the picture, drawn by a competent authority, of the *morale* of the native army in India. It is a truly voluntary service. There is no fraud, no violence practised to recruit it. Men of good family and good character enter the ranks with pride, with pride do they remain there, with pride too they see in old age their sons taking their place. They are but poor heathens, for the most part uneducated; and yet our Christian England can boast nothing of the kind.

The retired Indian soldier sits in the shade before his cottage door, speaks with gratitude of the Company Bahaudoor, boasts of his services, and inspires his sons with zeal to follow the same honourable career. He is in his new state of being the most loyal of subjects. He has been well paid during the best years of his manhood, and in his old age he is well pensioned. There might be thousands and tens of thousands; but of such men the State would not be afraid. But we, in this Christian, loyal England, are talking with alarm of the dangerous effects which might result from the intermixture of the military elements with the great mass of social life. Can we with safety, it is asked, so leaven the lump? That remains, indeed, to be shown. The result will be good or evil, as we choose to make it. If by neglect and ill-treatment we turn the discharged soldier into a bandit, there will doubtless be danger in the dispersion over the country of so many bitter enemies of the State. But what lamentable confession of weakness—we might almost write of wickedness—is there in this declaration of fear! If we only do our duty to the soldier whilst in harness, he will, when released from his military bonds, be the best friend of the State—a willing, an able, an active ally in times of popular commotion. It all depends upon the treatment we give him. If we turn the soldier out of the army, at the

expiration of the first ten years of service, disgraced, branded, beaten—writhing under a sense of injuries inflicted upon him, mindful of a long series of petty humiliations and corroding discomforts, with nothing to be thankful for, with everything to resent, a manumitted slave, burning with an unappeasable desire to revenge himself upon his late masters—we shall, doubtless, find in the hour of peril that the "bloody instructions" which he has derived from us will "return to plague the inventor." It would be only fitting retribution if such were to be the case. But the remedy, or rather the prevention, is in our own hands. We have but to do simple justice to the soldier, and in the hour of trouble we shall find in our time-expired men the best safeguards of the empire. We can imagine nothing more serviceable in the hour of threatened revolution than the loyalty of some thousands of time-expired soldiers, mixing here and there with the civil elements of society, thankful for past benefits received, and hopeful of future advantages—the most cogent source of worldly gratitude—under a system calculated to retain the loyalty and affection of all who have rendered service to the State. And this would seem to be a matter of no such difficult achievement. The power is in our hands to retain the life-loyalty of the soldier, if we would only exercise it in a thoughtful and sympathizing spirit.

It was stated last year, by Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the House of Commons, that there are in our police forces no men so steady and well-conducted as those who have served in the army. And it will at once suggest itself to every mind that there could be no better means of securing the life-long affections of those who have once worn her Majesty's uniform than an extension of the system of civil employment. The subject has engaged the attention of army-reformers, and there are grounds to hope that the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, before closing its labours, will take the matter into its consideration. Sir H. Verney, in the month of March, made a motion in the House of Commons, to the effect "that it be an instruction to the Select Committee on the Army, Navy, and Ordnance estimates, to consider whether the character of the army and navy might not be elevated by the more frequent employment of discharged soldiers and sailors, who are duly qualified, in subordinate offices of various public departments—for instance, in the customs and excise offices, under the Admiralty and the Horse-guards, dock-yards, victualling-yards, arsenals, &c., so that additional prospect of reward for meritorious conduct might be held out to soldiers and sailors, and that during their employment a portion of their pensions might be saved to the country." The motion was subsequently withdrawn; but the matter is one which, in connexion both with the good conduct of the soldier whilst in the ranks, and his loyalty on retirement, is worthy of the deepest attention of all who are interested in the elevation of the military profession.

The two objections which have been urged most strenuously against the Limited Enlistment Act are, that it will drain the army of its most experienced soldiers, and that it will fill with dangerous subjects the ranks of civil life. We have endeavoured to show that, if attended with those other reforms, the necessity of which is so generally acknowledged, and to the prosecution of which many able and influential men are devoting their best energies, the result will be the very reverse of that anticipated by the opponents of the measure. Let us suppose the character of the soldier to be unchanged at the end of the next ten years; let us suppose the new Act to have drawn into the ranks no "better class" of men; let us suppose that the cause of military reform makes no progress; that nothing is done to ameliorate the condition of the soldier; to elevate his character, to enhance his comforts, and to excite his gratitude; let us suppose that the next ten years are years of utter inactivity, leaving the army at the end in the same state in which they found it at the beginning; and nothing seems more probable than that our old soldiers will avail themselves of the new Act to convert themselves into bad citizens. But we anticipate no such stagnation in the tide of human affairs. The country is now more than ever sensible of its duties to the men who fight our battles in war, and protect our property in peace. Military reform does not necessarily involve increased military expenditure—nay, the most important changes are those which will be attended with a considerable financial saving to the State. It is the best economy to take good care of the soldier. The better we treat him the more money we shall save. The country will readily recognise this truth; and every year will take deeper and deeper interest in the condition of the soldier. There is no chance of Army Reform halting on its present ground—it is even now at the quick-march, the quick will soon become a double; and they who now anticipate all manner of perilous consequences—the veterans of the old school, who love not "new-fangled changes"—will, at the end of ten years, which Heaven grant they may live to see, gratefully ac-

knowledge that right in principle, so also safe in practice, is this system of LIMITED ENLISTMENT.

ART. X.—1. *Reminiscences of Daniel O'Connell.* By a MUNSTER FARMER. London.
2. *The Nation.* Dublin, 1848.
3. *The Irish Felon.* Dublin, 1848.
4. *A Letter from one of the Special Constables in London on the late occasion of their being called out to keep the Peace.* London, 1848.
5. *Life and Times of Aodh O'Neil.* By JOHN MITCHEL. Dublin, 1845.

IN no country on the face of the earth had the progress of improvement been more distinctly marked than in Ireland for the last fifty years. In all that constitutes material wealth—in all that can be expressed in the language of the Political Economist, the increase was such as no nation had ever before exhibited. In habits, in feelings, in good conduct, general society had advanced beyond what the most sanguine could have hoped. Its higher ranks were not, perhaps, superior in accomplishments to the Charlemonts and Dalies of the last century, but it is some evidence of the progressive civilization of the general body of society, that in our time, no man, of whatever class, has stood out in the distinct prominence of the *Heroes* of the Irish Parliament. The men who in our day have appeared in Ireland, have been, one and all, of smaller size—of mere human dimensions. Great men, no doubt, though magnified somewhat beyond their proper greatness, were these sons of Irish earth—sons, too, of the Saxon of the third or fourth generation—

> "Giant sons
> Of the embrace of angels;"

—for, whatever be the destinies of Ireland, no sophistry can alter or evade the fact, that no distinct claim can be made for any portion of the population on the score of an original difference of race, or, if a distinction be insisted on, there can be no doubt that through almost the entire island the blood of the British settlers predominates. In Grattan's glowing panegyric* they still live—these men of 1782—the lights of what was called the Irish Parliament—Malone, Pery, Brownlow, Osborne, Flood, Burgh, Daly, Forbes. "I attribute," says Grattan, "to this constellation of great men, in a great measure, the privileges of your country, and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of your Parliament." We feel no surprise that the imaginations of young and ardent men should seek to create again the glorious phantom of a nation. The scenes of 1843 in Ireland were, in their way, very remarkable. O'Connell, as if stung by insanity, went from place to place, congregating thousands and tens of thousands to listen to declamation so vague that one solitary sentence of all that he then uttered, though printed in every newspaper in the empire, and though commented upon by the Crown lawyers—a class of critics who are not likely to allow any one word of the text which they undertake to illustrate to be robbed of any part of its force—has not fixed itself in the public mind. Yet this very vagueness rendered it more likely to blend with whatever hopes and aspirations, indefinite and unlimited, were antecedently indulged by his hearers. The spring, and summer, and autumn of that year were a time of unusual beauty. It is scarce possible to believe that O'Connell was both serious and sane—*either* he might have been—consistently with his conduct during that strange year; the wonderful old man had at all times great elasticity of spirits, and the thousands round him and Tom Steele at his side kept him in good humour with himself. He almost felt amused at his power over those assemblages. At a public dinner, after the first of the meetings, he said—"When I think of the multitudes by whom I have been surrounded to-day, and the bright eyes that looked on me, the elasticity of spirits that was there—when I beheld on one side those smiles and female loveliness, and on the other those reverend gentlemen bringing benedictions, I will ask the men of Meath—will they be slaves?" On another of those occasions a French gentleman asked O'Connell how was it that such multitudes preserved such perfect order? "It would," replied he, with a complacent and half-supercilious smile, "be impossible in any other part of the inhabited globe; but, you know, the Irish are the politest of all people." Nothing could be more perfect than O'Connell's exuberant cheerfulness, through this almost royal progress from place to place—waging the war of words with the Firbolg, and the Dane, and the Saxon. The Government at first looked on at these strange demonstrations, doing little more than from time to time corre-

* Grattan's "Answer to Lord Clare," Dublin, 1800. The passages to which we particularly refer may also be found in Curran's "Life of Curran," vol. i.

sponding with Justices of the peace—who from love or fear attended the meetings—in official letters, which for the most part avoided any distinct expression of opinion on the moot point—of whether such meetings were in themselves violations of the law—admitting that the expression of opinion, on either side of the question, by a magistrate, could not be regarded as an offence, but insisting that, whether assemblages so large as to suggest reasonable apprehensions for the public peace were legal or not, no Government opposing Repeal could allow persons to remain in the commission of the peace who went to Repeal meetings, and on these grounds dismissing, or being dismissed by the magistrates—for these gentlemen seemed many of them impatient for the martyr's crown. Winter came, and with winter the State prosecutions of O'Connell and others for a conspiracy of which it is scarce possible to exaggerate the guilt, if it be measured by the amount of injury done to the country. Our estimate of crime ought, however, in no case to be determined exclusively by our opinion of the consequences of the act which we call criminal; and in the Irish agitation the steps by which what at first seems to have been idle bravado, became changed into what cannot be well called by any other name than treason, were so gradual, that the agitators have a strong right to the benefit of the principle. In disturbing the peace of the country, they rendered it impossible that any one honest course of exertion should have any reasonable chance of reward. The country was poor, and for any development of its resources there was the absolute necessity of capital. The condition of conducting any trade, which in the slightest degree depended on dealings with the great bulk of the population, was entire subservience to the despotism of a few men calling themselves by some fantastic designation or other—Liberators, Pacificators, Repeal Wardens, Committees, Conciliation Halls, Confederates. To these persons a considerable portion of the profits of every retail trader, through great part of the kingdom, was sent, and a worse consequence was this—that every man led or forced to subscribe, regarded himself as a partner in the concern, which was worked with untiring industry. They were plundered and the country was injured, but a promise was for ever held before them of advantages to be ultimately realized.

It is hard to conjecture how far O'Connell was in earnest in his repeal agitation. Our own impression is that his contradictions were those of a man yielding to the impulse of the moment—at all times sincere—ever to be reckoned on. He was fond of saying, and he succeeded in persuading himself that agitation was in no case mischievous. "There are," he said, "grievances, or there are not; if there be, agitation for their redress is desirable—if there be not, agitation will be harmless, for it will be ineffectual." He sometimes in addition to this claimed for it the merit of putting down secret conspiracy. The fallacy of all this is too transparent to deceive any but those who are the victims of a willing delusion. The perpetual war of words in which he engaged his countrymen, rendered anything like calm reflection impossible. It kept men of fevered and restless spirits for ever before the public eye, and almost tempted every man into the ranks of party. Never was there a man whose own proper usefulness was so impeded as that of O'Connell himself, by the public life he led. It is probable that no man of his time had the same acquaintance with the influencing motives by which Irish Society was governed as O'Connell. Of all its secret springs he was intimately cognisant. The external history of Ireland he knew as well as any man, but —what is of more moment than anything that could be learned from Carte or Borlase —he knew the people themselves. There is, perhaps, no man living—certainly none except Lord Monteagle and Lord Stanley—whose knowledge of all that relates to Ireland at all equalled or approached his. O'Connell's was, from professional and other opportunities, a knowledge of their very inmost feelings and associations of thought, which not only gave him an almost magical power over what seemed the one mind of multitudes of men, but what is of a thousand times more moment, led him right with almost the certainty of instinct, in his appreciation of any proposed measure of legislation for Ireland. He thought not alone of the abstract law, but of the genius of the people for whom it was intended, and when he could throw off the advocate, as he did remarkably in all his examinations before Parliamentary Committees, and very often in his speeches on Irish subjects in the House of Commons, there was no man by whom more valuable instruction was given; nor do we know of any incident more unfortunate for the empire than his factious abandonment of his proper position as a member of the legislature, when, misled by the glittering phantom of Repeal, he retired to his Dublin senate, and ceased to go to the House of Commons. Had O'Connell trusted to himself alone, and to the natural power of good sense, combined with a perfect knowledge of the subjects which he might have been expected to discuss, he would

have accomplished almost infinite good; for there was never a body of men in the world more anxious to learn, if possible, the actual truth, and to legislate on a perfect knowledge of facts than the British legislature in our day has been.

When Emancipation had been once carried, it seems to us plain that all rational ground for agitation had ceased, and that the effort to create two laws of opinion—two irreconcilable societies in the same kingdom—was the most mischievous and foolish task in which man was ever engaged. O'Connell's avowed principle of, under the pretence of agitating for the redress of some supposed grievance, gaining, not the object which he affected to seek, but some other, makes us think that he was not in earnest in the Repeal agitation; but, as we before intimated, we do not think it possible to discover in his conduct any principle adequate to solve the problem which it suggests. He did not speak of the separation of Ireland from England—we believe he did not contemplate it; but it was undoubtedly contemplated by the younger men with whom he acted in what was called the Repeal year. The public mind is so familiar with the thought of O'Connell as leader in all the popular movements in Ireland, for the period during which his name occurs so often, that it may startle some of our readers to be told that he but followed in the train of others in that formidable agitation. O'Connell in the agitation of 1843 was, at first, we think, but imitating and acting the feelings and passions of other men. He was roused reluctantly and with difficulty into a public discusion of the question of Repeal which Professor Butt challenged. It had become with him but a word; with younger minds it was a thought, an animating principle; or rather with them the feeling of country—a feeling which the mind seeks to express and embody in a name, and thus give an outward life to all its hopes, and dreams, and wishes, all that it loves, all that it remembers, all that it can imagine; that feeling which no man, civilized or savage, is, or can be, without—sought for a corresponding object. To the Italian, *Italy*, though surely there never was anything that in the political world corresponded with the conception indicated by the name, has been at all times a spell-word of hope—to the mind it is a unity. And so of Ireland. There is no period whatever of its history on which the mind can for a moment repose—but in the words of Schiller and Coleridge, "the heart needs a language;" the unsatisfied instinct of country demands an object, and what it does not find it seeks to create. As in the case of all the passions and feelings of a being, whose life here is an education for another life, there is not and cannot be any outward image that in any respect approaches the idea that seeks realization. In the most happily circumstanced country, the more intense the feeling of patriotism in the heart of the most ardent lover of his country, the more will he endeavour that his country shall be worthy of his love; but the instinct itself is one that never receives—and because man is an immortal being destined for more than earth—never can receive full gratification. Still that it should be suffered to die away as a field-flower which is never to bear fruit, that it should be rooted out as a vicious weed—which would seem to be always the policy of the mere selfish statesman—arises, we think, from a total misconception of the nature of Man. The union of England with the other constituent parts of the British Empire, was later and less perfect in consequence of the foolish policy of destroying the records and warring with the language, as in the case of Wales, of the countries successively annexed to the larger division. There was no reason why Wales should not have preserved its history, as York, or Westminster, or Northumberland, or as traditions or records of families are preserved. To seek to destroy such records or traditions, so far from effecting its purpose, is almost certain to give them greater distinctness and a more enduring life. The man who is murdered is likely to be remembered longer than he who is suffered to pass away in the natural course of human mortality. If there be no violent interruption, such as this false statesmanship introduces, the love of country, beginning as in all cases with the thought of home and kindred, finds an enlarged sphere. The original conception is not destroyed, but is included in a more comprehensive notion; and it is a fortunate circumstance when the imagination aids this process of the mind by a common name. Could, for instance, the British Islands be called by some common name, we think their thorough incorporation would be essentially aided. The thought of their component parts, and the fact of their having been united by other than natural ties, would not be presented to the mind except when it served some necessary purpose, and the feeling of country would become gradually connected with the common name. We dwell on this because we have no doubt that in the generous feeling of country, in a feeling that expresses strong and unselfish sympathy, with all that we can conceive of truest and noblest and best, Faction has its firmest hold on the heart; because we are convinced, that it will never do to seek to

root out original instincts of our nature, or affections and hopes, which are so inwoven with our nature from the earliest period at which it can be subjected to our observation as not to be distinguishable from instincts, and that in the abortive effort to eradicate them, and substitute mere shrewdness and subtlety and notions of self-interest, a vast amount of uncalculated evil is done. Our theory would not destroy or neutralize or lessen the feeling. It would not substitute one country for another. It would not displace a single affection. It would no doubt be inconsistent with the notion of any one of the constituent parts of the empire becoming a separate kingdom, but it would not be inconsistent with any state of facts that has ever had actual existence; for though you have the names of separate kingdoms, have you ever had the fact in any sense in which any living being would wish it recalled? We should wish the thought carried into legislation, and instead of Ireland being treated as a separate integral in our Acts of Parliament, we should wish that where distinct legislation was necessary, its smaller divisions were mentioned, so that the thought of it as one undivided kingdom, should as little as possible be assumed in the forms of language. This may seem fanciful, but the more it is dwelt on the more will its importance appear. However, for a long while the balance of convenience must regulate such matters, and may be against our view.

We have said that O'Connell, in the year 1843, was but acting under the inspiration of other minds. We have said, or our language has implied, that we think the agitation in which he was whirled along was formidable and mischievous in the extreme; but we have also expressed our strong opinion that it originated in no ungenerous or unworthy purposes. What Goldsmith has called the "patriot passion," was in truth occupied in creating an object to itself. With young men whose school studies have been just completed, and who have been educating themselves in debating clubs, the first form in which they begin to think of politics, shapes itself into a republic. They are in truth re-acting what they have read in the classics. The established constitutions of society are compared with their dream of a perfect government. None of them are found to dove-tail with it, and they are straightway regarded as an usurpation. The business of life in the happier parts of the empire soon engages and occupies the attention, and the dream is at an end. In Ireland the case is different. The class of young men of whom we speak, or great numbers of them, propose to themselves the bar as a profession; and laborious as the preparation, to insure any fair chance of success, would be, could the barrister reckon on any early employment, yet such are the numbers called, and so many are the accidents that advance the fortunes of those who can in any way keep themselves before the eyes of the public, that a sort of attention is given to public affairs by a number of half-educated men, who would seem to have no business of their own to attend to. We prefer stating in other language than our own the fact of O'Connell having been influenced by this class of young men in his later career.

"O'Connell saw that he had to deal with a new generation. They were a petulant and conceited race; but among the young men who gathered round him there was one young man of decided talent and unswerving integrity—Thomas Davis—with whom nationality was a passion and a principle, the object of enthusiasm and the result of conviction. Such an ally was invaluable to the sincere, but most perilous to one who only used agitation as a means to selfish ends."

A few years before and no man would have shrunk more than O'Connell from the madness into which he was betrayed by younger minds. At times, even in the wildest moments of the convulsion which he seemed to have called into motion, he was seen trying to appease the tumult. To the populace he was still allowed to appear as the mighty magician whose powerful word could rouse and still the tempest, but it seems plain that all his movements, whether consciously or unconsciously, were subject to the will of others. Even before the state trials, in his own DOMDANIEL, where he once gave laws, where no voice had been permitted till then to dispute his sovereign authority, younger men bearded and defied him. By the result of the trials the charm was broken which seemed to protect his person inviolate, and his power over his countrymen in a great measure ceased when he had been once rendered amenable to the law. His boast that he had never touched the mysterious line that separates law from lawlessness, in the course of a life that seemed to be exclusively occupied in learning and teaching the art of driving coaches-and-six through Acts of Parliament, was one which he could no longer make with the same exultation as in the days of old. The captivity, as in ludicrous earnest the imprisonment of O'Connell was called in the documents of the public bodies with which he was connected, seems to have crushed his spirit. But between the giving in of the

verdict and before his imprisonment he had one hour of glorious triumph :—

"Before O'Connell could be called up for judgment he paid a brief visit to England, and attended one of the meetings of the Anti-corn-law League in Covent-Garden Theatre. He there found that the Government prosecution had achieved for him what nothing else but a miracle could have effected. It had rendered him for the time more popular in England than he ever was in Ireland.

"John Bull has had a thorough dislike of all constructive crimes since 1794. He thought that O'Connell could not have been guilty of any very overt sedition, when it took about a month to establish the charge: he was deeply incensed at hearing that the office of an English newspaper had the appearance of being converted into a house of agency for espionage; he was sure that the jury had been packed and the bench prejudiced; and furthermore, honest John reproached himself for having encouraged Government to proceed, by feeling too sensibly O'Connell's senseless attacks upon the Saxon. This was the general sentiment of the English people; but to the League O'Connell was further recommended by thirty years of opposition to the corn-laws, and by his zealous co-operation in every effort for their repeal, whether in or out of Parliament.

"Under these circumstances, his reception by the assembled multitude was one of the most magnificent displays of popular enthusiasm ever witnessed. He declared himself that he was not prepared for it, even by the experience of the monster meetings. His speech, the last of any permanent interest that he ever delivered, was one of the finest oratorical displays of his life. He had achieved the object, of which if he had not despaired, the cry of repeal would never have been raised. He had triumphed gloriously and completely on English ground.

"This event strengthened the suspicions with which O'Connell had long been regarded by the Young Ireland party. It was remarked that he began to speak respectfully of the English people, and to abate the vehemence of his denunciations against the Saxon. The growing feeling of alienation was, however, suspended; on the 14th of May he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and incarceration in Richmond Penitentiary, near Dublin. During his confinement every possible indulgence was shown him; and on the 4th of September, 1844, the decision of the Irish judges was reversed by the House of Lords.

"O'Connell was liberated, but he came out of prison an altered man. During his confinement the presidency of the Repeal Association had been confided to Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, member for the county of Limerick, a recent convert to the cause. The Young Ireland party had elected this gentleman as the rival and future successor of O'Connell, and during the absence of the latter from the Association had used all possible means to extend his reputation and give him influence in the country. In former days O'Connell would have brooked no rivalry; but imprisonment had broken his spirit, and afforded Smith O'Brien time to strengthen himself with his party. Their jealousy was soon pretty manifest; there were bickerings in public; there was marked coldness in private. A project for convening an Irish senate, of very doubtful legality, and still more questionable prudence, was abandoned. A ridiculous club, the members of which were to wear a still more ridiculous uniform, including a fool's cap, the shape of which was the subject of long and learned debate—was patronised by the O'Brien and jeered by the O'Connell party. Thus closed the year 1844, and thus opened the year of 1845."*

In this record the most remarkable incident is the burst of popularity which greeted O'Connell in England, and this arising very much from the feeling, that in the state trials he had not fair play—that there had been some tampering with the Jury,—and that the Bench was prejudiced against him.

The last topic, though one dwelt on at the time in the papers, could produce no permanent effect on the public mind. The Court could not avoid some direction to the jury on the law of the case, and it would be scarce possible to give such without using language that implied a reasonable man's view of the facts. Whatever the Charge had been, this objection could scarcely have been escaped. The other is of more importance.

In every political trial in Ireland, the statement that a jury has been packed is made. At one time it used to be made in every civil trial, and it is really marvellous that, considering the way in which while all its privileges are taken advantage of for the protection of the accused, it is at the same time represented as a mere instrument in the hands of power, it has not been got rid of altogether. We wish its preservation, and for this purpose must do what we can to distinguish cases that, without some attention, may be easily confused, and the mistake thus occasioned create no little mischief. What we have to say on the subject will be more intelligible when we have told in a sentence the course of the agitation after O'Connell's death.

After O'Connell's death the agitation assumed in some respects a worse aspect. Quiet men in vain hoped that the fever of excitement in which people had been so long kept would be now at an end. Vain hope! What had been called Conciliation Hall was a house divided against itself. Its members separated into two bodies; the one preachers of peace, who held that Ireland was to be saved and enriched, and the

* A Munster Farmer's *Reminiscences of O'Connell.*

repeal of the Union to be carried by perpetual payment of rent, still rent, the Catholic rent, the only true rent—and by hebdomadal speeches; in short, they seemed to believe that all that was wanting was money and talk—money for the few, talk for the multitude. The other party insisted that England was not to be thus conquered; that the Irish people should arm; that talking nonsense was not the way to do business; and yet, inconsistently enough, they too talked nonsense.—That they did. They were younger men. Sedition was with them a passion that had not yet died away. They were not—the younger men among them were not—simulating extinct feelings. Compared with the other section of repealers, this body was the more earnest; at all events, they outbid the others. They called on the people throughout the country to arm themselves. They threatened all landed proprietors who did not join them, that their property should be "carried to the national treasury." They addressed the soldiery and constabulary in language seducing them from their allegiance and their duty. Under the names of tenure and tenant-right they addressed the natural cupidity of the peasantry; distinctions of Celt and Saxon were referred to, as if for the purpose of disuniting every family in the land. When a successful insurrection in Paris gave birth to the French Republic, they sent an embassy to it from Ireland, negotiating for an invasion. The genius of O'Connell and of Wolfe Tone united—seemed to meet in each of the Confederates—thus the war-party designated themselves—and mark the future rulers of Ireland's destinies—

> The force of Nature could no further go—
> To make a third, she join'd the other two.

We have said that we believe this party to have been more in earnest than the other. They were, no doubt; many of them mad—not the less in earnest nor the less dangerous for that. The newspaper press greatly aided them; for, while it spread their writings and speeches in every direction, it seemed to multiply their numbers. The peaceful part of the community in Ireland know them to be few, and know that it is the same performers who play in different parts of the country, and think of them or their audiences as little as they do of other players or play-going folk. They are regarded as a mischief and a nuisance for the most part; but there is no very serious thought that they can do any great harm. Even when it was known that persons were employed through the country to discipline disaffected men in military exercises, the forbearance of the Government met with more than sympathy from the general body of the country, who were inclined to laugh at the whole thing as a fantastic parody of very serious things transacted elsewhere. The Government, who had most probably more reasons for apprehension than they could prudently communicate to the public, took such precautions as they could to save the city of Dublin from the danger of an outbreak.

In the rural districts of Ireland there was much crime. It was not directly connected with the Agitation, but it grew in a great measure out of the base hopes that the Agitation inspired. Farmers refused or delayed to pay their rents. Agents were murdered under circumstances that left no doubt that men wealthy for their station in life, were accomplices or instigators of the crime. Through the country there was certainly a sort of expectation in the minds of many tenants that they might continue to hold their lands without paying any rent. The wise measures of a Special Commission succeeded in vindicating the law, and it became again possible to exercise the rights of property. The effect of the Commission was to protect the lives of the poor from ruffians that overawed the country. A duty as imperative as this was to terminate if possible the deplorable agitation which each day became more reckless and more fierce. Forbearance has its limits, and prosecutions were commenced against three of the confederates. Before these cases were tried a new statute applicable to any after cases that might arise was passed, and one of the persons about to be tried for sedition continued to issue writings which made him an offender under the new Act. It is necessary to state this to render intelligible what we have to say on the Jury question, as we think some mistakes have arisen from confusing the cases of special and common juries. O'Brien and Meagher were tried for sedition by *special juries*. In neither case was there a verdict. The law of Ireland requires unanimity in a jury. As far as can be known of these cases, the numbers for a conviction in one were *ten* to *two*, in the other *eleven* to *one*.

The statement of the juries being packed is always the cry of the convicted. In special jury cases it does not bear examination. Under the Act of 1833, when a special jury is obtained, it is formed from a body of names selected from what is called the jurors' book for the year. The jurors' book contains, or ought to contain, all the names of persons qualified to serve on juries. The

class from which special jurors are taken consist of persons possessing various qualifications. The lowest money qualification is property to the amount of £5000. From this class, amounting generally to seven or eight hundred, forty-eight names are taken by ballot, and this forty-eight is reduced to twenty-four, by each of the parties striking off twelve names. The object is that the twenty-four left shall be men to whom neither of the parties can have a reasonable objection; and nothing can be more absurd or unreasonable than the kind of outcry which is made against the Crown for doing what it is absolutely compelled to do. It *must* strike off twelve names, and in such case no possible imputation can be fairly made against its officers, whatever be the politics of the persons whom it strikes off. It is not analogous to the challenge, whether peremptory or for cause, of a juror on an *ordinary* panel. In O'Connell's case the jury was a special jury. The quarrel was not with the conduct of the Crown in the way in which it reduced the forty-eight to twenty-four, but with the way in which the jury book itself, from which the forty-eight were taken, was made up. The book was made up incorrectly, the names of some persons who ought to be in the book being omitted, and the list from which the forty-eight were taken being thus diminished, to the disadvantage of the traverser. A majority of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland thought they had no means of correcting this. In the formation of a special jury it would appear that the Sheriff has absolutely no power. The list from which the forty-eight are selected, is supposed to contain the names of all the persons qualified to serve; the persons on the actual panel, and the order in which their names occur (an important incident), are determined by ballot; and nothing could be more idle than the popular clamour with which the conduct of the Crown is assailed in such cases, if it were not that such clamour has some effect on weak-minded persons. The juries in Smith O'Brien's and Meagher's cases were special juries. The Crown was accused of striking off Roman Catholic jurors. In each case, as we said before, it was compelled to strike off twelve. To try it by Catholics the Crown must have struck off Protestant jurors. As to the question of mere prudence, on which after all the selection of a special jury—as far as there could be a selection—must have turned, we should rather, in cases of the kind, have three or four Roman Catholics in the box than only one. The chances, if there were but one, would be that the opposition of some false pride would detach him from his brother jurors, and that the question of guilt or innocence would scarcely be canvassed among them—that there would be a failure of justice because a want of any fair discussion, and that the result would be a mere exhibition of the power of a positive man to render ineffective the verdict of the others. It is an easy course to ascribe perjury to men, but we do not almost in any case regard this as the solution of such a fact as the disagreement of a jury. An analysis of the respective duties of the juror and the judge would make the juror believe that he is to receive information from the judge on matter of law, and communicate it on matters of fact; but to constitute the notion of Crime, a consideration of both elements is necessary—and it may be an actual evasion of a difficult duty in a juror—one to which the law in no case compels him, to find a verdict of guilty where he cannot, notwithstanding a disposition to receive such information on the law as it is the judge's duty to give—believe that the intention which constitutes crime exists. The juror's difficulty is not the mere mental process of analysing the thoughts, but after this analysis has been performed for him or by him, the moral one of combining them. In some cases that which he has to do is, if he can, to call that crime which he has not before learned to designate by the name, or—a yet harder task—to overcome the prejudice which has hitherto regarded with favour a line of conduct which the moral sense does not disapprove, but which he is told is a violation of the law. To protect a man in danger—to throw your house open as a sanctuary of refuge to a person flying from pursuit, would seem, so far from being a crime, to be rather the subject of natural approbation; and indefensible as the feeling may be, we suspect that were jurors taken from the humbler classes of life, it would require more reasoning than a prosecuting counsel or a directing judge would be at all times able to bring to the argument, to persuade a juror that a poor man, whose father or brother, flying from justice, was protected in his house, was punishable as a criminal for affording him shelter. We state a case in which there can be no doubt that the jury should receive, without hesitation, the directions of the judge as to the law, but where natural feeling will affect each man of them with more or less influence, and in all probability lead some, if not all of them, to look round for excuses to acquit. In political cases, where the passions become strongly inflamed, where words have almost a magic power of affecting the temper, and

reducing the most sober-minded man into a state of what is almost like insanity, it is certainly going too far to ascribe to wilful and deliberate perjury the mind's continuing to move in its accustomed train of thought; and this, after all, is the case of the obstinate juror. Their abstract truth was not what recommended his religious or political dogmas to his mind, and fixed associations there which you have no means of disturbing or dissolving, so as to form them into other combinations of thought, may be the standards to which he refers when he would determine the innocence or the criminality of any particular act. You may make crimes by Act of Parliament, and you may be right; but while the machinery by which you punish them is the verdict of a jury, you cannot legislate effectively by a higher standard of morality than the average understanding of the class of men from whom jurors are taken can appreciate. If you will punish for treason or conspiracy, the traitor or conspirator has still the right of saying—Be your definitions what they may, my protection exists in the fact that the class of society from whom my judges are taken do not believe your accusation; or, if you have established the act which you say proves my guilt, you are unable to get them to agree with you in regarding it as crime. In prosecutions for seditious libel this is more remarkably illustrated, as the criminality of the act is much more often to be inferred from the state of mind of the persons to whom it is addressed than from anything in the language itself; and in looking over some old volumes of State trials, one is frequently at a loss to discover why language apparently so innocent was prosecuted at all. In Horne Tooke's trial, there is no doubt that Lord Eldon, who prosecuted, thought the offence high treason—even after the verdict he thought so: suppose, instead of an acquittal, that the jury differed—that one, for instance, agreed with the Attorney General, and was for a conviction, would we have a right to say that he was a perjured man? These differences of opinion must exist. It is, we think, unreasonable in the extreme to assume, without the strongest evidence, that there is wilful falsehood in the case; and though it is no doubt attended with some inconvenience, we think the practical effect of requiring unanimity in the jury has been, in criminal cases, on the whole beneficial. Crime, no doubt, often goes unpunished under the present system, but you could scarcely change it without introducing the worse chance of any examination of the conduct of men in power being punished as crime.

We have said that the Government commenced prosecutions against three of the Confederates for sedition, and that they failed in obtaining verdicts against two; against the third, Mr. Mitchel, it was unnecessary to continue the prosecution, as he was, a few days before the trial for sedition was to have taken place, convicted of felony under a recent statute, by a common jury.

The statement of the jury being packed is always the cry of the convicted. We have shown that in special jury cases it can never be true—though, in Ireland at least, raised in these as in all other cases. The fact is, that in all these cases the anxiety of the traverser is, that there shall be no verdict, and the case is argued for him as if he was in earnest anxious for a fair investigation and determination of the issue knit between him and the Crown. His language is, "all I want is a fair trial," and the only evidence he or his friends will admit of a trial having been fair, is that there shall be no verdict. In all cases there can be no doubt that it is the interest of society that there should be a verdict—a true verdict, and for this purpose that all disturbing elements should be as far as possible removed. The law does not presume such absolute impartiality in the sheriff, who selects and returns the jury panel, as to deny the parties the opportunity of inquiring into the fact, and enabling either of them to have the case tried by a jury returned by another officer. Where special juries are granted, one of the grounds stated by law-writers for this deviation from the ordinary course of forming a jury is, that "the sheriff might be suspected of partiality, though not upon such apparent cause as to warrant an exception to him."* But while the law guards, as far as it can, against any bias in the sheriff's mind, that may injuriously affect either party, it is plain that to him a large discretion is intrusted, and it is his duty to exercise that discretion by returning only such jurors as he conscientiously thinks will give a true verdict. In the year 1833, the act was passed under which all juries in Ireland are now formed. A list prepared annually by certain tax-collectors unconnected with the sheriff, exhibits the names of all persons entitled by property to be on the jurors' book for the year. In that list must appear the name of every man occupying a house worth £20 a year. When the law was about being pass-

* 3 Commentaries, 357.

ed, objections were made to a class of persons, subject to every influence calculated to warp the judgment, being now for the first time introduced to bear a part in the direct administration of justice, any one of whom, if placed on a jury, would have it in his power to render abortive law proceedings either civil or criminal. It was said that in some parts of the country, numbers must be returned in these lists who did not understand one word of English. To this it was replied that the sheriff ought not to return such persons on any panel—that the fact of their being eligible by property was not enough—that he would be subject to being fined by the Court, if he placed such persons on any jury panels. His discretion, which before was absolute, was now limited to the names he found in the jury book of the year. Among these he was to select "good and true men above suspicion." The complaint in Mitchel's case is that there was any selection.

At Mitchel's trial there was what is called a challenge to the array—a statement that the jury panel was not impartially formed by the sheriff; and it was sought to show that it had been formed under the directions of the Crown. This allegation was disproved; but it was established that a more respectable jury than is ordinarily returned was summoned in this case. In fact, we believe the ordinary juries are very carelessly formed. There is some distinction between the Commission and Quarter Sessions Juries. In the Report of the Commissioners of Judicial Inquiry on the office of Sheriff, we are told that "in Dublin with respect to petty juries at the Commission and Quarter Sessions Courts, panels of those descriptions contain about 150 names each. A greater degree of attention is paid to the formation of Commission petit jury panels than of the others, as capital cases are tried by them." This Report was drawn up from evidence taken in 1828 or 1829, but describes pretty well a present state of facts. Unless the counsel for Mitchel could establish that a jury was selected for the purpose of giving an untrue verdict, it seems to us that they would have done absolutely nothing. Before the trial the newspapers in the interest of the prisoner did all they could to influence the jury by arguments addressed to their prejudices and their fears. Public meetings were held for the purpose. At one of them a resolution was passed not unlikely to be interpreted by the poorer class of shop-keepers into a direct threat of the consequences to themselves of a finding unfavourable to the traverser :—

"Resolved—That we shall by every means in our power, within the law, oppose ourselves to this system of jury packing while the protection of the law is left us; and we feel ourselves called upon to warn the Government not to dare to abrogate the Constitution, and drive us beyond the limits of endurance. To every inroad on our constitutional rights we shall oppose the powers of the Constitution, but to manifest and avowed tyranny we shall oppose, if necessary, our very lives."

At another meeting the same sentiment was expressed in similar language :—

"Resolved—That while we are unwilling to identify this confederation with all the opinions of John Mitchel, we recognise in him a fearless and devoted fellow-soldier in the war which we are now waging against English oppression.

"That as such we demand for him a fair trial before a fairly selected jury: and if that demand be not complied with, and this champion of Irish liberty be convicted by a jury selected for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to use all means, not inconsistent with morality, to bring to punishment all parties concerned in the perpetration of so foul a wrong."

In such circumstances what was a Sheriff's duty? Is it not plain that the class of jurors most likely to be injured—the poorer class of tradesmen and shopkeepers—ought not to have been summoned? Is it not plain that it would have been unjust to them to place them in the position of being ruined by the withdrawal of custom from them; for this was among the threats expressed in deliberate speeches at these meetings;* and

* We transcribe the following from a multitude of similar threats, issued immediately before Mitchel's trial :—

"To the Jurors of Dublin.—God's truth has been spoken and written by John Mitchel. He has proclaimed to the world the labourer's right to live in the land of his birth by the sweat of his brow; the farmer's right to the fruits of his labour, his capital, and his skill. This is God's truth!

"Will you, jurors, pronounce, by your verdict, God's truth to be a seditious libel—'a felony?'

"If you do (which God forbid), then the blood of that innocent man of truth, John Mitchel, be on you and yours, to all eternity!

"The curse of God will fall upon you! The fate of perjurers and assassins await you!!

"Attend to your oaths, and a true verdict give!!

"ONE OF THE PANEL."

"We have but one word more to say. If the official persons conducting the prosecution do in this instance pack a jury of men known to be politically opposed to the prisoner, the whole proceeding is a base and cowardly murder, and shall be dearly avenged."—*United Irishman.*

"John Mitchel shall walk a free man from his jail. If by a jury of his countrymen, then so much the better; he shall have proved the truth on which he started—that English rule here is an unreality—a vile, horrid dream, a mere goblin of the sense,

can there be a doubt with any one, that had the Sheriff returned a panel such as is ordinarily brought together for the trial of pick-pockets, the cry would be changed, and were Mitchel convicted, that stories of one kind or another would be got up, and the Sheriff would be described as returning a jury of men likely to be bribed by the Government? In all criminal trials—in all trials, is not the great object to exclude as much as possible the element of chance, and to consult the peace of society by determining, with as near an approach to certainty as possible, the guilt or innocence of the party accused? Is it not suggested by those who complain of the constitution of the jury panel, that any other verdict was possible from a jury, however constituted? Remember his language—"*Whatever has been said or done by the most disaffected person in all Ireland against the existence of the party which calls itself the Government, nothing can go too far for me. Whatever public treasons there are in the land, I have stomach for them all.*" The wild hope of an acquittal does not seem to have entered into any one's mind; such chance, as no doubt existed for the prisoner, if some one man was found resisting all evidence—resisting even the statement by Mitchel's own counsel of his client's guilt—was all that could be reckoned on. The complaint in reality resolves itself into another, much more intelligible. The grievance is not the being tried by a packed jury, but the being tried at all. In the course of the very week in which Mitchel was tried, the counsel for Mr. Meagher, speaking in the Queen's Bench for his client, referred to the constitution of the juries in Smith O'Brien's and Meagher's cases, and complained of the fact of no Roman Catholics being left on Meagher's jury, while one or two were left on Smith O'Brien's, and attributed the distinction to the fact of Meagher's being a Roman Catholic. "The Attorney-General left Roman Catholics on Mr. O'Brien's jury because he was a Protestant; but when he came to try Mr. Meagher, who was a Roman Catholic, eleven jurors of his persuasion were struck off."* It is not surprising that in a desperate case counsel should snatch at any topics; but the same grievance was urged in a deliberate resolution, at a public meeting, with the Lord Mayor of Dublin in the chair, two days before Mitchel's trial:—

"Resolved—That we reprobate in the most solemn manner the removal of Catholics from the juries empanelled to try Catholics, and the contrary practice pursued when a Protestant is on his trial, and that this practice is unconstitutional and unjust, and must result in tyranny."

This resolution was carried unanimously, and yet the very same persons are those who, in a few days after, complain that Mitchel,

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to which we too long stupidly shrunk submissive, thinking it 'government,' and its airy mumblings 'law;' which needed but that one man should spit upon and laugh at to exorcise it for ever. And if not by a jury, then by the verdict of some thousands of armed citizens, ready to back the defiance he will hurl from the felon's dock—and by fifties of thousands throughout the land, wherever want has been and tyranny. Never—oh! never again—shall the faults of '98 bring down the just hand of an avenging God, in reigns of terror, and tyranny, and famines, upon a people ungrateful—upon men so bewildered or depraved as not to know that 'to be brave is to be truly wise.'"—*United Irishman.*

One of the speakers at a public meeting said—"He wished to inculcate on them that best of all maxims—for the love of God to buy rifles—(Loud cheers.) Lord Clarendon, Her Majesty's chief executioner and jail-keeper in Ireland—(a laugh)—had requested the Orangemen to get guns, to slaughter the people of the south; and when he (the speaker) asked them would they turn their arms against their neighbours, they told him that they would never use them against the people, their brothers—(Cheers.) [A voice: 'A cheer for the Orangemen of Shanehill'—Cheers.] At the insurrection in Milan one immortal girl had fired down eighteen of the soldiers with her rifle—(Great cheering.) For his part he was determined that this struggle should never cease unless with his death or the attainment of repeal. [A voice: 'So say we all'—Cheers.] As to himself he thought he was nearly a traitor—(a laugh)—indeed, he almost believed he was a felon—(renewed laughter)—but one thing he would say, that if the Government attempted to pack a jury against John Mitchel they would rue it.—(Loud cheers.)"

Another—"He must not be convicted. I shall not here insist upon the utter atrocity of any trial in Ireland for 'sedition,' or 'treason,' or 'felony,' to a foreign Government. But it is enough that everybody in Ireland knows he cannot be convicted in due form of law, or without unprecedented roguery in the legal arrangement. No fairly-chosen jury of his countrymen can convict him."

The inference that it was sought to intimidate the jury is inevitable; but there are minds to whom the admissions of the parties themselves carry more conviction than any reasoning, and we therefore think it right to quote the acknowledgments of *The Irish Felon.* A principal writer in that paper, in addressing the clubs after the trial, says, "Let us not be foolish enough to imagine that we can frighten the Government, by pretending to strength that we do not really possess. There is no more absurd principle than the 'intimidation' principle. I felt this in those days when you marched through the streets of Dublin, believing that terror could do for Mitchel's jury what conscience could not, and frighten them into giving that verdict which truth, not interest, would dictate."—*The Irish Felon,* July 8th.

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* Butt's Speech in Meagher's Case. *Dublin Evening Mail,* May 20.

a Protestant, is tried exclusively by Protestants. How long will it be possible, in such a country, to preserve even the forms of liberty? Can there be a doubt that, be a Sheriff Protestant or Catholic, it would be at all events his duty to guard against such persons, so utterly incapable of honest reasoning, being placed on juries, and that in any panel he returned, he should deliberately exclude every member whatever of those associations. In Ireland it would seem that language has been in some way so wholly divorced from thought, that we think it probable the obvious contradictions in the propositions we have quoted, with the complaint of Mitchel, a Protestant, being tried by Protestants, may never have struck the speakers in their glaring inconsistency. We have ourselves heard declaimers against the way in which these Irish trials were conducted say, that they would not take fifty pounds to serve on one of the juries—nay more, we know with an approach to certainty, that Catholics have avoided serving on the very panels from which they complain that Catholics are excluded. We protest that, in a case of which the difficulties do not seem to be sufficiently appreciated, the Sheriff seems to us to have steered his way safely and well; and that if there were cause of complaint, it has been altogether owing to the efforts made, previous to the trial, to overawe the persons whose duty it was to form the panel, and yet more, the jurors who might try the cause. A mixed jury would, we think, on all accounts, have been better—nay, we cannot conceive any jury, not overawed by the tyranny of the clubs and the public meetings under their control, hesitating to convict Mitchel; but to try the case at all, preserving even the shadow of constitutional forms, was as far as Association and Confederation and Corporation meetings could effect the mischief they meditated, all but impossible. The Sheriff returned his panel of 150. Eighty persons answered as their names were called. Of these 20 were struck off by the traverser, and 39 by the Attorney-General. The traverser's right of challenge is this—20 peremptorily, and as many more as he can show cause against. He struck off no one *for cause*—some evidence, slight, no doubt, of the fairness of the jury. The Attorney-General is a Catholic, and of the 39 he struck off eleven were Catholics. Of the 39 persons removed from the jury we know nothing; it is to be presumed for the Attorney-General that he had good cause for their removal. The strict legality of the course pursued by the Attorney-General is not disputed, and of its prudence he alone could be the sufficient judge.

The Attorney-General's is scarcely the same arbitrary right of challenge as the prisoner's. The law gives him what would seem a far more limited right than that of the prisoner, while in actual practice his setting aside jurors is scarcely distinguishable from the arbitrary challenge of the prisoner, and from the very large number of jurors on modern panels, enables him to try a case by whichever among the number he likes, when the prisoner's twenty are deducted from the panel.

"This privilege of peremptory challenges, though granted to the prisoner, is denied to the king by the Statute 33 Edward I. sec. 4, which enacts that the king shall challenge no jurors without assigning a cause certain to be tried and approved by the Court; however, it is held that the king need not assign his cause of challenge till all the panel is gone through, and unless there cannot be a full jury without the person so challenged; and then, and not sooner, the king's counsel must show the cause, otherwise the juror shall be sworn."*

If this view of the law be just, it is plain that the Attorney-General has no right whatever to bid any juror stand by, except he in his conscience believes that there is some such cause as would be admitted by triers as good ground of challenge, should it become necessary for him to state it to the Court. No idle conjecture as to the probability of his finding for the prisoner can have place here. If Blackstone's doctrine be right, a challenge on the part of the Crown can be but for cause, and the Counsel for the Crown who bids a juror stand by, without himself being convinced that there is ground for challenge which he could sustain, is violating his trust. We do not believe that any juror has, in this trial of Mitchel, been put aside on the sole ground of being a Roman Catholic. Such cause could not be sustained. And even supposing that the Attorney-General has the same capricious right of challenge with the prisoner, it is not possible to impute to the present Attorney-General for Ireland—himself a Roman Catholic—the kind of prejudice against Roman Catholics which this charge would involve. The Statute of Edward I., entitled "He that challengeth a jury or juror for the king, shall show his cause," is that on which is founded the statement of legal and constitutional writers, that the Crown has no right of peremptory challenge. As, however, the

* 4 Commentaries, 353.

Courts have said that the only object of the Statute was that trials should not be delayed by challenges on the part of the Crown, the practice has been to allow the challenge wherever delaying the trial is not the consequence of allowing it, so that the advantage to the subject of thus limiting the Crown's right is of about the same value as the Antiquary's proof that the laws of Scotland did not admit of imprisonment for debt was to the officers of Hector M'Intyre's regiment. The imprisonment was not for the actual debt, but for contumacy, in disobeying the king's court, that ordered its payment: the Attorney-General does not challenge the juror, he only bids him stand by, which has, now that panels consist occasionally of many hundred names, precisely the same effect.* The right of compelling the Crown to go at once into its cause of challenge, as each juror was objected to, was pressed with great strength in Horne Tooke's trial; the exceeding disadvantage to the prisoner of the large jury panel—in Tooke's case 228 were summoned—was felt by the Court, and the Attorney-General (Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon) withdrew all his challenges. It is too late to dispute the Attorney-General's right of bidding jurors stand by. The same arguments that had been adduced in Tooke's case were again urged in Quigley's, and afterwards in Frost's. The matter indeed is so settled, that it is probable the Court in Frost's case would not have heard it re-argued, but that the statute of Edward had been repealed and re-enacted, and this gave the opportunity of reconsidering the matter with reference to the latter statute.† The state of society in Ireland renders it necessary for the Crown to exert this prerogative more extensively than, if it could be avoided, can be at all prudent. In political trials, where the positions of the prosecutor and traverser are in truth often reversed, and where the Government of the day may be regarded as itself on its trial, the effect of the verdict on the public mind is of much more moment than any other consideration; and the notion that by any arrangement the traverser is deprived of any advantage that he ought to have, or might reasonably reckon on having, is calculated to deprive a verdict, however just, of any great value, further than as it exhibits the power of dealing with an individual case.

We think, with Judge Perrin, that the present practice presses unreasonably on traversers, and wish that his suggestion on the subject could be adopted :—

"I think," says he, "the principle on which special juries are struck might be beneficially extended to criminal cases. I think there ought to be a right of peremptory challenge to the same extent—twenty—both in the Crown and the accused in all cases, the names upon the panel being drawn from a box, as in the civil court."*

In Ireland the seeming injustice of the present rule was very much felt—more especially in misdemeanour cases, where the prisoner has no right to challenge, and where the prosecutor, being allowed to set jurors by, has all the advantages of a challenge without being obliged to state the grounds on which his challenge rests. He can, in fact, try his case by any jury he pleases. In prosecutions by private individuals, the rights of the Crown are exercised by the individuals prosecuting, and in this class of cases there was no limit to the abuse which this privilege gave. When Judge Perrin practised in the north-east circuit, he was very much employed in the defence of prisoners, and he tells us that at that time, and for twenty years afterwards, there was no such thing as a public prosecution in Ireland in which there was not also a private prosecutor with an agent, and often counsel, engaged to act with the Attorney-General and the counsel employed by him. "In party cases prosecuted by the Crown, it was a constant practice to

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* "Lord Chief-Justice Eyre.—*The Crown has no peremptory challenge;* but the course is that the Crown may challenge as the names are called over, and is not bound to show the cause of the challenge till the panel is gone through; that is the course of proceeding which is now so established, that we must take it to be the law of the land; at the same time I feel, that the circumstance which is become absolutely necessary, of making the panels vastly more numerous than they were in ancient times—might give to the Crown an improper advantage arising out of that rule; and whenever we shall see that improper advantage attempted to be taken, it will be for the serious consideration of the Court whether they will not put it into some course to prevent that advantage being taken. I do not perceive at present that there is any complaint that an ill use has been made of this power in this instance. How many have been challenged on the part of the Crown? Seven.

"Lord Chief Justice Eyre.—Therefore, I say, it does not appear to me that any improper advantage has been taken."—*State Trials*, Vol. 26.

† In Ireland the matter is perhaps open to argument, as the language re-enacting the statute of Edward I. is different in England and Ireland.

* Lords' Reports. Crime in Ireland, 1839, page 1059. In Frost's case (1840) the Sheriff returned the panel alphabetically. The names were, by consent of the Crown and the prisoner, called, not according to the order in the list, but by ballot, and the challenger then taken.

have a private agent and counsel; 'counsel,' as the phrase was, 'to watch the counsel for the Crown.'" So late as 1839, Mr. Justice Perrin could not say whether the custom did not still continue. The Crown-Solicitor for the circuit had not of course the local knowledge of the private agent, and though he was the official person through whom objections to jurors were made, he yielded, as a matter of course, to such suggestions as were given him by persons always more interested in the results of particular prosecutions than in the purity of the general administration of justice. The effect of arbitrarily setting aside jurors was not so much that unfair verdicts were given, as that it could not be said that there was a satisfactory trial.

"As to the jurors," says Judge Perrin, "it must be disagreeable to a man to be set aside. He must feel it as a kind of stigma; but that is a trivial matter compared with the general impression it creates as to the administration of justice, where it is injurious as tending to create a feeling that the verdict is not the result of a cool, deliberate, and impartial trial, but may have been affected by the opinions of particular individuals designedly put on the jury. But the most important point of view is *the real effect* which it is calculated to have on the administration of justice. It enables the prosecutor, especially in misdemeanour cases, to set aside any jurors that he pleases to avoid, and prevent a vigilant, searching, impartial, penetrating inquiry by persons whom he thinks able and likely to institute it, if he considers his case an infirm one; besides, that it gives him this advantage where there is a fixed panel, that he can set aside *ad libitum*, in order to arrive at and obtain individuals whom he may wish to put on—persons having a known bias or prejudice injurious to the accused. In misdemeanour cases, where the accused has no peremptory challenge, it amounts to packing a jury."

In one case, where O'Connell as counsel for a private prosecutor had an opportunity of exercising the rights of the Crown, he set aside the fifty-two first jurors who answered to their names. "It was," said he in the House of Commons (August 2, 1833), "an issue on which *no man would think of challenging a juror in England*, but unhappily in Ireland the case was widely different. Such was the state of the panel for the county of Cork, that I was obliged to set aside fifty-two jurors before there was to be found a juror impartial enough to try the issue." This was a case of misdemeanour in which the traverser had no right of challenge, and where O'Connell selected his jury from a panel of 800 persons. In this case, on his own showing, the law was practically different from what its administration would have been in England. Under the letter of the law—or its interpretation—the same incident might have occurred in either country; but till very lately, a more serious grievance was peculiar to Ireland. The old law-books, in speaking of the prisoner's right of peremptory challenge, describe it as given *in favorem vitæ*, and this led the Irish Courts to the inference that it was only to be allowed in capital cases. The privilege was by them confined to capital cases, till a case arose which Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Napier insisted on being brought before the House of Lords, which decided against the Irish practice. This was so late as 1844. Till then, therefore, any plea of the Crown, not capital, was tried by a jury in the formation of which the accused had no voice whatever, and where the power of the Crown had scarcely any limit. Mr. O'Connell has told us that when he practised on the Munster Circuit, the interference of magistrates for the purpose of forming juries likely to be unfavourable to prisoners, was such that he complained of it to the counsel for the Crown, and that it then ceased, or at least was not exercised to the same extent. When Mr. Perrin was Attorney-General, he directed that no person should be set aside unless there was a substantive objection to him; that the Crown-Solicitors should not delegate their power, and that they should at the end of the circuit communicate to him the names of all persons set aside, and the causes. Sir Michael O'Loghlen, when Attorney-General, went even further. He held that the Crown had no right of peremptory challenge, and his opinion was that the construction of the statute of Edward I.—which construction allows the Crown the power to order jurors to stand by, without assigning any cause of challenge till the panel is exhausted—was not a sound one, and he gave directions to the Crown-Solicitors in accordance with these views. We transcribe his letter to the Crown-Solicitors:—

"It is not my wish that you should exercise the privilege of setting aside a juror, except in cases in which a juror is connected with the parties in the case. You will not set aside any juror on account of his political or religious opinions, and you will be pleased in every case in which you may consider it necessary to set aside a juror to make a note of the objection."

Nothing could have been more calculated to confirm him in the prudence of the course he adopted than its effects.

"While Attorney-General for Ireland," he

tells us, "I tried many persons of notorious political opinions by persons connected with the Associations to which they belonged, and in most instances I got verdicts. I tried several persons for processions against the provisions of the Procession Act by persons known to belong to the Society of Orangemen, and I got several convictions, and scarcely ever had an instance of a just complaint of a verdict: I tried several persons for riots, connected with the opposition to tithes, by jurors who were notoriously opposed to the payment of tithes themselves, and I got convictions." *

This result we should have anticipated; and we even agree with Sir Michael in the feeling that dictated his reply to what was meant to be a test question.—

"Suppose an attack by the members of one sect of religion on the members of another, or by the members of one political party on another, do you think that the administration of justice would be aided by allowing those persons to try the cause whose opinions on either side, religious or political, were strongly excited?"—"I think there is a choice of difficulties. I think the moral effect of allowing the jurors to be sworn as they are returned by the sheriff, and as they come to the book, unless there is good cause of challenge, would be better than the exercise of a right of challenge without assigning any cause."

A letter from Mr. Tickell, Crown-counsel on the Home-Circuit, is quoted by Sir M. O'Loghlen as confirming his impression:—"The jurors, in what might be called party cases, honestly discharged their duty." He states the number of trials for three assizes after Sir Michael's rule had been acted on, and says, "Out of the whole of these cases I could not fix on a dozen in which I should have differed from the jurors, nor do I recollect half a dozen in which I thought the Crown had any reason to complain." The fierce agitation, however, of our day had not then commenced. The thought of living as a distinct nation, governed by different laws, was not then the doctrine of the press. O'Loghlen's rule was certainly of more easy application in all cases where there was a distinct breach of a positive law than if he had to deal with "seditious libel," where the very essence of the offence is the effect which the prosecuted matter has a tendency to produce on other minds, and where what is innocent in one state of public feeling may in another be the deepest guilt. Of this class of questions Sir Michael was fortunate enough to have no experience—at least we do not remember during his time any prosecution for libel. Our own impression is very strong that a mixed jury would be far safer for the Crown than any other. In the jury-box, as elsewhere, there is no duty of citizenship that Roman Catholics will not honestly and fearlessly discharge; but Roman Catholics or Protestants, members of the clubs and associations, the legality of which is involved in the very questions knit between the Crown and the traverser, we think should be excluded. In such cases the challenge might with great advantage to society be at once made "for cause," and openly gone into. The result of a few such challenges might show that there is something to be said for the forbearance of the Attorney-General, in not communicating his grounds of objection, and prove that his instructions to the persons acting for the Crown, not to set any man aside on the single ground of his religion, had been strictly complied with. The plan, however, suggested by Judge Perrin of the names of the panel being drawn from a box as in the civil court, and a peremptory right of challenging the same fixed number given to the Crown and to the traverser, would go further to removing all real objections to the constitution of a jury than any other that has been proposed.

The enormity of the offences in Mitchel's and such cases, has been so great as to provoke sober men into calling for martial law—a course not unreasonable when the object of Government is to interrupt avowed preparations for civil war, and in all respects better than any violation of the existing forms of the administration of justice—any management in the selection of juries further than guarding against accused men being tried by accomplices—or any overstraining the ordinary law for the purpose of punishing particular delinquents. For martial law there is as yet no necessity. With respect to juries there can be little doubt of their doing their duty when a clear case of crime is established—of any warping of the law for the purpose of making cases of constructive crime, there can be no fear whatever. Our apprehension is in the other way. Our fear is that men guilty of felony under the late Act may be indicted but for sedition—as to proceed under the late Act for felony, committed by spoken words, requires informations to be sworn within a certain time—six days—after such speech; and that persons guilty of actual treason may be but indicted for felony. In cases where the indictment is for sedition, and where the evidence establishes the higher crime of felony or treason, in which the lesser one, according to the principles of the law of England merges, the grand jury may throw out the

* Lords' Report. State of Crime in Ireland, 1839, p. 1162.

bills, or the petit jury be instructed to acquit.* We cannot but remember Lord Eldon's vindication of his own course, in indicting the members of political societies in 1794 for High Treason :—

"As Attorney-General and public prosecutor, I did not think myself at liberty to let down the character of the offence. The mass of evidence, in my judgment, was such as ought to go to the jury for their opinion, whether they were guilty or not guilty of TREASON. Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that national convention, which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of these transactions should be published than that any of these individuals should be convicted. They too, who were lawyers and judges, having stated their opinion that these were cases of High Treason, I could not but be aware what blame would have been thrown on the law officers of the Crown, if they had been indicted for misdemeanour, and the evidence had proved a case of High Treason, which, proved, would have entitled them to an acquittal for the misdemeanour."†

The inconvenience of this principle of law is so great that we doubt whether legislation should not be directed against the principle itself—which can scarce even assist in the furtherance of justice—rather than against its application in a particular case. In an able work of Mr. Hudson's‡ it is strongly urged on the Legislature to get rid of some of the old maxims which—arising in a different state of society, are now often only known by consequences which can never be perfectly avoided, so long as the maxim is recognised as law. At present it would appear that a *seditious* disturber of the peace has no bad chance of escape, if he can prove that his offence amounts to *treason*—"and then," in Lord Eldon's words, "the country would not tolerate, and ought not to tolerate, that their lives should be put in jeopardy by another indictment for High Treason."

Ireland—to judge of it by some of its newspapers, and to exclude all other evidence—presents the most daring determination that has ever been expressed to declare actual war against the very thought of society itself. The theory of the present agitators is this, that no existing laws are binding on Ireland. Repeal of the Union is not what is now wanted—that is described to have been a mere humbug—a trick worthy of O'Connell and the moral-force impostors of days that are with the years before the flood. English dominion was at all times an usurpation. No laws that it has enacted, or could enact, had any binding force on conscience. The Irish parliament of 1782, or any other period, was no better than it ought to be :—

"Repeal in its vulgar meaning," says one of these gentlemen, "I look upon as impracticable by any mode of action whatever, and the constitution of '82 as absurd, worthless, and worse than worthless. The English Government will never concede or surrender it to any species of moral force whatever, and the country peasantry will never arm and fight for it, neither will I."

In language of great power the writer describes his purpose to be to unite with the question of Repeal, which he admits to have some interest for the town population, another which is likely to act on the rural peasantry :—

"I want to ally the town and country. Repeal is the question of the town population; the land-tenure question is that of the country peasantry. Both combined, taking each in its full extent and efficacy, form the question for Ireland—the question for the battle-day. * * You may think it a pity to crush and abolish the present noble race of landowners. * * * What! is your sympathy for a class so great and your sympathy for a whole people so small? * * It is a mere question between a people and a class—between a people of eight millions and a class of eight thousand. * * The rights of property may be pleaded. No one has a higher respect for the rights of property than I have, but I do not class among them the robber's right, by which the lands of this country are holden in fee of the British Crown."*

In another Number of the same journal from which our quotation is made, the same writer says—

"We hold the present existing Government of this Island, and all existing rights of property in our soil, to be mere usurpation and tyranny, and to be null and void as of moral effect, and our purpose is to abolish them utterly, or lose our lives in the attempt. The right founded on conquest, and affirmed by laws made by the conquerors themselves, we regard as no other than the right of the robber on a larger scale."

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* The Act guards against the danger of such *Felony*, as is created by the Act merging in Treason, but makes no provision as to *Sedition*.

† Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," vol. i., p. 284.

‡ Hudson's "Landlord and Tenant"—Preface.

* *Irish Felon*, June 24, 1848.

And in a paper entitled the "Faith of a Felon," by the same writer, there is a further development of the plan by which he would carry his theories into practical effect :—

"Here," says he, "is the Confession and Faith of a Felon.

"Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole: the conquest of our liberties—the conquest of our lands.

"I saw clearly that the reconquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the reconquest of our lands—would not necessarily involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the reconquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes, and could possibly, if not easily, be achieved.

"The lands were *owned* by the conquering race, or by traitors of the conquered race. They were occupied by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

"I selected as the mode of reconquest to refuse payment of rent and resist process of ejectment.

"In that mode I determined to effect the reconquest, and staked on it *all my hopes here and hereafter*—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epitaph. * * The opinions then stated, and which I yet stand firm to, are these, 'that the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, *on principle*, to refuse all rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors (or lords paramount in legal parlance), have, in National Congress or Convention, decided *what* rents they are to pay, and *to whom* they are to pay them.

"And that the people, on grounds of policy and economy, ought to decide (as a general rule admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid to *themselves*—the people, for public purposes, and for the behoof of them, the entire general people."*

In the *Nation* of July 1, 1848, is a paper entitled "The Value of an Irish Harvest," fr om which we quote a few sentences :—

"There is growing to-day on Irish soil £80,000,000 worth of produce, by the reckoning of the best accountants. * * To our minds if these £80,000,000 were boldly taken advantage of, a new foundation for life might be laid in Ireland. Let us suppose the thing to be tried—let us suppose a thousand clubs of 300 men spread over Ireland; their club-rooms over against every barrack in town and country—their scouts spying through every pass—their thousands battalioned through every city—their Irish League a Council of 300 *honest* men—clear-headed and brave, what great purposes might not a regeneration-fund of £80,000,000 be turned to? Less than one-half of it would feed the people till another harvest had found its way into the light. * * Upon the appropriation of this first part there could be no quibble, and should be tolerated no argument. If any man say nay, and put forth his hand upon the people's food, their answer should be the pike-point or the bullet. The uses of the surplus is a legitimate subject for deliberation. To direct the expenditure of £40,000,000 of money to an Irish Government just come to power must be a task of great complexity and anxiety. England, Italy, France, and Prussia, have had their peasant-insurrections, their wars for the possession of the soil. Ireland's is at last at hand."

In another paragraph of the same date, the *Nation*, speaking of the "Protestant Repeal Association," says—

"Let them calculate for their fellow-Protestants the value and uses of one Irish harvest, and place against it all the miserable subsidies and stipends England gives or can give—the wealth this soil grows, and the resources hidden under it; let them collate for them the laws of the land and the laws of nature, and ask them to decide whether they prefer retaining a tithe of the produce for their Church, or the whole of it for themselves, their Church, their children, and their neighbours."

In the *Tribune* (another Dublin paper), of the same date, the same doctrine is advocated. A writer of considerable talent, and zeal worthy of a better cause than that to which he has given himself, complains of the apathy of the members of the Clubs :—

"Why is it that you are idle when industry would be most effective?" [*Industry!*—But the next sentence exhibits what "industry" means.] —"The long talked-of harvest is approaching, and I ask you, are you preparing to reap it? * * In summer we say, wait for autumn; take heed lest in autumn we say, wait for spring—when is an opportunity of use?—when you are prepared to avail yourselves of it. You, or at all events your leaders, calls this coming harvest 'an opportunity'—are they prepared to lead, and are you prepared to follow? Let *them* think well on it, for the sin of murder will be on their souls if they shrink; let *you* think of it, for if you falter, the Lord, in his justice, will appoint you the suicide's hell. Better to die on your foemen's bayonets in the cause of freedom, than to live another year like the last in a rotting Province. * * What we want most in Ireland is WILL. * * The people *wish* but they do not *will*. The men who go to a public meeting, and cheer every sentiment which pleases them, may continue their attendance at meetings until their hair is grizzled, and no good come of it. But the men who go out on a hill-side, or get behind a strong barricade, and remain in silent determination to take that which would not be given, must find that their will is synonymous with triumph. * * When this much-talked-of harvest is come, are you prepared to reap it?" "Repeal," we quote from another article in the same paper, "Repeal is useless, unless it be preceded by a great social

* *The Irish Felon*, July 8, 1848.

revolution. If the landlord class has been previously routed, and if the land returns into the hands of the rightful owners, then repeal may possibly be of some advantage. It may be the first step towards complete independence."

We think there is more to alarm those who are anxious for the preservation of society in this plot of seizing the crops than in any other, or in all the others suggested, because that something of the kind is practicable has been already experienced in Ireland in the tithe-disputes some fifteen or sixteen years ago. The possession of the land and the property in the existing crops is, of course, the farmer's, and that he should retain both without paying anything till extorted by legal process, is no doubt easily possible—that the country may be kept in such a state as to render the execution of any legal process dangerous to the subordinate ministers of the law, and to the agents and stewards of the landed proprietors, is too certainly feasible. The Dublin agitators are little likely to get one shilling of what the close-fisted farmer may withhold from his landlord, either on the pretence of a payment into the national treasury or any other; but we have some fear of their playing some such game on their own account, and impossible as is its ultimate success, yet if a sturdy resistance to rent were continued even for a few months, the interest on the debts of the landed proprietors being unpaid, there would be immediate law-proceedings for the sale of the lands, and in this way an extensive change of property would be accomplished. We fear not for the success of any contemplated plan of revolution; but for what seems to us a very probable consequence, not distinctly contemplated by these workers of mischief, and which, if we know anything of the relations of Irish society, must be ruinous to all.

We disregard what the Republican journals call their war department—directions for street-warfare, raising barricades, making gunpowder, spiking cannon, &c. These things cannot be safely despised, nor will they of course by those whose duty it is to watch for the peace of society; but even suppose some outbreak and an effort to react the scenes of Paris, we do not think the actual evil of this so great as the pollution of the public mind by familiarizing it with the atrocities dwelt on with insane delight in these publications. A street-riot, an hour of pillage and of massacre, is as nothing compared to the evil done in a different way. These newspapers are the chief literature, we fear, that circulates among a large class of society, and even the extracts we have given, though selected for a different purpose, prove that the journals are written with a degree of power that cannot but work on the minds of their readers. The earlier volumes of the *Nation*, and indeed all but the very latest, were comparatively free from the faults which now taint it, in common with the other journals from which our extracts are taken. These writings are likely to debase the imagination, by bringing before it for ever scenes of ferocity, familiarizing it with evil, and thus depriving us of the best if not the only means of educating a people into a sense of their proper humanity. In some countries every word of the language is degraded by some vile association of ideas, so that truth cannot be communicated without the suggestion of falsehood, and thus the most efficient instrument of civilization is a weapon in the hands of its most dangerous enemies.

"You taught me language," says Caliban, "and, my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse."

A more extensive change then Repeal would effect is now acknowledged by the leaders of the agitation, and the leaning of most seems to be for a Republic. We believe that a dream of actual occupation in the business of a Provisional Government has seized on the minds of some of these men; that with a view of hurrying things to some such issue was the organization of the country by means of local clubs devised, and with this view does it appear to us that the purpose of seizing on property has been recently announced. A repeal of the Union, such as was preached for a few years, met with many advocates; and their number was not diminished among men of property, from the notion that the relations of Irish society were not understood in England, and that property would be better preserved by the Irish gentry managing their own affairs. This class has been now taught that the violent seizure of property is among the objects of the revolutionists. To the revolutionists it would not answer to have in the new Irish Parliament the same order of men that formed the Irish Parliaments of the days of old. "A mighter passion nerves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain, * * the soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland." We do not think it fair to argue from the language of any one of the agitators as to the opinions of the others—still less as to the existence of

any consistent plan of the constitution of the future Government of Ireland—but that all landed property shall be taken from the present proprietors has for the last month past —not before—been preached in every one of the revolutionary journals; and this must have the effect of separating from the cause of Repeal that section of land-owners who every now and then, when provoked by the course of legislation on the Poor Laws, expressed an opinion that a Parliament in Dublin would have saved the country from measures which they in vain deprecated.

The organization of Clubs through the country is one which at the moment creates great alarm. It will not, however, succeed. We do not so much rely on the power of the legislature to put down these mischievous assemblies as a common nuisance, or on the clergy effectually discouraging them—for it will not be easy for legislation to draw a line of distinction between assemblies that ought not to be interfered with and these clubs, and there is a jealous spirit of resistance often in the Roman Catholic laity to the clergy's intermeddling in business purely secular—as on the fact that they must be soon felt to be for the most part assemblies of blackguards, with whom no decent person would associate. The strongest temptation to these places is vanity; and when the first excitement is over, vanity will lead persons to stay from them. Motley will for a while be the only wear. There will be field-days and exhibition displays. The President will wear his Tara-cap and dress of green and gold, but they will fade away and not be renewed. The whole thing will seem as foolish as his freemasonry does to a man of fifty. No enthusiasm will keep the fever alive, if the people have anything to do. In O'Connell's time great part of the country was organized in much the same manner as is now proposed. Each parish was then placed under Inspectors, Repeal-Wardens, and Collectors. The duties of these officers were defined, and one of them was to take care that newspapers were bought in every locality. This was a principle, or *the* principal object of the arrangement, and when the newspaper-people found other means of creating and supplying a demand for their ware, the machinery of repeal-wardens and collectors was discontinued, and the Dublin Association, the staff of which was supported by what remained after paying for the newspapers, was closed for want of funds. The clubs are no doubt mischievous, but we cannot attach any great importance to them in their present state. So far from uniting the persons who lead the agitation, we have no doubt they will lead to discord and dissension. Wolfe Tone tells the history of one of his political clubs. He attributes to its members agreement in political opinions on essential points, information, talents, and integrity. "Yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw well together; our meetings degenerated into downright oyster-suppers; we became a mere oyster-club." Then came misunderstanding or rather rooted dislike between the men of more ambitious talent—"the Cæsar and Pompey" of their little empire. Members dropped off one by one, and "after three or four months of sickly existence, our club departed this life." Mr. Mitchel, the victim of this insane agitation, describes himself as compelled to act for himself alone, not being able to find any of his associates to agree with him. From this has arisen the number of journals, and from this the phantom of a treason larger than any corresponding reality—for as the sale of these journals is an object, each seeks to outvie the other. The scene in Limerick, where a mob sought to burn the house in which some of the patriots were assembled at a soirée, is not more remarkable for the fact of the whole set being assailed by the Limerick populace, than for the other more significant one of the dissension between the invited guests.

"We went," says a writer in Mr. Mitchel's paper, "to rouse the national spirit of our countrymen against an alien Government, and while we did so, had to be protected by the soldiers of that alien Government *against* our countrymen."*

In the same paper is printed a letter from Mitchel to the Committee of the Irish Confederation:—

"Differences * * between Mr. Smith O'Brien and myself have at length come to that point which makes it necessary in Mr. O'Brien's opinion, that one or other of us should leave the Irish Confederation."

We do not think that concord will reign long among these clubs, however constituted, and we cannot feel all the alarm on the subject that is expressed. Where drilling or training in military exercises is used in any club, it might be well to have the locality in which it occurs proclaimed under the late Act,† and to allow no person to have arms unless licensed. Some summary jurisdic-

* *United Irishman*, May 6, 1848. "I came to emancipate you," said Major Brian, at a Catholic dinner in Kilkenny, "and *you stole my hat.*"

† Since the above was written, and while we are transcribing this for the press, a proclamation has been issued, proclaiming Dublin, Waterford, Drogheda, and Cork—localities in which a good many of these clubs were planted.

tion should be given to the police magistrates to punish by fine or imprisonment all persons guilty of drilling or training without authority. There are old acts of parliament punishing such offences, not too severely; but the delay—often many months—which must intervene between the offence and the trial, is fatal to the best effects of penal justice, and plainly insufficient where the crime is directed against the very being of society itself. The captains and colonels may be allowed to "wear laurel crowns, and take what names they please," so that proper care is taken to keep dangerous weapons out of their hands. Some earnest young men, connected with the newspapers, are the planners of this organization, and while they tell of numbers everywhere enrolling themselves, they acknowledge in the same breath that all the stimulants they can apply to rouse the universal country are in vain, addressed to any particular part of it:—

"The clubs," it is said, "would rejoice if liberty were won for them by others, but they have no intention of risking their safety to obtain it themselves, and each locality strives to palliate its inactivity by declaring, that though it be apathetic, the rest of the country is up and stirring, and on that account there is less necessity for its own immediate action. If men are unarmed, they satisfy themselves by thinking that there is elsewhere more exertion. Distance lends enchantment. Cork looks to Dublin, and Dublin to Cork. The Limerick man points to Belfast, and the Belfast man to Limerick. Everybody thinks everybody but himself is doing wonders, and the result is that nothing is done."*

If this be a true account of the state of the clubs, it is plain that as yet they present nothing very formidable.

We have avoided, as far as we could, saying one word calculated to affect in any way the trials of the persons who have yet to answer to their country for what its laws call a crime. We have avoided, as far as we could, even in our mind, forming an opinion of the guilt or innocence of individuals. Indeed, the greater part of what we have said has been written before the late movements of the Irish Government. In selecting our extracts from the *Nation* and *Felon* papers, we have been in part influenced by our admiration of the talents of, we believe, very young writers, whom we would sacrifice much to be able to recall from what we regard as a course utterly hopeless, and which, if they so regard it, would, we have no doubt, be felt as criminal. We have not said one word of the state of the country, as we feel that its miseries, whatever excuse they may furnish for distress making itself felt in the form of crimes against property, are no justification in the case we are examining, and are in truth wholly unconnected with the influencing motives of the agitation. We in truth feel more than we can express for many of the young persons who write in these journals, and who, as far as we can judge by their writings, seem to us to have been deluded by no ungenerous ambition. Many of them are mere boys—some absolute children.* Would that there could be any mode of saving them! The people will be taken out of their hands—indeed, we believe they are not in them. The rural population in the north have no sympathies with them, and they find no access whatever to the minds of the peasantry in the south. "As the present Chief Baron of England said, when he saw his children patting a tortoise, you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

We would be inclined to address some of these men—as the author of the "Claims of Labour" would have the Chartist addressed. "Tell him, and you will not be exaggerating, that there are people in the higher classes whom he curses as aristocrats, the best energies of whose minds have been given for many a year to thought and endeavour for him. If he begin with his 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' tell him *that there is here neither time nor space for such things.* * * * If time and space were unlimited we might say to him, be directed by no one, do not suffer yourself to work in the grooves of any state of society or under any constitution. There is no such thing as hoarded wisdom, there shall be no such thing as hoarded labour. You shall knock at famine's door yourself, and get your own answer. * * And had we all to begin in this way, and each generation to reconstitute society, and were there space and time for so doing, it might be an admirable mode of education. It certainly would be a most severe one."

"Then as to equality, what does it mean? Civil equality! we have got it. Social equality! which of us ever met his equal? Indeed, to the same man in the same day I am lord and servant; now instructor, now pupil. Life is an interchange of dependencies. Folly, which lives in crude abstractions, never found such a home as in this word '*equality.*'"†

In the reconstruction of society in Ireland

* *Irish Felon*, July 8th.

* One of the articles prosecuted as felony is said in the paper to be by a child of nine years old.

† *Letter from a London Special Constable* (p. 14). London, 1848.

we anticipate more from the effects of education than from any other cause. There is no uneducated or half-educated man who is not the slave of some theory or prejudice. Let a man but learn anything thoroughly;

"setting himself to wrestle with nature, trying to master some one branch of art, he may learn a humility which he will never acquire while he is fabricating fancy constitutions."*

Through the country efforts have been made to instruct the people in practical agriculture. This wise measure—Lord Clarendon's own we believe—has done much. In most educational establishments of a public kind agricultural instruction is now given. Model farms are about to be attached to the poor-houses, and thus some compensation given for whatever may be reasonably complained of in the principle of these laws. From the provincial colleges, which must soon come into operation, much may be expected. The history of the past, too, will be read in a different spirit from that in which it is now studied, and men will find that it has another value than furnishing weapons of party aggression. It delights us to be able to quote from the pages of Mitchel—a man who, though deeply criminal, seems, towards the close of his career, to have been almost insane with enthusiasm, and to have proceeded to lengths which he could not have originally contemplated—a passage written in no unkindly or uncandid spirit to the Church of England. With it, as more likely to have effect with the class of readers whom we have been last addressing, we conclude:

"Among the national institutions, among the existing forces, that make up what we call an Irish nation, the Church, so far as it is a spiritual teacher, must be reckoned. Its altars, for generations, have been served by a devoted body of clergy: its sanctuaries thronged by our countrymen: its prelates have been among the most learned and pious ornaments of the Christian Church. Their stories are twined with our history: their dust is Irish earth: and their memories are Ireland's for ever. In the little church of Dromore, hard by the murmuring Lagan, lie buried the bones of Jeremy Taylor: Would Ireland be richer without that grave? In any gallery of illustrious Irishmen, Ussher and Swift shall not be forgotten; Derry and Cloyne will not soon let the name of Berkely die; and the lonely tower of Clough Oughter is hardly more interesting to an Irishman as the place where Owen Roe breathed his last sigh, than by the imprisonment within its walls of the mild and excellent Bishop Kilmore. *Sit mea anima cum Bedello!*

"When Irishmen consent to let the past become indeed history, not party politics, and begin to learn from it the lessons of mutual respect and tolerance, instead of endless bitterness and enmity, then, at last, this distracted land shall see the dawn of hope and peace, and begin to renew her youth and rear her head among the proudest of the nations."*

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* *Letter from a London Special Constable*, p. 21.

* *Life and Times of Aodh O'Neil.* By John Mitchel, Preface, pp. xi., xii.

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NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

No. XIX.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1848.

ART. I.—1. *Correspondence on the subject of Convict Discipline and Transportation, presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, February* 16, 1847.

2. *Second Report of the Surveyor-General of Prisons*, 1847.

3. *First Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the Execution of the Criminal Law, especially respecting Juvenile Offenders and Transportation, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before the said Committee*, 1847.

4. *Appendix to Minutes of Evidence in the Execution of the Criminal Law, especially respecting Juvenile Offenders and Transportation.* 1847.

5. *Twelfth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons* (*Scotland, Northumberland, and Durham*). 1847.

6. *Ninth Report of the General Board of Directors of Prisons in Scotland.* 1848.

7. *Thirteenth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons* (*Scotland*). 1848.

8. *Prison Discipline, and the Advantages of the Separate System of Imprisonment, with a detailed Account of the Discipline now pursued in the New County Jail at Reading.* By the Rev. J. FIELD, M.A., Chaplain. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1848.

9. *Fourth Annual Report of the Ragged School Union.* London: 1848.

10. *Reports of the Ragged Schools in Manchester, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh.* 1848.

11. *Juvenile Delinquency.* By a Country Magistrate. Edinburgh: 1848.

12. *Speech of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, June* 6, 1848. London.

13. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an Efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales.* Published by direction of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. 1839.

UNTIL a recent day there lived a population in the great cities of our empire, of whom the general world knew little, and cared less. In walking along the streets of these proud cities, there comes ever and anon between us and the evidence of abounding wealth, some miserable specimen of juvenile humanity, doling out in a whining tone his tale of sorrow. Clothed in rags, which are simply a parcel of holes sewed together, or in garments never made for him, limping along, with pale, emaciated face, he often extorts by importunity what would have been denied to his real or apparent woes. The benefaction given to abate a nuisance, or at best from feelings of general humanity, is received with a passing lip-gratitude, and the boy returns to commence whining at the heels of the succeeding straggler.

Such creatures were not until a recent day regarded as any other than a few miserable strays from the herd of mankind, destined through inscrutable providential arrangements, to wander here in misery. They were unfortunate and forlorn, and must bear the sharpness of their misfortunes, of which it was clear their birth was the first. Thus the people in purple and fine linen passed by, and left them with a general benediction in the hands of God. A few of the benevolent of this world, struck with cases of individual sorrow, dived be-

neath the surface, into mysterious haunts where civilization had scarce penetrated, and where were discovered an innumerable hive of beings similarly wretched, over whom the summer of life had passed, and who had become prematurely old under the agony of a winter which appeared to be ever theirs. Uncared for, unknown, they had grown up to a wretchedness of which there was little parallel even in the pages of Eastern story. Children of the State, inheritors of its privileges in name, they found that it had neither a parent's nor a child's affection; that, like the eagle, it had dismissed its young, and known them no more. When living they were disregarded, and were unmourned when covered by some frail memorial under which they had crept to sleep.

They have recently been the subject of an animated practical philanthropy. Howards, actuated with the humanity of the great prison-reformer, have excavated from the obscure depths of London poverty, hordes who were growing up to prey upon a society that heeded them not. In those narrow streets off the Strand, the courts and alleys in the back settlements of Westminster, the regions of Saffron Hill, you will find a people of whom the elders are pale, languid, unhappy even when sober; the juniors equally wretched, crouching into corners, or at distant intervals emitting a yell as some object excites their curiosity or their apprehensions, and rendering you happy for a moment by the evidence, that the sad depressions of the scene are unavailing to destroy entirely the buoyancy of young existence.

From such haunts it is that our juvenile criminal population is replenished. The circumstances and the place should be noted, that we may the more effectually trace the pollution which is threatening to submerge society.

In Westminster, where sits the legislative assembly that gives law to a great empire—the residence of royalty—the home of nobles—within the sound of the abbey chimes—there exists a portion of humanity who have no higher ideas than those connected with their animal desires, or their servile occupations. Extend the range to Field Lane or Saffron Hill, and a more deplorable scene awaits you. A wilderness of brick fatigues the eye with its look of monotonous desolation. The pure air of heaven itself is made heavy and offensive by putrid exhalations. Lounging about in the wildness of savage freedom, bareheaded, and without coats, are the male inhabitants. Generally smoking, often drunk, always ragged, rough, and filthy, their wan faces are in accordance with the general misery, and the languor of their movements bespeaks the potency of the atmosphere. But the filth without is as nothing to that within; the general desolation of the place cedes to the particular horrors of each abode.

The pestiferous atmosphere which produces even on the temporary visitor the depression of mind under which his energy sinks, has done its work with the inhabitants. The buoyancy of feeling, the delicious sensation of healthy action is never there,

"sed crudelis ubique
Luctus; ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago."

If too young to be of service to themselves, the children in these alleys are made available to older beggars. How interesting it is to see the meek look of resigned poverty in that gentle mother's face, and how touching is the reference to her sorrows and those of the sleeping infant at her back! It is all a sham and a delusion. The woman is the fiercest blasphemer of the alley; the babe is hired at so much a day, and drugged to sleep to create an interest in its helplessness. As it grows up, it crouches beside its protector, and emits the usual beggar's whine, to excite at once our notice and compassion. More especially in the evenings, as persons emerge from the comforts of a dinner party, with blood warm, and feelings of charity strong, their steps are dogged by these miserable creatures with their inarticulate moans. If they return without their average earnings, they are welcomed with the ferocious beatings of a fury disappointed of her liquor; and unless fortunate in some scrap of food, picked up in their wanderings, they must retire supperless as well as bruised, to bed.

Nature holds on the uniformity of her plan even with these children of misfortune. In a year or two their frames get stronger in spite of cold and wet, penury and hard usage; and they emancipate themselves from the thraldom that oppressed them. Established on their own account, they may be seen wandering through the streets of the great cities, lurking about the stairs, or sitting on the steps of doors, or creeping barefooted along the edge of the pavement on a cold winter's day, sometimes in company with others, but oftentimes alone. When the produce of the day has not produced a meal, they will be found hanging about the provision-stores, or low eating-houses, feasting in fancy on delica-

cies they shall never taste. Dressed in trowsers cut for a child, they are in all likelihood enveloped in a long coat which had erst adorned the bulky consistence of a man of mature years. With keen and eager look they prowl about, and only fall into the attitude of begging misery when any one approaches. Their gains are sometimes sufficient for the gratification of their small extravagance,—the purchase of sweetmeats, and the attendance at penny-theatres; in which enjoyments they find themselves happy. Any one who has watched them there, covered with filth, but delighted and uproarious like their betters, would be apt to come to the disheartening conclusion that pain and sorrow are equally distributed through all the ranks of life; that all happiness is relative; that if poverty is a struggle how to live, riches are an occupation how to spend; and with these comforting consolations to leave them to their destiny.

In one ragged school of 50 boys (a fair sample of them all), 16 were professed thieves, and 27 beggars and hawkers. The rest of them were engaged in the various shifts by which, in consistency with the laws, life is supported;—crossing-sweepers, donkey-drivers, ostler-boys; dodgers about omnibuses or cabs, to gain a penny by shutting the door, or helping "the gentleman in," and at the same time "helping" him of his watch if they can "find" it safely; holders of horses in the streets, casual errand boys, costermonger-boys, sellers of oranges, street-singers, flower-girls, water-cress sellers,—and sellers of lucifer-matches, hunting you with boxes at two a penny; a party-coloured group, wild as birds of prey, ignorant of the duties of civilized life, and indifferent to its comforts, which they have never known; without moral culture or domestic training, without knowledge of good and evil, of heaven or hell,—they are scattered units on the great ocean of life, apparently only existing to trouble it and themselves. Many of them are without relations or friends; others with profligate parents, who neglect them; others with stepfathers or mothers, who ill-treat them; and all of them in a state of almost incredible ignorance of the very elements of human knowledge, they find no occupation too disgusting. On the banks of the Thames at low-water, puddling amid the slime, they will be seen scrambling for pieces of coal; and the "mud-larks" are thus distinguished from the prevailing squalor of the other children, by the super-addition of the foul deposits of the river.

Accustomed to the freedom of their wild existence, they look at first with scorn upon the restraints which the Ragged Schools impose. They come as for a *lark;* shout, sing, and blaspheme; and are all in a state of frantic fun at the idea of any one schooling them. But they are susceptible of impression, and the sweetness of human sympathy is triumphant in the end. The novelty of disturbance wears away, and a better novelty comes in its room. The instruction offered them is seized with avidity, and comprehended with a quickness beyond their years. The impressions thus made on the minds of a migratory, restless race, may not be lasting; but experience has proved that much has been done, for which the world should be thankful. Ignorance has been supplanted by a little knowledge; some idle have been made industrious; the virtues of filth have been rendered doubtful; the wild freaks of mud-larks even have been exchanged for the orderly deportment of our common schools; and, amid the screams and yells of their out-door recreations there will be heard the humming of the hymns that they have learnt. They get up concerts in the courts; and sometimes on the holidays, raise their voices high and gloriously, above the ribaldry and blasphemy there. When we find such effects from such small beginnings, and when in the improved *morale* of society we perceive its results in the diminution of crime,* is there not in it all something more than a sentimental sympathy with a new specimen of humanity, and merits that will sustain the noble scheme long after its romance has yielded to more startling things!

But how small are the number that can be reached! Only 4000 attend the whole Ragged Schools of London; and yet, in *two* parishes, Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, there were, in 1843, 16,726 children without the advantage of any instruction.† In another district in the western part of the metropolis, visited by the agents of the London City Mission, they found 312 houses, 621 families, and 612 children under 12 years of age,—only 65 of whom were receiving any kind of education. These children thus neglected, are left early to their own discretion. It is not in their case a sudden lapse into crime; they have been educated to systematic deceit from early years; their assumed sores and agonies are all impostures. To cheat the compassion of a stranger is to rob him as effectually as is

* See the statements of the Governor of the Edinburgh Prison cited by Lord Ashley.

† City Mission Magazine, Nov., 1843, pp. 173-7.

done on the highway, without the preceding trouble. The distinction, too evanescent even in the keenest view of the theory of moral proportions, is completely disregarded in practice. As the boy grows up he loses the means of exciting our sympathies, and takes to thieving as a trade. Experience enables him to put in practice the precepts which are readily given him; and which he obtains in abundance in those dens to which in large towns he must resort for a home.

The march of modern improvement, and the exigencies of our advanced civilization, requiring in the hearts of our great cities large spaces for manufactories and railway stations, have swept away many of those obscure streets which, while they were nurseries of disease, were still habitations for the poor. What was thus taken from them has not been otherwise supplied. Few new streets fitted for their abode have been erected in the cities where so many houses have been destroyed; and the masses thus bereft of their miserable dwellings, have been driven upon the scanty accommodations of their poorer neighbours; crowding to suffocation dens already filled. How often in these filthy tenements, swarming with human beings, does the missionary find twelve men, women, and children, mingled together in one room, in all the squalor of promiscuous wretchedness! Take for instance Glasgow, the second city of the empire; in the alleys of which leading out of the High Street, the houses of the Calton, the closes and wynds which lie between Trongate and Bridgegate, and the Saltmarket, there will be found a motley population, which derives its entire subsistence from plunder or prostitution. In every variety of form,—misery, crime, disease, and filth exist there. In the houses,—dirt, damp, and decay reign triumphant.

Is it better in the great city of Liverpool, the emporium of a commerce that has embraced the world? Here there are hundreds of inhabited cellars, in which there are estimated to be 40,000 occupants. There are no windows in them, no communication with external air other than the door at the top. The flooring is the bare earth, and is often the depository of all the filth of the swarms who inhabit these receptacles of misery. Much certainly has been done in the way of improvement within the last two years; but Liverpool still continues one of the most unhealthy of cities. Birmingham, the blackest and most desolate looking city that the sun ever shone upon—everywhere appearing in dishabille, everywhere offending the eye with gaunt black erections, and the smell, with the intolerable combinations of its manufacturing processes, is not much better. In this city no less than 49,016 persons reside in courts as badly ventilated and drained as those of Saffron Hill. The Police-returns state, that there are 122 beggars' lodging-houses, 252 Irish lodging-houses, 81 reputed to be used as houses for the reception of stolen goods, and 228 described as the resort of thieves.

But let us not bear too hard upon the great cities, in which we must necessarily look for some of the inconveniences attending a crowded population. The evil is universal. Amid the bracing breezes of the far north, we have the capital of the Highlands thus described by its worthy provost, whose sense of duty and whose patriotism had some difficulty in not running into contradiction. "Inverness," said he, "is a *nice* town, situated in a most beautiful country. The people are, generally speaking, a *nice* people: but their sufferance of nastiness is past endurance." It is the worst symptom of the disease, because it shows that the surrounding physical wretchedness has destroyed the mind. "The wretchedness," says Dr. Southwood Smith, "being greater than humanity can bear, annihilates the mental feelings,—the faculties distinctive of the human being."

To give the poor man a home is the sure means not only to his physical comfort but to his moral regeneration. He has something to look forward to in the evening of his day of labour, in a fireside unbeset by miseries which nature loathes—miseries which prevent the expansion of the social feelings—the expression of that tenderness and humanity which bind mankind together, and which are never so beautiful as in the gentle eloquence of domestic affection. Give the father a comfortable and cleanly house, and he can then, if he has any tendency to good, develope it in the seclusion which surrounds him; without that, he seeks to gratify the cravings of his nature in some place where he can taste a little of home's comforts. He finds in the public-house a fire, brilliant gas-light, attendance; and in the debasing excitement of drink he attempts to drown the consciousness of the sleeping place to which he must return. What must the wife of such a man be but the reflex of himself! Dirty and slattern—forgetful of the delicacies of her sex, brawling and intemperate, she shows how unhappy circumstances may have changed a tidy girl. The children, too, with keener sensibilities, have as keen a sense of discomforts. Driven to the streets, they linger there as long as the weather will permit them, and fill up their

idle time in thieving. Parents and children alike fall. The same scythe that cuts down the flower already fully blown, cuts away the bud still unfolded in its calyx.

No speculator ever dreams of erecting streets for the accommodation of these classes; yet no speculation would be more successful. Look at some of the cellars in our great cities, let at high rents to wretches who scrimp their earnings to meet them; and can it be supposed that human nature would endure such unwholesome cells if well-ventilated accommodations were placed within its reach?

The following extracts from the advertising columns of the London newspapers prove, that although there might be some trouble in gathering the rents, yet that when got an excellent per centage would be obtained for outlay:—

"For sale, for 256 guineas, five small houses, bringing in a clear income of above £70 a year."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"A lot of houses to be sold for £250, producing £76 a year above the ground rent."—*Ibid.*

"Twelve houses to be sold for the small sum of £260, to pay nearly 25 per cent."—*Ibid.*

"£150 a year to be sold for 700 guineas, arising from houses eligibly situated near the city."—*Times.*

But the class of juveniles to whom we must particularly return, cannot set up an independent *ménage*, even in the range of houses sold at such a sacrifice. Boys and girls under 14, whose parents are dead, or have deserted them, or driven them from a home where their maintenance was a burden, must obtain some lodging-place other than the stairs of houses, or the arches of a bridge. Such lodgings have been provided, and have formed the most efficient instrument, in skilful hands, for eradicating the last shreds of a lingering virtue. They are frequented by both sexes, and more especially by boys and girls of tender years. They are distinct from the beer-shop, the public-house, or any of the other places of accommodation known to respectable life. All who have no character, or whose rags and filth would exclude them from cleanly habitations even though they had money, are welcome. The beggar and the thief meet here when the day's work is done. It is the "flash house" of the district,—the receiving-house for stolen goods,—the school where aged ruffians ruin all that is left of juvenile virtue,—wind up the labours of the day by the scenes of the brothel, and in the total corruption of all morals, commit nameless horrors, which shock the feelings and stagger belief.

"In the lodging-houses in the country," says a convicted thief, "I have met with all sorts of characters—burglars, thieves, pickpockets, beggars, and receivers; and have frequently seen property of all sorts sold for half its value, which I have no doubt was stolen."—*Constabulary Report*, p. 67.

An orphan boy, ultimately convicted, gives this sketch:—

"When lads run away from home they go to a lodging-house, and if they (the parents) look for them the lodging-house keeper hides them. If a lad once gets into one of them it's all up with him; for he sees them drinking and card-playing, and hears them talking of the places they have been in. Young girls are enticed to the houses; many hundred lads would not go if it was not for them. I have seen nine beds in a room, and two persons in each. I was once in a lodging-house at Warwick where there were 130 men, women, and children, all loose characters."—*Constabulary Report*, p. 68.

Thieves have their gradations of rank according to their skill. The more proficient are admired and worshipped in these houses by those who have yet to learn; and the youth at threepence a night is excited to imitation by the stories that he hears. We have all around us sad evidence of the skill with which the instruction is given and acquired, and of the power with which the plastic elements of humanity are moulded into perfection by accomplished masters. Physically and intellectually young criminals are, in one sense, in a high state of education, though unable to form a single letter, or toss up the first problem in simple addition. People talk of the influence of public opinion; but public opinion is nothing more than the judgment of the circle of 20 or 100 individuals with whom we associate, or among whom we move. Duties derive their obligations from the opinions of that limited number; and to the scorn, as to the approbation of the rest of mankind, there is the most profound indifference. Hence the more proficient adepts in thieving are looked upon as illustrious chiefs of a body adorned by their talents; they keep up its spirit amid the persecution of cruel policemen, and have the sympathy of hundreds when denied in jails and penitentiaries the freedom they love. The means are dwelt on by which they have become great and unfortunate; and when at last they wind up their brilliant career by the gallows, or by a compulsory travel in a distant land, they bequeathe to their companions the benefit of their example. The evils that such men do are thus not limited to the particular outrage for which they suffer. In their ruin they drag down not merely themselves, but the

weaker instruments whom they have made their tools. Alceste, after reading Orontes' sonnet, announced the judgment of every reader of their confessions—

"Qu'un homme est pendable après les avoir faits."

The removal of such evils has been attempted by the erection of houses regulated upon better principles, directed by humane and enlightened men. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, and London, we have seen these establishments in operation, and nothing can be more pleasing than the contrast. Cleanliness, order, quiet are there; and in some a collection of books. It is gratifying also to know, that, unlike other charitable schemes, they have turned out profitable speculations. Yet, after all, the accommodation so given must be limited in its operation to those houseless isolated stragglers who have no family, and no abiding resting-place. A man with a wife and children, of course, cannot enter a large public lodging-house; for his case separate dwellings must be provided, if we wish to preserve him as a self-sustaining member of society.

The orphans and deserted children of degraded parents seldom come with a good recommendation to a tradesman wanting an apprentice. When he can get the children of the middle classes, he will seldom drag from the pollution of the London streets the wild creatures who infest them. Without a trade, or an honest means of livelihood, they have thus the sad dilemma offered to them—to thieve or die. In that case (and it is of professional thieves that we are now speaking), undoubtedly *want* originally gave a direction to their life. Many respectable men have no doubt given it as the result of their experience, that such is not the cause of the vast majority of crimes.* They assert what is true, that a skilful thief will be able to acquire a far larger income than the best employed workman can ever make, and can riot it in a style of sensual gratification which no workman's income could ever meet. This may be the reason which induces the convicted thief when he grows in years to continue his predatory life; but, at first, the sole consideration is to get immediate subsistence. If work could have been got they might have been skilful operatives, raising still higher our manufacturing renown; but excluded from this outlet to their energies, they only serve to raise the prison and the poor rates.

Nothing can be more curious than the revelations which these children make of the practice of their art. The "Memoirs of Vidocq" disclosed a history which, in point of interest, yielded to none of the master-pieces of imaginative fiction. The confessions of our own juvenile thieves, if they do not hurry us so often to the brink of improbability and melo-dramatic exaggeration, yet disclose pictures of human life which must be new to many. At one time we find them possessed of large sums of money, which would have maintained a family for years; and in the following week it is gone. Each has got a "sister," who generally aids in spending the ill-gotten produce, and who is often the best witness for a conviction. Eager for novelty, unscrupulous in the mode of gratifying it, impatient at the quiet monotony of sober life, the thief is soon inured to the roving spirit of his profession, and would feel it as the greatest misery to forsake it.

Most of them begin at the age of seven or eight, which must leave them two years of impunity, as we cannot find from the evidence of any of the witnesses examined before the House of Lords in 1847, that magistrates have ever tried children under nine. They begin their life first by petty thefts of loose articles from the market-stands and shop-doors; they next proceed to pocket-picking, stealing from the shop-till, cheating shopmen, extracting valuable articles from shop-windows by taking out a pane. If what is obtained be money, it is immediately divided; if it be anything else, it is taken to the "fences," or receivers of stolen property, who, for the most part, are Jews, and who, to conceal the nature of their trade, carry on ostensibly the business of furniture-brokers, gold-refiners, and keepers of marine-stores. No one acquainted with the history of a thief's progress will doubt the assertion, that if there were no "fences" there would be fewer thieves. These, in truth, are among the greatest pests of society; they encourage the thief by finding him a market; and many robberies are effected upon their suggestion.

The first serious check the thief receives after the usual short imprisonments of his early youth, generally takes place in his third or fourth year. In pursuing his usual art, he may not have used his usual caution; or, in attempting something new, he may not have displayed sufficient skill. A long imprisonment, or perhaps transportation, relieves society from the agent that had

* See the evidence of Mr. Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, First Report, Lords, p. 20; Surveyor-General's Report, p. 41; and evidence digested in Constabulary Report, p. 129.

troubled it. Of the results of Prison-discipline, we shall have occasion before concluding to speak. But in the meantime we will, from the confessions of one of these juvenile thieves, prove that their profits are far beyond what they ever could have obtained by honest living.

One of them states* that he was the son of respectable parents, and left them expressly to live by robbing. He and another young man on the first day of their expedition from Manchester made about £4 by picking pockets at Chorley. They then went to Preston, and in a fortnight "got a decent sum—about £30." Thence they went to Garstang, where they took £12 from a drunken man. In the ensuing week, at Lancaster and Carlisle, they did "very fair." In a short time they went to Hexham, where, in about three minutes, they "flattened the nose" of a flour-dealer, and relieved him of £25. They left for Newcastle that night, and got into a warehouse, from which they took goods to the value of £15. To Durham they next proceeded "to look at the Cathedral, but did nothing there," and were equally unsuccessful at Darlington; but at Stockton, in the following week, they made about £12, for which they were apprehended, and had a month of solitude in Durham jail. On their emancipation from this *duresse*, they went to Sunderland for a week, where the party making the confession could find no other book but the Bible, in which he read a passage that troubled him for some weeks. On the road between Sunderland and Shields they made £8, "and determined to work back to Manchester." Before they arrived at York they "were low," and had only made £14 10s. At Leeds they "got some little—about £10;" at Bradford, £3; and arrived in Manchester on the 25th of May, from which they went to Ashton and Huddersfield, and obtained £10 by picking pockets, but "had to fly very quick." Wakefield "stood" 25s.; and Selby and Hull, "some few pounds." At Beverly and Scarboro', they made "£30 at two hauls;" and at Hartlepool, "we lit on an old sailor just landed, who had got £25 (his wages just received), and picked his pocket." On they drove to Edinburgh, where we "drawed" a grocer's till, which yielded £30. At Glasgow they were a fortnight, "got about £20 the day before we went out, to help us on the road." Thence to Greenock, which is described as "a pretty town, but we did not choose to do much." Ayr, however, yielded a more liberal return in £40, which was taken from the pocket of a female, but which roused the hue and cry after them. They escaped, however. One left Scotland, crossed to Ireland, where, at various places enumerated, he made £77 10s.; his companion having parted from him at Ayr.

Here is an amount of robberies which may be taken as a sample of hundreds contained in these confessions. The misery to the victims—such as the poor sailor, who, after perhaps a long year of dangerous service, had returned with his hard-earned wage—can scarcely be estimated; and yet all this vast amount of money, obtained within a period of one single year, was just as recklessly squandered as it was obtained. When apprehended at Manchester, on his return from Ireland, the improvident thief had only £25 remaining. Another of the tribe, who makes a similar confession, adds these significant words:—"*Separate confinement* for a month or two, and as little meat as would sustain health, might have altogether stopped me."—*Constabulary Report*, p. 49.

The Prison-discipline now to be adopted has become of pressing interest. For the last forty years it has been made the subject of a long series of experiments, each thrust forward as an improvement on its predecessor. The damp dungeons which engendered the jail-fevers of former days, at last yielded to the reclamations of humanity, startled by the disclosures of Howard. A feeling of strong commiseration for the victims directed attention to schemes of improvement; one of which was that upon which we have settled. So early as 1775, the Separate-system was established by the Duke of Richmond, in the county of Sussex. The suggestion came from Howard; but it never appears to have been generally adopted, and passed away for many years from the public attention. A system of classification, about thirty years ago, was resorted to. To give it effect, many new prisons were erected, which have since required expensive alterations. The object was to put into various divisions of the prison criminals in the same stage of crime, in order that thereby the more hardened might not influence the penitent. It was a total blunder. It was found impossible to effect any proper classification. For how is it possible to gauge the exact amount of individual corruption, or to require from turnkeys that psychological knowledge which can fathom the consciences of men? It is a dream to expect so nicely to appreciate moral guilt as to assign to each prisoner his place in a graduated scale. It was fallacious, too, upon another ground; for an

* Constabulary Report, p. 41.

old offender, who might have escaped for many a year, was perhaps caught for a petty larceny. If judged according to this last crime, and so classified, it is obvious that a great mistake would be committed. The system, besides, partook of the evil of association, the effects of which cannot be exaggerated. To put down this, every motive of humanity, as regarded the individual prisoners, and of policy, as regarded the good of society, induced inquiring men to resort to some other system which should save prisoners from the fearful contamination resulting from unrestricted intercourse. It was found that every association of criminals perverted, and never reformed; and that, although classification might be useful, it was only in an inverse proportion to the numbers of which each class was composed, and was only perfect when it came to the point at which it lost its name and nature, in complete separation.

What was then fallen upon is what has since gone by the name of the silent-system; of which the best examples are at the Maison de Force at Ghent, and the Auburn Penitentiary of New York. The prisoners during the day, are all in each other's presence. They are compelled to work, and under the pain of immediate flagellation, they are forced to be absolutely silent. It is a modification of this system which does not give the prisoners useful labour, but puts them upon the tread-wheel under the same rigorous silence.

The discipline here is of a physical nature. It is enforced by the terrors of the lash. It degrades and humiliates, stimulating vindictive feelings, by hardening the heart against so apparently arbitrary a restriction. But rigidly as the discipline was enforced, it altogether failed. On the tread-wheel, with the keeper watching; in the workshops, under the same vigilant superintendence, they communicated with each other. The superintendence could not be always equally vigilant. When it relaxed, the keeper, who was watched, gave an opportunity which was never missed. He could not prevent conversation by the eye. A look, a wink, expressed a feeling; a movement answered it, and the very restraint imposed, gave a zest to the imperfect means resorted to. *Dum tacent clamant.* "I have been," says a prisoner, "on the wheel; and they talk frequently in a low voice there, but they are seldom found out if they don't turn their heads. They can watch the turnkey as much as he can watch them."—1 *Field*, p. 42. The silent industry, in other cases, of a crowded workshop in prison, is imposing; but it is a mistake to hold that you thereby prevent the evils of unrestricted communication. It was what an eminent Scottish Judge declares to be a kind of "Sisyphian torment, to keep men for months and years in company, and yet prevent all communication by the lash."—*Appendix to Lords' Report*, p. 88.

But the great objection to it is, that along with the undoubted evils of bad communication, it completes effectually the ruin of every prisoner, by exposing his presence to his companions. If they cannot speak to him, they at least see and will remember him again. Thus entangled into thieves' society, he finds himself in a net, from which no virtuous resolution can relieve him. Mr. Baron Alderson gives a striking exemplification of the inutility of compulsory silence. He states that he knew an instance in which a regular plan for a robbery, afterwards accomplished, "was laid, in one of what is called our best regulated jails, and on the tread-mill. The instrument there was a boy, and the principals were adult thieves."—*Appendix to Lords' Report*, p. 42. Thus the system failed, if prevention of crime, along with the punishment of the offender, constituted any part of the theory of punishment. Old associations were kept up in active and daily exercise; and new associations were formed which were never, through the whole of a guilty life, allowed to drop. The obedience, too, which was extorted by the lash, not being the act of a free moral agent, was no virtue at all. It was in itself rather a weakness, preparing for evil influence much more than for sound direction.

In a separate cell a prisoner is in many respects free. He has himself to himself. But in the workroom he is a slave—the slave of his companions. If in their presence he give way to any outward sign of penitence, he is jeered and laughed at. The neutrality of the weak and the resistance of the brave are alike swept away. In the cell he could have relief to a mind not hardened, in his Bible, his prayer-book, and his tears. But with his bad companions he loses all the good he ever had; and enriches himself at the expense of society, with a knowledge from which it will ultimately suffer. This is in truth only a modification of that old system of unrestricted intercourse which characterized our prisons in former days, when the prison was the vestibule of a life transportation, or of the scaffold. No deterring effect can ever flow from a system in which the only punishment is that of silence imperfectly enforced. The criminal is not thrown back upon his own reflections in the stern solitude of compulsory separa-

tion. He has none of that feeling of desolation which want of companions and the grave-like stillness of a solitary cell necessarily create. To make punishment dreadful, we have only to resort to an isolation which nature loathes—to leave the objects of it

> ——————————— "suivis,
> Que de leur malheureuse ombre."

The faces of as few human beings as is necessary to preserve from madness, should alone be seen between the time when the gloomy portals close upon the condemned, until the hour when it is declared the expiation is accomplished.

The system which has received in modern days the almost universal approbation of the most philanthropic men of all countries, is that known as the *separate*. The silent-system of the workhouse, the treadwheel, and all the other optimist speculations which have each had their day and disappeared, have given place to a system to which our humanity is reconciled, at the same time that it effects the object of punishment. As to its operation much ignorance exists. Part of this is owing to those tales of horror which, a number of years ago, were sent over Europe, relative to the system of separation and of silence adopted in the cells of Virginia and New York. There, human beings were immured in dungeons dark and damp. No intercourse with mankind was allowed from the commencement of the punishment to its close. None of the physical comforts necessary for the support of life were given the unhappy condemned. The ventilation was bad, in pits, entered from the top by a ladder, the orifice of which was secured with a trap. The consequences of such treatment might easily be anticipated. Human nature could not endure the infliction of such horrors. An uninterrupted solitude in dark pits produced its natural fruits in death and madness. The system was abandoned, both in Virginia where it had its birth, and in New York where it grew into vigour; and is now only useful as showing that even the best principles will fail when pushed to license.

A true idea, however, once uttered is immortal. It makes its way more rapidly, or the reverse, according to the accidental circumstances which influence the oscillations of public opinion. Though humanity was shocked at the imprisonments of the New World—held up as the results of a fair experiment—there were men who saw the cause of the failure, and hastened to recall public opinion to its senses. It is strange, after our long experience, that there should be found a London magistrate so ignorant of its working as to represent it still, as bearing the fruits of the Virginian cells. Yet Sir Peter Laurie, at a meeting of the London Aldermen, no later than the 13th of September last, is reported in the *Times* to have said, that "its effects were indescribably horrible. Such was found to be the effect of the atrocious system, that no prisoners were now sent to the Pentonville Penitentiary who were not in vigorous health and strength; and he was glad to have the opportunity of expressing his abhorrence of a plan which was calculated to add madness to the other penalties of crime." Such a statement, even by Sir Peter Laurie, uttered in an influential assembly, renders it necessary to pause, since it has received the sanction of the prison authorities in Scotland, so far as regards juvenile offenders—that class to which of all others it would be most beneficial.

Separate confinement is effected by placing the criminal in a cell tenanted only by himself, in which he never sees a fellow-prisoner, but where he is often visited by the officers of the prison. At Perth, the minimum number of visits which must be paid to every prisoner during a day is ten. Some of these are by the jailors, others by the chaplain, and others by the teachers. He is seized upon by the teacher, who inculcates a knowledge of the first branches of education. The chaplain directs himself to his moral and religious training; and, along with these, he receives from others instruction in some useful employment. This is a very different picture from the gloomy solitude that characterized the experiment in America; and the misfortune is, that it is too beautiful a picture to be useful. In our abhorrence of American cruelty, we are in danger of ruining a good system by pushing it in a different direction. There it failed because it was carried into operation through the instrumentality of measures beneath which human nature sank. Here it is gilded over with pleasures, that must often make the prisoners doubt the nature of the establishment, and their own identity.

The first effect of a thief's sudden disappearance from active labour is to astonish himself with the unusual circumstance of solitude. Taken abruptly from his companions out of a turbulent and exciting life, he is plunged at once into the deepest silence. His mind receives a shock which startles it. If he has got the slightest power of resuscitation, he has an opportunity for reflection,

undeterred by false shame, by the fear of his companions' scorn, or by the constant recollection in their society of the pleasures of the life that reformation would for ever lose to him. The more grievous may have been his outrages upon society, the more painful will be the blow. If remorse does not accumulate upon his conscience, it does upon his memory. There is here a refuge to astonished and affrighted virtue. To those who are desirous of another chance, no system is more calculated to give protection against the ruffianly society, and the still more ruffianly conduct of associates. Its more terrible effects are at the first; the prisoner proceeding in a regular circle of feeling, from dismal to sorrowful, from sorrowful to sad, from sad to serious, from serious to serenity :—

"Through the first week it was lonely," says a penitential felon; "but when I took to reading, I did not so much mind being by myself. I am quite sure it is a good deal better for me; I do learn something good now; but when we were all together in jail, I learned more wickedness in those three months than in all my life besides."—2 *Field*, p. 138.

The great mass think this discipline the severest of all. "Their own thoughts," says Mr. Tray,* "distress and pain them beyond measure. When alone, they require excitement; and when they are so placed apart and must necessarily reflect on and review their position, they feel it intensely." They implore the authorities to send them to the wheel, where they will at least have the consolation of human fellowship. A punishment so dreadful comes recommended by the strongest of all arguments—success. The dread of it implies the necessity for its exercise, and establishes the wisdom of enforcing it. And in the total failure of one of the greatest of modern experiments—the Perth Penitentiary—will be seen the ruinous consequences of diluting the wholesome severity of a system which trusts to conscience as the main instrument of punishment and reformation.

"Pœna autem vehemens, ac multo sævior illis
Quas et cæditius gravis invenit, aut Rhadamanthus
Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem."—Juv.

It speaks with a solemn effect, especially to the young; and if any scheme for the regeneration of fallen humanity can be successful, it must be one which takes care to prevent its good effects from being frittered away by the distractions of social activity, or the laborious bustle of useless (or useful) occupation. Shut out from the numberless things in life which distract attention and divert the thoughts, the prisoner is left to revolve in the quiet monotony of his prison-life the same ideas which in honest days (if he ever knew them) sometimes followed him, and thus permanence and effect are given to what had never been more than occasional meditations.

The assertion that the Separate System is inconsistent with health, has been often made, and as often disproved. Sir Benjamin Brodie declared, in his evidence before the House of Lords, that it was "as little unfavourable as any imprisonment, and less unfavourable than most."—*First Report*, p. 390. He denies that it has the slightest tendency to promote insanity. If further evidence were needed, we would point to those elaborate statistical tables, in criminal returns, which give one so lively an idea of human patience. The chaplain of the Pentonville Prison, in his Report to the Commissioners, has a distinct section upon the question as to the effect of separate confinement on the mind. He states that out of 1000 prisoners under consideration, the greater part were to his knowledge considerably improved. Four hundred and two were totally unable to read with any understanding on their admission; and there were only forty-eight who left in that condition. One hundred and two were in the higher rules of arithmetic on entrance; but there were 713 on leaving; and the conclusion from these and similar data is, that the system has not any injurious effects upon the mind.—*Surveyor-Gen. Report*, p. 49.

The groundless assertions on this subject have had the good of arousing attention. They have produced evidence of a kind the most direct and satisfactory. In 1844, the inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia thus report :—

"The hazard of 'stultifying the mind' has been regarded as a possible concomitant of confinement with labour; the inspectors desire to record their conviction, in regard thereto, that no case has occurred within their knowledge where such effects have ever been produced."

These considerations are applicable to separate confinement, however applied. In regard to juvenile delinquents, however, a controversy has arisen of an important character. Indeed, it has passed the stage of controversy since an alteration of the systematic plan upon which Prison-discipline is

* Governor of House of Correction, Tothillfields, Evidence, House of Lords.

now based has been effected. The old system of association, after it had been abandoned even by speculative men, has been again thrust before the public as alone suited for juvenile frames. If this be the case it is to be lamented; because it destroys all hope of that effectual reformation which, in their case, the least sanguine might expect. The country must have proof that this backward march is not the result of a too hasty generalization, as it is unquestionably opposed to the whole torrent of authoritative opinions.

"The young will learn," says a writer of great candour and of great accuracy, who has published the best book on Prison-discipline that has appeared for many years—"The young will learn from each other the lessons of demoralization as effectually and more eagerly than they would receive the vicious instruction of older and more hardened companions. *The ward for juvenile offenders in every Prison I believe to be the most corrupting and pernicious.*"—2 *Field*, p. 376. They have greater pleasure than their elders in communicating their knowledge. The young heart, too, is quickly hardened by contact with the other "braves" of the profession, and when the period of imprisonment expires, they renew an acquaintanceship begun in misfortune. The Reverend R. Burnett, chaplain of Lewes jail, in insisting upon the necessity of separation for all criminals, specially declares, that "of juvenile prisoners, whose sentences are generally short, I believe this to be especially true."—2 *Ibid.* 377. Captain Hansbrow, the Governor of Lancaster Castle, was asked before the committee of the House of Lords, if "boys go out worse than they come in?" He answered—"Unless they are kept separate. I think that an impression may be made upon them if they are kept separate; but so long as they are associated together, *they go out as bad as they went in*, OR GENERALLY WORSE."

In truth, a youth so treated passes his life alternately in plundering the public out of prison, and in burdening the Prison-rates within it. He runs through the whole circle of convictions, from the petty theft to the highway robbery and assault; instructing others, as he ascends in the profession, in that ingenuity which has made himself famous, and that daring which has defied all the terrors of punishment, and all the correctives of instruction. He is elated with the thought of having left the ordinary crowd of evil-doers and surpassed them all —*Rien ne fait dire—rien ne fait faire—autant de sottises, que le désir de montrer de l'esprit*, was a remark of the Abbé du Bos, and holds particularly true of Jail society. Can anything be more striking than the evidence of Mr. Sergeant Adams, who declares, that he has often seen little boys, when first brought into jail, overwhelmed with alarm, and clinging with anxiety to the very policeman who brought them there; yet in three days he has seen these children, under the electrical contamination of Jail association, dancing in the yards in joyful glee, with those reprobate companions among whom compassion or ignorance has thrust them.—*First Report, Lords*, p. 12. The conclusion derived from such facts by lawyers, magistrates, and judges, we shall give in the language of the Lord-Justice Clerk of Scotland. "Every imprisonment," he says, "particularly those of *juvenile* offenders, and for first offences, ought to be on the separate-system, *fully and consistently acted upon.*"—*Appendix to First Report, Lords*, p. 73. And Mr. Clay, the chaplain of Preston jail, thus states his experience in England:—

"I cannot fully impress upon the Committee the value of a system of separate confinement till I show it in opposition to the ill effect of the former mode. I take, for instance, the committal of boys about and under the age of 17—in the year 1840, I think it was. I traced those boys for two years and a half, and I found, that of those who had come in for the first time in that year, before that year and another year and a half had elapsed, they came in at the rate of 56 per cent. Now, as I have told the Committee, during the two years and a half we have been under the improved system, *we have had altogether only three boys relapsed out of about* 110."—*First Report, Lords*, p. 139.

In his recent report Mr. Perry, one of the Inspectors of Prisons, states—

"That the places of confinement in the southern and western districts are 80 in number, of which seven are conducted on the separate system. In the year from 29th September, 1844, to 26th September, 1845, the daily average of prisoners in the whole 80 places was 4361. In the seven on the separate system it was 644;—37 prisoners were affected with insanity, in nine of whom the symptoms first showed themselves during the period of their imprisonment; but of these nine not one occurred in the seven prisons on the separate-system."

With such evidence, the eminent persons to whom have been intrusted the direction of the great national establishment at Perth, have thought it their duty to return to the old system of association. They announce their resolution in their Ninth Report in the following terms:—

"The results of much personal observation, as well as the reports relative to this subject, which

we received from time to time from the chief officers of the Prison, were such as to lead us gradually to entertain great doubts whether the system could in all its rigour be applied with advantage, or even with safety, to prisoners of very tender years, and sentenced to long periods of confinement, such as constitute a large proportion of the juvenile prisoners sent to the General Prison. As our experience extended our doubts increased, and we were ultimately impressed with a strong apprehension that however beneficial the operation of the system might be, in the case of adult prisoners of both sexes, its strict enforcement could scarcely fail to have an injurious tendency in relation to a considerable number of the very young prisoners, particularly males."–P. 10.

Reference is then made to a Report by Captain Kincaid, one of the Scotch Inspectors of Prisons, wherein he recommends the change which his superiors adopted, and to which Sir George Grey gave his sanction. All juvenile male prisoners, therefore, to whom the Governor and Surgeon think the indulgence should be extended, are to be assembled together each morning for prayers, and are then to be exercised for half an hour in gangs of eight or ten; and, further, they are to be taught in classes by the Prison teachers. In other words, the system is practically abandoned with reference to juvenile male criminals; for we hold the discretionary power given to the Governor to mean nothing but a pardonable means to reconcile the public mind gradually to the change.

If this were a matter to be settled by authority the question would be at rest. The Report bears the sanction of a crowd of honourable and right honourable names, which almost awes remonstrance into silence. But when we remember the still more numerous host of honourable men who have erred upon a subject upon which mankind has so often changed its opinions, it will be no disrespect to examine the grounds upon which this startling conclusion rests. The Directors have assigned no reason for their opinion. They leave it upon its naked merits, which, standing opposed to so many other authorities, is a great omission. It stands opposed, moreover, to the following dissent of one of their own number. The Lord-Justice Clerk declares that he signs the Report "under a dissent from the opinion that the separate-system is not beneficially applicable in its rigour to juvenile offenders, for whom I am of opinion that it is in an especial manner most appropriate and serviceable, being convinced that imprisonment, accompanied with any kind of companionship, whether in *work, or instruction, or exercise*, will have no deterring effect on that class, and be attended with all the bad results of contamination and evil influence." The grounds upon which the Report proceeds cannot consist in any injury to the physical constitution, because *males* are the parties who are said to suffer; and they ought to be more calculated, from their robuster frame, to endure restraints than females. On turning to Captain Kincaid's Report (to which we are indebted for this retrograde movement), we cannot find any more specific enumeration of the grounds upon which it was made. All that he says, is, "that the separate-system, as carried out at the General Prison, though in strict conformity with the rules provided, has an injurious tendency, mentally as well as bodily, on many of the very young prisoners."—*Thirteenth Report*, p. 16. He admits, however, that the Prison-authorities of Dundee and Cupar "expressed some astonishment at the idea;" and in the conflict between the two, we have no particulars upon which a judgment could be founded. There is nothing but an unreasoned opinion, the value of which we can only appreciate after its author has told us of the grounds on which it rests. How many of the prisoners were shamming when under examination? What care was taken to ascertain the true cause of suspicious symptoms? How often were they examined either by Directors or Inspectors? Were the visits (other than those of Mr. Whigham) more than once or twice a year? Was the apparent insanity not the exhibition of a fit of sullenness—the physical decay the result of pre-existing disease? It is common, as Field tells us, to try the "mad trick" upon the sympathies of casual visitors who enter the cells with a stamp of authority, amid the cringing politeness of the keepers, and whom the prisoner's instinct tells him are the great men upon whose nod his destiny depends, and whose sympathies he must endeavour to awaken.

We doubt the correctness of Captain Kincaid's generalizing, when we find him, in the first page of his Report, declaring that the Scotch prisons "are in the present day considered to be *in a very satisfactory state*;" at the same time that the pages which immediately follow, prove that they are exactly the reverse. The Prison of Ayr, for example, "was dangerously overcrowded; three, four, or five persons in every cell, the dimensions of which are not usually considered fit for a single prisoner." It had, moreover, no chaplain, and 140 prisoners.—P. 1. The Prison of Dundee was in a similar condition in regard to accommodation.—P. 4. That of Falkirk "is a damp dilapidated place, incapable of improvement,

and totally unfit to be used as a Prison; and yet its two miserable cells are sometimes required to accommodate seven males and three females." The keeper of the Irvine Prison states, that "he has only one pair of blankets, though the number of prisoners sometimes amounts to seven at a time; and that the bed-ticks have not been washed, nor the straw within them changed, for the last five years."—P. 6. In the Forfar Prison, sometimes nine prisoners "are obliged to occupy an apartment ten feet three and a half inches long, by five feet ten and a half inches in breadth, with the door opening inwards, and in which there is only room for two beds."—P. 8. And in the Prison even of Edinburgh, "there were only 127 out of 555 prisoners in confinement, to whom the separate-system could be applied, for want of room."—P. 15.

With such facts recorded by himself, we can scarcely understand the rash statement as to the "satisfactory" condition of the Scottish prisons. If it were intended as a compliment, in the mac-sycophant style of "makin' everybody pleased wi' himsel," or as a rolling quantity of words to turn a sentence, it might be dismissed as harmless. But it shakes one's confidence in the other generalizations to which this gentleman has come, and which have led to results so important and alarming.

The prison at Perth is one of the most expensive model-prisons in the world. Though supported by large funds, and under the direction of men distinguished for their rank, their humanity, and their knowledge, it has failed to accomplish one single object of its institution; and the appalling fact has been admitted by one of its Directors, that no less than SIXTY-SEVEN PER CENT. of the prisoners who endure its discipline are recommitted. The reason may be traced to a system at variance with the character of punishment, and which has been treated by Lord Denman thus, in speaking of juvenile offenders:

"I greatly dread the effect of giving them benefits and privileges which they never could have hoped for, but from the commission of crimes. I own myself extremely jealous of the gratuitous instruction of the young felon in a trade, merely because he is a felon, and of the displacement of the honest from employment, by his success in thus obtaining it. Perhaps this is the most important branch of criminal law; for the age inquired of is that at which the habits are formed, and the path of life is chosen. I hold the only legitimate end of punishment to be, to deter from crime; but I think I perceive in some of the theories of benevolent men such a mode of administering the criminal law as to encourage instead of deterring."—*Appendix to First Report, Lords*, p. 3.

Whether or not this was intended to apply to the prison at Perth it certainly hits off that great renovating shop for the enfeebled constitutions of exhausted criminals. The system there is, a literal reduction to practice of the precept, that when a man strikes you upon the one cheek, you are to turn to him the other also. The comforts of existence are liberally supplied by an injured community, to the ruffians who have wronged them. We take them from the streets—corrupted and corrupting,—place them in the bath,—cleanse them from outward pollution,—clothe them in warm and comfortable garments,—and locate them in an apartment, the possession of which they never anticipated even in their dreams. It is well lighted, ventilated, and warmed. They have employment given them to occupy attention and pass the time. They are addressed in the language of kindness; educated men interest themselves in their welfare. From a state of humiliation they are raised to a position of self-esteem. They have the privilege of converse with books. Food of a healthy kind,—sufficient exercise,—instruction in many useful branches of education, and in a trade. This is solitary imprisonment at Perth. A cheerful gaiety is diffused over the severe brow of penal discipline. The suffering of the past is forgotten in the hilarious glow of present enjoyment. All goes merry as a marriage-bell. If this be punishment, what is pleasure? What have the best of us different from this, except the freedom—useless without leisure—to take a longer stroll than a comfortable airing-yard permits? What depressing contrasts these things create! Compare them with the living in the noisome garret, or still more noisome cellar of the honest poor, who have never qualified themselves by a life of crime for the service of skilful teachers during life, and who have not as good a funeral when life shall be no more!

In reading the various reports of the inspectors, one loses patience at the extreme minuteness with which these gentlemen describe their anxiety to have everything clean and tidy. If a miserable spider has been left unmolested in a corner of a cell, or a bluebottle is found buzzing about the ears of a prisoner, these circumstances will be duly chronicled. The prisoners would be the most ungrateful of mankind if they did not consider themselves contented; accordingly, the chaplains and the inspectors of the prisons duly record as a great fact, that John Thomson, or Michael O'Grady, or Betty Mulligan, "expressed themselves happy and satisfied;" as if it was for their satisfaction they are kept in such comfortable quarters.

The directors, however, with that candour which is due to themselves and their office, have arrived at a different conclusion, and entertain apprehensions that the murmurings which are heard in Scotland are justified. The Lord-Justice Clerk has truly said that this circumstance has produced much discontent here.—*Appendix*, p. 76. But Mr. Whigham, Sheriff of Perthshire, clenches the matter by stating the results of his more varied and more frequent observations.

"In periods of difficulty in getting work, when those parties know how comfortable the prisons are, they are less unwilling to commit an offence because they may be sent there."—*First Report*, p. 349.

Nay, according to the system upon which they began, prisoners were allowed the value of any overwork that their industry might get through; but this most pernicious course was properly given up, though contrary to the opinion of the inspectors.

Lord Brougham asks the question—

"What part of the reformatory system is it which you think makes the expectation of the prison less hateful to those people who are to be reformed? because our general experience shows us that these people very much dislike that which is reformatory."

Ans.—"The feeling seems to be that when they get useful and profitable labour, books to read, and the instruction of the teachers, and society for the time, the mind is relieved of the tedium of imprisonment." He adds that all these things "go to diminish the deterring effect. *I do not think that our system has worked well with reference to prisoners generally, in so far as that combination of reformation and deterring has hitherto gone.*" He describes the prisons in Scotland formerly as being "very bad." "*Now they are perhaps more comfortable than the houses the same classes of persons have to reside in while out of prison; there is not the slightest doubt of it as regards accommodation, food, and clothing.*"—*Minutes of Evidence before Lords' Committee*, p. 350.

Lord Brougham also puts this question to the learned sheriff:—

"You say that the attempt to combine those two results—the reformation of the criminal and the deterring of evil disposed persons—has hitherto failed; do you think your experience of it has gone so far as to enable you to give that opinion generally?"

Ans.—"I would speak with the caution which I feel to be proper in such a case, because we have not had very long experience; but looking to the experience of five years, and the result, which shows *that sixty-seven per cent. of those who have passed through the General Prison have been ascertained to have been recommitted, it does not seem to me that the combined system is producing such good effects as could be wished.*"—*First Report, Lords*, p. 350.

This is a very cautious answer; but when divested of the hesitation which might naturally be looked for from a gentleman speaking with such authority, we find it to be the deliberate opinion of the Director best acquainted with the working of the institution, that it is nothing more than a large manufactory, in which criminals recover health and spirits, and are turned out again with renewed energies upon the world.

The whole scheme, in truth, is an audacious paradox. We give the dues of labour without the counterpart, and allow fraud to extract from us what we refuse to poverty and misfortune. It is a resuscitation of those schemes of benevolent visionaries with which the world has often been made merry. Men will never be deterred from the gratification of their passions by holding out to them the reward of a comfortable subsistence as the consequence of their gratification. It reverses all our notions of good government to find the industrious poor feeding upon husks, and those of them who have committed crimes, carefully tended. Is this consistent with any correct notion of retributive justice? Is it not, on the contrary, an anomaly in the world of morals—holding up law and order to contempt, by presenting a caricature in place of a resemblance? It is certainly the introduction of a new code, when its practice is to find the road to knowledge and virtue through the gate of sin. In a frantic impatience to remove the stigma of injustice to the condemned, we have "leapt on the other side," and trampled down all justice to the public.

"Inani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem qui petat ipsam."

Institutions divine and human corrupt by their nature or by ours; but even where they contain a principle of inherent rottenness, the evolution of it is seldom so rapid as in the case of this unfortunate establishment. In the public estimation its empire has perished almost ere it began; and it now exists only from an anxious wish that an experiment, devised from motives both of enlightened philanthropy and civil polity, should not be endangered by a too hasty impatience of apparent errors.

The country would willingly subscribe to any scheme for the reduction of criminal gangs. In this, our duty runs in unison with our interest. But it rouses the gorge of a people not altogether impatient of burdens to find their substance wasted—their sympathies misapplied—their best efforts

turned against themselves. A heavy debt of just expectation remains undischarged. The object of punishment appears to be forgotten. We have proceeded from the cruelty of former days to all the liberalities of a well-meant, but foolish generosity. Experience has only illuminated the track we have passed; and nothing can more illustrate the failure which has overtaken our experiments both in England and here, than the aimlessness and contradictory character of measures for the future. There is no unity of purpose, no confidence in any one principle—no perseverance in a plan. Every year brings its vernal promise, and its autumnal disappointment. All is a chaos of inconsistencies—a medley of contradictions—a series of experiments, in which none is pursued far enough to give much prospect of success, although for the time, the prisoners are kept labouring away with much energy on the edifice of their own social and moral regeneration, and compelled to take it all down again when they have got it half erected. There is no simple and consistent code of regulations. This, with the eminent authorities that direct our institutions, must arise from that philosophical doubt consequent on enlargement of understanding; though the disgrace which has overtaken in Scotland the Separate System of Prison-discipline is attributable greatly to allowing the judgment to be dragged headlong by generous and amiable sensibilities which have no jurisdiction here.

Amid the controversial speculations which penal justice has evoked, there is none more important than the dispute as to its object. It is undoubtedly twofold; the *first*, and most important, being the prevention of crime; the *second*, subsidiary and subordinate—the reformation of the criminal. In endeavouring to effect the subordinate object by instruction, kindness, and the display of all the tender charities and sympathies of life, the first principle has been forgotten. It is no longer a punishment, when everything calculated to excite remorse, or to inflict bodily pain, is carefully removed. We make the punishment a premium by our visits, our anxieties, and our benefits. In the wildest audacity of speculation, who would ever maintain that such a system would operate to deter?

The character of Scotsmen shines particularly out in the Prison Reports. There is nothing upon which inspectors, jailors, and chaplains speak with more complacency than the quantity of work they have got out of the prisoners, and no complaints are more grievous than those made as to a small demand for the produce. There are three evils which this generates. *First*, It depresses the profits of honest tradesmen out of prison, who cannot sell so cheaply. *Secondly*, It prevents the prison effecting the object for which it was established. It ceases to be a penal institution, becomes a place of amusement, or a bad manufactory. *Thirdly*, It may be a question whether any permanent habit is ever acquired by all this compulsory industry. With regard to old offenders especially, we believe the whole system to be based upon a delusion. A thoroughly regenerated man, who has run the gauntlet of two or three convictions, is a phenomenon about whom all Prison-authorities have expressed themselves curious. Few, if any, of the older criminals are ever reformed. Often "they ridicule what the parson says directly after he turns his back, but cry before him." —1 *Field*, p. 47. They display penitence in prison, and their history constitutes a considerable portion of the Chaplain's Report. But this penitence is only a mere negation of virtue, consequent upon the impossibility of doing otherwise. Freedom is no sooner acquired, than the mind returns by an instantaneous impulse to obedience to its old and familiar instincts. The good resolutions which had excited the clergyman's thankfulness under the influence of low diet, melt away like frost-work before the first appearance of temptation. The religious conversion through which they passed, in its turn passes off with the regular life, the solitude, and necessity by which it was evoked. *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.* In consequence, the sad conclusion is recorded in every form of varied and emphatic expression by judges and by magistrates, that there is small hope for the reformation of adult criminals.* Their habits, long indulged, assume a despotic, though it be a prescriptive empire. Nature herself is not more elastic in her rebound against restraint.

The Separate System is only useful when applied to those of whom we have hopes of reformation. Had it been intimated that the adults should be exercised in gangs, and taught in classes, we believe that few would have uttered a remonstrance. But when the Directors resign the ductile and plastic mind of youth, without taking advantage of the effects of that solitude which is at their command, they resign all chance of making their system effective. The establishment, while it instructs, must also alarm. It may be, that in carrying out the great scheme, some of

* See 13th Report of Inspectors, p. 36, per Lord Mackenzie, App. to Lords' Report, p. 89, Lord Denman, ibid. p. 5, Lord-Justice Clerk, ibid. pp. 70-2-6, Lord Cockburn, ibid. pp. 93-6.

the unhappy objects of the discipline may sink beneath it. These are the accidents to which we must look, in all general systems intended to regulate the masses of mankind. Perhaps some such instance has occurred; and the authorities, proceeding from a particular instance to general principles, have pushed their conclusions to principles more general. Tested by such a rule, all systems, principles, and institutions would fail. We should in vain legislate, if our legislation must be adapted to the particular character of every unit. If death or madness has been the result of a strict enforcement of solitary confinement in a few cases, these are misfortunes which must be endured. They are counterbalanced by the benefits resulting to the general herd; and the question is resolvable into the simple rule of proportion, whether it is better that society should be for ever tortured by the evils arising from a universal contamination, or whether by the sacrifice of a few, the rest should be restored to the world they had wronged?

"I select a jail," says Mr. Field, "in which this industrial training has been attempted under circumstances the most favourable. In the General Prison at Perth the officers are exemplary; the order maintained is excellent; all the prisoners are in separate confinement, and none for less than twelve months. But there the fatal plan which has been referred to is followed, and the effects are disastrous both to the culprits and their country. The Inspector's Reports, and the evidence quoted (vol. ii.), show us that not less than *eighty* (sixty-seven?) *per cent.* of the criminals discharged from this prison are *recommitted!* How, then, shall we account for the fact, that of criminals of the same class, released from the jail at Reading, the proportion recommitted does not amount to *one-tenth* of that number? The cause is easily described; because at Reading, whilst industrial training is not disregarded, it is subordinate to, and not suffered to interfere with, corrective instruction."—1 *Field*, pp. 173-4.

Additional energy ought to be given to the system of Prison-discipline, by sentencing juvenile delinquents to a moderate whipping. This indeed has become part of the English Juvenile Offenders Act; and it is the only point on which we differ from "a country magistrate," who has published a racy pamphlet, containing more good sense and vigorous writing than we have seen within the same compass for many a day.

"It is," says Lord Mackenzie, "the only thing we are sure they all understand, and are afraid of. Imprisonment, and even transportation, do not seem to be known to them by anticipation, or to impress their imagination with terror beforehand, however great may be the evil these punishments are actually to cause them. If *whipping* be *moderate*, so as to separate the pain from danger to health, or life, or permanent bodily injury, and *private*, so as to separate it from deep ignominy or the boast of profligate hardihood, I rather imagine it would be useful in the case of young criminals. Bodily pain being the great means by which nature deters man from what is fit to be avoided, I doubt whether we can abandon it entirely in criminal justice, without a sacrifice of expediency."—*Appendix to First Report*, p. 86.

How much better would it be to administer a punishment of this description to those boys who are found in almost every prison for stealing apples from a garden, or peas from a field as they pass by.* In truth, to put these children in jail is the greatest of all perversions of justice; and yet the magistrate has not in this country, as he has in England, the power to dismiss with a rebuke. (See 10 and 11 Vict., cap. 82.) Our space forbids us to dwell upon a subject of such anxious consideration as short imprisonments—which serve no purpose but to habituate the youthful thief to the prison which he shall afterwards have occasion so much to use. The suggestion made by the Lord-Justice Clerk, is, however, amply supported by experience, when he recommends that these imprisonments should be of unvaried gloom, without communication with friends, without the distraction of labour, without the exhilaration of exercise. Until some such principle as this be adopted, we may resign all hope of success for reformatory experiments, and we shall learn when too late that the greatest mercy is that discipline which is the severest in its application.

To men of amiable dispositions, who are accustomed to look upon human nature in its revolting moods only in those pictures of imaginative fiction which extract from them such floods of tears, and agonies of admiration, this may seem a cruel system. It is one, however, which cannot be set aside by the sound of obnoxious epithets, or charges of inhumanity. It is forced upon us by the most unbending of teachers. Experience has proclaimed the necessity for a change. It sets itself against the clamours of an ardent, but weak humanity, and pleads the cause of reason against the vagaries of sentiment—the illusions of imagination. The visionary dreams of romantic emotion cannot stand in the presence of the increasing Prison-rates. Common sense must triumph over a more common but foolish sensibility; and humanity has other objects for its sen-

* See 13th Report of Inspectors of Scottish Prisons, pp. 7, 13.

timent than what Canning happily termed, "poor suffering guilt."

To check the appalling horrors consequent upon its increase, all systems of Prison-discipline will, however, themselves be unavailing. They can only reach *detected* crimes, which constitute but a small minority of the great aggregate. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that because there are few convictions there is little crime. The delivery of the white gloves to the judges at the assizes is no warrant for the conclusion that the district is a paradise. A slight inquiry into its morals pushed somewhat beyond the surface, resolves the hasty logic into air. The very virtuous district that this year may have gone the whole circle of newspaper notoriety will next year appear, under the influence of a more vigorous police, side by side with its guilty neighbours. Indeed, the chances of conviction bear a small proportion to the chances of escape. Years, marked in every stage by the commission of crimes, may have passed away without an unlucky condemnation. Convicts, when interrogated upon the subject of other crimes than those for which they were convicted, often answered that it was "impossible to state the number,"—"could not remember a tenth of them,"—"many hundreds,"—sometimes more, sometimes less; "if I was to recollect I could not tell them all between now and to-morrow."—*Constabulary Report*, p. 6. Nothing can more clearly prove this than the fact, that to render a pickpocket's earnings remunerative, he would require to steal six pocket handkerchiefs a day; but all the uncounted thousands of the crimes committed by him during the average period which he has of his exciting life, are never heard of, except by a few private friends in the querulous complainings of the victim. The only item contributed by him to our criminal statistics is that when the trap catches him at last.

It is obvious, therefore, that whatever system be adopted with reference to detected criminals, you only thereby purify a drop in the ocean. To get at the bottom of the evil it is necessary to pass beyond the prison-walls and extend our labours to the world. We must have inspectors to examine the condition of those who are free; and may the time be hastened when they shall have it in their power to print, as they have printed about criminals, that the poor are "happy and contented!" The great problem which has been placed before the minds of the generation in which we live, is as to the best means by which the State may discharge its duty, without infringing on the province of parents, by relieving them of the obligations imposed upon them by God and nature. In all schemes for the amelioration of the swarming masses from whom our criminal ranks are fed, there is danger of pushing measures of relief so far as to destroy that independence and self-respect which nourish manly endurance and exertion—the foundation of many social virtues. One unhappy circumstance peculiar to ourselves, adds an artificial to all the natural difficulties that beset the question. In no other country is there such a difference between the rich and poor. Though separated from each other by a single street, they are often as ignorant of the condition of each other as if the waves of the Atlantic rolled between them. A more generous sympathy, shown by words even, would go further than the most liberal benefactions doled out through the conduit-pipe of a Mendicity Society. But no fibrous intertwinings of feelings ever join them together. The one gives because it is painful to hear of human sorrow,—the other receives without gratitude and as a right. A squalid and wretched population is every year adding to our dangers and responsibilities—a population amid which is fostered those gigantic political and social maladies that afflict us, and which in the bosom of civilization displays the habits and many of the instincts of savage life. Masses have been left to grow up like the forest trees, taking their chance of storm and sunshine. But this, though conducive to the stability of the oak, is not so for man. Unless carefully tended he sinks beneath the exposure, and in his fall drags down his more favoured neighbours. It is the noblest charity therefore—at the same time that it is the clearest prudence, for society to take the infant man in its arms, watch over his progress through life, and only leave him when laid in the dust. But this of course must be confined more to advice, protection, and superintendence, than to a positive adoption of every unit that can claim with us a kindred country. The greater part must be left to individual exertion and to the development of particular character. This will often prove pernicious to the parties so left to the guidance of their own ignorance; but we must submit with resignation to the inconveniences of individual management, unless we wish to make monasteries of entire social communities.

Each new theorist upon this "great argument" has his own particular scheme of remedy. Each, *cum magno boatu et conatu*, asserts for his own thunder, unqualified merit, and denies it to that of other people. Many of the suggestions are sanctioned by

successful experiment, while the rest have scarcely ingenuity to recommend them, and have been indignantly hurried to the plethoric tomb of impracticable institutions. Let us sum up our observations by a reference to the most important.

1. The first and most obvious is one upon which all are agreed. The prisons as now constituted, and especially those conducted upon the principles of the one at Perth, constitute a premium to the poor to make their children thieves. Their subsistence, however mean, is still a burden upon the stinted resources of the parents. To get rid of children in any way consistent with safety is one of the most important objects of a wretched father's solicitude. To compel the child to steal and be put in prison is to get an immediate relief to himself,—a bursary to his offspring. All the lower and more sordid feelings, therefore, of human nature are embarked against the efficacy of penal justice; and the simple remedy which is proposed is to compel the parent to pay for the child in prison. No impolicy and no injustice could be pleaded against such a law, which would only *declare* those legal liabilities which now exist. It would render, however, *that* practical, which is now too often theoretical, and stimulate parents to the performance of duties which, if better performed, would have prevented such an assessment. It would take away from them the dangers of the temptation with which they are now beset, and establish securely that great rule in morals—the only one of use in practice—to prevent situations in which our duties are in opposition to our interests.

2. Another practical measure is one likely to be speedily carried into effect. Who can doubt the influence of sanitary improvement upon the moral nature of man?

> From the body's purity, the mind
> Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Is it possible that in the cellars of which we have given a description, humanity could be otherwise than physically deteriorated and morally debased? The Sanitary Act of England will be immediately followed by one with a similar object relative to the two wings of the Empire. The clearing away of dunghills,—the driving pigs from the habitations of men,—the supplying sufficient wholesome water, and all the other accessories of that process of sanitary improvement upon which we have entered, will create as great a revolution in the habits as it will change to the better the health of the poor. If, along with this, more buildings were erected,—if properly conducted lodging-houses were in every street, the most sanguine anticipations might be entertained, of a favourable change in the whole aspect of the society from which juvenile delinquents come. "Is it your opinion," Lord Brougham asked Mr. Sergeant Adams, "that whatever increases the self-respect of persons, such as cleanly habits, is wholesome as a moral discipline also?" "I have not the slightest doubt of it," said the learned Sergeant; and every one who has studied the effects of the inscrutable relation that subsists between the physical and mental economy of man, will give a cordial assent to the reply.

3. The third and most effectual preventive is, that which is the strongest barrier against idleness—the certain cause of criminal indulgence. To the want of education must be attributed much of the deplorable condition to which the poorer classes are reduced. The time is not far distant when it was an open question—whether education was a blessing to the poor? But now we have been taught by experience, that the only question is—to what extent shall the education be carried? This question would be easily resolved, were it not for the unhappy difference of creeds that has distracted the religious world. All divisions of Christianity should learn from the past—unless they have lost their understanding—that to do good they must lose their animosity, though they retain their distinctions. Though the physical wants of men be supplied—though relieved from the pressure of hunger—though by sanitary improvements their health is preserved, and by a generous benevolence a home is supplied, yet they never will attain moral and intellectual excellence simply as a consequence of that physical amelioration. The physical comfort once supplied, progress in civilization terminates there, and the propelling energy wastes itself, as in Eastern countries, in a grovelling selfishness.

Add, however, education, and you place within the reach of childhood the experience of age, increase individual power, teach how to lessen the evils incident to humanity, and render tributary to the humblest, both the moral and the material world. In spite of all the statists that ever trembled at their own conclusions, we hold education rightly conducted to be the most important check upon criminal desires. That which refines and purifies, which creates prudence and sobriety, teaches the duties of good citizenship, inculcates obedience to the law, strengthens the intellect, stimulates the moral affections, and points out man's responsibilities, cannot be other than the most important agent of

order. It is the introduction to civilization, which is only another name for law and morals.

The influence of education in early life in training children to habits that would fit them for a virtuous existence, cannot be too strongly impressed upon those who wish to create a check to juvenile delinquency. At present, however, in many portions of the empire, and especially in England, there is nothing of education but the name. Teachers and scholars are much in the same condition. One master being asked by the Commissioners if he taught morals, observed, "That question does not belong to my school; it belongs more to girls' schools." Another, an Irishman, being asked if he taught grammar, very candidly answered, "Faith, and it is I that don't; if I did I must tache that thing I don't know myself." Another had conscientious scruples about counting her scholars—"It would be a flat flying in the face of Providence; no, no, you sha'n't catch me counting. See what a pretty mess David made of it when he counted the children of Israel!"

A duty incumbent on the State has been left to the irregular and convulsive efforts of private benevolence. These, as might be expected, have failed to meet the requirements of so gigantic an enterprise; and until some national scheme has been devised, which shall reconcile all our scruples, or crush them down upon the plea of an inevitable necessity, it will be worse than idle to flagellate the victims of our neglect. If there were no other motive than that which appeals to our pocket,—the lowest but not the least powerful that can influence mankind,—it is all sufficient to encourage an effort in this direction. What we now pay as Prison and as Poor-rates, exceeds the entire revenue of the nation at no distant date. Let these be increased for a little, with a view of their being ultimately reduced to a point that we can contemplate them without alarm. Our benevolence alone would not be gratified by an educational crusade. Our safety and our interest depend upon it. "Of all the men we meet," said Locke, "nine parts in ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education." Keep this in remembrance, along with the undoubted truth, that men are never in a state of independence of each other. This mutual interest—this dependence of man upon man—of all parts of society upon each other—is the chain which cements it into that compact and living mass, to whose combined action alone we are indebted for the blessings of civilization.

The knowledge, however, which must be imparted, is a knowledge that must teach not only the relations to man, but the relations to God. Though it is power, it is nowhere identified with virtue. The supremacy of conscience must be asserted at the same time that we teach geography and arithmetic. Religious training and moral culture must go hand in hand with the most scientific training in secular knowledge. The ragged schools can serve little purpose if the children return to homes where all the lessons they receive will be effaced by parental ribaldry. Conscious of this, the minister is established in many cities to bring the parents within the range of the same instruction with their children—a scheme which occupied many of the thoughts of Dr. Chalmers in his later years, and which he so well developed in the West-Port of Edinburgh.

4. It has been urged with great energy by a number of philanthropic men, that all imprisonment will be unavailing, if, when it is ended, the delinquent be sent back among the guilty companions of his early years. He must starve or rob; he cannot emerge from a long confinement without wasted strength and a ruined character. Necessity urges him, therefore, to take refuge amongst the hordes of thieves who receive his return with open arms,—give him a joyful welcome,—laugh away his scruples,—and hurry him again into the same vortex of infamy.

There is no doubt a literal and gloomy truth in these statements, which do not exaggerate the unhappy condition of the liberated convict. But the remedy adopted is worse than the disease. In various cities houses of refuge have been established for their reception, which confer greater comforts, and bestow more advantages even than our prisons. They will consequently be objects of interest to the poor man; and here again he will be tempted to teach his son the violation of the moral law, as the best means of commending him to the charity of mankind. It was this that startled Lord Denman, and extorted from him the emphatic condemnation of the system we have cited. It was this that induced the Middlesex magistrates, at a meeting reported in the *Times* of the 12th September last, to refuse their concurrence to the erection of such an establishment. That their fears were not visionary, is amply established by a Police Report in the same paper in the following week, from which it appeared that a society existed for promoting the emigration of parties to New York, whose qualification for the free passage was their having been convicted felons. The complainants in the case were the wives of two men, who had been left des-

titute through their husbands having been shipped away by the Association. It was stated by Mr. Jackson of the City Mission, that he had for months been engaged in throwing all these noxious weeds upon the soil of our transatlantic neighbours; that he felt satisfied he had accomplished a great deal of good; and that the two men in question came peculiarly within the view of desirable emigrants for the Society, inasmuch as they assured him they had been thieves of seven, eight, or ten years standing, and had been repeatedly convicted, and were not only known to be the companions of thieves and felons, but were also plainly conversant with their haunts and slang. It turned out that Mr. Jackson had been imposed upon, and that, so far from the satisfactory statements made to him having been correct, one of his protégés had never committed any other offence than that of being out of work, while the whole extent of the other's crimes consisted in an infringement (he being a cab-driver) of the Hackney Carriage Act. It was mentioned to the magistrate, that the positive belief that the parties shipped had led the life of often-convicted criminals, was essential to their applications being entertained. In this case the parties told a lie to get the benefit. In other cases this might not prove effectual, and candidates would require to qualify by the actual commission of a crime. These facts show the danger of such institutions, and lead us to another, about whose expediency experience and theory are not at issue.

5. This is emigration. The children of the Ragged and Industrial Schools cannot remain there for ever; criminals emancipated from prison must have some employment; and thus people have been driven to look beyond the crowded occupations of our little islands, to the uncultivated wastes in the colonial dependencies of the British Crown. An evil may be improved into a good. The swarms that are an evil here might supply in another hemisphere the labour necessary to evoke the latent energies of its virgin soil. Lord Ashley, the untiring advocate of every scheme of human amelioration, moved in vain in the House of Commons in June last, "That it is expedient that means be annually provided for the voluntary emigration to some of her Majesty's colonies of a certain number of young persons, of both sexes, who have been educated in the schools ordinarily called Ragged Schools, in and about the metropolis." He proposed to carry 1000 each year (above fourteen years of age), 500 boys, and the same number of girls, to the colonies in South Australia, in which, at the present moment, the greatest demand for labour existed. Their removal was to be the reward only of good conduct, and after a certain amount of education had been received.

This is a scheme, without which all institutions like Ragged and Industrial Schools must fail, because their effect is only temporary, and they do not remove the object of their solicitude from the vice by which he is surrounded. Service is sometimes obtained for girls, and boys who have displayed activity in the Industrial Schools are taken as apprentices to trades. But the number thus provided for is small, and the greater part must return to their own shifts when they have grown too old for the school which has given them a temporary shelter. For their case emigration is the cure. That it would be advantageous to the colonies, we have evidence the most decisive.

"Mr. Cuninghame of Port Philip says, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on Emigration, that 'the want of labour is by far the greatest impediment to the colony, either social or pecuniary. It is almost impossible to be got at all. The wool is worse got up; and everything but wool-growing is at a perfect stand-still from want of labour. The colony will absorb many more than we could count upon for future years. We can employ any species of labour, because sheep is not an exhausting or fatiguing operation.' This would just be the labour for emancipated juvenile criminals, or those who emerge from the Ragged Schools. In the Times of 20th May, 1848, a letter appeared with the following passage: 'You must strain every nerve to send us relief, for fully three-fourths of the 5000 emigrants now coming out will be instantly absorbed on landing for domestic servants in Sydney, Melbourne,' &c. 'For every 1000 sheep three persons at least are required, with wages of £20 a year, and weekly rations of 10 lb. beef, 12 lb. of flour, 2 lb. sugar, quarter of a pound of tea, and a house. Thus, at a station of 5000 sheep, fifteen men and boys would be required. Taking the number of farms and stations at 4000, and the number of servants in the bush at 12,000, this would make at each station but three, not one-half of what is necessary. Three, then, to each station, would take at once 12,000; if, then, 1000 were sent annually, it would be to each station only one every four years.'"

With reference to the females, there would be no difficulty at all. The demand for domestic servants is so great that often five or six gentlemen will be squabbling at the shore to secure any that land. The males in Port Philip are to the females in a frightfully large proportion; and it would certainly be a heaven upon earth to many of the distressed girls who are wearing their lives away in selling oranges, matches, and flowers at the corners of the streets, to end

finally in making shirts at sixpence a piece, or in something worse, were they transplanted to a settlement where they would receive at once all the comforts, and many of the rude luxuries of colonial life.

The Emigration Commissioners see no difficulty in the plan; and assuredly there would be little difficulty in it, if we had only some stern convulsion to sweep away the inanity of official indolence. It ought to be kept steadily, however, before the public mind, as the most practical remedy for our evils. We could send out, for example, at a cost of £30, a young couple about to become paupers, who could not have been supported as paupers or criminals in this country at a less expense than £40 a year. A like sum for many succeeding years might, moreover, be demanded, besides the ultimate support of some six or ten children. And thus, before they die, they may cost many hundred pounds. Some of the thieves who are now prowling about our streets have had expended upon them a sum, from first to last, that might have set them up as sheep-farmers with a stock in Australia. Let it be remembered, too, that the £30 paid for the passage of a boy and girl, is the only outlay necessary to convert two starving wretches into a thriving pair, who would return to this country in a short time, in the purchase of manufactures, some £15 or £20 per annum; and it may be fairly reckoned that they would send £5 additional for the support of aged relations. To carry out the scheme, it would be necessary to have an efficient equipment of officers. An Emigration Board, with an agent in each colony, would soon, however, lessen the evils under which we groan, at the same time that they would reanimate the struggling colonies by their labours.

We leave these suggestions with but a slight hope that they can be forced upon Government. The dread of exciting public indignation at new taxes, and the consequence thereof in loss of place, seem ever to haunt the minds of all official men. Things cannot be worse, it is argued, than they have hitherto been, and so long as we can jog on, there is no necessity to tempt untried experiments. The public, however, has been startled from its long indifference by the truth, that it is cheaper in the end to prevent, than to catch and cure. A few years ago, the thieves' literature that then existed directed public attention to the practices of thieves. It has now also been aroused, not from the same morbid appetite for the horrible, but in order to ascertain the criminal organizations that paralyse all our efforts. Crime has been studied in the most philosophical spirit. Even the tendency to commit it—the most difficult question in moral statistics—has been reduced to ascertainable ratios. Given as postulates the numbers of the population, their education and their comforts,—and the whole is settled by a simple arithmetical operation. Philanthropy stands aghast in the presence of these immutable laws. It perceives that the causes which make the law must be destroyed. It is seen to be inhuman to do nothing more than hurry unhappy wretches to the prison and the scaffold, year after year, in the same proportions as to their number, and to the description of their crimes. From age to age, onward till the end of all things, there will be the annual recurrence of these gloomy memorials of our fallen nature, unless we eradicate the source from which crime must necessarily flow. It is sometimes, no doubt, the product of a sudden mastery of a fierce passion over a mind which had prided itself in its strength or its philosophy. But the great mass of crime is traceable to surrounding circumstances, within the range of remedial agency. Selfishness and humanity combined, call upon us to rouse that agency into life on behalf of the millions not born to the purple; and remembering the fallibility of our nature, the best must stand in awe when they think what they might themselves have been under the pressure of similar temptations.

ART. II.—*The Question: Was St. Peter ever at Rome? Historically considered.* By AUGUSTUS SCHELER, Doctor in Philosophy. Translated from the French, by a Clergyman; with a short Preface by the Translator. London: 1846.

THE spirit of Popery is abroad. Calculating upon our forbearance, and relying on the conciliatory character of the times, it has invaded, when we least expected it, our country and our homes, alighting on the lowest cottage, and penetrating to our highest seats of learning. It has come, not as the messenger of charity, in the consciousness of honest though mistaken truth; but as a crafty foe, with a sneaking step and a hidden countenance, to destroy the peace and happiness of families; to rend the bonds of love and kindred asunder; to seduce the child away from the parent's heart, and to beguile the unwary into ruin.

To remain passive spectators of such an aggression, would be mistaking indifference

for toleration, and culpable laxity for Christian forbearance. It is true, Rome believes, or feigns to believe, in the existence of that laxity and indifference among us;* and it is equally true, that, in this point, we may, with a smile, leave her to her deception; but however trifling we may deem the actual danger by which we are threatened; however strong, in our reliance upon God, we may feel ourselves to resist every temptation with which our wily enemy may beset our path, the startling success which has crowned her first efforts, and the increased vigour with which, elated by triumphant hope, we may be certain she will follow up those efforts, render it, nevertheless, an object of sacred duty for every true Catholic to protect from her encroaching designs, what he holds dearest and holiest in heaven and on earth.

That a strong sense of such a duty is not lacking among us, is proved by the numerous articles which have lately issued from the periodical press, intended to awaken the country at large to the real importance of the Popish movement; and distinguished among them, more than one, if we are not mistaken, from the eloquent and impressive pen of the reverend gentleman to whom the public is indebted for the translation of the essay before us. This essay was originally written by Professor Ellendorff, a *Roman Catholic savant* of Germany, and subsequently published in French, with material additions, by Dr. Scheler, assistant librarian to the King of the Belgians. Neither of these gentlemen, however, has really grappled with the question at issue—the *sojourn* of St. Peter at Rome; but, stopping short of it, they have rather confined themselves to an examination into his Roman *Episcopacy*. We shall endeavour to carry out their design, in laying before our readers a succinct but comprehensive view of *the historical foundation of the Church of Rome*, referring to the work of Dr. Scheler, not the least valuable portion of which is the translator's preface, for such information of a detailed and illustrative character as is necessarily excluded from the limits of an article, and the compass of our design.

The mysterious power which has been one chief agent in drawing the weak idealizing minds of some of our Protestant brethren to the Church of Rome, is her Siren song of *unity*—that song of delusion so fatal to those allured by its deceitful harmonies. Is it surprising that with unbounded liberty of thought and expression, there should be dissension among us, when by the unbounded exercise of spiritual bondage, Rome herself is unable to preserve unity in the Church? We do not allude to the past, nor to the great dissenting movement in Germany, to which the exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Treves has lately given rise; nor to the religious factions which, in more or less developed forms, divide the whole Roman Catholic world of the present day; we speak of the collective herd of the "faithful," who, in regard to their opinions on the most important *fundamental principle* of their Church, are distinguished by the great *party* denominations of Episcopalians and Ultramontanists; the latter *asserting*, the former *denying*, *the Pope to be the infallible Head of the Church, the only true Vicar of Christ on earth.*

We will not judge the Romish Church any more than we would the Church of England, by, or hold her responsible for the individual opinions of her members, except so far as they are openly supported and countenanced by the Church. We will judge her by her own statutes and ordinances. The principal sources whence the doctrines of modern Roman Catholicism must be derived, are, we need not say, the "*Canones et Decreta*" of the Council of Trent; the "*Forma professionis fidei Catholicæ*," promulgated by the Bull of Pius IV., dated 13th November, 1564; the *Bulls* generally; the "*Catechismus Romanus*," and the Missals, principally the "*Missale Romanum*," and "*Breviarium Romanum*." In addition to these, the "*Confutatio Confessionis Augusti-*

* A confirmation of this we find in the observation of one of her most zealous partisans, Professor Malon of Louvain, who in the Preface to his recently published work, "*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible en langue vulgaire, jugée d'après l'Ecriture, la tradition et la saine raison*," writes thus, "Ce devoir (de conserver à la vérité Catholique tous ses droits) est d'autant plus impérieuse, que l'œuvre des Sociétés bibliques a rendu *au protestantisme mourant* une étincelle de vie, en concentrant ses forces et son action dans *l'entreprise chimérique* de fournir de Bibles la race humaine tout entière, et de convertir les païens à la foi par une simple lecture des Livres Saints." (Tom. i. p. 6.) But the same learned professor, a few pages further on, states these remarkable words, "Le mot d'ordre étant donné, les versions de la Sainte Bible se multiplièrent à l'envie, et tinrent lieu presque partout d'avant-coureur et de drapeau à la Réforme. *L'éclair n'annonce pas plus fidèlement la foudre, que ces versions répandues dans le peuple n'annonçaient le protestantisme.*" (Tom. i. p. 12.) Never has, in fewer words, a stronger testimony been given to the usefulness of Bible Societies. Never has the true distinction between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant religion more forcibly been characterized; the one is *ignorance*, the other *knowledge* of Holy Scripture. True, most true. Those words of Professor Malon deserve, in our opinion, to be repeated from one end of the Roman Catholic world to the other; for, though he follows them up by a different process of reasoning from what we would do, yet all the most subtle arguments cannot efface or conceal his acknowledgment of the *fact*.

næ," and the works of Bellarmin (✠ 1621), chiefly his "*Disputationes de controversiis Christianæ fidei adversus hujus temporis hereticos*," and those of *Costerus, Becanus, Bossuet*, and others, may be regarded as authorized expositions of the Romish faith.

We may as well here remind our readers, that the Decrees of the Council of Trent were solemnly confirmed by the Bull "*Benedictus Deus*" of Pius IV., dated 26th January, 1564. But this "confirmation" was one of a peculiar character. In his truly fatherly solicitude for the proper guidance of his flock, Pius IV., whilst expressing his full approbation of those decrees, at the same time interdicted, upon pain of the severest punishments, any person, whether clerical or layman, from publishing remarks, annotations, or comments upon them, *reserving their interpretation and definition exclusively to himself and his successors*. Sixtus V. so fully comprehended the importance of these "definitions" that, in 1588, he charged a special commission with their execution.

The Council of Trent has not, like that of Florence, devoted a separate paragraph to the confirmation of the Pope's primacy; but it has virtually expressed that confirmation in scattered sentences, when for instance it speaks of him as "*Summo*," or "*Sanctissimo Romano Pontifice*," and "*Dei in terris vicario*;" or of a "*Maximis Pontificibus, Christi Redemptoris nostri in terra Vicariis debita obedientia*;" or when in direct words it assigns to him "*Supremam in ecclesia universa potestatem*." Yet the fact was, *the prelates disagreed among themselves as to whether obedience be due to the Holy Father or not*. Who a more proper person to decide the question than the infallible Pope himself?

In the "*Professio Fidei*," therefore, we find the omission of the "*Decret. Concil. Trident.*" supplied. It is there said: "*I firmly admit and embrace the apostolical* AND ECCLESIASTICAL TRADITIONS, *as well as all other observances and ordinances of the same Church* [of Rome]. . . . *I acknowledge the holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church to be the mother and mistress of all Churches*, AND PROMISE ON MY OATH TRUE OBEDIENCE TO THE ROMAN POPE, *the successor of the blessed Peter, the prince of the Apostles, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. . . So help me God, and these holy Gospels of God.*"*

The "*Catechismus Romanus*" is still more explicit. It says, "*The Catholic Church has ever venerated the Roman Bishop* (*pontificem maximum*), *whom Cyrillus Alex., at the synod of Ephesus* [431], *styled the Archbishop of the whole earth, and the Father and Patriarch of the world. For, occupying as he does the chair of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles,* WHO MOST ASSUREDLY HIMSELF OCCUPIED IT TO THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, *he is, in it, entitled to the highest honours, and the most unbounded jurisdiction, as having been conferred on him, not by the decrees of any Council or other* HUMAN *authority,* BUT BY GOD HIMSELF. *For which reason he presides, as the father and ruler of all bishops and other ecclesiastics* (*although to them also power and office be given*), *over the universal Church, as the successor of Peter, and the true and lawful Vicar of Christ on earth.*"*

The same "Catechismus Romanus" distinctly asserts the infallibility of the Roman Church, when it says, *This only Church cannot err*;† which sentence is in various passages amplified by *Bellarmin*; but in none more characteristically than in the following: He writes thus, "*The language of the Church*, i. e. *of the Council, or of the Pope, when speaking from his chair, is not the language of man*, i. e. *language liable to error,* BUT RATHER THE LANGUAGE OF GOD."‡ Here, then, we have in a few words the awful but true language of the Romish Church; a doctrine she openly professes and maintains up to the present day: *God speaks by the Church; the Church speaks by the Pope; the word of the Pope is the word of God.*

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* Apostolicas et ecclesiasticas traditiones reliquasque ejusdem ecclesiæ observationes et constitutiones firmissime admitto et amplector. . . . . Sanctam Catholicam et apostolicam Romanam ecclesiam omnium ecclesiarum matrem et magistram agnosco, Romanoque pontifici, beati Petri apostolorum principis successori ac Jesu Christi vicario, veram obedientiam spondeo ac juro. . . . Sic me Deus adjuvat et hæc sancta Dei evangelia!

* Catholica ecclesia Romanum pontificem maximum, quem in Ephesina synodo Cyrillus Alexandrinus archiepiscopum totius orbis terrarum patrem et patriarcham appellat, semper venerata est. Cum enim in Petri apostolorum principis cathedra sedeat, in qua usque ad finem sedisse constat, summum in eo dignitatis gradum et jurisdictionis amplitudinem, non quidem ullis synodicis aut aliis humanis constitutionibus, sed divinitus datam agnoscit. Quamobrem omnium fidelium et episcoporum ceterorumque antistitum, quocunque illi munere et potestate præditi sint, pater ac moderator universali ecclesiæ ut Petri successor Christique verus et legitimus vicarius in terris præsidet.—*Cat. Rom.* ii. vii. xviii.

† The passage runs thus, "Quemadmodum haec una ecclesia errare non potest. . . . ita ceteras omnes, quae sibi ecclesiae nomen arrogant, ut quae diaboli spiritu ducantur, in doctrinae et morum perniciosissimis erroribus versari necesse est."—*Cat. Rom.* i. x. xviii.

‡ "Verbum ecclesiae, *i. e.* concilii vel pontificis docentis ex cathedra non est verbum hominis, *i. e.* verbum errori obnoxium, sed aliquo modo verbum Dei, *i. e.* prolatum assistente et gubernante Spiritu Sancto." *De verbo Dei*, iii. x.

From the passages quoted, we learn that Rome rests her pretensions to divine and universal authority on a threefold assertion; firstly, that Christ appointed St. Peter to be his vicar-general on earth, with power to transfer his charge to whomsoever he might judge proper; secondly, that St. Peter founded and occupied to the time of his death the Episcopal chair of Rome; and, thirdly, that the Popes are the duly appointed successors of St. Peter, both to his chair and to his vicarial power. Before we proceed, however, to consider the proofs alleged by the Church of Rome in support of her pretensions, we may be permitted to point out to our readers the leading, and it would appear to us decisive, feature of the question, which, notwithstanding its prominent character, has yet, as far as we know, remained altogether unnoticed by preceding writers.

Were the pretended divine authority of the Popes lodged in an office instituted by Christ, or had it ever been looked upon as such by the Church of Rome, it would be a matter of utter indifference to her whether St. Peter himself, or any one else held it: the *office* conferring divine authority on the occupant, instead of the *occupant* bringing divine authority into the office—possession would be incontrovertible right. In such a case, the Romish Church, as a matter of course, would claim for her Popes, and ever have claimed, that divine authority by virtue of their *office*. But she claims it by virtue of being *the successors of St. Peter*, in whose *person* Christ is asserted to have vested the alleged authority. This authority is consequently insisted on to be of a *personal* character; and through the *persons* of the Popes to have descended to the present occupant of St. Peter's chair. The circumstance of the apostle having founded and occupied this chair, is only so far of importance, as the appointed Vicar of Christ, *as it were*, identified with its office the far higher charge intrusted to him by his divine master.

Here we have the real point of the question before us. By an "*as it were*" Rome would indeed, if she could, convert a groundless assumption into an indubitable fact; but it is in vain. The vicarage of Christ and the bishopric of Rome remain two *distinct* charges, though they had been, or still be, united in one person. Or will Rome maintain, that, because St. Peter, the vicar of Christ, and the prince of the Apostles, founded and occupied her Episcopal chair, every one of his successors to that *chair* must of necessity be also the vicar of Christ and the prince of the Apostles? We will not ask her why she has never claimed for her Popes the title of an "Apostle" of Christ; but we will remind her that, according to her own tradition, St. Peter founded yet *another* Episcopal chair—the chair of *Antioch*,—aye, and that he occupied it seven years before he ever set his foot in Rome. Surely, then, the Bishops of *Antioch*, who were as much the successors of St. Peter to his Episcopal Chair as those of Rome were, would have had the *first* right to the vicarage, claimed by the latter; and if between the *two* chairs it had not at once fallen to the ground, it would have been a miracle indeed. For this reason, too, the Church of Rome is yet, for her own sake, compelled to urge her pretensions to divine power, by virtue of this power having descended from St. Peter, through the *persons* of her Popes. In fact, had St. Peter never been Bishop of Rome, yet the Bishops of Rome being his appointed successors to the vicarage of Christ, would be entitled to divine authority all the same. But Rome having no means whatever of proving this, her only resource is to insist on the Roman Episcopacy of St. Peter, as *a kind of historical testimony* to his vicarial power having descended from him to his successors; not because they are Bishops of Rome, but because St. Peter, who was Bishop of Rome, appointed them to the vicarage of Christ.

We need not direct the attention of our readers to the utter flagrancy of such a proof; yet, for argument's sake, we will, for one moment, here admit it—admit that every assertion of the Church of Rome is true—that Christ named St. Peter to be his Vicar-General on earth—that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome—that he appointed (for we will even overlook the embarrassing contradictions of the Romish tradition) St. Linus to be his successor, both to his Episcopal Chair and to his vicarial authority—that the latter appointed, in the same quality, St. Anacletus, and St. Anacletus again St. Clement. But here we must pause. It is a fact of history, which admits of no contradiction, that, already in the very earliest times of the Church, the Popes of Rome were elected, AFTER THE DEATH OF THE PRECEDING POPE,* *by the provincial bishops and*

* The meaning of "Pope" is identical with that of our "papa," used by children, and as a term of endearment for "father." This is testified by Hesychius, who says, *sub voce*, *παπάζειν: πάππα τοῦ πατρὸς ὑποκόρισμα πεποίηται δὲ ἡ λέξις ἀπὸ τῶν παιδίων, ἃ λέγει τοῖς πατράσι, πάππα.* All bishops were originally styled by the common title of "Pope." Most of the letters addressed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, bear the superscription "*Cypriano Papae*," and by the *Roman* clergy (Ep. xxx.) he is saluted "*Beatissimus ac Gloriosissimus Papa.*" The Alexandrian Presbyter Dionysius calls his bishop *τὸν μακάριον πάπαν* (Euseb. H. E. vii. 7). St. Augustine and others are so styled by Hieronymus

the whole community. In all probability, the immediate successor of Clement was so elected; of one of his next successors we know it for certain. Under any circumstances, the incontrovertible conclusion to be drawn from the fact is this:—*The Bishops of Rome, if ever they were, ceased again to be the Vicars of Christ on earth, when the last bishop, in whose* PERSON *that authority was vested, died without having appointed his successor;* for the next bishop being elected by the provincial bishops and the community at large, who had only the power to elect a Bishop of Rome, *but could not possibly endow him with the divine authority of a Vicar of Christ,* thereby became a simple bishop of Christendom.

In whatever way the Church of Rome may turn the question, in whatever manner she may shift her ground, she will, on all sides, encounter the same insurmountable difficulty; and with the benefit of all her fundamental assertions, and the fullest latitude of her tradition granted to her, she will yet be unable, by a consistent argument, to show that the divine authority of Christ continued to descend by the Popes beyond the commencement of the second century of our era.

We will now proceed to examine the *real* claims to universal authority advanced by the Church of Rome. For the first part of her assertion she points to the testimony of Holy Scripture, St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19, and St. John xxi. 15. The latter passage has the words addressed by our Lord to St. Peter: "Feed my lambs;" (*Βόσκε τὰ ἀρνία μου*; pasce agnos meos;) which Rome construes into Christ having appointed St. Peter to be his Vicar-General on earth, contending that the meaning of *βόσκειν*, pascere, is "to rule," "imperium aut dominatum exercere." We need not say that she is unable to refer to one single passage, from either profane or sacred writers, in which the word has been used in that sense; and the utter inadmissibility of her interpretation is therefore candidly admitted, even by some of her most zealous adherents (Steph. Babuzius *in notis ad Servatum Lupum*, p. 425, *seq.*); nay, it is acknowledged by the enlightened *Pope*, Silvester II., that the charge of feeding the flock of Christ was not given to St. Peter alone, but to all other bishops of the Church (*De Episcoporum et Sacerdotum officiis in* Jo. Mabillan. *Analectorum*, tom. ii., p. 217). But, above all, we have St. Peter's own comment upon the words of his Divine Master, when he thus exhorts the elders of the Churches of Asia Minor: "*Feed the flock of God* which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, . . . *not as ruling over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock.*"—(1 Pet. v. 3.)

In the second passage quoted, St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19, the words occur: "And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter [a rock], and upon this rock I will build my Church." It is our Lord again who thus speaks to his disciple. Among the old fathers there is a great diversity of opinion as to the interpretation of "rock" (*πέτρα*, petra) in this place. For our own part, we as freely admit its reference to St. Peter,* as the learned Roman Catholic Du Pin admits that the primacy of the Popes cannot be proved by the sentence (*De antiq. eccles. discipl.* diss. iv. cap. i. § i. p. 305). Indeed, all it shows is, that Christ called his *first-chosen* disciple the foundation of his Church; certainly not, however, to the exclusion of his other disciples, as clearly appears from St. Matthew xviii. 18; St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephes. ii. 20; and Rev. xxi. 14. But what does the whole passage, in reference to the pretensions of Rome, *really prove?* The words of our Lord are truth: will she deny it? Or will she assert that the history of the last sixteen centuries is but a tissue of fictions and of lies? If not, let her read that history; and on every page she will find it inscribed in indelible characters of pride and ostentation—of hatred and malice—of superstition and idolatry—of crimes of every kind and every hue—*the Church of Rome is not the Church of Christ, and the tottering chair of the Popes not the rock on which it was built.*

That St. Peter, owing to his individual character, and to the distinction shown to him on more than one occasion by his Divine Master, was possessed of high authority among the other Apostles, no one will deny;

(Ep. xxxix. 68, 72, 75, &c.). It was not till the days of Gregory VII. that the title became the exclusive property of the Bishops of Rome (Th. Ruinart. *not. ad Gregor. Turon. Hist.* iv. 26).

* It is more than probable that the language in which our Lord habitually conversed with his disciples was the Syro-Chaldaic. The meaning of the Syriac word Keepho, as well as of the Chaldaic כיפא (Kepha), is "rock," equivalent to the Hebrew כֵּף, which latter is so translated in our version of the Old Testament (Jeremiah iv. 29; Job xxx. 6). Thence the Greek Κηφᾶς, corresponding to the *sound*, and Πέτρος, corresponding to the *sense*, of the original. Had our first translators herein followed the example of the Evangelists, and of the Latin translators, the Latin word *Petrus* would be unknown in our language as the surname given by Christ to the Apostle Simon (St. John i. 42) and the English "Rock" as familiar to us as now Petrus is, however strange this may appear. Κηφᾶς cannot correctly be rendered "a stone," as has been done in our version of the passage just alluded to.

but it is equally undeniable that such authority rested only on a voluntary deference yielded to him by his fellow-apostles, and not on a constituted power conferred on him by Christ. He exercised it by virtue of his personal influence, not by virtue of any office. In his character as one of the chosen disciples of Christ, he was superior to no other disciple. He calls himself συμπρεσβύτερος, *co-elder* (1 Pet. v. 1); and surely, if he had been what the Church of Rome asserts, the very representative of Christ on earth—nay, if he had even held a higher authority of any kind than the other Apostles—it would have been his duty to *claim*, instead of silently *disclaiming* it, when he writes thus to the Churches of Asia Minor:—"This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance: that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken by the holy prophets, and of the commandment *of us, the Apostles of the Lord and Saviour.*" We have, therefore, St. Peter's own words for it, that the first part of the assertion of the Romish Church is utterly groundless; and this is moreover attested by the whole of the New Testament. The reason is simple: Rome did not derive her power from Christ; she usurped it by fraud and deception, and then turned to Holy Scripture for support—but in vain: the Word of God bears witness to no lie.

For the second—the strictly historical part of the assertion of Rome regarding the Antiochian and Roman Episcopacy of St. Peter, she refers exclusively to the testimony of her tradition; although numerous and most important data bearing upon the question may be collected from the gospel of St. John, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul and of St. Peter himself. We will, therefore, first, and distinctly from the tradition, examine the sacred text.

From St. John xxi. 17-19, we have reason to infer that St. Peter died a martyr for the sake of Christ, but *where* and *when*, it is not stated. It must have been, however, before St. John added the last chapter to his gospel. This was written certainly after the destruction of Jerusalem, and in all probability between the years 80 and 90. In the early part of St. Luke's account, the apostolic labours of St. Peter form the prominent feature; and it is undeniable, that, having his fixed residence at Jerusalem (Gal. i. 18; ii. 9) he had not left Judea previously to his imprisonment by order of Agrippa the Great, shortly before the death of the latter, and after the martyrdom of St. James. This was at Easter (Acts xii. 3), undoubtedly in the year 44 (Joseph. *Antiq.* xix. c. 8, sect. 2; *compare* xviii. c. 6, sect. 10).* God having delivered St. Peter from the hands of the king, he thereupon "departed and went into another place" (Acts xii. 17). From this time to the holding of the Council of the Apostles, St. Luke makes no mention of his name; but we know, from Gal. ii. 11, that he was at Antioch, in all probability at the beginning of the year 46.† At the Council of the Apostles, which was held at the commencement of 49,‡ St. Peter is again at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 7). After this his name appears no further in the Acts.

St. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, i. 11, writes thus: "I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, *to the end that ye may be established*," and i. 15, 16, "*I am ready to preach the gospel to you also*, for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." He further says, xv. 20, *seq.*: "Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, *not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation:* but . . .; and having a great desire *these many years* to come to you, whenever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you . . .; and I am sure, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the gospel of Christ." To every Christian who believes in the truth of the Apostle's words: nay, to every unpre-

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* Dr. Scheler (p. 33, *seq.*) erroneously places these events in the year 45.

† With the majority of expositors, Dr. Scheler (p. 52) assumes this visit of St. Peter to Antioch to have taken place subsequently to the Council of the Apostles; but the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians appears to us to bear such positive marks of having been written before the period mentioned, that nothing but blind attachment to a *theory* intended to remove the difficulties in which the chronology of this portion of the Holy Scriptures is enveloped, can, in our judgment, cause their testimony to be overlooked. A necessary consequence of that assumption is the even still more untenable supposition (Dr. Scheler, p. 51) of the voyage of St. Paul to Jerusalem, to which he alludes, Gal. ii. 1, being identical with the voyage related by St. Luke, Acts xv. 2; for there can be no reasonable doubt but that the journey mentioned Acts xi. 30 (comp. xii. 25), is meant; and without the difficulty attaching to the "fourteen years" (Gal. ii. 1) there would probably not be a dissenting voice on the subject.

‡ According to Dr. Scheler (p. 52), the Council was not held till the year 52 or 53; and he is supported in this opinion by Ussher, Spanheim, and others. But as it is certain that the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans was written towards or at the beginning of 59, consequently only from five to six years afterwards; and as his second and third missionary journeys, during which he made a stay of upwards of four years at Corinth and Ephesus alone, fall in the interval, the incorrectness of the above date will, from a perusal of the Acts, become evident. In favour of the year 49 are also Pearson, Petavius, Baronius, and others

judiced and well-constituted mind, it must appear indubitable, that, when St. Paul addressed those passages to the adherents of the Christian faith at Rome, there had not then as yet been an Apostle among the latter to receive them as living members into the congregation of Christ's flock, or, to use the expression of St. Paul, "to establish them." The epistle was doubtless written towards the latter end of 58, or at the beginning of 59. At this period, consequently, St. Peter had not as yet been in Rome; nor was he, nor had he been there on the arrival of St. Paul in the spring of 62, as is clearly proved by the account of St. Luke, Acts xxviii. 24; for when the Apostle of the Gentiles called the chief of the Jews together (ver. 17), they knew no more of "that sect" (the Christian), except "that it was everywhere spoken against" (ver. 22).

The first epistle of St. Peter was written from Babylon (v. 13). During the early period of our era, the Asiatic province of Babylon, with its capital of the same name, belonged to the extensive and powerful kingdom of the Parthians, comprising the whole of the Persian empire. The river Euphrates divided it from the Roman territory. Frequent wars were the consequence; but alternately victorious and defeated, the Parthians were yet never subdued by the arms of conquering Rome (Strabo xvi.; Pliny vi. 29, 30; *compare* 1 Maccab. xiv. 2). The city of Babylon contained a very large population, and *an extensive colony of Jews* (Joseph. *Antiq.* xv. c. 2, sect. 2; xv. 3, 1; xviii. 9, 1; Philo. op. ii. pp. 578, 587). It was, therefore, in every respect, a fit place for St. Peter to select as the centre of his later apostolical activity, Babylon being, so to speak, the capital of the East, as Rome, the seat of St. Paul's activity, was that of the West; and it would seem that the plans of the two Apostles had been concerted by a mutual understanding.*

The First Epistle of St. Peter, like all the other Epistles, bears no date, but contains sufficient internal evidence to enable us to arrive at the approximate time at which it was written. It is addressed by *the Apostle of the Circumcision to the Christian* Churches of Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia (i. 1), consisting *principally of Gentiles* (i. 14, 18; ii. 9, *seq.*; iii. 6; iv. 3), and, at least for the greater part, *founded by St. Paul* and his companions. The first inference to be drawn from this striking fact is, that the epistle must have been written *after St. Paul's death*. It is in vain to attempt any other explanation: the unbiassed judgment will ever return to that one unvarying conclusion. It has been contended, that the fact is satisfactorily accounted for by the supposition of the epistle having been composed during St. Paul's captivity at Cesarea; but have not *numerous* epistles been written in the course of the very same period by St. Paul himself? Nothing, we repeat it, but the *death* of St. Paul could have necessitated or warranted St. Peter in interfering with the special duties of the former. In this conclusion we are fully borne out by the passage, v. 12; and by the frequent allusions in the epistle to *the Neronian persecution* (i. 6, 7; iii. 13-16; iv. 12-19; v. 10). That there can be no question of any other suffering endured by the early Christian Church, is evident from the simple circumstance of its being the *first* of so general and terrible a character, as described by St. Peter, which that Church had to undergo. The expressions, i. 7,—"Though your faith be tried *with fire*," and iv. 12, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, *as though some strange thing happened unto you*," compared with Tacitus, Annals xv. 44,*—can, in our opinion, leave no doubt on the subject.

* This is confirmed by the following passage from the *Libr. de non iterand. bapt.* (Cypr. *op. ed. Rigalt.* app. p. 139):—"Liber qui inscribitur Pauli praedicatio, in quo libro . . . invenies, post tanta tempora Petrum et Paulum, post conlationem evangelii in Hierusalem, et mutuam altercationem et rerum agendarum dispositionem, postremo in urbe, quasi tunc primum, invicem sibi esse cognitos." That mutual explanation and agreement must consequently have taken place during St. Paul's presence at Jerusalem at the time of the Council of the Apostles, and to which the text seems distinctly to refer; for had St. Peter visited or resided in the Jewish capital during St. Paul's captivity, St. Luke would assuredly have mentioned it. The pretended "Praedicatio Pauli" appears to have formed the conclusion of the "Praedicatio Petri," and dates probably from about the middle of the second century, which explains the latter part of the sentence quoted.

* As we shall have further occasion to refer to this passage, we will quote it here:—"Ergo, abolendo rumori (that the conflagration of Rome owed its origin to Nero's orders), Nero subdidit reos, et quaesitissimis poenis affecit quos, per flagitia invisos, vulgus Christianos appellabat. Auctor nominis ejus Christus, Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat. Repressaque in praesens exitiabilis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non modo per Judaeam, originem ejus mali, sed per urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque. Igitur primum correpti qui fatebantur, deinde indicio eorum multitudo ingens, haud perinde in crimine incendii, quam odio humani generis convicti sunt. Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut, ferarum tergis contecti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi, *aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.* Hortos suos ei spectaculo Nero obtulerat, et circense ludicrum edebat, habitu aurigae permixtus plebi, vel curriculo insistens.

We have, therefore, every reason to conclude that the first epistle of St. Peter was written, *at the earliest*, towards the end of 64, or the beginning of 65. That it cannot have been written any considerable time before that period, is proved by a comparison of i. 3 with Ephes. i. 3; of ii. 1 with Col. iii. 8; of ii. 13 with Rom. xiii. 1-4; of iv. 9 with Phil. ii. 14, &c. &c.; showing that St. Peter, when he wrote it, was already acquainted with the epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians. A further support for our opinion we have in the passage iv. 17, which contains an evident allusion to St. Luke xxi. 12, and, as such, would again point to the time of the Neronian persecution; and lastly, it is confirmed by the second epistle of St. Peter, inasmuch as it is addressed to the same Churches (iii. 1), and plainly refers to the death of St. Paul.

It is there said: "Wherefore, beloved . . . account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation, even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written (ἔγραψεν) unto you; as also, in all his epistles (ἐν πάσαις ταῖς ἐπιστολαῖς) speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable, wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." Would St. Peter have thus written to "the children" of St. Paul (Gal. iv. 19) during the lifetime of their instructor, who, in case of any doubt as to the meaning of his words, had only to be referred to? Besides, the grammatical construction of the sentence fully bears us out in our conclusion. In the first place, the Greek Aorist, for which we have no corresponding tense in our language, representing in the narrative the pluperfect, and probably nowhere in the New Testament the perfect form of the verb, the meaning of ἔγραψεν may either be rendered by "he (once) wrote," or "he used to write;" for, though we admit that the Aorist is *rarely* employed in the latter sense by the apostolical writers, yet, in the passage before us, it would seem to us certainly to warrant, if not to demand, this construction; more particularly as, in the second place, the article joined to πασαῖς ἐπιστολαῖς denotes the epistles of St. Paul as a definitely closed series, but which they could only become by his death. In some editions of the New Testament, therefore, the article is omitted, but without sufficient critical authority. The epistle was composed when St. Peter expected his approaching death (2 Pet. i. 14), after the first (iii. 1), as well after the epistle of Jude, to confirm which would appear to have been one of its objects (*comp.* 2 Pet. i. 2 with Jude 2; 2 Pet. i. 5, 12, 13, 15 with Jude 3; 2 Pet. ii. 1-3 with Jude 4; 2 Pet. ii. 4 with Jude 6; 2 Pet. ii. 6, 10 with Jude 7, 8, &c. &c.; and at the time when the Christians had already commenced to feel disappointed of the promise of our Lord's return (2 Pet. iii. 4). For this reason, it has been the opinion of many that the epistle was not written till after the destruction of Jerusalem; but the epistle of Jude having doubtless been composed previously to that event, we do not think there is sufficient ground for such a supposition, and would, therefore, rather assign to it a date between the years 65 and 67.

Having thus stated what we know, or are able to infer from the sacred text, in regard to the later history of St. Peter, we will proceed to examine the accounts of the early Fathers, upon whose testimony the Church of Rome rests her actual power, not less than her pretensions. According to them St. Peter *twice* visited Rome, the first time in the second year of Claudius, A.D. 42, after having previously founded the Episcopal Chair of Antioch. This tradition dates from *Eusebius* († 340 in Chronic. ad ann. ii. Claudii). It is confirmed and embellished by *Jerome* († 420), who adds to it, that the immediate object of St. Peter's journey was to combat Simon the Magician, and that he held the Episcopal Chair of Rome for five and twenty years, till the last year of Nero, 68 (*in Catal.* c. i. *comp.* Scaliger. *not. ad Euseb. chron.* p. 189). *St. Leo* († 461) subsequently fixed the duration of his Antiochian Episcopacy at seven years (Serm. lxxx. 5). But we have no sooner set our foot on the field of the Romish tradition, than we find ourselves surrounded by inextricable contradictions. *Lactantius* († 325), who lived before Eusebius, states that St. Peter did not arrive in Rome till the reign of Nero (cumque jam Nero imperaret, *De mort. persecut.* c. 2); and *Origen* († 253), who lived before either, assures us that he only went there to die (ἐπὶ τέλει, *ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* iii. 1). What admits of no doubt is, that, as we have already seen from the Acts, St. Peter had not left Jerusalem at the beginning of 44. It is, therefore, *generally* acknowledged, by Roman Catholic as well as by Protestant writers, that the above tradition, at least as far as

Unde, quanquam adversus sontes et novissima exempla meritos, miseratio oriebatur, tanquam non utilitate publica, sed in saevitiam unius absumerentur."

the second year of Claudius is concerned, is *false*.*

The origin of the error of Eusebius is easily traced, through Clement Alex. (✠ 220), (Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 15), to a misunderstanding of Justin Martyr (✠ 168), who, interpreting the inscription of a statue of the Sabian-Roman deity Semo of Simon the Magician, and bearing in mind, no doubt, the relation of St. Luke (Acts viii. 18, *seq.*), accused the Romans of making a god of him, and thereby laid the foundation of the fabulous tradition of St. Peter's sojourn at Rome in the reign of Claudius, and the still more fabulous history of his combat with Simon the Magician—a combat and a sojourn, however, of which he himself knows nothing.†

The Church of Antioch was, according to St. Luke, Acts xi. 19–26, founded by St. Paul and Barnabas, in all probability in the year 39. Yet, if we were to believe the Roman tradition, St. Peter was Bishop of Antioch from the 22d February, 36, to 18th January, 43. (St. Jerome, St. Leo, St. Gregor. ep. 37; *Martyrol. Rom.*) We should not even have further alluded to an assertion, which has already been proved to be false, were it not to give an illustration of the manner in which the sacred text is treated by the tradition, and the tradition, in its turn, occasionally by the Church of Rome. Jerome (*in Comm. ad Gal.* cap. 2) tells us that we ought not to wonder at St. Luke's *passing over in silence* the Antiochian episcopacy of St. Peter, because, *by virtue of a historian's license*, he also omits much concerning St. Paul; and that we may, therefore, feel quite assured, St. Peter, although St. Luke *omits* to mention the fact, *was* the first Bishop of Antioch, *and that he proceeded thence to Rome in the second year of Claudius*.*

In the middle of the sixteenth century, Onuphrius Panvenius, in his work, "Epitome Pontific. Roman. a S. Petro usque ad Paulum IV.," stated, it was clear, that if St. Peter had been twenty-five years Bishop of Rome, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Nero, he could not have held the chair of Antioch seven years *previous* to his Roman episcopacy. It was his opinion, therefore, that St. Peter, on leaving Judea, had first gone to Rome; had here established his chair; had in the fourth year of his episcopacy, by the edict of Claudius against the Jews, been expelled from Italy; had proceeded to Antioch; had here founded his second chair; had held it up to the time of the emperor's death (13th October, 54); and had then returned to Rome, not being permitted so to do during the lifetime of Claudius. Among the zealous Romanists of the period, this sentence caused much dissatisfaction and uneasiness; but Sixtus V., perceiving its evident advantages in every respect (what an example, for instance, of a plurality of benefices!), *commanded* it, in 1586, to be confirmed by Latinus Latinius, who consequently expressed his full approval of the opinion of Panvinius, "because it would be no easy matter for any one to prove that the chair of Antioch had been founded by St. Peter previously to the second year of Claudius; *before which time, it is clear from the Acts of St. Luke, that he had scarcely set his foot out of Judea;* but surely such a fact, *which* it would seem *St. Luke ought to have commemorated above all others*, was *not to be passed over in silence*," &c.†

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* Even *Valesius* says: "Quum anno quarto Claudii mortuus sit Agrippa, ut inter omnes convenit, Petrus ante hunc annum Romam proficisci *non potuit*." (In Not. ad Euseb. Hist. Eccl. ii. 16.)

† The words of Justin are, "Σίμωνα μὲν τινα Σαμαρέα τὴν ἀπὸ κώμης λεγομένης Τίττων, ὃς ἐπὶ Κλαυδίου καίσαρος διὰ τῆς τῶν ἐνεργούντων δαιμόνων τέχνης δυνάμεις ποιήσας μαγικὰς ἐν τῇ πόλει ἡμῶν βασιλίδι Ῥώμῃ θεὸς ἐνομίσθη, καὶ ἀνδριάντι παρ' ἡμῶν ὡς θεὸς τετίμηται· ἐξ ἀνδριὰς ἀνεγήγερται ἐν τῷ Τίβερι ποταμῷ, μεταξὺ τῶν δύο γεφυρῶν, ἔχων ἐπιγραφὴν 'Ρωμαϊκὴν ταύτην· Σίμωνι θεῷ σάγκτῳ." His error was confirmed and adorned by Irenaeus, Tertullian, Epiphanius, Eusebius, Cyrillus Hierosol., Theodoret, Augustine, and others. The statue to which Justin Martyr refers, was in 1574 excavated from the bed of the Tiber. It bears the following inscription:

SEMONI
SANCO
DEO · FIDIO
SACRUM
COL. MUSSIANUS
QUINQUENNALIS
DECUR
BIDENTALIS
DONUM DEDIT.

* "Nec mirum esse," are his words, "si Lucas hanc rem tacuerit, cum et alia multa, quæ Paulus, sustinuisse se replicat, Historiographi licentiâ praetermiserit, et non statim esse contrarium, si quod alius ob causam dignum putavit relatu, alius inter caetera dereliquit. Denique primum Episcopum Antiochenae Ecclesiae Petrum fuisse accipimus, et Romam exinde (anno II. Claudii), translatum, quod Lucas penitus omisit."

† In this semi-official document:—"Latini Latinii Responsio de sententia Honufrii Panvini, quam probat jussu Sixti V., in quaestione Cathedrae S. Petri Antiochenae et Romanae," the writer says among other things:—"Ex historia Act. Apost. de Petri apud Antiochiam Cathedram simulque de adventu ad urbem nihil colligi posse videtur, quod in utramque partem trahi commodo disputando non possit. Nihil enim aliud ex historia de Petro (quod ad hanc quaestionem attinet) certum habemus, quam post carceris liberationem concilia apostolorum interfuisse. Conjecturis igitur Honufrius

Here then we have the interesting fact before us, that, on the one side, a Father of the Church maintains, in opposition to the Sacred text, a fiction to be a truth, accusing St. Luke of having, *by virtue of a historian's license*, wilfully suppressed that truth; and that, on the other side, an infallible Pope, *out of his chair*, commands *a tradition of the Church* (not because it is in contradiction with Holy Scripture, but because men will no longer believe that thirty-two are equal to twenty-five) *to be declared a falsehood;* and yet *in his chair*, continues to demand of every functionary of the Church *to swear to that falsehood as a holy truth.*

In immediate connexion with the tradition of St. Peter's sojourn at Rome in the reign of Claudius, stands that of St. Mark having written his Gospel in the Roman capital, according to Clement Alex. (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* ii. 15, and vi. 14), and Jerome (*Catal.* c. 8), during the lifetime of St. Peter; according to Irenaeus (*adv. Haer.* iii. 1), after his death. St. Mark being the companion of St. Peter at Babylon (1 Pet. v. 13), and his interpreter (ἑρμηνευτής), writing down from memory what he had heard St. Peter verbally relate of the acts of our Lord (Papias *ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* 3, 39), the latter tradition was the necessary consequence of the former, and has no other foundation. Chrysostom (*Homil.* 1 *in Matt.*) mentions the Gospel to have been written in Egypt, to which country St. Mark is said to have proceeded from Rome, and there to have founded several churches (Epiph. li. 6; Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 16; Niceph. ii. 15, 43; Jerome, *de vir. illust.* c. viii.). The latter Father adds that he died in the eighth year of Nero; but which is in contradiction with Irenaeus (*adv. Haer.* iii. 1), and proved to be erroneous by 1 Peter v. 13.

On the authority of the concluding note to the Gospel of St. Mark in the Peschito, confirmed by marginal notes of the Philoxeniana, of the Codex Cantab. (but here from a later hand), and some other manuscripts, Baronius was the first to assert (*Annal. Eccl. ad an.* 45) that it had originally been written in Latin. This, however, is positively contradicted by Jerome (*ad Damasc.*), and Augustin (*de cons. ev.* i. 4), as well as by the notes of other manuscripts (Wetsten. N. T. I., 642). The note of the Peschito may possibly owe its origin, as De Wette thinks (*Introd.* § 99) to Clement Alex. (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* ii. 15), but we hold it sufficiently accounted for by the circumstance of that translation dating certainly not beyond the latter end of the second century, when the tradition of St. Peter's sojourn at Rome had already commenced very much to spread. We have every reason to believe, as will appear from the sequel, that St. Mark wrote his Gospel at Babylon, after the martyrdom of St. Paul, and consequently designed it for the use of the Latin as well as the Asiatic, mostly Gentile churches, whose care had then altogether devolved on St. Peter. This appears to us to explain in a most satisfactory manner, the occurrence in it of a few Latin words and Latinized expressions,* upon which the supposition of its having been written at Rome, after all, chiefly rests.

From what precedes, we have seen that St. Peter, as acknowledged by papal authority, cannot, previously to the year 55, have sojourned at Rome, except between the latter end of 44 and the year 47. There is

eam rationem secutus videtur, qua, nisi fallor, etiam si nullam cum haereticis contentionem suscepisset, *expeditior exitus ab obscura et involuta quaestione pateret.* Si enim Petrus annos xxv. Romae cathedram tenuit, quod omnes fere scriptores fatentur, initiumque ejus anno secundo Claudii Imperatoris fuit, id est anno post Christi adscensum x. aut etiam xi., qui simul collecti summam faciunt saltem ann. xxv. manifesto constat id temporis intervallum ad ultimum Neronis Imperatoris annum extendi, ideoque ad septem annos Antiochenae Cathedrae tribuendos ex praedicto numero nihil posse decidi; superaddi vero quicquam non posse. . . . . Haec Honufrii conjectura, si quis, ut ego sentio, diligenter consideret rem, de qua agitur, non absurda, non levis, sed maxime consentanea atque probabilis censeatur necesse est. Antiochiae enim cathedram fundatam a Petro intra id temporis spatium, quod usque ad secundum Claudii annum fluxit, quo tempore ex Judaea Petrum vix pedem extulisse ex Lucae historia aperte constat, non facile quisquam probabit. Ea vero res ut maximi alicujus momenti a Luca commemoranda esse videbatur, non silentio praetermittenda. Quare in aliud tempus, quam in ipsum xxv. annorum curriculum septennium Antiochenae cathedrae incidere commode non posse Honufrius statuit. Neque id solus vel primus ausus est affirmare. Si enim, quae scripsit Bedas Venerabilis in cap. xiii. Act. Apost. vera sunt, necesse est, credamus Apostolos ex Christi praecepto annos xii. in Judaea evangelium praedicasse, ut refert ipse ex Ecclesiastica historia constare. Quare non video cur hanc Honufrii opinionem aut absurdam aut a Sacra Scriptura alienam accusare vere quisquam possit . . . . Ex aedibus 4° Idus Maii 1586. (Latinii Epist. p. 307-9. Romae, 1659, 4to.)

* In the 12th chapter, v. 42, λεπτὰ δύο is explained by κοδράν τινες, the Roman coin *Quadrans;* chap. vi. 27, the Latin word σπεκουλάτωρ is used; and chap. xv. 39, 44, 45, that of κεντυρίων, *centurio*, instead of ἑκατοντάρχης. Chap. vi. 37, and xiv. 5, we find δηνάριον (*denarius*); chap. xii. 14, κῆνσος (*census*); chap. v. 9, 15, λεγεών (*legio*); chap. vii. 4, 8, φραγελλόω (*flagello*); chap. xv. 16, πραιτώριον (*praetorium*); chap. xv. 15, τῷ ὄχλῳ τὸ ἱκανὸν ποιῆσαι (*populo satisfacere*); and chap. v. 23, ἐσχάτως ἔχειν (*in extremis esse*).

ample and incontrovertible testimony to prove that the epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians was written previous to the Council of the Apostles. The passages ii. 2, and 9 alone, would appear to us to place this beyond a doubt. It is equally certain that St. Paul's journey to Jerusalem, alluded to chap. ii. 1, is identical with the journey, mentioned by St. Luke, Acts xi. 30; xii. 25. The famine, which chiefly occasioned it, we know from Josephus (*Antiq.* xx. c. 5, sect. 6), to have taken place in the years 45 and 46; and which is in perfect accordance with other parts of Holy Scripture. In all probability, therefore, St. Paul arrived at Jerusalem towards the latter end of 45. At that time St. Peter was present in the Jewish capital (Gal. ii. 8, 9), to which he had most likely returned immediately after the death of Agrippa, and somewhat later we find him at Antioch (Gal. ii. 11) as we have before remarked, in 46; St. Paul having started on his first missionary journey towards the latter end of that year. If at any time, therefore, St. Peter visited some of the provinces of Asia Minor, as Origen (*ap. Euseb. H. E.* ii. 15), Jerome, and others, inform us he did *previously* to his going to Rome—and his presence at Antioch would seem scarcely to leave a doubt on this point—he must have visited them in the years 46 and 47; for at the beginning of 49, we know him to have been again at Jerusalem (Acts xv. 7).

Scripture and tradition thus unite to show that St. Peter, during the years 44–47, was preaching the Gospel in Palestine and Asia Minor, instead of sojourning at Rome; at which capital, therefore, he cannot, according to the sentence of Panvinius, have arrived till the year 55. St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, and St. Luke's account, Acts xxviii. 15–24, prove that seven years later, the scattered adherents of the Christian faith at Rome, had till then continued without an apostolical teacher, and that the Jews—although, according to the Romish tradition, *the apostle of the circumcision* had for the last *twenty years* held his episcopal chair in the capital—yet looked to *the apostle of the Gentiles* for the *first* authoritative information regarding "the sect that everywhere was spoken against."

Let us now examine the unanimous tradition of St. Peter having suffered martyrdom at Rome—a tradition, the truth of which is admitted even by the far greater majority of Protestant writers. The earliest testimony which is generally alleged in support of it is that of *Clement*, third Bishop of Rome, who in his first epistle to the Corinthians (p. 5), exhorts the latter to look for courage and perseverance to the examples set by the apostles; and then draws a parallel between St. Peter and St. Paul, both having suffered martyrdom for the sake of Christ. But he does not add one syllable as to *where* and *when* they suffered; and the inference, drawn from his words, is therefore wholly gratuitous; the more so, as he nowhere else mentions that St. Peter ever set his foot in Rome. A similar interpretation is forced upon an expression of *Ignatius*, in whose epistle to the Romans the words occur: "*I command you not like Peter and Paul* (οὐχ ὡς Πέτρος καὶ Παῦλος διατάσσομαι ὑμῖν); but, surely, if such expressions be proof, what is there that may not be proved?"

Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth (✠ 176), writes in an epistle to the Romans (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* ii. 25), that both St. Peter and St. Paul, having together instructed the Corinthians, had *at the same time* left Corinth for Italy, and after also *together* instructing the Romans, suffered martyrdom *in the same manner*.* It is this Father who bears the earliest witness† to the martyrdom of St. Peter at Rome, provided the epistle attributed to him by Eusebius was a genuine document. Its authenticity is, however, much doubted. At all events, the last part of the sentence of Dionysius is in direct contradiction of Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 25, and iii. 1; Tertullian, *contr. Marc.* iv. 5; and Lactantius, *de mort. persecut.* c. ii.; the former with St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, iv. 15: *compare* iii. 6, 10; ix. 1, 2; and, lastly, the remaining assertion of St. Peter having accompanied St. Paul on his journey to Rome, with the account of St. Luke, Acts xxviii.

There is, certainly, another tradition, which states St. Paul to have been liberated from his Roman captivity (Euseb. *Hist.*

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* The words of Eusebius are:—"Ὡς δὲ κατὰ τὸν αὐτὸν ἄμφω καιρὸν ἐμαρτύρησαν, . . . Διονύσιος . . . παρίστησι . . . καὶ γὰρ ἄμφω καὶ εἰς ἡμετέραν Κόρινθον φυτεύσαντες ἡμᾶς, ὁμοίως ἐδίδαξαν· ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ εἰς τὴν Ἰταλίαν ὁμόσε διδάξαντες, ἐμαρτύρησαν κατὰ τὸν αὐτὸν καιρόν.

† Dr. Scheler, p. 87, states, that the tradition of St. Peter's (second) voyage to, and his martyrdom at Rome, rests on the earliest testimony of *Papias* (✠ 164). This is an error. The first of the two passages which he quotes (Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 15), belongs partly to Clement Alex. and partly to Eusebius himself, who refers to the testimony of Papias only as far as concerns the approval of St. Mark's Gospel by St. Peter, bearing, no doubt, the very passage from Papias in mind, which Dr. Scheler further quotes (Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* iii. 39). With the sentence: "Porro Marci mentionem fieri aiunt a Petro in priore epistola, quam Romae scriptam contendunt," &c., Papias has evidently nothing to do.

Eccl. ii. 22), and subsequently to have travelled over nearly the whole known world (Niceph. ii. 34; Cyrillus, Metaphr., &c.), but Eusebius himself says, "it is said" (λόγος ἔχει), and he seems, otherwise, to rest his own belief in the probability of the report exclusively on 2 Timothy iv. 17; assuming this epistle to have been written subsequently to St. Paul's (first) stay at Rome. A journey of St. Paul to *Spain* has, in connexion with his intentions to that effect, as expressed in his epistle to the Romans (xv. 24, 28), been also inferred from a passage of Clement of Rome in his first epistle to the Corinthians, c. v., where, in speaking of the apostles, he says, "and when he had come to the boundary of the west," —(καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ τέρμα τῆς δύσεως ἐλθών)—an inference, however, which in itself is perfectly unwarrantable.* Origen (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* iii. 1) evidently knows nothing of St. Paul's journey. This tradition appears, therefore, to be as void of all historical truth as is the doubtful assertion of Dionysius, which has probably no other foundation than the passage, 1 Cor. i. 12.

We know for certain that St. Paul arrived in the Roman capital in the spring of 62, and that "he dwelt two years in his own hired house, preaching the kingdom of God." At first, he had been placed in separate confinement under the guard of a soldier (Acts xxviii. 16). The conflagration of Rome commenced on the 19th July, 64 (Tacit. *Ann.* xv. 41). At this period, therefore, we have the strongest reason to believe he was still in that capital. The Neronian persecution broke out immediately afterwards. Let us, from the description of Tacitus (*see* p. 27), picture to our mind's eye the terrible scenes which followed, and ask ourselves, can the idea that St. Paul, the head of "the hated for their vileness and their crimes," should have escaped the loosened fury of the Roman populace, excited to madness by the sight of the burning ruins of their city, and led on by the monster Nero in person, for one moment be reasonably entertained? But if there were still room left for the least doubt, it would be dispersed by the testimony of the two epistles of St. Peter; and to the unbiassed judgment the death of St. Paul at Rome, at the very commencement of the Neronian persecution, cannot, therefore, but appear an indubitable fact.

With the testimony of Dionysius of Corinth for the martyrdom of St. Peter at Rome, Eusebius combines also that of the Roman presbyter *Gaius* († 215), from whose work, "*Adv. Proculum*," he quotes the following passage: "*But I can show the trophies of the apostles. Whether you turn to the Vatican or to the Via Ostia, you meet with the trophies of those who are the founders of the Church.*"* Jerome, who, as a matter of course, confirms this tradition, translates "trophies" (τὰ τρόπαια) by "sepultus," "sepulchre," and says, "*Sepultus* [Petri] *Romæ in Vaticano, juxta viam triumphalem;*" in which sense the above passage has generally been looked upon as one of the strongest proofs in favour of the assertion in question. But, in the first place, it has not been considered that the words of Gaius are only by *Eusebius* referred, and, evidently contrary to their sense, exclusively referred to *St. Peter* and *St. Paul;* and, in the second place, the supposition of public monuments having been erected to the apostles, in the *second* century, at Rome, and in the immediate vicinity of the Vatican, is so preposterous, that it is surprising how it could, at any time, have gained even momentary credence. Moreover, the Neronian persecution, at its first outbreak, was of a most overwhelming character, and the assumption of any Christian having been permitted to witness the sufferings of his fellow-believers, much less to pay the last honours to their earthly remains, without being made to share their fate, is wholly inadmissible. What became of the mutilated bodies and

* Clement immediately adds:—καὶ μαρτυρήσας ἐπὶ τῶν ἡγουμένων, οὕτως ἀπηλλάγη τοῦ κόσμου. The common translation of this passage, and which also Dr. Scheler has followed, is (and when he had come to the boundary of the west), "he suffered martyrdom under those in authority, and so he quitted this world." But such a construction, besides its being ungrammatical, connected with a journey to Spain would evidently imply that St. Paul had also died in Spain. Clement has just been alluding to the extensive travels of St. Paul in the east and in the west: Διὰ ζῆλον ὁ Παῦλος ὑπομονῆς ἀπέσχεν ἐπτάκις δεσμὰ φορέσας, βληθείς, λιθασθείς, κῆρυξ γενόμενος ἔν τε τῇ ἀνατολῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ δύσει, τὸ γενναῖον τῆς πίστεως αὐτοῦ κλέος ἔλαβεν, δικαιοσύνην διδάξας ὅλον τὸν κόσμον, καὶ ἐπὶ τὸ τέρμα τῆς δύσεως ἐλθών, κ. τ. λ. We therefore take the meaning of Clement's words to be, and when he (St. Paul) had come to the end *of his travels* in the west (namely to Rome), and *testified Christ* before the rulers and the mighty, he, &c. There is no reason whatever to refer ἡγουμένοι, as has been done, exclusively to Helios and Polyktos, the actual regents of the Roman empire during Nero's absence from the capital. On the other hand, the translation of the word by "*the mighty of the earth*," which De Wette approves of (Introd. § 122), would again imply a journey to Spain, inasmuch as it would disconnect "the boundary of the west" from the place of St. Paul's martyrdom. We therefore prefer interpreting the expression of the chief authorities of Rome generally.

* "Ἐγὼ δὲ τὰ τρόπαια τῶν ἀποστόλων ἔχω δεῖξαι· ἐὰν γὰρ θελήσῃς ἀπελθεῖν ἐπὶ τὸν Βατικανὸν ἢ ἐπὶ τὴν ὁδὸν τὴν Ὠστίαν, εὑρήσεις τὰ τρόπαια τῶν ταύτην ἱδρυσαμένων τὴν ἐκκλησίαν."

scattered ashes of the innocent victims to a national calamity, and a tyrant's recklessness, God only knows, and no Christian probably ever knew; and *as the principal scene of their sufferings was the very locality named by Gaius* (Tacit. *loc. cit.*), it appears to us scarcely to admit of a doubt, but that all the Roman presbyter meant to say, when he wrote the words quoted, and used the word "apostle" in its more extended sense, was, *whether you turn to the Vatican or to the Via Ostia, the whole presents but one scene of suffering; every spot reminds you of a Christian dying for his faith; every stone is a trophy of the martyrdom of those who constituted the earliest Church.*

Thus we find that even the testimony of Gaius in regard to the Roman tradition is, to say the least, of a very doubtful character. For our argument, however, this fact is so far of little moment, as the senior of Gaius, *Irenaeus*, Bishop of Lyons (✠218), affirms the martyrdom of St. Peter at Rome in positive terms (*adv. Hær.* iii. 1); and henceforth it is as positively confirmed by Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, Eusebius, Jerome, and others, with more or less variation. In reference to the latter, we will only remark, that *Tertullian* (✠245) still has it, that St. Peter died the *same* death as our Saviour; whilst Origen (✠253) is the first to assert that, at his own request, he was crucified with his head downwards—in order, as Rufinus adds, that he might *not* seem to suffer the *same* death as Christ.*

From the epistles of St. Peter, and the account of St. Luke, reaching to the precise time when the conflagration of Rome happened, *and, perhaps, owing its somewhat abrupt conclusion to this very event*, we have already shown, that St. Peter wrote not long afterwards his first epistle from Babylon, and his second one, in all probability, between the years 65 and 67, from the same capital. This was, supposing the foreboding of the apostle to have proved true (2 Pet. i. 14, 15), shortly before his death. It is *possible*, therefore, that he may have gone to Rome, ἐπὶ τέλει, as Origen has it; *but there is not the very remotest reason for such a supposition.* The latter Father informs us, that it was generally contended, St. Peter had written his first epistle, not from Babylon in Persia, but from Rome in Italy, under the symbolical name of Babylon.* Here we have the key to the whole tradition of St. Peter's sojourn and death at Rome. It rests solely on that positive error.

We say the symbolical interpretation of the date of St. Peter's first epistle is a positive error. Yet, though an anomaly in itself, it has been defended, and defended by Protestant writers too. But there are *two generally acknowledged facts*, which baffle all the most subtle arguments, and will irresistibly bear us out in our assertion:—The symbolical allusion to Rome by the name of Babylon was not known before the Revelation was written.—The first epistle of St. Peter was written before the Apocalypse. On the other hand, the symbolical allusion to Rome in the Revelation having become generally known, probably *a long time* before the presence of St. Peter at Rome is ever mentioned by the tradition, which we have seen was not the case till towards *the third century*; we have the strongest possible reason to conclude, that the tradition derived its origin from that allusion, and from it alone. Thus we can in the most satisfactory manner account for what is otherwise altogether unaccountable: the contradictory reports of the tradition in regard to the time of St. Peter's arrival at Rome, and to the simple fact of his death, at a period, moreover, at evident variance with his own epistles; the fabulous history of his combat with Simon the Magician, and other absurdities; and, above all, the absence of every authentic information as to his apostolic labours for a space of time of nearly twenty years (for of the events in *Persia*, how little comes even now to our knowledge!) and *the utter ignorance of the whole Christian Church, during at least the first one hundred years after St. Peter's death, as to his ever having set his foot in Rome.* It appears to us, therefore, all but certain that St. Peter, as he chiefly, since the time of the Council of the Apostles, lived and taught, so—a martyr to his faith in Christ—he died at *Babylon*.

Thus the result of our inquiry shows, that of all the assertions on which the Church of Rome rests her claim to universal authority, not one will bear the least scrutiny; and that they are without any real foundation whatever. As to the Roman *Episcopacy* of St.

* Tertull. de Præscript. Hæret. c. xxxvi.; Origen ap. Eusebius *Hist. Eccl.* iii. 1: Πέτρος..... ἀνεσκολοπίσθη κατὰ κεφαλῆς, οὕτως ἀξιώσας παθεῖν, which Rufinus translates: Crucifixus est deorsum capite demerso, quod ipse ita fieri deprecatus est, ne exaequari Domino videretur.

* His words are (*Hist. Eccl.* ii. 15): Τοῦ δὲ Μάρκου μνημονεύειν τὸν Πέτρον ἐν τῇ προτέρᾳ ἐπιστολῇ, ἣν καὶ συντάξαι φασὶν ἐπ' αὐτῆς Ῥώμης σημαίνειν τε τοῦτ' αὐτὸν τὴν πολιν τροπικώτερον Βαβυλῶνα προσειπόντα διὰ τοῦτων· ἀσπάζεται ὑμᾶς ἡ ἐν Βαβυλῶνι συνεκλεκτὴ, καὶ Μάρκος ὁ υἱός μου.

Peter, it is a tradition which, in its character of *a pure fiction*, is recognised by every enlightened member even of the very Church which still upholds it as *a sacred truth*.

It then only remains for us to trace the origin of that tradition. It is well known that, in the second century, Rome was the arena of all those sectarian disputes which divided the early Church. Both the Gnostics and the Montanists vied with each other to gain over to their own peculiar views so important a body of the Christian community. Then it was that a philosopher, a member of that community, conceived the idea of putting an end to so deplorable a state of schism and incertitude. Expecting to find the Christian doctrine preserved in its primitive purity among the earliest Jewish Churches, he probably sought them out in their retirement, and among the Elkrites met with a speculative, well-developed religious system, which he judged highly qualified at once to be opposed to Paganism, and to unite the various sects of the Christians by one common tie. On his return to Rome he composed his work τὰ κλημέντια, which consisted of three prologues and twenty homilies, pretending to contain the long-hidden apostolical truths. With a view to meet any doubts of the authenticity of the work, which he considered likely its late appearance would raise in the minds of those for whom it was intended, he introduced it by a letter, purporting to have been written by St. Peter to St. James, and in which the latter is requested by the former to communicate his sermons exclusively to trustworthy brethren, and under the seal of secresy upon oath.—(*Hom.* ii. 17.)

The historical apparatus of the work is otherwise simple. The author evidently mistaking Clement, third Bishop of Rome, whose memory was held in great esteem by the Roman community, for Flavius Clemens, a nephew of the Emperor Domitian, describes him as a highly educated Roman of rank, who, in search after knowledge and truth, travels into the East, and there meets with St. Peter. But so far from representing the latter as the Prince of the Apostles, unto whom Christ himself had consigned the keys of Heaven, he altogether subordinates him *St. James*, to whom St. Peter is accountable for every one of his actions; and it is *St. James*, who is both to him and to Clement *"the lord"* and *"the bishop of bishops."**

For the rest, the author represents *St. Peter* in opposition to St. Paul (who, not being an immediate disciple of Christ, cannot, in his opinion, be a true apostle), as *the true apostle of the Gentiles*, and the founder and first bishop of the Church of Rome: *thus by a pure fiction, in itself altogether subversive of the subsequent pretensions of the Romish Church, laying the first foundation of those very pretensions.* The work gained much credence at Rome, and towards the year 230, was shaped into the well known *"Recognitiones Clementis,"* which we still possess in the Latin translation of Rufinus.

The principal inconvenience of the "Recognitiones" is, their having created a plurality of first Roman Bishops; St. Peter, St. Linus, and St. Clement, either of the two latter, as the case may be, preceded by Claudetus. The author of the "Recognitiones," in conferring the dignity of first bishop on St. Peter, is supported by *Eusebius*, (*in Chron.*), and *Jerome* (*De Vir. Illust.* c. xv.); but the former Father (*in Hist. Eccl.* iii. 2. 4) confers it also on Linus. Herein he follows the testimony of *Irenaeus* (*adv. Hær.* iii. 3), who states that Linus was ordained first bishop both by St. Peter and St. Paul; and by the "Constit. Apostol." vii. 46 (written towards the latter end of the third century), which have it, that he was ordained *by St. Paul alone*. *Tertullian*, on the other hand (*De Script. Hær.* c. xxxii.) gives his suffrage in favour of Clement, ordained, according to him, by St. Peter. Which of these contradictory traditions are we to believe? It would probably be as difficult a matter for the Church of Rome to return a consistent answer to this question, as it would be a thankless office for us, were we to allude to all the various and mostly absurd conjectures by which, from the earliest times of Popery, it has been attempted to reconcile, or rather to explain those contradictions. The most plausible, but to the episcopal dignity of St. Peter, most detrimental construction put upon them, is that of Rufinus.* But the important fact we learn from the above is, *that up to the latter part of the third century of our era, the Roman episcopacy of St. Peter was exclusively asserted by the author of the acknowledged fiction of the "Recognitiones."* It was not

* St. Peter writes to St. James as τῷ κυρίῳ, καὶ Ἐπισκόπῳ τῆς ἁγίας Ἐκκλησίας, and Clement, Ἰακώβῳ, τῷ κυρίῳ, καὶ Ἐπισκόπων Ἐπισκόπῳ, διέποντι δὲ τὴν Ἱερουσαλὴμ ἁγίαν Ἑβραίων ἐκκλησίαν, καὶ τὰς πανταχῆ θεοῦ προνοίᾳ ἱδρυθείσας καλῶς.

* He says in his Preface to the "Recogn. Clementis:" "Linus et Cletus fuerunt quidem ante Clementem episcopi in urbe Roma, sed superstite Petro, videlicet ut illi episcopatus curam gererent, ipse vero apostolatus impleret officium." Here we have full confirmation of the basis of our general argument, but without the slightest concession made to the pretensions of the Romish Church.

till the commencement of the *fifth* century his assertion gained general credence in the Latin Churches.

Cyprianus is the first Father who designates the Roman chair as "locum Petri" (Ep. 52), and "Petri cathedram" (Ep. 55); but, at the same time, he firmly maintains *all* Bishops to be the successors of St. Peter, and probably agreed with Rufinus as to the nature of the authority said to be exercised by St. Peter during his pretended sojourn at Rome, the tradition of which had been gradually spreading since the latter end of the second century. Subsequently the works of Cyprian have been interpolated by the Romish Church in a shameful manner.* The first Pope who claimed the distinction of being the successor of St. Peter, was Stephen (253—256, *Epist.* Cypr. 75). During the second century, there was a general tendency observable in the Christian Churches to assimilate their institutions as much as possible to the Mosaic law. One of the effects of that tendency was, that the expression of κλῆροι (the flock of God), by which St. Peter (1, v. 37) designates the Christians generally, became soon the exclusive property of the clergy; and the spirit of the Jewish law having once been admitted into the Christian constitution, we find the κλῆρος, namely (τοῦ θεοῦ), at an early period, to form a distinct and superior caste, mediating between God and man; and, in this character to be esteemed higher than father and mother, higher than kings and princes (Cypr. *Ep.* 55, 69, &c., *Const. Apost.* ii. 26, 33, 34). The needy and oppressed, widows, orphans, and virgins, were dependent for assistance and protection on the bishop (Papa, Tertull. *de Pud.* 13; πάπα ἱερώτατος, Gregor. Thaum. [✠ 270] *Ep. Cani Præpositus*, Cypr. *Ep.* 55), to whose care, and that of the deacons, the whole property of the Church in their diocese was confined (*Const. Apost.* ii. 44). He was also, in accordance with 1 Cor. vi. 1, *seq.* and the Jewish custom (Joseph. *Antiq.* xiv. 10, 7, and xvi. 6), the arbitrator in all public and private differences and quarrels in his district (*Const. Apost.* ii. 45-53).

In proportion as the number of Christians increased in the provinces, their communities, presided over by deacons, presbyters, or provincial bishops (χωρεπίσκοποι), who were more or less dependent on the bishops of their capital (μέτροπολίτης, *metropolitanus*), raised the power and influence of the latter, partly by increasing his income, but chiefly by means of the provincial synods,* which sprang up in consequence, and since the commencement of the third century began to be held more frequently, in some provinces every year, or even twice in the year. The Council of Nice, Can. v., made them a general rule. They assembled mostly in the capital of the province, and were presided over by the metropolitan bishop, whose authority over the other bishops of his district thereby gained a still firmer ground, and finally was established as a principle by the Council of Antioch, Can. ix. Still their power continued much circumscribed. The choice of the provincial bishop chiefly rested with the community (Clem. Rom. *Ep.* i. 44; Cypr. *Ep.* lii. 68; Origen *in Levit. Hom.* vi. c. iii.), and the community had likewise to approve of the presbyters pro-

* In illustration of this, we will here quote the following passage from his work, *De Unit. Eccl.*, placing the interpolated words and sentences between brackets. He writes thus: "Loquitur Dominus ad Petrum: Ego tibi dico,' inquit, "quia tu es Petrus," &c. (Matt. xvi. 18, 19.) [Et iterum eidem post resurrectionem suam dicit: "Pasce oves meas." (Joh. xxi. 15) Super illum unum aedificat ecclesiam suam, et illi pascendas mandat oves suas.] et quamvis apostolis omnibus post resurrectionem suam parem potestatem tribuat et dicat: "sicut misit me pater," &c. (Joh. xx. 21, 23) "tamen ut unitatem manifestaret, [unam Cathedram constituit et] unitatis ejusdem originem ab uno incipientem sua auctoritate disposuit. Hoc erant utique et cæteri apostoli, quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis: sed exordium ab unitate proficiscitur, [et primatus Petro datur, ut una Christi ecclesia et cathedra una monstretur. Et pastores sunt omnes et grex unus ostenditur, qui ab apostolis omnibus unanimi consensione pascatur] ut ecclesia Christi una monstretur. Hanc ecclesiæ unitatem qui non tenet, tenere se fidem credit? Qui ecclesiæ renititur et resistit, [qui cathedram Petri, super quem fundata est ecclesia, deserit] in ecclesia se esse confidit? (*see* Rigaltii Observ. ad Cypr. p. 162, *seq*; Baluzzii, notæ, 11-15, ad Lib. de Unit Eccl., and Richerii Defensio Lib. de Eccl. et Polit. Potest. i. p. 115. Dr. Scheler does not appear to have been aware that the words quoted by him, p. 138, "Primatus Petro datur," &c., *are* an interpolation. But supposing even they were not, yet from the mouth of Cyprian they would convey a meaning very different from what the interpolators intended, as is proved by his lxxi. Ep., in which he writes thus: "Nam nec Petrus, quem *primum* Dominus elegit, et super quem ædificavit ecclesiam suam, cum secum Paulus de circumcisione postmodum disceptaret, vindicavit sibi aliquid insolenter aut arroganter assumsit, ut diceret se *primatum* tenere, et obtemperari a *novellis et posteris* sibi potius oportere."

* Their natural type was the Κοινον, Commune, *i. e.* the assembly of the *Civitates* of a province, represented by delegates in the metropolis, for the purpose of deliberating on the common interests. Thus we frequently find inscribed on ancient coins, Κοινὸν Ἀσίας, Κοινὸν Βυθυνίας, &c. (Eckhel, Doctr. Num.). These assemblies, or meetings, were subsequently also called *concilium*, *provinciale concilium* (Codex Theod. lib. xii. tit. 12), in contradistinction of the Ecclesiastical Synod, Conc. Nic. c. v., τὸ κοινὸν τῶν ἐπισκόπων.

posed by the bishop, before they could be ordained. Of the inferior clergy alone, had the latter the exclusive appointment. In the discharge of his duties, he had to consult not only the presbyters (*Conc. Carth. Gen.* iv. *Can.* xxiii.; Cyprian, *in many places*), but in certain cases the whole community (Cypr. *Ep.* v. xi. xiii. xvii. xxviii. xxxi.). At the same time the bishops had already acquired too much influence to steer free of the lust of power, of covetousness, and pride (Origen *in Exod. Homil.* xi. 6). Even exceeding ostentation had, at so early a period, crept into the Church. Paul of Samosata, elected bishop of Antioch in 260, was accused by the Antiochian synod, assembled against him, of drawing illegal advantages from his episcopal jurisdiction, and of imitating the civil magistracy, in having a βῆμα καί θρόνον ὑψηλόν erected for himself; and of courting applause in the churches by waving of handkerchiefs, and clapping of hands, a custom which in the fourth century became very general (Euseb. *Hist Eccl.* vii. 30).

As regards the origin of the Christian community at Rome, there is a great variety of opinion. It has already been mentioned that, in the reign of Claudius, the Jews were, by a public decree, expelled from the capital, according to *Orosius* (*Hist. Eccl.* vii. 6), in the ninth year of Claudius—49, A.D.; and as Suetonius (Claud. c. 25*) states, that the measure was taken against them because they were continually creating disturbances at the instigation, or as the original may also be rendered, on account of one Chrestus, into which name the Greek Χριστός is said to have been converted by the Romans (Tertull. Lactant.); it has been inferred that Suetonius, in the passage quoted, speaks of actual differences between Christians and Jews. But the name "Chrestus" appearing also frequently on Roman monuments (Comp. Heumann, *Syllage, diss.* i. p. 568), and considering above all what St. Luke relates, Acts xxviii. 17-21: we cannot share in that opinion, nor can we agree with most Biblical expositors, who assume that Aquila and Priscilla, on their arrival at Corinth from Rome (Acts xviii. 2), were already Christians. The words of St. Luke appear to us positively to express the contrary. But St. Paul, taking up his abode with them, not because they were his fellow-believers, but "because they were of the same craft," they, no doubt, soon embraced Christianity, and, in all probability, became instrumental in sowing the first seed of their new faith in the Roman capital. When St. Paul, after a prolonged stay, left Corinth, Aquila and Priscilla accompanied him as far as Ephesus, where they remained (Acts xviii. 19, *comp.* 26). This was, according to our computation, in the early part of 53. About six years later we find them again settled at Rome, for St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans (xvi. 3-5), says, "Greet Aquila and Priscilla, *my helpers in Christ Jesus;* who have for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles. Likewise greet the church that is in their house," &c. Who, in reading these words of St. Paul, can doubt but that the Christian community at Rome, then already numerous, was planted by Aquila and Priscilla? At the earnest entreaty of St. Paul, it would appear they had returned to Rome, to spread and confirm the truths of the Gospel of Christ among its adherents in that capital, until such time as he himself should be able to visit Rome, to the end that the faithful might "be established." Hence he calls Aquila and Priscilla "his helpers in Christ Jesus;" hence he says, "they have for his life laid down their own neck," which is evidently to be taken in a proverbial sense, meaning that for "his life," the promotion of the Gospel of Christ, they have made every sacrifice, and perhaps even incurred personal danger; hence he states them to be deserving not only of his individual gratitude, but of the thanks of every Gentile church. Aquila and Priscilla, as private members of the Christian community, teaching also in private, and most likely only among their immediate friends and acquaintances, the otherwise unexplainable circumstance related in Acts xxviii. 21, 22, as well as other difficulties connected with the subject, would thus be most satisfactorily accounted for. St. Paul, on his arrival in Rome, therefore, found a fruitful soil prepared for his labours, and the Church, established and edified by him, had, on the outbreak of the Neronian persecution, grown into a large and prosperous community. Nor had that persecution, fearful and almost annihilating as it was at its commencement, the effect of at all retarding the progress of the Christian doctrine. On the contrary, the number of the faithful continued rapidly to increase, and the power and influence of the clergy increasing in proportion, the bishops of the three capitals of the Roman empire, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, holding, as they did, the most extensive aparchies, were looked upon as the greatest bishops in Christendom; and to the former a certain honorary distinction, but no real superiority, was yielded (Cypr. p. 79).

* His words are, Judaeos, impulsore Chresto assidue tumultuantes, Roma expulit.

The first instance of an undue interference on the part of the Bishops of Rome occurred in 254, in the case of the Spanish bishops, Basilides and Martialis, who, on account of the most grave offences, had been formally deposed; but on applying to Stephen, then Bishop of Rome, were by him reinstated in their office. Cyprian, however, on being hereupon requested to interfere, and although he believed Stephen to have been deceived by the false representations of Basilides, highly disapproved of his conduct, and firmly vindicated the independence of the Church (*Ep.* 68).

A still more serious difference arose between the two bishops, two years later. In Africa, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, heretics, who wished to be received into the Catholic Church, were then looked upon as unbaptized, and consequently on their admission the sacrament of baptism was administered to them in the regular form; whilst it was the custom of the Romish Church to qualify them for admission by the *gradus poenitentiae*. At that time the sect of the Novatians also had commenced to rebaptize their converts, and doubts as to the propriety of the usage began, in consequence thereof, to be felt even by some of the African bishops. A synod was convoked in 255 at Carthage, for the purpose of deliberating on the question; and a second one was held in the following year. Both, presided over by Cyprian, confirmed the traditional custom of the Africans, and by a synodical letter (Cypr. *Ep.* 72), this decision was communicated to the Bishop of Rome. Stephen returned an imperious, disapproving answer. Angry letters were exchanged. The Bishop of Rome dissolved the ecclesiastical communion with the African Churches. Little heeding this measure, they convoked a third synod at Carthage (1st September, 256), and which positively confirmed their former decisions.

Firmilian, Bishop of Cesarea in Cappadocia, in an energetical letter (Cypr. *Ep.* 75), filled with bitter remarks on the *foolishness* and *arrogance* of Stephen, expressed the fullest approbation of those decisions by all the churches of his province; and Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, also conveyed to Cyprian his public and decided blame of Stephen's conduct. It is from the above letter of Firmilian, whose existence (*cod.* 26) is in every respect so highly vexatious and embarrassing to the Romish Church, that we learn the fact of Stephen's boasting himself to be the successor of St. Peter.

And here let us pause. To trace the further development of that idea into the conception of a primacy of the bishops of Rome; to sketch the various causes which, assisted by fraud and artifice, united to realize that gigantic scheme in the eleventh century, when Gregory VII., as "the infallible vicar of God on earth," raised the papal chair above all the thrones of Christendom,* and finally turned the Church of Christ into a Roman institution, is foreign to our purpose. On the other hand, with a view to enable our readers to overlook at one glance the result of our present inquiry, we will condense it in the following table:—

* Popery, some persons say, is no longer what it was or has been; no Pope, in our enlightened age would ever again attempt or think of excommunicating a sovereign prince, and of releasing his subjects from their oath of allegiance, even though he had the power so to do. To such a mistaken notion of *Popery* we have a single answer. Let who entertains it, look into the "*Breviarium Romanum*," and in the lesson for the 25th of May, *the saint's day of the seventh Gregory*, he will find the following passage: Contra Henrici Imperatoris impios conatus fortis per omnia athleta impavidus permansit, seque pro muro domui Israel ponere non timuit, ac eundem Henricum, in profundum malorum prolapsum, *fidelium communione regnoque privavit, atque subditos fide ei data liberavit;* and immediately after this passage the following prayer to God: Deus, qui b. Gregorium confessorem tuum atque pontificem *pro tuenda ecclesiae libertate virtute constantiae roborasti*, da nobis, *ejus exemplo* et intercessione *omnia adversantia fortiter superare*.

Aquila and Priscilla plant the Christian faith in Rome about . .	A. D. 57		
St. Paul writes his epistle to the Romans towards or in the beginning of	59		
St. Paul establishes the Christian Church of Rome, . . .	62		
St. Luke writes the Acts of the Apostles, ...	64	*St. Paul* the apostolical founder of the Church of Rome.	Perfect ignorance throughout the Christian world as to *St. Peter* having ever set his foot in Rome.
St. Paul suffers martyrdom at Rome, at the commencement of the Neronian persecution, . . .	64		
The Gentile Churches in the West fall to the care of St. Peter.			
St. Peter writes his 1st epistle from Babylon, ...	65		
id. his 2d epistle about .	66		
St. Peter suffers martyrdom at Babylon, ...	68		
St. John writes the Revelation, in which he alludes to Rome by the symbolical name of Babylon, .	80–90		
Clement of Rome, ...	100		
Ignatius, ...	108		
Papias, ...	164		
Justin Martyr, ...	168		
Dionysius of Corinth, . . .	176		
The fiction of τὰ Κλημέντια is composed, ...	190–200		
Irenaeus, ...	208		
Gaius, ...	215		
Clement of Alexandria, . . .	220		
The fiction of τὰ Κλημέντια is rewritten and shaped into the "Recognitiones Clementis,"	220–30		
Tertullian, ...	245		
Origen, ...	253		
Cyprian	258		
Stephen, 22d Bishop of Rome, .	253–6		

Episcopi.

Epis.

Epis.

In consequence of the symbolical allusion to Rome by the name of Babylon, in the Apocalypse, the date of St. Peter's first epistle begins to be interpreted of Rome.

St. James, the bishop of bishops.
St. Peter, first bishop of Rome.
St. Linus, first bishop of Rome.
St. Paul and St. Peter, founders of the Romish Church.
St. Clement, first bishop of Rome.
St. Peter goes to Rome to die.

The tradition of St. Peter's *sojourn* at Rome is developing itself; but his having been the *bishop* of Rome is as yet only known to the author of the *fiction* of the Clementines.

is the *first* Roman bishop boasting himself to be the successor of St. Peter.

The tradition of St. Peter's Roman *Episcopacy* is now beginning to gain ground.

Thus have we shown the hollowness of *the historical foundation of the Papacy*. But this is not the only result of our investigation. It leaves another, not less incontrovertible, and at the same time far more awful truth to be told. It is this:—*Up to the present day the Church of Rome, by her "Professio Fidei," demands of every one of her ministers to firmly admit and embrace upon a solemn oath on the Holy Gospel, and upon that solemn oath every one of her ministers firmly does admit and embrace*—AN ACKNOWLEDGED FALSEHOOD.

ART. III.—*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. London: 1848.

IN order to secure ourselves against being prejudged of injustice to the subject of this notice, we may at once state our opinion, that as surprising powers of merely sensual perception and expression are to be detected in the poems of Keats as in any others within the range of English literature. Herrick surpassed Keats, in his own way, by fits, and in a few single passages; and Chaucer has pieces of brilliant and unmixed word-painting which have no equals in our language; but the power that these great poets attained, or at least exerted, only in moments, was the common manner and easy

habit of the wonderful man, who may claim the honour of having assisted more than any other writer, except Mr. Wordsworth, in the origination of the remarkable school of poetry which is yet in its vigorous youth, and exhibits indications of capabilities of unlimited expansion. We also anticipate objections that might be urged, with apparent reason, against the following remarks, by stating our conviction, that the shortcomings of which we shall complain, could not have existed in the mature productions of Keats, had he lived to produce them. Indeed, as we shall presently take occasion to show, his mind, which was endowed with a power of growth almost unprecedentedly rapid, was on the eve of passing beyond the terrestrial sphere in which he had as yet moved, when death cut short his marvellous, and only just commenced, career.

To Keats, more deeply perhaps than to any poet born in Christian times,

> "Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
> Stained the white radiance of eternity."

His mind, like Goethe's, was "lighted from below." Not a ray of the wisdom that is from above had, as yet, illumined it.

The character of the poet, in as far as it differs from that of other men, is indeed a subject of too much importance to allow of our sacrificing this admirable occasion for extending our knowledge concerning it, to our tenderness, or to that of our readers, for the young writer of whom Mr. Monckton Milnes is at once the faithful biographer and the eloquent apologist. Mr. Milnes will pardon us if our deductions from the data with which he has supplied us, do not wholly coincide with his own inferences. We confess that we are unable to detect, even in Keats' latest letters and compositions, anything more than a strong promise of, and aspiration towards many qualities of character and genius, which Mr. Milnes regards as already numbered among the constituents of the young poet's life and power.

Extraordinary poetical genius, notwithstanding its resemblance to exuberant health, has not unfrequently been found to be connected with deeply seated disease. In most cases, the poetical power seems to have been the result of an abnormal habit of sensation.

> "We are men of ruined blood
> Thereby comes it we are wise."

For that the consumption and insanity which have often terminated the careers of men of genius, have been not so much the consequences as the causes of their superiority, is sufficiently attested by the fact, that those diseases have been, in such cases, as in common ones, most frequently hereditary.

It is a curious medical fact, which we have heard stated by first-rate authorities, that instances are not extraordinary of families, in which, while one member has been afflicted with consumption, a second with scrofula, and a third with insanity, the fourth has been endowed with brilliant genius.

In making these remarks, we no more impugn the transcendent value which the productions of genius usually bear, than the naturalist questions the value of a precious gum, in describing it as the result of vegetable malformations or disease. Nor would we be supposed to imply an ordinary absence in the man of genius of a great general superiority of moral character, when compared with the common rank of men. Genius, however fantastical may be the form which it assumes, is, in essence, an extraordinary honesty; an honesty which too often refuses to exert itself beyond the sphere of the senses and the intellect, and which, then, in its highest energy, produces a Raphael or a Coleridge; but which, sometimes, while it purifies the senses, and perfects their expression, prevents also every incontinence of character, and carries manhood to its height in a Milton or a Michael Angelo? Minds belonging to this latter category, the aloe-blossoms of humanity, appear less than others to have been indebted to disease for their pre-eminence.

In almost every page of the work before us, the close connexion between the genius of Keats and his constitutional malady pronounces itself. No comment of ours could deepen the emphasis of the following passages, taken nearly at random from the mass of similar passages, of which the letters of the young poet in great part consist.

"I have this morning such a lethargy that I cannot write. The reason of my delaying is oftentimes from this feeling: I wait for a proper temper. I am now so depressed that I have not an idea to put to paper; my hand feels like lead, and yet it is an unpleasant numbness; it does not take away the pain of existence; I don't know what to write. Monday.—You see how I have delayed—and even now I have but a confused idea of what I should be about. My intellect must be in a degenerating state; it must be, for when I should be writing about,—God knows what, I am troubling you with the moods of my own mind—or rather body—for mind there is none. I am in that temper, that if I were under water, I would scarcely kick to come to the top. I know very well this is all

nonsense. In a short time, I hope I shall be in a temper to feel sensibly your mention of my book. In vain have I waited till Monday, to have any interest in that or in anything else. I feel no spur at my brother's going to America; and am almost stony-hearted about his wedding."

"I am this morning in a sort of temper, indolent, and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence;' my passions are all asleep from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me to a delightful sensation,—about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but as I am, I must call it laziness. The fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown. Neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love, have any show of alertness of countenance as they pass by; they seem rather three figures on a Greek vase; a man and two women, whom no one but myself would distinguish in their disguisement. This is the only happiness; and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

"I feel I must again begin with my poetry, for if I am not in action I am in pain. * * * I live under an everlasting restraint, never relieved unless I am composing, so I will write away."

"The relief,—the feverish relief of poetry. * * * This morning poetry has conquered. I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life. I feel escaped from a new and threatening sorrow; and I am thankful for it. There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality."

"I carry all matters to an extreme—so when I have any little cause of vexation, it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles. Then, and in that temper, if I write to any friend, I have so little self-possession, that I give him time for grieving at the very time, perhaps, when I am laughing at a pun."

"We are still here enveloped in clouds. I lay awake last night listening to the rain, with a sense of being drowned and rotted like a grain of wheat."

All the above passages were written long before the appearance of the acknowledged symptoms of consumption, and to us they seem to have shown forth the end as infallibly as did the nerveless clasp of the hand, from which Coleridge predicted the early death of Keats, at an equal distance of time from its occurrence.

To theorize justly upon character is the more difficult for the extreme ease with which mere plausibilities may be put forth on the subject; and the common difficulty is greatly increased, in the present case, by the necessity of constantly distinguishing between signs of character and the products of a very peculiar physical temperament, always subject to the influence of a malady, which, in its earliest stages, is frequently so subtle as to defy detection, and to cause its identification for a long period, with the constitution that it is destroying. The case becomes still further complicated, when we take into account the periods of prostration and lethargy, which are the re-action that follows inevitably from the prodigious activity of poetical production. To give anything like a systematic view of the mind and character of Keats, is therefore more than we dare to undertake; all we can attempt is, to select the salient points of the work before us, and to present them to our readers in such juxtaposition and contrast as may seem to be best adapted to the elimination of their significance.

A contemporary journal of respectable authority, pronounces the writings of Keats to be distinguished by two of the Miltonic characteristics of poetry, sensuousness and passion, and to be wanting in the third, simplicity. We do not think that Keats' verses are characterized remarkably by either of these qualities, in the sense in which Milton understood them, when he proclaimed his famous rule. That Keats' poems, if we except certain parts of the fragment of Hyperion, want simplicity, is too obvious to require proof or illustration. His verses constitute a region of eye-wearying splendour, from which all who can duly appreciate them, must feel glad to escape, after the astonishment and rapture caused by a short sojourn among them. As for sensuousness, it is an excellence which cannot thrive in the presence of sensuality; and it is by sensuality, in the broader, and not in the vulgar and degrading sense of the term, that Keats' poems are most obviously characterized. This charge, for such we admit that it is, must be substantiated; and to this object we devote our second batch of extracts. They will be, not from Keats' poems, but from his letters; since the shortest way of establishing the general prevalence of a quality in a man's writings is to show it to have been constantly present in his personal character.

The first quotation we make is a very important one. It contains Keats' explicit testimony against himself, with regard to the quality in point. Notwithstanding the young poet's unusual honesty of character, he would probably not have made the following confession and complaint, had he not secretly, though certainly very erroneously, believed them to be a revelation of traits of which he was possessed in common with Shakspeare.

"As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am anything, I am a member, that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical sublime, which is a thing *per se*, and stands alone), it is not itself—it has no self—it is everything and nothing. It has no character; it enjoys light and shade; it lives in a gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated. It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogene. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the cameleon poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things, any more than from its taste of the bright one, because they both end in speculation. A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in for and filling some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of an impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity; he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures. If, then, he has no self; and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say, I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the characters of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess; but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it, when I have no nature? When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself; but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated; not only among men, but in a nursery of children it would be the same. I know not whether I make myself wholly understood; I hope enough to make you see that no dependence is to be placed on what I said that day."

Now this want of identity, as Keats calls it, has been more or less the characteristic of artists of all kinds, who have been endowed only with the first, or sensual degree of genius. In Keats, the preponderance of this nature was, however, overwhelming, especially in the earlier portion of his career. A great revolution must have occurred in his views, if not in his character, had he lived a year or two longer than he did; but, as it happened, it was impossible that his poetry, as a general thing, should be other than sensual or literal, and for the most part, opposed in quality to the sensuous or interpretative. We hold it to be out of the question, that Keats, with such a physical organization as his, could have ever entirely escaped from the preponderance of sense in his character and writings; but a year or two more of reflection and emotion must have led him to the determinate and deliberate adoption of a creed of some sort or other, if it had been no other than the wretched one, that all creeds are worthless; and this would have been an immense accession to his mental power. A man without a belief is like a man without a back-bone. Keats made the very common mistake of preferring the true to the good; for his rejection of all opinions was nothing more than his refusal to accept of any but such as seemed demonstrably true. Had he lived to think and feel more deeply than he did; had his thoughts and feelings been more ordinarily occupied than they were, about the interests and mysteries of the immortal spirit, despair must have chased him from the regions of indifference; Goodness would probably have asserted her superiority over formal Truth, to which she is the only guide; and, finally, commanded by her, he would have chosen some star to steer by, although compelled to do so in the full assurance that it was, at best, but an approximation to the perhaps undiscoverable pole of absolute verity.

Our next extract shall be one in which mere onesidedness of vision and defect of human love demand to be regarded as more than ordinary universality of mind and elevation of feeling. The letter is to his brother in America, who had recently been married:—

"Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendations, I hope I shall never marry; though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me at the end of a journey or a walk, though the carpet were made of silk, and the curtain of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofas stuffed with cygnet's down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Windermere, I should not feel, or rather my happiness should not be so fine; and my solitude is sublime. Then, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home, the roaring of the wind is my wife, and the stars through my window panes are my children. The mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children, I contemplate as parts of that beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone, than the shapes of Ethic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's bodyguard. 'Then tragedy, with sceptred pall, comes sweeping by.' According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, or throw my whole being into Teiolus, and repeating those lines, 'I wander like a lost soul along the Stygian bank, staying for waftage.' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. Those things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the quality of women, who appear to me as children, to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in."

Let our readers judge whether this letter indicates a mind above or below the enjoyment of domestic relationships. The most excellent notion that Keats can form to himself of a wife is "a beautiful creature," who is capable of being rendered more tempting to sense, by silken carpets, feather-stuffed sofas, Burgundy, and a lodging at Ambleside. With such views, the young poet did very well to remain contented with the roaring of the wind for his wife; but he ought not to have held up his power of being so easily satisfied, as a mark of distinction beyond those who, while they are awake to all the wonder and beauty of material nature, are cognisant likewise of the deeper and more religious worth of humanity, and alive to the "ever new delight" which arises out of woman's harmonizing contrasts with man, and out of her delicate and love-producing subordination to him.

A short period before his death, Keats fell violently in love. In his letters we have a few vivid glimpses of the young lady. Here are two which show that the lover was faithful to what seems to have been his ideal, at the time when he was "fancy free."

"She is not a Cleopatra, but at least a Charmian; she has a rich eastern look, she has fine eyes and manners, when she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess; she is too fine and conscious of herself to repulse any man that may address her, from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*; I always find myself more at ease with such a woman."

"She is a fine thing, speaking in a worldly way, for there are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge of things—the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical, and the unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal. In the former, Buonaparte, Lord Byron, and the Charmian, hold the first place in our minds. In the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle, and you, my dear sister, are the conquering feelings. As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

This last sentence, though it sounds very like nonsense, is, nevertheless, an important one. It is obvious that when Keats wrote it, the first alternative would have seemed preferable to the second. Indeed his subsequent story shows beyond doubt that "the worldly, theatrical, and pantomimical," vastly outweighed in the poet's practical estimation, the "unearthly, spiritual, and ethereal." "This Charmian," whatever the fair qualities of mind and heart of which she may have been possessed, soon engrossed the whole of Keats' being, simply by the peculiar character of her personal attractions.

Mr. Milnes has perceived the liability of Keats' nature to the charge that we are now making against it, and he defends him upon the plea of youth, and an ardent temperament. Could we have convinced ourselves of the validity of this plea, our readers should have heard nothing of the present complaint; but we are persuaded that the quality under discussion was vitally inherent in the nature of Keats; that is to say, that it not only affected his life and writings, but entered into his ideal of what was desirable. A man is to be judged not so much by what he outwardly is, as by what he wishes to become. Let Keats be judged out of his own mouth: "I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love for philosophy. *Were I calculated for the former, I should be glad;* but as I am not" (his health was then breaking down) I shall turn all my soul to the latter."

Mr. Milnes tells us that—

"Keats' health does not seem to have prevented him from indulging somewhat in that dissipation which is the natural outlet for the young energies of ardent temperaments, unconscious of how scanty a portion of vital strength had been allotted to him; but a strictly regulated and abstinent life would have appeared to him pedantic and sentimental. He did not, however, to any serious extent, allow wine to usurp on his intellect, or games of chance to impair his means, for in his letters to his brothers he speaks of having drunk too much as of a piece of rare jovialty," &c.

We repeat, that we do not believe Keats' dissipation, such as it was, to have been the spontaneous outbreak of the "young energies of an ardent temperament." To us, Keats seems to have pursued the pleasures and temptations of sense, rather than to have been pursued by them. We often find him feasting coolly over the imagination of sensual enjoyment. "Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine. Good God! how fine! it went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beautified strawberry." He sometimes aspires to be thought a tippler, gamester, &c., but it is with the air of an unripe boy, awkwardly feigning the irregularities of a man.

We have not noticed one-fourth of the passages which we had marked for quotation, as corroborating our views upon this point; but one proof is as good as a thousand, and we are glad to turn from this

part of our task to the more agreeable duty of showing the truth of our assertion that the mind of Keats, before its withdrawal from the world, was upon the eve of a great intellectual and moral alteration.

It must be remembered that our present purpose is to examine the character of Keats, solely in order to the illustration of his poetry, and of the species of poetry to which it belongs. Otherwise we should have gone more fully into the circumstances whereby the moral agency of young Keats is partly unburdened of the responsibility of much temporarily defective feeling, and erroneous thought. As it is, we can only take a hasty glance at two or three of those circumstances. "His mother, a lively and intelligent woman, was supposed to have prematurely hastened the birth of John *by her passionate love of amusement*, though his constitution at first gave no signs of the peculiar debility of *a seventh month's child*." Keats was, moreover, unfortunate, we venture to think, in some of the friends, who by their powers and their reputations were calculated to exert the greatest influence upon him, at the most susceptible period of his life. Extremely clever, "self-educated" men are not often otherwise than very ill adapted to form the standard of moral taste in a young man, unless, indeed, it be by antagonism. We fancy that we hear the voice of some of Keats' distinguished preceptors, in such sentences as the following, "Failings I am always rather rejoiced to find in a man than sorry for it, they bring us to a level." John Keats was, however, so vastly superior to even the most gifted of his really intimate friends, that their influence, as far as it was undesirable, could not have endured. It was, in fact, rapidly waning, when he was removed from its sphere by his visit to Italy. Here are a few glimpses of an emphatically transitional state :—

"I have, of late, been moulting, not for fresh feathers and wings; they are gone; and in their stead I hope to have a pair of sublunary legs. I have altered not from a chrysalis into a butterfly, but the contrary."

"The most unhappy hours in our lives are those in which we recollect times passed to our own blushing. If we are immortal, that must be the hell. If I must be immortal, I hope it will be after taking a little of 'that watery labyrinth,' in order to forget some of my schoolboy days, and others since then."

"A year ago I could not understand in the slightest degree Raphael's cartoons; now I begin to read them a little."

"From the time you left us our friends say I have altered so completely I am not like the same person. * * * Some think I have lost that poetic fire and ardour they say I once had; the fact is, I perhaps have, but instead of that I hope I shall substitute a more thoughtful and quiet power. I am more contented to read and think, but am seldom haunted with ambitious thoughts. I am scarcely contented to write the best verses for the fever they leave behind. I want to compose this without fever: I hope I shall one day."

The following sentences are addressed to his friend, Mr. J. K. Reynolds:—

"One of the first pleasures I look to is your happy marriage—the more so since I have felt the pleasure of loving a sister-in-law. I did not think it possible to become so much attached in so short a time: *things like these, and they are real, have made me resolve to have a care of my health.* * * * "We can see horribly clear, in the works of such a man (Burns), his whole life, as if we were God's spies. * * * What were his addresses to Jean, in the latter part of his life, I should not speak to you—yet why not? You are not in the same case—you are in the right path, and you shall not be deceived. I have spoken to you against marriage, but it was general. The prospect to me, in those matters, has been so blank that I have not been unwilling to die."

These words, it is true, were written before the "Charmian" fever overtook him, but they are enough to show that it must have been a fever only, and not the final decision and devotion of his being. The next quotation we make is very curious,—

"I said if there were three things superior in the modern world they were 'The Excursion,' 'Haydon's Pictures,' and 'Hazlitt's Depth of Taste.' Not thus speaking with any poor vanity that works of genius were the first things in this world. No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness that such men as Bailey possess, does hold and grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honours that can be paid to anything in this world; and, moreover, having this feeling at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling and devotion for his uprightness than for any mark of genius however splendid."

This is a peculiarly uncomfortable passage. It is the phrase of a man who has abandoned a lower order of thought and feeling without having attained anything more than a foretaste of the higher order for which the sacrifice has been made. "The Excursion" looks as if it did not well know what to do in the novel society

of "Haydon's Pictures" and "Hazlitt's Depth of Taste," and the morality of the passage is uneasily arrayed in the self-conscious and somewhat melo-dramatic sublimity of the wording; such phrases as, "*Does hold and grasp* the tip-top of any spiritual honours," and "*in that* I had not a brother," &c., being assuredly very unusual modes of language when employed in the enunciation of the ordinary truth,—that an honest man is the noblest work of God.

The next, and the longest quotation we shall make, is valuable on its own account, as well as for the manner in which it illustrates the transitional and improving condition of Keats' mind. In it Keats falls into the vulgar impiety of juxta-posing our Saviour and Socrates, but we fancy that there is also in it an earnestness of heart, an inquisitiveness of intellect, and a deep thirst for, and even foretaste of, a higher region of existence than had as yet been attained by the writer; all of which, working together, must ere long have awakened him to a perception of the weakness of much that he was mistaking for strength, to a knowledge of the ruinous falsehood and real narrow-mindedness of views which he had as yet maintained with a complacent faith in the liberality they conferred upon their holders, and to a conviction of the necessity of meekly submitting all his faculties to an external oracle, if it were only in order to their complete artistical cultivation.

"I have this moment received a note from Haslam, in which he writes that he expects the death of his father, who has been for some time in a state of insensibility; I shall go to town to-morrow to see him. This is the world—thus we cannot expect to give away many hours to pleasure; circumstances are like clouds, continually gathering and bursting, while we are laughing. The seed of trouble is put into the wide arable land of events; while we are laughing at sprouts, it grows, and suddenly bears a poisonous fruit which we must pluck. Even so we have leisure to reason on the misfortunes of our friends; our own touch us too nearly for words. Very few men have ever arrived at a complete disinterestedness of mind—very few have been interested by a pure desire of the benefit of others. In the greater part of the benefactors of humanity some meretricious motive has sullied their greatness, some melo-dramatic scenery has fascinated them. From the manner in which I feel Haslam's misfortune I perceive how far I am from any humble standard of disinterestedness; yet this feeling ought to be carried to its highest pitch, as there is no fear of its ever injuring society. In wild nature the hawk would lose his breakfast of robins, and the robin his of worms; the lion must starve as well as the swallow. The greater part of men make their way with the same instinctiveness, the same unwandering eye from their purposes, the same animal eagerness as the hawk; the hawk wants a mate, so does man: look at them both, they set about it and procure one in the same manner; they want both a nest—they both set about one in the same manner. The noble animal man for his amusement smokes a pipe, the hawk balances about the clouds; that is the only difference of their leisures. This it is that makes the amusement of life to a speculative mind. I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a field-mouse peeping out of the withered grass; the creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. I go amongst the buildings of a city, I see a man hurrying along—to what? the creature hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it. But then, as Wordsworth says, 'we have all a human heart.' There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify, so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish. I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested. I can remember but two: Socrates and Jesus. Their histories evince it. What I heard Taylor observe with respect to Socrates may be said of Jesus—That though he transmitted no writing of his own to posterity, we have his mind and his sayings and his greatness handed to us by others. Even here, though I am pursuing the same instinctive course as the veriest animal you can think of, I am, however, young, and writing at random; straining after particles of light in the midst of a great darkness, without knowing the bearing of any one assertion, of any one opinion. Yet in this may I not be free from sin, may there not be superior beings amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into, as I am entertained with the alertness of the stoat or the dexterity of the deer? Though a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest man shows a grace in his quarrel. By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone; though erroneous, they may be fine. This is the very thing in which consists poetry, and if so, it is not so fine a thing as philosophy, for the same reason as an eagle is not so fine a thing as truth. Give me this credit—do you not think I strive to know myself? Give me this credit, and you will not think that on my own account I repeat the lines of Milton—

'How charming is divine philosophy,
Nor harsh nor crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

"No, not for myself, feeling grateful as I do to have got into a state of mind to relish them properly. Nothing ever becomes real till it is experienced; even a proverb is no proverb to you till life has illustrated it. I am afraid that your anxiety for me leads you to fear the violence of my temperament, continually smothered down; for that reason I did not intend to have sent you the following sonnet, but look over the two last pages, and see if I have not that in me which will bear the buffets of the world. It will be the

best comment on my sonnet; it will show you that it was written with no agony, but that of ignorance; with no thirst, but that of knowledge when pushed to the point; though the first steps to it were through my human passions, they went away, and I wrote with my mind, and perhaps, I may confess, a little bit of my heart.

"Why did I laugh to-night? no voice will tell,
No god, no demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from heaven or from hell:
Then to my human heart I turn at once—
Heart! thou and I are here, sad and alone;
I say, wherefore did I laugh?—Oh! mortal pain!
Oh! darkness! darkness, ever must I moan
To question heaven and hell and heart in vain—
Why did I laugh? I know this being's lease
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads,
Yet could I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, fame, and beauty, are intense indeed,
But death intenser, death is life's high meed."

"I went to bed and enjoyed an uninterrupted sleep."

The above sonnet is remarkably fine and of extreme interest. "The cloudy porch that opens on the sun" of Christianity is often made up of such misgivings as are therein expressed. The entire passage is valuable, moreover, as an illustration of the laborious introspection which must have been constantly exercised by the mind of Keats. This introspection or self-consciousness is a very important element of the discipline which every great artist has probably at some time or other undergone, and it is a feature which deserves attentive consideration here, inasmuch as with the peculiar order of poets to which Keats must be said to have belonged, at least up to the time of the composition of "Hyperion," such self-consciousness becomes an integral portion of the effect, instead of remaining in the background as a subordinated mean of obtaining it. Concerning this characteristic of Keats' poetry we shall presently speak more at large. As a trait of the young poet's personal character, this habitual self-contemplation accounts for the apparent want of heart which sometimes repels us in his letters, and which seems to have rendered precarious such of his friendships as were not founded upon one side or the other, in hero-worship. Lastly, of this fragment of a hasty letter it is to be observed, that while for novelty of isolated thoughts and picturesqueness of expression it has scarcely an equal among the brilliant and laboured products of the modern negative and transcendental Socinian school, it is also distinguished from these products by a degree of consecutiveness and integrity which, two or three years later, must have proved fatal to the maintenance of the philosophy wherewith those qualities are here associated.

The following are a few interesting glimpses of his feelings with regard to his own productions, of his profound sense of the importance of his vocation, and the magnitude of his task, and of his ordinary habits of composition and preparation for composition:—

"I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on a man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary perception and ratification of what is fine. T. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slip-shod Endymion. That it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may seem a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it—by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect poem, and with that view asked advice and trembled over every page, it would not have been written, for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently without judgment; I may write independently and with judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In Endymion I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had strayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure, for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest."

"I have copied my fourth book of Endymion, and shall write the preface soon; I wish it was all done, for I want to forget it and be free for something new."

"The little dramatic skill I may as yet have, however badly it might show in a drama, would, I think, be sufficient for a poem. I want to diffuse the colouring of St. Agnes' Eve throughout a poem in which character and sentiment would be the figures to such drapery. Two or three such poems, if God should spare me, *written in the course of the next six years*, would be a famous gradus ad Parnassum altissimum; I mean they would nerve me up to the writing of a few fine plays—my greatest ambition when I do feel ambitious, which, I am sorry to say, is very seldom."

"I was proposing to travel over the north this summer; there is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing, I have read nothing, and I mean to follow Solomon's directions of—'Get learning and get understanding.' I find earlier days are gone by; I find I can have no enjoyment in the world but continual drinking of knowledge; I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world; some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence—some with a sort of power of

conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet, and in a thousand ways all dutiful to the command of great Nature. There is but one way for me: the road lies through application, study, and thought; I will pursue it, and for that end purpose retiring for some years."

"I should not have consented to these four months' tramping in the Highlands, but that I thought it would give me more experience, rub off more prejudice, use me to more hardship, identify finer scenes, load me with grander mountains, and strengthen more my reach in poetry, than would stopping at home among books, even though I should reach Homer."

"In poetry I have a few axioms, and you will see how far I am from their centre. 1*st*, I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as the wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance. 2*d*, Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what Poetry should be than to write it," &c.

It would have been difficult to hope too much of a man who had done so much as Keats, and who thought so little of it. We must distinguish between a man's confidence in his powers and his valuation of their products. A confidence in his own power is the half of power; whereas an overweening admiration of its results is the surest check upon its further development and exercise. "Extol not thy *deeds* in the counsel of thine own heart (for thus) thou shalt eat up thy leaves and lose thy fruit, and leave thyself as a dry tree," is a precept no less important to the artist than to the moralist—if, indeed, in courtesy to an established error, we still speak of them as two. Keats' confidence in his capacity seems to have had no limit; but we would not hazard the opinion that the first was disproportioned to the last. The severe and subtle critic, Coleridge, is known to have regarded the promise exhibited by Keats as something exorbitant, unprecedented, and amazing; although it must be admitted that, judging from what remains to us of his opinions, he seems to have looked upon that promise as being rather gigantic to sense than spiritually great.

From the above passages we also gather that Keats was not likely to have failed for lack of diligence or ambition. "The sciences," writes Lord Bacon, "have been much hurt by pusillanimity, and the slenderness of the tasks men have proposed themselves." This is equally true of the arts, although the truth may not be equally apparent. Artists, indeed, have often proposed to themselves great subjects, but they have too often neglected to make great tasks of them. This would not have been the case with Keats, who, we see, looked upon six years' practice of expression, after he had already spent several years at it, and had attained therein to astonishing excellence, as a moderate apprenticeship to the Muses, and a necessary completion of his poetical minority.

"His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed," says Mr. Milnes of the poet; and with especial truth, of Keats. The external events of his history were not remarkable, and may be given in few words. His father was a person in the employ of Mr. Jennings, "the proprietor of large livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Jennings; he had two brothers and a sister. The three brothers seem, in their boyhood, which was spent at a good second class school, to have been chiefly notable for their attachment to pugilistic amusements. John's "indifference to be thought well of as a good boy," was as remarkable as his facility in getting through the daily tasks of the school, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was never behind the others. His skill in all manly exercises, and the perfect generosity of his disposition, made him extremely popular. After remaining some time at school, his intellectual ambition suddenly developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded." He left school, however, with "little Latin and less Greek." The twelve books of the Æneid seem to have constituted the bulk of his Latin reading. His acquaintance with the Greek Mythology, of which he afterwards made such abundant use, was derived chiefly from "Lempriére's Dictionary." His parents both died while he was young, and his share of the property left by them amounted to about two thousand pounds; enough to have kept any one but a poet out of pressing pecuniary difficulty for some time; but we hear of Keats being obliged to borrow money soon after he had attained his majority.

On leaving school, John, without having his wishes consulted, was apprenticed by his guardian to a surgeon at Edmonton, where Mr. Cowden Clark became his neighbour and friend. Mr. Clark introduced him to the poet Spenser, whose writings at once exerted the most powerful, and as the readers of Keats know, the most lasting effect upon the mind of the embryo poet. Chaucer was his next passion, and for a short period he

seems to have been pleased with the writings of Lord Byron. In 1817, Keats, being just then come of age, published his first volume of poems, which exhibited much of unmistakable promise and some performance. His most palpable acquisition in consequence of this publication was the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, Bazil Montague, Hazlitt, and some others of distinguished literary standing. This first volume attracted little or no attention from the Reviewers. The nature of the reception of his second publication, "Endymion," is well known, although, happily for the credit of poets, it turns out that the reading public has been grossly mistaken in the effect which, somehow or other, has been stupidly supposed to have been produced upon Keats by that reception. John Keats died of inevitable consumption; and the book before us proves past doubt that Blackwood and the Quarterly Review have not the dishonour of having hastened the poet's death by one day. Visits to Scotland, Devonshire, and the Isle of Wight, were made by Keats during the years 1817 and 1818. In 1819, the great "event" of his life began to transpire; we mean the love-affair, of which something has already been said. Concerning this matter we have very few details, and from what we can gather it seems that the emotion did not arrive at its height until Keats was removed from its cause, by his journey to Italy in the autumn of 1820. We quote the following letter, less for its own deep and almost terribly painful interest than because it shows that Keats, contrary to what might be supposed by his writings, was capable of an intense passion, and that he had, therefore, within him what must subsequently have given his poetry a significance and substance that are not to be found in the works which he lived to produce:—

"Naples, *Nov.* 1, 1820.

"My dear Brown,—Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short calm letter—if that may be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of wretchedness that presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh God! God! God! everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk-lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her: I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England. I cannot recollect without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now! Oh that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her; to see her hand-writing would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*), if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

* * * * * *

"My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me; I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast: it surprises me that the human heart is capable of bearing and containing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George and his wife, and you, and all!"

The closing scenes of Keats' life are given in the most vivid and heart-rending manner, by the letters of Keats, and of his friend Mr. Severn, the artist, who was with him to the last hour, and who devoted himself to the dying poet in a way that deserves the renown which Mr. Milnes' record will confer upon him. But upon these scenes we willingly drop the curtain, for the painfulness of them is unmixed.

The "Remains," which occupy the greater part of Mr. Milnes' second volume, are of great interest, as illustrating the growth, and suggesting the limits of the poet's power; but they are, for the most part, of little permanent literary value. Before we speak of them in detail, we shall make a few remarks upon some unexamined peculiarities of that school of modern poetry which is best represented by Keats; namely, the sensual and self-conscious. This school has been the offspring of that extraordinary cultivation of the critical faculties which is the grand distinguishing characteristic of our times.

It would be manifest upon reflection, if we did not know the fact from history, that the best periods of art and criticism are never coincident. The critical period is as necessarily subsequent to the best period of the art or arts criticised, as the artistical

age is necessarily subsequent to, and not coincident with the age of the emotion, which is by art depicted and embalmed. Great results of art have always been the product of the general movement of a nation or a time; and such a movement could not possibly co-exist in its integrity with that advanced stage of the development of consciousness, which is the first requisite of a profound criticism. An analytical spirit, fatal to the production, though conducive, under certain circumstances, to the enjoyment of the highest art, is the life of criticism. Criticism, in modern times, has attained to an unprecedented excellence; and this has been the result of an unprecedented development of consciousness. Into the question of the general absence of faith, which is the cause, and too often the consequence of such consciousness, we must not enter, although it is closely allied to our subject. The habit of consciousness exists, and we should make the best of it. We are fully aware of its many evils, and of the desirableness of a revolution in the spirit of the time: and we are persuaded that that spirit is essentially self-destructive; but it must become more conscious before it can become less so; let us not, then, endeavour to stifle the critical spirit, which now everywhere prevails; that would not be the way to amend: *on ne retrograde point vers le bien:* the work which is on hand, though, for the time, we should have been happier and better had it never commenced, must now be finished: Nature, man and his works and his history are undergoing an examination, which is being prosecuted with amazing diligence and insight; the heat of the investigation will not cease while the fuel lasts; but that cannot be for ever; the critical spirit must turn at length to self-examination; the necessity of doing something more than contemplating that which has been done will be seen and felt; and it is confidently to be hoped that the world will then advance anew, and with steadier and straighter steps, for the long pause which will have been taken by it, in order to view and understand the direction and validity of all its former ways.

Although the same period cannot be at once critical and artistical in the highest degree, criticism and true art are, nevertheless, by no means incompatible with each other, up to a certain point. Wordsworth, Goethe, and Coleridge, have been the offspring of our intensely critical era; and there are few, we imagine, who would at present venture to deny the claim of these poets to a high place among the poets who are for all time. Nor have these writers, by any accident of retirement or peculiar studies, been withdrawn from the influence of the prevailing spirit; they themselves have performed the part generally taken by the first poets of the age; they themselves have been the leading instruments of the age's tendency; and, as such, they have acquired a peculiarity which is worthy of our notice: they seem to have attained to the limits of the critical region of the mind, to have beheld the promised land beyond, and to have become inspired by the prospect; so that it is true generally of the best poets of later years, that their Muse has been the daughter of Hope, and not of Memory. The published works of Keats seem indeed to constitute an exception to this remark: we have, however, read an interesting fragment of his which enables us to deny the exceptional nature of this case. The fragment, which we regret that Mr. Milnes has not printed, consists of a kind of introduction to Hyperion, in which Keats, in the name of the world, bids farewell to the Grecian Mythology, *and to its spirit.* There is no document to inform us, and it is difficult to judge from the fragment itself, whether it was written before or after the publication of that part of Hyperion which is in the possession of the public. The question of time, however, does not affect the interest of this production as showing that Keats had begun to feel the necessity of looking to the future for his subject and inspiration.

To take up the thread of our subject where we dropped it, to run our eye over the life of Keats—By the word sensual, when we apply it to an entire school of poetry, we wish to be understood as speaking of a separate activity of sense, whatever may be the sphere in which it acts. The effect of sensuousness is produced when a strong passion of the mind finds its adequate expression in strong imagery of the senses. Deduct the passion, and you destroy the *sensuous,* and leave the *sensual.* Sensuousness, in an entire poem, is rhythm, or harmony; according as the poem is narrative and continuous, or picturesque and dramatic. Take away the passion, and the separate images, constituting, with their connexion, the general rhythmus or harmony, drop as beads from a string, into an inorganic heap, or lie, as beads when the string is more carefully withdrawn, in an order which seems vital only so long as it is unexamined.

Such a piece of inorganism is the following "Ode to Apollo," which we extract from the "Remains," not because it is the

best of them, but because it will best serve our purpose:—

"In thy western halls of gold,
When thou sittest in thy state,
Bards that erst sublimely told
Heroic deeds, and sang of fate,
With fervour seized their adamantine lyres,
Whose chords are solid rays and twinkle radiant fires.

"Here Homer with his nervous arms
Strikes the twanging harp of war,
And even the western splendour warms,
While the trumpets sound afar.
But what creates the most intense surprise,
His soul looks out through renovated eyes.

"Then through thy temple wide, melodious swells
The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre;
The soul delighted on each accent dwells,—
Enraptured dwells,—not daring to respire,
The while he tells of grief around a funeral pyre.

"'T is awful silence then again,
Expectant stand the spheres;
Breathless the laurell'd peers,
Nor move, till ends the lofty strain,
Nor move till Milton's tuneful thunders cease,
And leave, once more, the ravished heavens in peace.

"Thou biddest Shakspeare wave his hand,
And quickly forward spring
The passions—a terrific band—
And each vibrates the string
That with its tyrant temper best accords,
While from their master's lips pour forth the inspiring words.

"A silver trumpet Spenser blows,
And as its martial notes to silence fly,
From a virgin chorus flows
A hymn in praise of spotless chastity.
'T is still! wild warblings from the Æolian lyre
Enchantments softly breathe, and tremblingly expire.

"Next thy Tasso's ardent numbers
Float along the pleased air,
Calling youth from idle slumbers,
Rousing them from pleasure's lair:
Then o'er the strings his fingers gently move,
And melts the soul to pity and to love.

"But when *thou* joinest with the nine,
And all the powers of song combine,
We listen here on earth;
The dying tones that fill the air,
And charm the ear of evening fair,
From thee, great god of bards, receive their heavenly birth."

We have chosen the above collocation of images for our first illustration, chiefly because it pairs well, as far as subject and mere command of language go, with another poem, which we give from an unpublished manuscript of Thomas Taylor, the translator of Plato, and which, besides being a fine example of passionate impetus and admirable harmony of thought, is very characteristic of the feelings and opinions of its eccentric author:

TO THE RISING SUN.

"See! how with thundering fiery feet
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat,
That bar their radiant way;
Yoked by the circling hours they stand,
Impatient at the god's command
To bear the car of day.

"See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire;*
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
Submissively retire.

"See! clothed with majesty and strength,
Through sacred light's wide gates, at length
The god exulting spring:
While lesser deities around,
And demon powers his praise resound,
And hail their matchless king!

"Through the dark portals of the deep
The foaming steeds now furious leap,
And thunder up the sky.
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,
Which nature's harmony inspire,
And ravish as they fly.

"Ev'n dreadful Hyle's sea profound
Feels the enchanting conquering sound,
And boils with rage no more;
The World's dark boundary, Tart'rus hears,
And life-inspiring strains reveres,
And stills its wild uproar.

"And while through heaven the god sublime
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time
Fast by his chariot run:
Observant of the fiery steeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent Sun.

"See! as he comes, with general voice
All Nature's living tribes rejoice,
And own him as their king.
Ev'n rugged rocks their heads advance,
And forests on the mountains dance,
And hills and valleys sing.

"See! while his beauteous glittering feet
In mystic measures ether beat;
Enchanting to the sight,
Pæan,† whose genial locks diffuse
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,
Exulting springs to light.

"Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire.
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,
Dread its avenging ire.

* That is, with his own proper fire, and with the fire of the other planets.
† A name of Apollo.

"Hail! crowned with light, creation's king!
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,
And vindicate thy might;
Thy honours spread through barb'rous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
And realms involved in night."

In its phraseology and its separate images, this fine poem is about on a level with the foregoing "Ode:" but there is a charm in Taylor's effusion which is wholly wanting in the verses of Keats. Taylor believed what he was writing; he was, as most of our readers are aware, a light-worshipper, and was in this poem pouring forth real idolatry to the sun. His feeling taught him secrets of the poet's art, which were not revealed to the lazy labour of Keats, in his lines about Apollo. The frequently repeated and splendidly effective "See!" was the true and inimitable suggestion of sincere emotion, as is proved by the otherwise inartificial character of the poem; the alliteration with which the poem abounds is evidently the unconscious effect of passion; the music is occasionally exquisite; there are no more beautiful eight syllables in this respect in English poetry than those which constitute the second line of the eighth stanza; and these are all of them excellences which have rarely been arrived at by a poet of the sensual school, however highly cultivated may have been his peculiar faculties.

The characteristic beauties of the sensual school are now so very generally appreciated, that we shall be doing the cause of English poetry the best service in our power by dwelling here almost exclusively upon its less obvious, though still more characteristic faults. Among the principal of these are, imperfect artistical construction, extreme literalness of expression, defective perception of true harmony, and, as a consequence of the last, unskilfulness in the choice and management of metres, and incapacity for the invention of them.

We know not of a single fine measure that is to be attributed to the poets of this order; on the other hand, they have produced a multiplicity of metres which are wholly wanting in law and meaning, and of which the existence can be accounted for only by supposing that the arrangement of rhymes, and of the varying numbers of feet in the lines, arising in the composition of the first few verses, became negligently fixed upon as the form of stanza for the whole poem. The only striking proof of the existence of true metrical power in Keats, seems to us to occur in the measure of a little, and almost unknown poem, called "La belle Dame sans merci," which appeared first in one of Mr. Leigh Hunt's weekly publications, and is reprinted now in the "Remains." This poem is, indeed, among the most mark-worthy of the productions of Keats; besides being good and original in metre, it is simple, passionate, sensuous, and, above all, truly musical.

Concerning the extreme self-consciousness which characterized Keats, and showed itself in his poems, we have only space to remark, that this quality was the chief cause of the excess of sense over sentiment, of which we have complained, and to adduce the following additional documentary proof of the existence of this self-consciousness in Keats' habits of thought:—"I think a little change has taken place in my intellect lately. I cannot bear to be uninterested or unemployed; I, who for a long time have been addicted to passiveness. Nothing is finer for the purposes of great productions than a very gradual ripening of the intellectual powers. As an instance of this, observe, I sat down yesterday to read King Lear once again. The thing appeared to demand the prologue of a sonnet; I wrote it, and began to read."

We have already stated our belief that this consciousness is a stage through which the modern mind must pass on its road to excellence; it is not, therefore, the less a defect while it exists. Keats died before he had outgrown this stage, as he certainly must have done, had he lived a few years more. As it was, the best of Keats' poetry, by reason of the quality in question, falls considerably short of the highest beauty, which, whether it be sweet or severe, is always the spontaneous, or unconscious obedience of spirit to law: when the obedience is unopposed, sweetness results, when it meets with opposition, severity is expressed: witness, for example, the "Venus de Medicis," and the "Niobe." The highest, the only true beauty, is thus the beauty of holiness; and since obedience is essential humility, beauty, by becoming proud and self-conscious, reverses its own nature, and is not the less essential deformity for its assumption of the shape of an angel of light.

It remains for us formally to introduce to our readers the "Remains," which occupy the bulk of the second of the two little volumes before us. Altogether they will not add to the very high reputation of Keats. The tragedy called "Otho the Great," is the most important of these productions. It contains extremely little that is truly dramatic; and that little wants originality, being evidently imitated, even to the rhythms of the separate lines, from Shakspeare, and more often from that bad, but very tempting model, Fletcher. There is, however, one

passage that strikes us as being finer, in its peculiar way, than anything in the hitherto published writings of Keats. We quote it the more readily, because it stands almost alone, and constitutes the chief right possessed by the tragedy to the time and attention of our readers; for, highly interesting as the work must be to *students* of poetry, and of the poetical character, we are bound to confess that, on the whole, it exhibits a strange dearth even of the author's common excellences.

The Prince Ludolph, driven mad by the sudden discovery of the guilt of his bride, enters the banquet-room in which the bridal party is assembled:

LUDOLPH.

"A splendid company. Rare beauties here;
I should have Orphean lips and Pleto's fancy,
Amphion's utterance toned with his lyre,
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,
As I came in, some whispers—what of that!
'Tis natural men should whisper;—at the kiss
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz
Among the gods!—and silence as is natural.
These draperies are fine, and being mortal,
I should desire no better; yet, in truth,
There must be some superior costliness,
Some wider-domed high magnificence!
I would have, as a mortal I may not,
Hangings of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,
Slung from the spheres; gauzes of silver mist,
Looped up with cords of twisted wreathed light,
And tasselled round with weeping meteors!
These pendent lamps and chandeliers are bright
As earthly fires from dull dross can be cleansed;
Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams
Undazzled—this is darkness; when I close
These lids, I see far fiercer brilliancies,
Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars,
And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows.
Yes—this is dark—is it not dark?
* * * * * *
There should be three more here:
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,
Being gloomy minded, haters of fair revels—
They know their own thoughts best. As for the third,
Deep blue eyes—semi-shaded in white lids,
Finished with lashes fine for more soft shade,
Completed by her twin-arched ebon brows;
White temples of exactest elegance,
Of even mould, felicitous and smooth;
Cheeks fashioned tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine, that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,
And wonder that 'tis so—the magic chance!
Her nostrils small, fragrant, fairy, delicate,
Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore
So taking a disguise."

Next in consideration to "Otho the Great," stands an attempt in the comic style, called "The Cap and Bells." The humour is of a very indifferent vein, depending chiefly upon the introduction of slang, or extremely colloquial phrases, in immediate connexion with more serious expressions. There are, however, frequent touches of charming poetry; for example—

"'Good! good!' cried Hum, 'I have known her from a child!
She is a changeling of my management,
She was born at midnight, in an Indian wild;
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent
Into the jungles; and her palanquin
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,
Shook with her agony, *till fair were seen*
The little Bertha's eyes ope on the stars serene."

Of the two following stanzas, the first is as good an illustration of the mistakes of the poem as the second is of its beauties:—

"'Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical;
Those *nows* you managed in a special style!'
'If ever you have leisure, sire, you shall
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while;
Tit-bits for Phœbus!—yes, you well may smile.'
'Hark! hark! the bells—a little further yet,
Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil.'
Then the great emperor full graceful set
His elbow for a prop, and snuffed his mignonette.

"The morn is full of holiday; loud bells
With rival clamours ring from every spire;
Cunningly stationed music dies and swells
In echoing places, when the winds respire,
Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire;
A metropolitan murmur, lifeful, warm,
Comes from the northern suburbs, rich attire
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm;
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm."

Of the lesser poems, "The Song of Four Fairies," and the fragment called "The Eve of St. Mark," deserve especial attention, but they are too long to quote. We must close our extracts with a grand and subtle sonnet

ON THE SEA.

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh, ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;

Oh, ye whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!"

Ere we conclude, we must again entreat that we may not be misunderstood in what has been put forth by us concerning the short-comings of Keats in his character as a poet. Were we to speak at full all the praise which we believe his writings merit, we should satisfy the blindest of his admirers; but we have dwelt rather upon the faults of Keats, because while they have been very much less generally perceived than his excellences, the perception of them is by no means of less importance to the health of English literature. When we remember that poets are unconsciously received in the world as the highest authorities upon matters of feeling, and therefore of morals, we cannot think that we have dwelt even fully enough upon the deficiencies of the last phase which our poetry has assumed. We console ourselves with the assurance that it is a phase which cannot be an enduring one. Poetry in England has passed through three great epochs, and is now in the early youth of the fourth, and let us hope the noblest. Natural and religious, almost by compulsion, nearly till the time of Milton, the muse at last endeavoured to be something other and more than these; with Cowley and his train, she affected elaborate, artificial, and meretricious ornament; but the re-action appeared in that school of *sensible* poets, of which Dryden and Pope were the chief doctors; we are now returning to the right path; nothing can be more laudable than have been the *aims* of most of our modern poets, and we found our extraordinary hopes of the final success of the school, less upon any earnest we have received of the harvest than upon the incontrovertible truth that "whatsoever we desire in youth, in age we shall plentifully obtain."

It remains for us to assure our readers that Mr. Milnes, whose prose style is the completest, in its happy way, that we are acquainted with, has executed his task with accomplished taste. For a poet to have conducted the autobiography of a brother poet, as Mr. Milnes has done, without having once overstepped the modest office of an "editor," is an exhibition of self-denial which is now as rare as it is worthy of imitation.

ART. IV.—1. *The Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated, including a Biographical Memoir of Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Barré, M.P.* By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. London: 1848.

2. *Junius, including Letters by the same writer under other signatures (now first collected), to which are added his confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall, with a Preliminary Essay, Notes, Facsimiles, &c.* in 3 vols. London: 1812.

3. *Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character (Sir Philip Francis) established.* London: 1816.

4. *Letters to a Nobleman, proving a late Prime Minister (the Duke of Portland) to have been Junius, and developing the secret motives which induced him to write under that and other signatures, with an Appendix containing a celebrated case published by Almon in* 1768. London: 1816.

5. *The Author of Junius (Hugh Boyd) ascertained from a concatenation of circumstances amounting to Moral Demonstration.* By GEORGE CHALMERS, F.R.SS.A. London: 1817.

6. *The Author of Junius discovered in the person of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.* London: 1821.

7. *A Critical Enquiry regarding the Real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville.* By GEORGE COVENTRY. London: 1825.

8. *Junius Lord Chatham, and the Miscellaneous Letters proved to be Spurious.* By JOHN SWINDEN. London: 1833.

9. *History of Party.* By WINGROVE COOKE, Esq., vol. iii. Chap. vi. London: 1837. In this Chapter the claims of Colonel Lachlan Macleane are briefly stated, from a Communication made by Sir DAVID BREWSTER to the Author.

10. *Junius. A Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-General, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in Canada,* London: 1760. *Now first ascribed to Junius; to which is added, a Refutation of the Letter, &c., by an Officer, with Incidental Notices of Lords Townshend and Sackville, and others.* Edited by N. W. SIMONS of the British Museum. London: 1841.

11. *The History of Junius and his Works, and a Review of the Controversy respecting the Identity of Junius, with an Appendix containing Portraits and Sketches.* By JOHN JAQUES. London: 1843. Pp. 406.

STAT NOMINIS UMBRA * must still be the

* The shadow of his name survives.

inscription upon the intellectual mausoleum of Junius. Eighty suns have revolved since this political Meteor burst upon our horizon. Under the censure of Junius the Sovereign trembled on his throne;—the corrupt statesman crouched beneath his rod;—the pliant judge smarted under his rebuke;—the fawning courtier writhed under the agony of his lash;—and the Lords and Commons of England were at once the sport of his wit, and the victims of his wrath. Regarding as inseparable the private character and the political acts of public men, and viewing the immorality of the Court as the fountain of social corruption, he dragged into public view the licentiousness of public men, and thus subjected himself to the imputation of writing under the excitement of personal feeling, and of assuming the mask of a political moralist, in order to aim a shaft at the heart of an enemy, or strike a blow at the character of a friend.

It is easy to understand how Junius has been charged with "falsehood and malice" by those whose private character he unveiled, or who were stung with the sharpness of his wit, or smarted under the asperity of his satire; but these charges have never been substantiated; and when we study the disclosures which time is continually drawing forth from the epistolary stores of the past, we have no hesitation in hazarding the opinion, that Junius may yet be proved to have neither magnified the corruptions of the Government which he denounced, nor malignantly calumniated the officials who composed it.

It may be, and has been, a question how far, in the discussion of public measures, we are entitled to pry into the character, and emblazon the vices of public men. In seasons of national emergency, the State may require for its service the talent and practical wisdom of men who may not be distinguished for their religious or moral qualities; but in the settled and normal condition of a Christian land, where the rights of the reigning family rest upon a religious qualification, and where adhesion to a Creed is demanded from the functionaries of the State, it would be an insult to the feelings and to the faith of a nation, to place either a sceptic or a profligate in power; and were such a character intrusted with high and responsible functions, we should hold it to be a public duty to expose his profanity, or his licentiousness. There are infirmities, however,—there are even vices, which shrink from the public gaze, and which neither invite our imitation nor demand our rebuke. Charity throws her veil over insulated immoralities, into which great and good men may be occasionally betrayed, and which accident or malignity may have placed before the public eye. When remorse or shame pursue the offender, public censure may well be spared. Vice has no attractive phase, when the culprit is seen in sackcloth or in tears. But when licentiousness casts its glare from a throne,—or sparkles in the coronet of rank, —or stains the ermine of justice,—or skulks in the cleft of the mitre,—or is wrapped up in the senatorial robe,—or cankers the green wreath of genius,—when acts of political corruption or public immorality are mingled with individual, domestic, or social vices,—courting imitation or applause, and offering violence to the feelings and principles of the community, it becomes the duty of the patriot and the moralist to hold up to public shame the enemies of public virtue.

Such a patriot and moralist was Junius. The flash of his mental eye scathed as with a lightning-stroke the minions of corruption, and men paused in their career of political mischief in order to avoid the fate of his victims. Envenomed with wit and winged with sarcasm his shafts carried dismay into the ranks of his adversaries, and they struck deeper into their prey in proportion to the polish with which they had been elaborated: And when he failed to annoy and dislodge his antagonist by the light troops of his wit and ridicule, he brought up in reserve the heavy artillery of a powerful and commanding eloquence. In thus discharging the duties of a public censor, and in defending, at the risk of his life, the laws and constitution of his country, we may admire the courage of Junius, and even proffer to him our gratitude, though we disown his political principles and disapprove of his conduct. As the enemy of public corruption and the assertor of public rights every succeeding age will do homage to his intrepidity and success; and if during the prosecution of a lofty purpose he occasionally forgot in the heat of controversy the courtesies of polished life, the patriot will but shed a tear over human frailty, and fix his eye on the great truths which may have been established, or the important victory which has been achieved. In the moral and in the physical world the forces which are called into action must obey the laws from which they originate. The solar ray may occasionally consume when its purpose is but to illuminate, and the tornado which is sent to purify our atmosphere bears in its bosom the elements of death and desolation. In social life the intellectual powers must often perform their functions under the high pressure of the

passions and affections, and even when most nobly and generously exercised, they may display the temperature of the one and the taint of the other. The good done by Junius has lived after him, let the evil be interred with his bones.

Although the scenes in which Junius played so conspicuous a part have been, to a certain extent, cast into the shade by the wars and revolutions of modern times, yet the public anxiety to give life to his shade has not abated; and were we to judge by the number of the works which have been published for the purpose of identifying him with some eminent statesman,* we should draw the inference that the political changes which convulse the age in which we live have but created a more ardent desire to discover the name of a writer who in "thoughts that breathed and words that burned" defended the inalienable rights of Englishmen, while he warned them against any revolutionary inroads upon the constitution by which these rights were secured.

In attempting to substantiate the charges of malignity and personality which have been brought against Junius, his accusers have availed themselves of most unjust and unpardonable assumptions. He is supposed to have written a number of other letters bearing various signatures, and containing virulent attacks upon public men to whom, in his acknowledged compositions, he had avowed the deepest attachment. He is thus arraigned as the warm friend and the bitter enemy of Lord Chatham, and he is made to occupy the odious position of the worshipper and the slanderer of Lord Shelburne. The accusers of Junius, too, presuming that they have identified him with some contemporary statesman, charge him—and justly charge him, if their hypothesis be true—with attacking those with whom he lived on the most intimate terms, and to whom he was under the greatest obligations.† If Sir Philip Francis were the author of these letters, as some of Junius' accusers believe, we admit at once the truth of the charge. He who assails with intemperate abuse the Government of his country while he is eating its bread and doing its work—who exposes the immoralities and sullies the honour of a noble family while he shares their confidence and enjoys their hospitality—and he who slanders his benefactor, and aims his deadliest shaft at the patron who placed him in office—deserves to be made an outlaw from social life, and stigmatized as the basest of mankind. But Sir Philip Francis was not guilty of being Junius, and Junius was not Sir Philip Francis—not a clerk in the War Office, and the slanderer of Lord Barrington, not the protégé and the calumniator of Mr. Welbore Ellis (Lord Mendip), not the guest and the spy at the Duke of Bedford's table. Junius was neither Atticus, nor Lucius, nor Brutus, nor Domitian. These personages must occupy their own niche in the temple of fame: The reputation of Junius requires no supplement from theirs, and the name of Junius shall not be sullied either by their errors or their crimes.

Regarding Junius, aloof from his contemporaries, and unidentified with any brilliant name, let us view him as a shadow hovering above the mighty obelisk which has been reared to his genius—as England's Shakspeare in prose—and let us consider what may have been his probable position in the conflict which he waged, and what palliation that position may offer for the ardour of his temperament and the severity of his judgments. Let us suppose him holding office under Lord Shelburne—deprived of that office by a change of ministry—unconnected by ties of gratitude or affection with most of the public characters of the day—prompted and aided by the chiefs of his party—obtaining his materials, sometimes correct, sometimes exaggerated, and sometimes false,* through the same party channels, and without the power, as an anonymous writer, of inquiring into their truth—daring through the press to stem the tide of political corruption, to stifle in their birth the schemes of ministerial intrigue—to protect the public journalist from malicious prosecutions—to expose private vices when united with the power of doing mischief to the community, and even to remonstrate with the sovereign against the folly and treachery of his servants.† Supposing this to have been the

* All the works placed at the head of this Article, which have for their object the identification of Junius with some distinguished character, have been published since the peace of 1815.

† Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches, &c., pp. 115, 116.

* On the testimony of Dr Musgrave, for example, it had been generally believed, and therefore asserted by Junius, that the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Bute had concluded the peace of Paris under the influence of a bribe from France. In our own day, analogous charges have been made against ministers, not anonymously, but even in the House of Commons, and in their own hearing. On the other hand, in order to make out a charge of falsehood against Junius, it has been alleged that Lord Mansfield did not, as alleged by Junius, drink the health of the Pretender on his knees. But it is positively asserted "that Lord Ravensworth, in 1753, before the Privy Council, convicted Lord Mansfield of that offence."

† In his celebrated expostulation with the King,

position which Junius held, and these the functions which he fearlessly, and often successfully, exercised, his moral portrait displays a nobler phase than if it bore the autograph of Burke or of Barré, of Francis or of Sackville. But even if Junius were identified with some contemporaneous politician, whether a peer of the realm or a Clerk in the War Office, we venture to say that we could point out in the speeches and writings of living statesmen, and in the anonymous essays and reviews which have been ascribed to public men, as grave examples of "virulent abuse," "envious malignity," "rash accusation," and even "ferocious personality," as are to be found in the genuine, or even in the spurious pages of that immortal author. In an age more religious than his, when the courtesies of society are better known and more widely practised, and under Governments whose functionaries were men of high character, and where corruption was the exception, and not, as it then was, the rule, party spirit has borne the same bitter and noxious fruit; and whatever be our progress in refinement and civilization, we shall have to deplore in the dialectics of political strife all the malice and asperity and personality which have been associated with the name of Junius.

Such are the general views under which we shall now proceed to the subject of the identification of Junius; but as many of our readers are but imperfectly acquainted with the circumstances under which his letters were composed and published, we must, for their benefit, make a few preliminary observations. The genuine letters of Junius, seventy-one in number, including two to Lord Chatham, which have been only recently published,* were written between the 2d January, 1768, and the 21st January, 1772. They first appeared in the Public Advertiser, conducted by H. S. Woodfall. They were afterwards collected into a volume by their author, and dedicated, in an eloquent address, to the English Nation. The Duke of Grafton was at the head of the Tory administration, which was then in power. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice; Lord Weymouth and the Earl of Hillsborough, Secretaries of State; the Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief; and Viscount Townshend, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The letters of Junius, when not addressed to the editor of the Public Advertiser, were addressed chiefly to the three first of these distinguished statesmen; and as Junius was a moderate Whig, with scarcely any leaning to democratic principles, he was the admirer and supporter of Lord Shelburne and Lord Chatham, while he denounced the measures of the Grafton administration, and exerted all his influence to damage it in public opinion, and restore Lord Shelburne to power. At the commencement of these discussions, a controversy arose between Junius and Sir William Draper, which occupies six letters; and about two and a half years afterwards, another controversy sprang up between Junius and the Rev. Mr. Horne, which occupies five letters, all of which are written with a spirit and talent which have been universally admitted.

After the publication of his first public letter on the 21st of January, 1769, which contained a general review of the character and conduct of the Ministry, and after the termination of the sharp controversy with Sir William Draper, the fame and popularity of Junius were established. The poignancy of his wit and satire, the splendour of his diction, the logic of his argument, and the power of his eloquence, confounded the ministry, and inspired the opposition with new energy and zeal. The anxiety of the public, the hatred of his enemies, and even the admiration of his friends, were combined in the attempt to remove his mask, and discover his retreat. Spies of all shades were employed in this secret service, and even David Garrick seems to have undertaken the task of detecting him. Junius, however, obtained intelligence of their schemes, and by his own skill and caution, coupled with the honesty of Woodfall, he baffled every attempt to unveil him. When his Letters to the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Bedford were published, new motives for his detection presented themselves, but when his celebrated Letter to the King appeared, bold beyond all precedent, and eloquent above all eloquence, a new spirit was awakened against Junius, which rendered it necessary for his personal safety to persist in the concealment of his name. Upon this "mighty boar of the forest" Burke, who gave him this name, pronounced a splendid eulogy, and while he denounced the severity of his censure, he admitted that in the letter to the King, there were "many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit." "It was the rancour and venom," he continues, "with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him as in strength, wit, and judgment.

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while Junius expressed it as the first wish of his heart, "that the people may be free," he as sincerely avowed it to be the *second*, that his majesty "might long continue king of a free people."

* Chatham's Correspondence, vol. iii p. 305, and iv. p. 190.

But while I expected in this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouch, and still crouch, beneath his rage, nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow,* Sir. He has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our Royal Eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. *Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and his integrity?* He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal anything from the public." Even Lord North, who was now Prime Minister, and to whom Junius had addressed his fortieth letter on the appointment of Colonel Luttrel, deplored the popularity of Junius, and looked forward to his detection and punishment. "Why, therefore," says he, "should we wonder that the great boar of the wood, this mighty Junius, has broke through the toils, and foiled the hunter? Though there may be at present no spear that will reach him, yet he may be some time or other caught. At any rate he will be exhausted with fruitless efforts; those tusks which he has been whetting to wound and gnaw the constitution, will be worn out. Truth will at last prevail."

Having abandoned the hope of discovering Junius, the Government wreaked their vengeance on Woodfall, the printer, by prosecuting him for a libel upon the king. The jury, however, notwithstanding the unconstitutional charge to them by Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, that they should find a verdict of "guilty or not guilty," brought in a verdict of "*printing and publishing* ONLY," which defeated the designs of the Government, and gave a new triumph to Junius and the Opposition.

The anxiety to discover Junius now became more eager than ever. So high were his Letters in public estimation that Burke was suspected to be their author. Lord Mansfield, Sir William Blackstone, and Sir William Draper, adopted this opinion. Mrs. Burke once admitted that her husband knew the author, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Malone believed that though Burke did not write them, "he polished and finished them for the public eye." Dr. Johnson believed Burke to be Junius, "because he knew no man but Burke who was capable of writing them," but Burke "spontaneously denied it" to Johnson himself. Two pamphlets have been written to prove the identity of Burke and Junius, and Mr. Prior, in his recent life of him, has made an elaborate attempt to confirm this opinion, but his arguments are utterly futile, and prove only what is now almost universally believed, that Junius was an Irishman.*

After Burke's indignant and spontaneous denial that he was Junius, Sir William Draper and others expressed their conviction that Lord George Sackville was the man, and an elaborate work of nearly 400 pages has been published by Mr. Coventry, in order to confer upon him this honour. That Lord George Sackville had many and peculiar reasons for denouncing, with all the severity of Junius, the administration of the Duke of Grafton and its individual members, will be readily granted, but no arguments have been adduced to prove that he possessed those lofty acquirements, and that power of composition,† which must be demanded from every competitor. Mr. Coventry has given *twenty-four criteria* or *testimonials*, as he calls them, which must be produced in favour of the true Junius, and by adopting the spurious letters as genuine, he finds no difficulty in producing them all on the part of his favourite; but we have no hesitation in asserting now, what we shall bye and bye prove, that his book is as devoid of argument as his hypothesis is of probability.

Many other competitors for the fame of Junius have been presented for public acceptance, and volumes written to establish their claims. Some have even grasped at the high honour of being Junius, while others have imitated his style, and used his expressions, and adopted his sentiments, in order to have some distant chance of bearing his name.‡ It would be an unprofitable

* The Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Fletcher Norton, "was distinguished by a pair of large black eyebrows."—*Prior's Life of Burke*, vol. i.

* Prior's *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 186.

† In an address to the public, which Lord George Sackville printed previous to his trial in 1760, he says—"I had rather upon this occasion submit myself to all the inconveniences that may arise *from the want of style*, than borrow assistance from the pen of others, as I can have no hopes of establishing my character but from the force of truth."

‡ The following is a list of the persons who have been named either by themselves or others as the authors of Junius' Letters. W. H. Caven-

task, if not at present an impracticable one, to give even the shortest analysis of the arguments which have been employed in favour of the different candidates for the honour of being Junius. Our proper business at present is to lay before our readers some account of Mr. Britton's new work, in which he attempts to identify with Junius the celebrated Colonel Isaac Barré. After doing this, we shall review what have been regarded the superior pretensions of Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville, and also those of Colonel Lachlan Macleane, which in our opinion have a still stronger claim upon public notice.

The object of Mr. Britton's work is thus described by himself:—

"For the last twelve months I have sought by extensive reading, inquiry, and correspondence, to obtain authentic satisfactory evidence, and the result is that the materials I have accumulated, whilst they serve to elucidate the political and private character and talents of the anonymous AUTHOR of the LETTERS—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARRÉ, also point out and implicate his intimate associates, LORD SHELBURNE and MR. DUNNING. There are likewise some extraordinary revelations respecting William Greatrakes, whose career in life, and the circumstances attending his death, with the disposal of his property, abound in mystery, and are pregnant with suspicion. The story of this gentleman is a romance of real life, and like that of the concealed author is enveloped in a cloak of ambiguity and darkness; yet it is confidently believed that he was the amanuensis to Colonel Barré, and also his confidential agent and messenger. To identify these persons and explain their connexion with the public correspondence referred to, to bring out facts of dates and deeds from the dark and intricate recesses in which they were studiously and cunningly concealed, to reconcile and account for contradictions and inconsistencies, have occasioned more anxiety, toil, and scrupulous analysis than can possibly be imagined by any person who has never attempted a similar task. The issue and effects, however, are now submitted to that public tribunal which invariably awards a proper and a just decision, and which I feel assured will ultimately pronounce an impartial verdict, whether favourable or adverse to the author's hopes and opinions."—PREFACE, p. vi.

It has always been believed that Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, was somehow or other connected with the composition of the letters of Junius. When he quitted office in 1768, and went into opposition to the Government which succeeded him, it was highly probable that some of the distinguished individuals who sat in parliament for his boroughs of Calne or Wycombe, or who held the office of his private secretary, or of Under Secretary of State when he was in power, would embark in the defence of their leaders, and wage war against the ministry which displaced them. The Duke of Grafton, and the other members of the Cabinet, had by their misconduct and intrigues, compelled Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne to resign, and it is among the men who suffered by their resignation, who had imbibed their principles, and were actuated by their feelings, that a disinterested inquirer would naturally look for the original of Junius. That Lord Shelburne knew Junius, and everything connected with the writing of his letters, is placed beyond a doubt by the evidence of Sir Richard Phillips, who had a personal interview with him when Marquis of Lansdowne in 1804, and only a week before his death. After Sir Richard had stated to his lordship, "that many persons had ascribed these letters to him, and that the world at large conceived that at least he was not unacquainted with the author," the Marquis smiled and said, "No, no, I am not equal to Junius, I could not be the author; but the grounds of secresy are now so far removed *by death* and changes of circumstances, that it is unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown. The world are curious about him, and I could make a very interesting publication on the subject. I knew Junius, and *I knew all about the writing and production of these letters.* But look," said he, "at my condition. I don't think I can live a week—my legs, my strength tell me so; but the doctors, who always flatter sick men, assure me I am in no immediate danger. They order me into the country, and I am going there. If I live over the summer, which, however, I don't expect, I promise you a very interesting pamphlet about Junius. I will put my name to it. I will set that question at rest for ever." When still further pressed by Sir Richard, his Lordship added, "I'll tell you this for your guide generally;

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dish Bentinck (Duke of Portland), the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole (Earl of Orford), Lord George Sackville, Edmund Burke, Dr. Gilbert Stewart, Hugh Macauley Boyd, Counsellor Dunning (Lord Ashburton), Richard Glover (author of Leonidas), W. G Hamilton (Single Speech Hamilton), Sir William Jones, General Lee (an American), John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Charles Lloyd, secretary to Mr. George Grenville, Henry Flood, M.P., Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, William Greatrakes, John Roberts, originally a treasury clerk, M. De Lolme, Dr. Wilmot, Samuel Dyer (a literary character, and a friend of Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke), Edward Gibbon, Thomas Hollis, Dr. Butler (Bishop of Hereford), *Sir Philip Francis, Colonel Barré,* and *Colonel Lachlan Macleane.*

Junius has never yet been publicly named. None of the parties ever guessed at as Junius was the true Junius. Nobody has ever suspected him. I knew him and knew all about it, and I pledge myself, if these legs will permit me, to give you a pamphlet on the subject as soon as I feel myself equal to the labour."*

As this remarkable declaration disproved every preceding theory of Junius that had come under his lordship's notice, some attempts were made to discredit the statement of Sir Richard Phillips; but Sir Richard had no motive for practising any such deception upon the public; and even if his personal character did not protect him from such a charge, it would require evidence of a very peculiar kind to justify us even in doubting the truth of a statement so very probable in all its details. As Colonel Barré therefore had never been publicly named as the author of the letters of Junius, and as he was the personal and political friend of Lord Shelburne, Mr. Britton's theory rests upon a sound and rational foundation, and his arguments are entitled to a fair and candid examination. We regret, however, to find that he has taken it for granted that Junius is the author of the unacknowledged letters collected by Mr. George Woodfall, and that he has drawn many of his arguments from this fallacious source. Many years ago, the writer of this Article had communicated to Mr. Woodfall himself his conviction that these letters were not the genuine production of Junius, and we are glad to observe that the same opinion has been recently maintained with much ability in the pages of the Athenæum. By rejecting these letters as his, we place the character of Junius in a more favourable light, while we deprive Mr. Britton of some of the strongest arguments in favour of Colonel Barré's claim.

When Mr. Britton was at Hungerford about the end of the last century, he became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Popham of Chilton, who had held for more than twenty years the vicarage of Lacock, in the vicinity of Bowood, the seat of Lord Shelburne. He was an occasional guest of that hospitable house during the period from 1769 to 1772, when the letters of Junius were publishing. Counsellor Dunning and Colonel Barré, for many years, spent the parliamentary recess at Bowood, the one having long represented the burgh of Calne, and the other that of High Wycombe. Dr. Popham was therefore often in their society, and among other subjects he heard the letters of Junius frequently discussed. He was surprised at the "difference of their language," when that subject was discussed by themselves, and in mixed parties, and he came to the conclusion that they were either the authors of the letters, or were familiar with the writer. On a particular day when Dr. Popham and the three politicians were the whole party at dinner, Junius was not only the subject of conversation, but a certain attack upon him was freely discussed. One of the party remarked, that this attack would be shown up and confuted in the next day's Advertiser. When the paper arrived next day, there appeared a note from the printer stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. Dr. Popham concluded from these facts that one of his three friends was Junius; and Mr. Britton informs us that Mr. Bayliff, and Mr. Ralph Gaby, two respectable solicitors of Chippenham, who had frequently met with the same parties at Bowood, entertained a similar opinion.

About the same time, Mr. Britton's attention was directed to a tombstone in Hungerford churchyard, to the memory of William Greatrakes, on which was the following inscription:—"*Here are deposited the remains of William Greatrakes, Esq., a native of Ireland, who, on his way from Bristol to London, died in this town, in the 52d year of his age, on the 2d day of August*, 1781. STAT NOMINIS UMBRA." This gentleman was a great friend of Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré, and was an inmate in Lord Shelburne's house during the publication of the letters of Junius. A Captain Stopford, who attended Greatrakes on his deathbed, asserted that he had told him that he was the author of the letters of Junius, and a relation of the family is said to have discovered in his trunk "the letters of Junius in the hand-writing of the deceased young man, with all the interlineations, corrections, and erasures, which sufficiently established them as the original manuscripts!"* From these facts, Mr. Britton concludes, that Mr. Greatrakes "was intimately concerned in the letters of Junius," "and that the task which devolved upon him was to copy the letters for the printer, under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Barré."

The opinion that Colonel Barré alone was Junius, was first broached and maintained by Captain Henderson, ordnance store-keeper at Chester, who in 1837 trans-

* *Monthly Magazine*, July, 1813.

* *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, September 7, 1806.

mitted to the writer of this Article an account of his investigations. Captain Henderson died in March, 1847, when he was preparing his remarks on Junius for the press; but Mr. Britton had access to his papers, and a very good abstract of his inquiries is now in our possession.

Isaac Barré was the son of a foreign refugee, "settled by the Bishop of Clogher in a shop in Dublin, because his wife had nursed one of the bishop's children," and he was born in that city about the end of 1726. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1740, and his name was entered in one of the Inns of Court in London, with the view of studying for the bar. Disliking, however, the profession which had been imposed upon him, he obtained an ensigncy in the 32d Foot, on the 12th of February, 1746. His regiment, which was then in Flanders, returned to England in 1747; and having again gone to the Continent in 1748, it remained there till the peace of Aix la Chapelle in the same year. From 1749 to 1753, Barré was at Gibraltar; and in the years 1754, 1755 (when he was made lieutenant), and 1756, his regiment was quartered in Scotland. In 1757, Barré left his regiment, and went out as a volunteer with the celebrated Wolfe, then Colonel of the 20th regiment, on the unsuccessful expedition to Rochefort. In order to make amends for the failure, in the same year, of Admiral Holbourne's naval expedition, Wolfe was selected by Mr. Pitt as brigadier under Sir Jeffery Amherst to make a second attack upon Louisburg, and Lieutenant Barré was again chosen to accompany him. After the capture of Louisburg, and in consequence of his ill health, Wolfe, accompanied by Barré, returned to England towards the end of 1758. Wolfe, with the rank of major-general, and Barré, who had been made major of brigade, were appointed to the famous expedition against Quebec—Wolfe to have the special command of it in co-operation with Sir Jeffery Amherst. The expedition set sail in February, 1759, Monckton, Townshend (afterwards Lord Townshend), and Murray being the brigadier-generals, and Major Barré adjutant-general. The last dispatch written by Wolfe "was ascribed by the current report of the army to Major Barré," and part of it is given by Mr. Britton "as a specimen of the style" which, however, does not present the slightest resemblance to that of Junius. On the 13th of September, Wolfe fell on the plains of Abraham; the French General Montcalm shared the same fate; Barré was severely wounded in the eye and head; Monckton, the second in command, was disabled; and hence the honour of transmitting an account of the victory to England, and the command of the army devolved, for a short period, on Brigadier-General Townshend. Colonel Hale bore his despatches to England, an honour which would have been conferred on Major Barré had Wolfe recovered.

From New York, to which Mr. Barré and his wounded comrade Colonel Carleton had gone, the former addressed a letter to Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham), dated 28th April, 1760, detailing the events of his professional career, and asking that preferment which would have fallen to his share had he borne to England the despatches of his General. On the ground that "senior officers would be injured by his promotion," his request was refused. This refusal of promotion, Mr. Britton justly enough connects with a very remarkable letter, printed and published in London between June and October, 1760, inveighing in eloquent, severe, and satirical periods, against the conduct of General Townshend, as the successor of Wolfe in the command of the Quebec expedition. This pamphlet, which we have placed in the list of works at the head of this Article, excited much interest at the time of its publication, and led to a hostile meeting, prevented by the arrest of the parties, between Townshend and the Earl of Albemarle, who was suspected of having instigated or employed an anonymous author to traduce the General.* This letter has a stronger resemblance to the letters of Junius than any other compositions that have been compared with them, and it possesses a double interest as a new feature in the controversy, because it could not have been written in imitation of Junius. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1817, who had seen only a few extracts from the letter in question, was so struck with this similarity of style, that he expressed it as his "strong opinion," "*that if the author of the letter to a Brigadier-General should be known, it would be no difficult task to set at rest the inquiry after the author of the Letters of Junius.*" In the year 1840, the same letter came under the notice of Mr. N. W. Simons of the British Museum, and so "close was the resemblance" which it bore "to the style and composition of Junius," that upon referring it as well to some friends as to other gentlemen of impartiality and judgment, the unhesitating opinion of all was, *that the pamphlet and the Letters of Junius were by the same hand.*

* Correspondence of Horace Walpole, vol. ii. p. 202.

Mr. Simons' little volume contains a well written and judicious introduction to the pamphlet, and to "a Refutation of it by an Officer," and it concludes with an Appendix of 30 pages, in which "he gives the parallel passages from the pamphlet and from the letters of Junius, with illustrative notes."* "This letter," says Mr. Simons, "was written, if not by a soldier, at all events by a person skilled in military affairs. In style, phraseology, and matter; in sarcastic irony, bold interrogation, stinging sarcasm, and severe personalities; in frequent taunts of treachery, desertion, and cowardice, it so closely resembles the compositions of Junius, that the identity of their authorship scarcely admits of a doubt. * * * Several passages in it evince also that strong prejudice against the Scotch which is another characteristic of Junius."†

The identity of the pamphleteer and Junius being thus almost established, Mr. Britton does not hesitate to ascribe the letter to Barré, who was the friend of Wolfe, and therefore the enemy of General Townshend. The only conclusion which we think legitimate is—that it was written by some individual who accompanied the expedition, and this seems to have been the opinion of the officer who wrote the "Refutation" when he says—"But where has this pamphleteer been to find himself under the necessity of quoting this letter? *He must not have been in England surely*, or must not have read the public papers," &c. If it was written by Barré, it must have been written in America, as he did not reach England till the 5th October, 1760, when he brought home the despatches which gave an account of the surrender of Montreal and the subjection of Canada; and if it was written in America, and was the production of Junius, then it necessarily follows that of all the claimants to the name of Junius, Barré and Macleane, who alone were at the siege of Quebec, are the only individuals entitled to that honour.

We have already alluded to the hostile meeting between General Townshend and Lord Albemarle, and to the suspicion in which it originated, that Lord Albemarle had prompted the composition of the Letters. The officer who writes the "Refutation," seems to refer to this when he says—"The sneer at the militia, in whose institution General Townshend had so principal a hand, *betrays the sore part of the writer and his* PATRON." If Lord Albemarle, therefore, was the patron or the person who employed the pamphleteer, Mr. Britton should have tried to point out the connexion between his Lordship and Colonel Barré.

On the 8th of October, three days after his return from America, Barré expressed himself "as bound in the highest gratitude to Mr. Pitt for the attention he had received," but it was not till the 29th January, 1761, that he received his commission as Lieutenant-colonel of the army.

It was at this time that Colonel Barré became acquainted with the Earl of Shelburne, who had succeeded to his father in May, 1761. A few months after this Mr. Pitt resigned, and Lord Shelburne joined the ministry of the Earl of Bute. On the 17th October, Colonel Barré received a "letter of service" to raise, as "Colonel proprietor," the 106th regiment of foot, and on the 28th of November he was elected member of parliament for Chipping Wycombe, in place of Lord Shelburne. He had scarcely been three days in the House before he made an assault upon Mr. Pitt so violent that the Earl of Bath characterized it as "a rude and foul-mouthed attack," and Sir Andrew Mitchel, in a letter to a friend, gives the following account of what he calls "Colonel Barré's Philippic." Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said—"There he would stand turning up his eyes to heaven that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table—that sacrilegious hand that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country."

In the reduction of the army, which followed the peace of 1762, Barré's regiment was disbanded, and on the 8th March, 1763, he received compensation for his loss by the lucrative appointment of Adjutant-general to the army. When George Grenville became Premier on the retirement of Lord Bute, Lord Shelburne came into office as First Lord of the Board of Trade, and on the 14th May Barré was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle, which, with his other emoluments, yielded him an income of £4000 a year. On the resignation of Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Bedford entered George Grenville's administration, and when Barré joined the opposition along with his patron, he was on the 7th December, 1763, deprived of the lucrative offices

* A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1843, informs us that an individual, then recently deceased, who had merely seen extracts from the Letter to the Brigadier-General, had not only come to the same conclusion with Mr. Simons respecting the identity between its author and Junius, but had, previously to the illness of which he died, begun to prepare for the press a statement of his opinion.

† The references in Mr. Simons' volume, are to the *second* edition of Woodfall's Junius.

of Adjutant-general and Governor of Stirling Castle, while Lord Shelburne was dismissed from the place of Aide-de-camp to the king.

In the summer of 1765 the ministry of George Grenville terminated, and was succeeded by that of the Marquis of Rockingham, which did not last more than a year. Mr. Pitt was induced at the earnest solicitation of the king to form a ministry, and on the 27th of July, 1766, His Majesty signed the warrant for creating him Earl of Chatham. He accordingly took his seat in the House of Lords with the office of Lord Privy Seal. The Duke of Grafton was first Lord of the Treasury, General Conway was continued as Secretary of State, and Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for the southern department, his friend Colonel Barré being appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and at the same time a Member of the Privy Council; Lord Rockingham was made President of the Council; Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor; and Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the 12th of August, 1767, on the resignation of the Earl of Bristol, Lord George Townshend kissed hands as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, thus forming a part of the administration to which Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré belonged, and which continued in power till the 21st of October, 1768, when Chatham, Shelburne, and Barré retired from office.

Previous to this date, and between the 28th April, 1767, and the 19th October, 1768, there appeared in the Public Advertiser a series of no fewer than *forty-eight* letters, which have been published by Woodfall, under the name of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, and confidently ascribed to the pen of that distinguished writer. These letters are filled with such virulent abuse of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, individuals to whom the real Junius was deeply attached, and whom he invariably praised, that it is impossible to regard them as of his composition, without viewing him as one of the most degraded of men. Mr. Woodfall has adduced no satisfactory evidence to prove that they are genuine, and even if in point of style they had approached to that of Junius, the sentiments and views which they advocate frequently stand in diametrical opposition to his. Believing, or rather presuming, that the Miscellaneous Letters are genuine, Mr. Britton is compelled to regard them as the production of Colonel Barré, and to assign a variety of very trivial reasons in favour of so extraordinary an opinion. That Barré should thus attack the Government under which he held high and lucrative offices—that he should vilify his generous friend and patron, the Earl of Shelburne—that he should abuse Lord Chatham who appointed him vice-treasurer of Ireland, and of whom he professed to entertain the most exalted opinion*—that he should abuse Lord Townshend to whose wife he left the whole of his property—that he should do all this is utterly incredible, and what never can command the assent of any reasonable man.

At the time when Junius ceased to write, Mr. Britton has pointed out no event in Colonel Barré's history which can afford any explanation of so remarkable a fact. He continued in his career of opposition to the Government of Lord North from 1773 to 1782, and it is quite unaccountable that such a man, were he Junius, could have preserved silence as a public censor, during those disastrous events which he reprobated with such animation within the walls of St. Stephen's. When Lord North's ministry was dissolved on the 20th March, 1782, Lord Rockingham availed himself of the talents of Lord Shelburne as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of Colonel Barré as Treasurer of the Navy. In consequence of the sudden death of the Premier, in the course of three months, Lord Shelburne was appointed his successor, and Barré was raised to the lucrative office of Paymaster to the Forces. After concluding peace with America, and recognising its independence, events which illustrated his short administration, Lord Shelburne was forced to resign, in consequence of the extraordinary coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North; and Barré, his faithful Achates, followed him into private life, with a pension of £3200 a year, which had been secured to him on his retirement from the ministry. The celebrated William Pitt, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, held the same office under the Coalition Ministry, and in January, 1784, he wisely relieved the Exchequer of Colonel Barré's pension by conferring upon him the sinecure office of Clerk of the Pells, with a salary of £3000 per annum, which had then become vacant by the death of Sir Edward Walpole.

In the new Parliament, which met in May, 1784, Colonel Barré sat for Calne. He was incapacitated, however, for public business by a total loss of sight; and he

* See Junius' two genuine letters to Lord Chatham, dated January 2, 1768, and January 14, 1772, published in Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 32, and vol. iv. p. 190.

finally retired from Parliament at the general election of 1790. He died at his house in Stanhope Street, May Fair, on the 20th July, 1802, in the 76th year of his age, *leaving a large part of his fortune to the Marchioness of Townshend!*

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a general view of the life of Colonel Barré, and of the grounds upon which Mr. Britton believes him to have been the author of the unacknowledged Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius, as well as of the genuine productions to which he affixed the shadow of his name. Had Mr. Britton endeavoured to identify Barré with the author of the Letters signed Junius and Philo-Junius, he might have made out a case more rational, and more likely to be received than many of those which have been submitted to the public; but when he tries to identify him with *Lucius*, *Atticus*, *Poplicola*, *Domitian*, and many others, the slanderers of Chatham, and Shelburne, and Townshend, with two of whom he lived on the most affectionate and friendly terms, and to whom he owed all his success in life, he fixes the brand of villany upon the brow of his hero, and converts the honest Junius into a public slanderer, without political principles, without consistency of character, and prepared to reprobate to-morrow the man who was to-day his idol. We shall relieve Mr. Britton, however, of the millstone of the Miscellaneous Letters, and consider his hypothesis in relation only to the genuine Letters of Junius. We thus deprive him, no doubt, of some of the points of identity which the Miscellaneous Letters supply between the Letter to a Brigadier-General and the productions of Junius; but as we grant him the truth of this hypothesis, and render it unnecessary that Barré should have witnessed in Paris the public burning of the books of the Jesuits, and that he should have been the slanderer of Lord Townshend, to "whom he was a frequent visitor" in the decline of life, we place him in a more favourable position than his own.

We think it will be admitted by all disinterested judges, that independent even of the actual declaration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Junius stood in a peculiar relation to the person, the politics, and the interests of that distinguished and patriotic nobleman. Nothing is more probable than that Barré, as his particular friend and constant companion and political supporter, should have been Junius; but it is equally probable that the private secretary, or the under secretary, or any other political friend of his Lordship, should have been Junius. With regard to Barré, Mr. Britton has not shown, and cannot show, that he possessed the knowledge, the talents, the powers of composition, and, above all, the genuine wit and sarcastic humour which characterize the productions of Junius. There is a species of boldness, and vigour, and coarseness in his speeches, but they are otherwise tame and pointless, and his Letters to Lord Chatham have the same character. We think it clear that Junius was not a public orator, or a person who had the faculty of public speaking. To think and speak on his legs, as Lord Brougham defines the art of making an extempore speech, compels the orator to seize the slightest associations. His sentences are long, involved, and parenthetic; and if he ever had the power of sententious and antithetical writing, of constructing symmetrical and well-balanced periods, and of writing with logical accuracy, he necessarily loses it after he has acquired a facility of composing upon his legs. Had we space we could establish this truth by a reference to the productions of our most distinguished orators. Barré, therefore, though he had the position, and the political knowledge, and access to the secret information which Junius must have possessed, possessed neither his brilliant talents nor his powers of composition, nor the smallest trace of his Attic wit and his sarcastic humour. We cheerfully concede to Mr. Britton that Barré, had he possessed the necessary intellectual power, was in a position to have written the Letter to a Brigadier-General, and therefore to have had a high claim to the honours of Junius. But he may have been merely the friend who communicated to the true author the information that was required, or as Lord Albemarle was supposed to be, he may have been the patron who stimulated or encouraged him. But even if all these objections were groundless, it would be a difficult task to persuade the public that Junius held lucrative offices in the State, while he was systematically assailing the King and the Government, and that he who denounced the appointment and the pension given to Sir W. Draper should have been a sinecurist when Junius, and should have spent his latest years as a pensioner on the Civil List.

It has been almost universally admitted that Junius was, and should have been, an Irishman. Barré possessed this title to be Junius, but he wanted another still more essential, and without which no candidate, however brilliant his talents, and however appropriate his position, can be admitted as a competitor. Junius hated Scotland and the Scotch. He availed himself of every

opportunity of abusing them; and we must therefore discover some solid grounds why the representative of so noble and distinguished a writer took such an unfavourable view of a nation which has gained the esteem of statesmen, and whose people, in point of education and moral and religious training, occupy a most exalted place among the nations of Europe. Colonel Barré, certainly in so far as his history can show, had no reasons for hating the Scotch and abusing Scotland, and nothing has surprised us more than the following observations on the subject from the pen of Mr. Britton:—

"His residence in Scotland for *three* years may have induced that prejudice against the Scotch character which is palpably marked in the Letters of Junius. Johnson was equally inimical to the Scotch after a cursory view of them and their homes. Barré, as an Irishman of ardent and enthusiastic temperament, who had mixed in various society, and lived an active life, *must have felt a great contrast between himself and the cold and calculating conduct of Scotchmen.*"—P. 21.

It will be difficult to explain this remarkable sentence, and still more to show how a patriot and a generous soldier like Barré, who had seen much of men and much of the world, could observe a "cold and calculating conduct" in our countrymen. Was it at the hospitable board at which he and his brother-officers must have been courteously entertained? Was it among the sober and religious population of the Lowlands—provident, peaceful, and loyal? Was it in its academic groves, then trodden by so many distinguished men? Was it in the halls of its nobles, among the emblems of a glorious lineage and the realities of living beauties? Or was it among the green mounds which deck the purple heath of Culloden—the resting-place of warriors, faithful to their chieftains and to their Prince—that the English soldier discovered those revolting features of our national character which disturbed him in his youth, and haunted him through life? Or could it be when Colonel Barré was governor of Stirling Castle, and gazed over the field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of the North, where the flower of English chivalry fell, and "the proud usurper was laid low?" No—Barré learned no such lessons in Scotland. He never abused the Scotch, and never wielded the spear of Junius.

There is one other objection to the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, which it will be very difficult to remove. Why did Barré, were he Junius, cease to write in January, 1772? He was then in perfect health; he retained his seat in the House of Commons; he was then the friend and correspondent of Shelburne and Chatham; he received no bribe from the Government; he continued to maintain the same principles, and was associated with the same political friends. In his *last* private letter to Woodfall, dated January 19, 1773, Junius assures him that he had good reason for discontinuing his communications.—"In the present state of things, if I were to write again I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible." In his Dedication to the English Nation, however, which he sent to Wilkes on the 3d Nov., 1771, he gives utterance to sentiments of a very different kind:—"You are roused," says he, "at least, to a sense of your danger. The remedy will soon be in your power. *If* Junius *lives you shall often be reminded of it.*" Junius, if he has ever been named, did live, but did not fulfil his pledge. Barré lived, and lived under circumstances which might well have called him into the field. In a letter, written *two* days after Junius abandons "the cause and the public," Barré announces to Lord Chatham,* that the honours of his profession have been withheld from him, though the Secretary of War had, "in a private and unsought for conversation," promised him promotion in his turn, and that he was thus an object of persecution, and would quit the army if he were "not reinstated according to seniority of rank, and the rightful pretensions of service." Having, in conformity with Lord Chatham's advice, transmitted a memorial to the king, his majesty rejected his petition, and gave him permission to retire from the service.† Had Junius been Barré this act of persecution might have summoned him again into

* Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 242, dated January 21, 1773.

† Lord Shelburne, in a letter to Lord Chatham, dated February 27, 1773, thus notices the retirement of Colonel Barré:—"Your lordship has been informed of what has passed relative to Colonel, now Mr. Barré. Lord Barrington, after an interval of eight days more, signified the king's acceptance of his resignation, since which Lord North and the Bedfords have avowed separately and without reserve their disapprobation of the measure which occasioned the step. This leaves no doubt from what quarter the measure comes. It is but just to apprise your lordship what proscribed people you honour sometimes with your correspondence."—*Chatham's Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 253.

the field, or he might have listened to the importunate call of *Sindercombe*, a writer in the Public Advertiser, who, on the 26th December, 1770, implored him to fulfil the promise in his Dedication, and especially the pledge which he had long since given, "that the corrupt administration of Lord Townshend in Ireland 'shall not be lost to the public.'" Junius remained deaf to these calls. He had truly abandoned the "cause and the public," and we have no doubt that he was influenced by motives which no patriot could avow, and which prompted him to preserve his name from the reprobation of posterity.

Although we cannot concur in the hypothesis of Mr. Britton, we are bound to thank him for the interesting information which he has collected regarding the life and character of Colonel Barré. Every attempt to identify Junius with one of his contemporaries should be received with gratitude, and whether it signally fails, or is favourably received, it cannot but throw some light upon the problem, or remove some difficulty from its solution. But independently of its intrinsic value, Mr. Britton's work has been the cause of placing the controversy upon a new foundation. An able writer in the Athenæum,* as we have already seen, has, in a notice of that work, assigned the most satisfactory reasons for rejecting the great mass of the Miscellaneous Letters ascribed to Junius, and even the few which he does admit as *appearing* to be genuine, he admits with a caution which will justify the rejection of them on any question which concerns either the personal character or the identity of Junius.

"A letter by Domitian," says the writer in the Athenæum, "is said to be referred to by Junius in a private note of the 7th of December, 1770; and coupled with other circumstances—amongst these his private note of the 22d February, 1772, *the evidence appears sufficient.* Let 'Domitian, therefore, be received as Junius. 'Testiculus' *may also be allowed* on the *inconclusive* memorandum, on private note, and date of publication, and *if so*, 'Testis 'claims protection. Two short notes by 'Vindex' *may be received on like authority.*"—P. 747.

After an able exposure of the temerity of Dr. Mason Good, the editor of the edition of Junius which contains the Miscellaneous Letters, the writer in the Athenæum justly and indignantly remarks,—

"We hope, therefore, never again to hear the character of Junius traduced and calumniated on the strength of the letters which Good has been pleased to attribute to him. These have been added for the most part, as we have shown, without authority and without probability—and sometimes in direct defiance of facts, and they have left us a Junius who is a moral monster, by whom we can prove anything."

The character of Junius having been thus restored, and the field of controversy cleared of the gigantic stumbling-blocks which covered it, we shall now proceed to inquire into the claims of three competitors who have very recently been recommended to public favour, namely, Sir Philip Francis, Lord George Sackville, and Colonel Lachlan Macleane.

There is perhaps no portion of literary history more extraordinary than that which relates to the identification of Sir Philip Francis and Junius. The work in which the attempt is made, entitled "Junius Identified," is one of the most singular examples of ingenious and inconclusive reasoning which we have ever had occasion to examine. Circumstances the most trivial, and points of resemblance the most general, twisted into many different shapes, and presented under many different aspects, have been accumulated into a mass of evidence which, after deceiving the world by its bulk, has broken down under its own weight and incoherence. In order to bring the question clearly before the minds of our readers, we shall state in distinct propositions the grounds on which we consider it demonstrable that Sir Philip Francis was not Junius.

1. Sir Philip Francis has given two distinct denials of the charge of his having written Junius. To Sir Richard Phillips he denounces it in 1813, as *a silly and malignant falsehood.* He denied it to his biographer on the 23d December, 1817, a year only before his death, and he has left among his papers no document connected with the subject.

2. Sir Philip Francis had neither the experience, nor the talents, nor the knowledge, nor the *wit*, that were requisite for the productions of Junius. He was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when Junius' first letter was published, whereas Junius speaks of his long experience of the world, and every page of his writings displays that knowledge of character, and that practical wisdom which could only be obtained from an extensive intercourse with various classes of society. Sir Philip Francis had never even received an University education, and he had never exhibited any taste or turn for composition before he entered the War Office. With regard to his wit, his published writings

* *Athenæum*, July, 1848, pp. 711 and 745.

prove that he was destitute of that faculty; and the writer of this Article possesses a letter from the late Lord Chief-Commissioner, Sir William Adam, who was intimately acquainted with Francis, and was in constant intercourse with him, not only in society but in business of all kinds—in which he states that Sir Philip had neither wit nor humour; and that there are many coarse passages in Junius which he was too fastidious and sensitive to have written.

3. Sir Philip did not occupy the position necessary for obtaining the information which Junius had at his command, or possess the wealth which he had at his disposal. He was not connected with Lord Shelburne or his friends, and he was only an inferior clerk in the War Office, with an income of scarcely £450 a year. Junius describes himself as a man of fortune, ready to indemnify Woodfall against any pecuniary loss.

4. Sir Philip occupied his position in the War Office during the whole period that Junius' Letters were writing—from 1763 till the 23d March, 1772, when he resigned his situation.

5. To suppose that a clerk holding office under Government should have laboured systematically for four years to vilify and overturn the Government by which he was fed, is a supposition too monstrous to be for a moment admitted.

6. Mr. Welbore Ellis (Lord Mendip) was the early patron and friend of Francis—Lord Barrington was the Secretary at War under whom he served, and to whom he was indebted for the splendid appointment which was given him in India;—and yet Junius launched against both these noblemen the fiercest and most galling abuse.* Sir William Adam informed the writer of this Article, that he constantly met with Francis at the Duke of Bedford's table, and that he never could believe that any person who had so maligned that nobleman's character† could have dared to accept of his hospitality.

7. If the Letter to a Brigadier-General was written by Junius, Sir Philip Francis could not be Junius, because he was not at Quebec, and was only nineteen or twenty years of age when it was composed.

8. No reason can be assigned why Sir Philip Francis should have exhibited such bitterness and malignity against Scotland and the Scotch. He never was in Scotland. He never had any occasion, in his official position, to come into collision with any of our countrymen; and those who identify him with Junius have not been able to assign a single reason, or to refer to a single fact in his life, either public or private, which could afford the slightest explanation of so remarkable a feature in the character of Junius.

9. It has been universally believed that Junius was in the army, and had held some official military appointment in actual service. Sir Philip Francis never was in the army, and never held any such position. Lucius* indeed says, "I am not a soldier," and supports his opinions on certain military matters, by stating what "he had heard from military men," but Lucius has been found not to be Junius. In the correspondence with Sir William Draper, Junius exhibits an extensive and accurate knowledge of the state of the army, and denounces its mismanagement. Sir William broadly insinuates that Junius was acquainted with Lord Shelburne, and refers him to that nobleman for the truth of one of his statements. Could Sir William have believed, or can any person believe, without legal evidence, that an inferior clerk in the War Office, who took an official part in all military arrangements, was the author of statements affecting the character of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary at War, his own superior, and the members of the Government which he served?

10. The speeches and writings of Sir Philip Francis, all composed and published since the Letters of Junius appeared, display neither the talent, nor the wit, nor the peculiar style of Junius. Butler, in his Reminiscences, after a careful comparison of the writings of both, declares "that all internal evidence is against Sir Philip;" and Dr. Parr, a competent judge, has pronounced the same decision in still more elaborate expressions. "Sir Philip Francis," says he, "was too proud to tell a lie, and he disclaimed the work (the Letters of Junius). He was too vain to refuse celebrity which he was conscious of deserving. He was too intrepid to shrink when danger had nearly passed by. He was too irascible to keep the secret, by the publication of which he at this time of day could injure no party with which he was connected, nor any individual for whom he cared. Besides, we have many books of his writing upon many subjects, and all of them stamped with the same character of mind. Their general

* Mr. Calcraft, whom Junius abuses, left Francis a thousand pounds.

† Sir William Draper characterizes one of the Letters to the Duke, "as a most inhuman letter, which he had read with astonishment and horror."—*Lett.* xxvi.

* *Miscellaneous Letters*, vol. iii. p. 154.

lexis (as we say in Greek) *has no resemblance to the lexis of Junius;* and the resemblance in particulars can have far less weight than the resemblance of which there is no vestige. Francis uniformly writes English. There is Gallicism in Junius. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and Junius is seldom ardent." To these excellent observations we may add the following remarks of Mr. Butler, on the parallel passages from Junius and Francis:—"If these passages show that Sir Philip was no mean writer, they also prove that he was not Junius. To bring the question to a direct issue—Are the glow and loftiness discernible in every page of Junius *once visible* in any of these extracts? Where do we find in the writings of Sir Philip those thoughts that breathe and words that burn, which Junius scatters in every page?—a single drop of the *cobra capella* which so often falls from Junius?" In one of the parallel passages quoted in the Edinburgh Review, and in which Sir Philip's attack upon Lord Thurlow is compared with Junius' attack upon Lord Mansfield, the inferiority of Sir Philip is so great in the estimation of Mr. Butler, and, we believe, of every competent critic, "as to render it impossible that he should have been the author of Junius' Letters." But independent of these views, the similarity of diction or of sentiment, which some have found in the writings of Junius and of Francis, wherever it may occur, is the *similarity of imitation.* Every polemical writer, whether in politics or in religion, has during the last *eighty years* been, to a greater or a less extent, an imitator of Junius. His thoughts, his metaphors, and even his words, have been stolen, and like Sir Philip Francis, many of our most noted orators and politicians have not scrupled to draw an arrow, poisoned though it may have been, from the ample quiver of the great intellectual gladiator.

11. The appointment of Sir Philip Francis to the situation of a Judge in India just about the time when Junius ceased to write, has been regarded as a strong argument in favour of his being Junius. We are willing to give it all the force which it would have had if there had been any other grounds for the same opinion, for we are convinced that Junius ceased to write in consequence of an arrangement with the Government. But the appointment of Francis requires no such explanation. Had Lord Barrington or the Government known or even believed that Francis was Junius, dismissal from his place in the War Office would have been the smallest portion of his punishment. But Francis had served nine years in the War Office, and had distinguished himself by his talents and habits of business, and it was by no means strange that at the age of thirty-three he should have received that appointment. The late Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, informed Mr. Butler, "that Sir Philip Francis owed the continuance of his seat in the War Office to the kindness of Lord Barrington, the prelate's brother, and that Sir Philip's appointment in India was chiefly if not wholly owing to his Lordship's recommendation of him to Lord North."* Had Francis been an enemy of the Government, his appointment might have required some such explanation as that which has been given of it. He who receives an office from his political opponents, and especially from those whom he has systematically abused, must have surrendered something in exchange for the generosity of the gift.†

Although we have thus resisted the claims of Sir Philip Francis, and given him a lower niche than Junius in the Temple of Fame, we cannot concur in any attempt to depreciate his talents, or degrade his name. In the "History of Junius and his Works" by Mr. Jaques, the latest work on this exciting controversy, such an attempt has been made. Perplexed with the antagonism of the "internal evidence against Sir Philip," and the fancied "external evidence in his favour," Mr. Butler reduces to zero the pretensions of the distracted knight, and transfers the honour of Junius to Lord George Sackville. Anxious, however, to reconcile

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* Reminiscences, p. 97, note.

† The following remarks by Mr. Barker express so fully our views on the general improbability of Sir Philip Francis being Junius, that we cannot withhold them from our readers:—

"If the author of Junius should prove to be Sir Philip Francis, it will certainly stand out as one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable occurrences ever known, that he, a mere clerk in the War Office, should have commenced his literary career by a series of papers perfect in their style of composition; and his political career by professing those high public principles which belong only to the tongues or the pens of men who have been for a series of years running their course of usefulness and of fame; and that he should have denounced the conduct of the ministry in the severest terms, with the apparent style of an experienced rhetorician, the exact knowledge of an able statesman, the lofty tone of an independent spirit, and a Demosthenic vehemence of diction unparalleled in the history of human eloquence.

"If Sir Philip Francis did, in such circumstances, write the Letters of Junius, then the history of the world itself has exhibited no similar or second instance of this sort; the phenomenon cannot be explained by all the philosophy of the human mind, and nothing is too little or too great for human credulity."—BARKER'S *Five Letters on the Author of Junius*, p. 6.

the two classes of evidence which he considers as neutralizing each other, he places both hypotheses at right angles to each other, as in the parallelogram of forces, and conducts his reader into a third or diagonal hypothesis, in which he expects him complacently to rest. He restores, as he expresses it, to each hypothesis its individual activity, by supposing *that Sir Philip was not Junius, but* THE AMANUENSIS *of Junius*—that the real Junius was too high *to be bought*, so that when he made his terms with Government he was contented to remain in a proud obscurity, but stipulated *a boon for his scribe;* and was of consequence enough to insist that the boon should be liberal!! Mr. Jaques accepts of this hypothesis as the solution of the long agitated problem, and summarily removes every remaining difficulty by the following oracular decision:—"It may probably be objected that no personal intercourse has been traced between Lord George and Mr. Francis—the answer to this is, that it was essential to the preservation of the secret that they should keep aloof, and appear strangers to each other. It is evident that Mr. D'Oyley *was* THE CONNECTING LINK between the man of high rank, mature age, and independent fortune, *having a personal hatred against the King and his Ministers*, whose hand-writing is found to bear a strong resemblance to some of the *short private notes* written by Junius to Woodfall, AND the clever young inferior clerk who was intrusted with the 'slavery of writing' or copying for the press the *longer and more elaborate letters.*"*

Had Sir Philip Francis lived to witness his ignominious fall from Junius to a copying clerk,—from the "mighty boar of the forest" to the most harmless of the quadrupeds,—he would not have expressed his indifference, as he did, to the "silliness and malignity of the falsehood." He might have laughed at the insult by a parody upon Johnson's example of the anti-climax:—

> "Sir Philip Francis the great god of war,
> And Clerk assistant to the Earl of Mar."

It is unfortunate for great men to have such commentators as Mr. Jaques, and unfortunate for truth that a grand question of literary criticism should be submitted to a species of logic by which anything may be proved. There are many reasons, argues the logician, for believing that Sir Philip Francis was Junius, and there are more for believing that Lord George Sackville was the man; *ergo*, Junius was written by their joint labours—by the mind of the one and the pen of the other. Why not take in a third or a fourth writer into the firm? Colonel Barré or Macleane could be made useful by supplying the materials for the Letter to a Brigadier-General, Junius' earliest production. It is of no importance that Barré, and Macleane, and Sackville, and Francis, were not known to be acquaintances, "for it is essential that they should keep aloof and appear strangers to each other!" It is of still less importance that Lord George is in that letter taken to task for his cowardice at Minden, because in one of the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, his prototype candidly confesses "that he loves to be stationed in the rear!"

As the claims of Lord George Sackville have been again so pertinaciously pressed upon the attention of the public, it will be necessary to examine briefly the grounds upon which they rest. Lord George Sackville, the third son of the first Duke of Dorset, was born in June, 1716, and had reached the age of *fifty-three* when Junius began his Letters. Prior to this epoch he was made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces, and a member of the Privy Council. At the battle of Minden, which was fought on the 1st August, 1759, Lord George commanded the cavalry. During the heat of the action, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick sent his aide-de-camp, Colonel Ligonier, to order Lord George to bring up the cavalry. This order had scarcely been received when Colonel Fitzroy came up with a modified order, that Lord George should march with *only the British cavalry*, and to the left. Lord George received the order with some confusion, and replied,—"This cannot be so; would he have me break the line?" Fitzroy (to use Horace Walpole's words), young, brave, and impetuous, urged the command. Lord George desired that he would not be in a hurry. "I am out of breath with galloping," said Fitzroy, "which makes me speak quick; but my orders are positive: the French are in disorder; there is a glorious opportunity for the English to distinguish themselves." Lord George still hesitated, saying, "it was impossible the Prince could mean to break the line." Fitzroy stuck to the Prince's order. Lord George asked which way the cavalry were to march, and who was to be their guide? "I," said Fitzroy, bravely. Lord George, pretending the different orders puzzled him, desired to be conducted to the Prince for explanation; in the meantime he despatched Smith, his favourite, with orders to lead on the British

* Jaques' History of Junius and his Works, p. 382.

cavalry, from which he pleaded no delay could happen. Smith whispered to Lord George, to convince him of the necessity of obeying. Lord George persisted in being carried to the Prince, who, at Fitzroy's report, was much astonished. Even when Lord George did march, he twice sent orders to halt to Lord Granby (second in command), who was posting on with less attention to the rules of a march, but with more ardour for engaging. Before they arrived the battle was gained.*

In the beginning of September, 1759, Lord Barrington notified to Lord George Sackville that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lieutenant-General and Colonel of Dragoon Guards. Lord George demanded a court-martial, but as the witnesses were engaged on foreign service, it was not held till the 7th March, 1760, on the return of the English troops from Germany. The proceedings closed on the 3d April, 1760, when the Court pronounced the following sentence:—"This Court is of opinion that Lord George Sackville is GUILTY *of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick*, whom he was by his commission and instructions directed to obey as Commander-in-Chief, according to the rules of war. And it is the further opinion of this Court, that the said Lord George Sackville is, and he is hereby ADJUDGED, *unfit to serve his Majesty* in any military capacity whatever." His Majesty confirmed the sentence, struck Lord George's name out of the council-book, and forbade his appearance at Court.

We have referred thus fully to this unfortunate event in Lord George Sackville's life, because upon it, and upon it alone, has been founded the hypothesis of his being Junius. Regarding his dismissal from the army as an act of the witnesses at his trial, and his prohibition to attend the Court as a personal act of the King (George II.), Lord George Sackville is supposed to have cherished the deadliest hatred against every individual who had contributed to his degradation, and to have assumed the mask of Junius in order to expose them to the world. The Marquis of Granby is assailed because he was a witness, and the Duke of Grafton because he was the brother of Colonel Fitzroy; and the reason assigned for the attack upon Lord Mansfield is, that his Lordship had *erroneously* assured Lord George, previous to his trial, that he could not be convicted; while Lord George's hatred and abuse of the Scotch is ascribed to the fact that *there were ten Scotch officers* on the court-martial that condemned him! Such are the motives which are supposed to have impelled an English nobleman to assail the Sovereign, the Government, and the Judges of his country, and thus, under the pretence of being a patriot, to hazard his property, his liberty, and even his life, in the gratification of a personal animosity. But admitting that any honourable mind could surrender itself to so ignoble a course, let us see how it was pursued by the mortified and dishonoured soldier. That the volcano of his fury should have broken forth under the sting of his degradation might have been expected; that it would have scattered its ashes indiscriminately around till its fires were spent and its missiles exhausted, might be readily admitted; but that it should smoulder for nearly *ten* years, and then eject a Junius from its crater, is too ridiculous to be believed. And how did this avenging Junius launch his first thunderbolt against the supposed enemies of Lord George Sackville? In January, 1768, he addresses to Lord Chatham a letter (*Private and Secret, to be opened by Lord Chatham only*), giving him information respecting the insincerity and ingratitude of his associates in the Cabinet—a letter that could neither gratify malignity nor satiate revenge. The same Junius, charged with such puny impulses, remains quiet for more than a year; and on the 21st January, 1769, he commences his genuine letters with an argumentative examination of the financial and military condition of the country.

But it is stated that Lord George did, previous to the appearance of Junius, wreak his vengeance against his enemies in writings both with his name and anonymously; and we may therefore suppose that he had thus exacted a sufficient penalty from his enemies, without making a more severe demand upon them in the person of Junius. On the accession of George III., in 1760, Lord George appeared at Court with the sanction of the Earl of Bute; and though a party prevented a repetition of this informality, yet so little ground had he for hostility against the King, that he was made a member of the Privy Council in 1765, and in the same year appointed one of the Vice-treasurers of Ireland. It is true that, for reasons not known, he resigned this office in the following year, when the Duke of Grafton came into power; but this was a mere loss of place, and not an injury sufficient to justify the assaults of Junius against the Government, and against a King who, instead of having injured him, had, under

* Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II., vol. iii. p. 194. 2d Edition. 1846.

peculiar circumstances, placed him among the number of his Privy Councillors.

Let us now consider the position and conduct of Lord George Sackville during the time of Junius. Lord George, like several of the leading politicians of the day, held many of the opinions of Junius; but it is impossible, for one moment, to believe that he could have written the violent attacks upon George III., and upon Lord Mansfield, against whom he had no ground of offence. In supporting Sergeant Glynn's motion for a Committee to inquire into the administration of Criminal Justice, which was made in the House of Commons on the 6th December, 1770, Lord George made the following observations, in which he clearly alludes to Junius, and to the famous letter addressed to Lord Mansfield, and published only three weeks before :—

"All the records of our Courts of Law," says Lord George, "and all the monuments of our lawyers, are ransacked, in order to find sufficiently odious names by which he may be christened. The libellous and virulent spirit of the times has overleaped all the barriers of law, order, and decorum. The Judges are no longer revered, and the laws have lost all their salutary terrors. Juries will not convict petty delinquents, when they suspect grand criminals go unpunished. Hence libels and lampoons, audacious beyond the example of all other times; libels, in comparison of which the 'North Briton,' once deemed the *ne plus ultra* of sedition, is perfect innocence and simplicity. The sacred number forty-five, formerly the idol of the multitude, is eclipsed by the superior venom of every day's defamation. All its magical and talismanic powers are lost and absorbed in the general deluge of scandal which pours from the press. When matters are thus circumstanced; when the Judges in general, and Lord Mansfield in particular, are there hung out to public scorn and detestation, now that libellers receive no countenance from men high in power, and in the public esteem; what will be the consequence when it is publicly known, that they have been arraigned, and that their friends quashed the inquiry which it was proposed to make upon their conduct? * * * I cannot help thinking that it is the wish of Lord Mansfield himself to have his conduct examined, nay, I collect as much from the language of a gentleman who may be supposed to know his sentiments. What foundation, then, is there for obstructing the inquiry? None at all. It is a pleasure to me to see my noble friend discovering such symptoms of conscious innocence. His ideas perfectly coincide with my own. I would never oppose the minutest scrutiny into my behaviour. However much condemned by the envy or malice of enemies, I would at least show that I stood acquitted in my own mind, and *quis fugit judicium ipso teste, reus est.*"

That these observations were not part of a vein of satire and invective, as Mr. Coventry calls it, running throughout the whole speech under the mask of friendship for Lord Mansfield, must be obvious to every reader; and in proof of this we have only to refer to Lord Sackville's dying declaration to Lord Mansfield which he made at Tunbridge Wells, in the presence of Mr. Cumberland. Lord Sackville sent Cumberland for Lord Mansfield, who immediately obeyed the summons of his friend. Having just dismounted from his horse, and had time to recover his breath, Lord Sackville addressed his visitor in the following words :—"But, my good Lord, though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my *unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me* during my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not write to assure you of *the invariable respect I have entertained for your character*, and now in the most serious manner to solicit your forgiveness if I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours."* Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming, says Cumberland, and highly satisfactory.

Having exhibited in his speech of the 28th March, 1776, much knowledge of American affairs, Lord George Sackville was publicly thanked for his observations, which Lord North went so far as to characterize "as worthy of so great a mind." He now voted with the Government against his friends in the opposition; and so high was the value which was put upon his support, that Lord North resolved to remove Lord Dartmouth, and his Majesty appointed Lord George Sackville Secretary of State for the American Colonies on the 7th September, 1775!—Junius—a deserter of the opposition, —a Secretary of State,—the friend of the Sovereign whom he had maligned,—asking and receiving favours from the Crown, and inexorable to the calls of humanity and justice, by supporting the king in his determination to prosecute the American war to the uttermost! This is incredible. Lord George occupied this unfortunate position till the year 1782. The surrender of the British troops at York Town led to the termination of the American war, and when

* "When I record this speech," says Cumberland, "I give it to the reader as correct: I do not trust to memory at this distance: I transcribe it." *Cumberland's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 250.

the peace was concluded Lord George resigned his office, and in 1782 was created a British peer, with the title of Viscount Sackville—"one of the few peerages," says Wraxall, "which, in the course of half a century, George III. has been allowed to confer wholly independent of ministerial intervention, or recommendation, from the impulse of his own inclination."* Lord Sackville did not long survive this honour. His enemies in the House of Lords denounced this act of the Sovereign as derogatory to the House; and some of them even pronounced it to be "an insult to their Lordships to see a person created a peer whose disgrace was entered in the orderly books of every British regiment." Lord Shelburne (the friend of Junius) declared that *he had suffered many professional injuries from the person* (Lord Sackville) *who was the subject of debate, and that smarting with a sense of those injuries at the time, a sort of enmity had taken place between him and the person in question!* The attempt, twice made, to obtain a decision of the Peers against his promotion completely failed, and Lord Sackville spent the rest of his days n calm resignation to the persecution which he had suffered, kind to all around him, and regularly and respectfully attentive to his religious duties. He died on the 26th August, 1785, in the 69th year of his age.

Such was the Junius of Mr. Coventry, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Jaques. Such was Lord Sackville—a great and good man if not Junius; if Junius—a traitor to his king and his country, a hypocrite in his life, and a liar at his dying hour. The laurels of Junius, green and unfading when enwreathing his own hallowed shade, wither and decay by transplantation. The moral life that bears them perishes beneath their pressure, and the intellectual glory of which they are the badge grows dim without the lustre of an honest name.

After these details we need not say much more about the claims of Lord George Sackville. His Lordship himself stated to a friend that "he should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius had done, but that there were many passages in his letters which he should be very sorry to have written;" and *not many days before his death* he said to Mr. Cumberland, "by way of jest," that he was among the suspected authors of Junius. Mr. Cumberland adds, "I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility;" and, he might have added, that there was less occasion for its disavowal after his farewell address to Lord Mansfield. To these observations we shall only add, that those who give credit to the statement of the Marquis of Lansdowne to Sir Richard Phillips, or who believe that Junius wrote the letter to a Brigadier-General, or the famous miscellaneous letter dated 22d October, 1767, in which the cowardice of Lord George Sackville is mentioned, will acquit this nobleman of any share in the productions of Junius.

We now come to call the attention of our readers to the claims of a new candidate for the honours of Junius—Colonel Lauchlin, or Laughlin Macleane. This gentleman, like many of the other competitors, was supposed by several of his private friends to be Junius, but his pretensions were never brought before the public. His name was first mentioned by Almon in the introduction to his edition of Junius, but it has never appeared in any of the lists of the "false Juniuses" which are to be found in every work on the subject. Upwards of thirty years ago, when Sir David Brewster was looking over the papers of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M.P., he found several letters addressed to him with the signature of L. Macleane, and bearing the dates of 1776–7, a few years after Junius ceased to write. Mr. Macpherson and Colonel Macleane were agents for the Nabob of Arcot, and Colonel Macleane was the friend and confidential agent of Warren Hastings. These letters related to the affairs of India; and though many of them were hurried notes, bearing only Macleane's initials, yet they were vigorously and elegantly written, and contained passages such as might have been expected from Junius. One of these began with the following sentence:—"I shall follow your advice, my dear sir, implicitly. The feelings of the man are not fine, but he must be chafed into sensation." This and other similar passages were shown to Mr. Macpherson of Belleville, who recollected that the name of Macleane was mentioned in Galt's Life of West in connexion with that of Junius. A copy of the book was immediately sent for, when to the great surprise of the parties the following passage was discovered:—

"An incident," says Mr. Galt, "of a curious nature has brought him (Mr. West) to be a party, in some degree, in the singular question respecting the mysterious author of the celebrated letters of Junius. On the morning that the first of these famous invectives appeared, his friend, Governor Hamilton, happened to call; and inquiring the news, Mr. West informed him of that

* The King and Lord Mansfield knew who Junius was. This fact we state on the very highest authority.

bold and daring epistle. Ringing for his servant at the same time, he desired the newspaper to be brought in. Hamilton read it over with great attention; and when he had done, laid it on his knees in a manner that particularly attracted the notice of the painter who was standing at his easel. 'This letter,' said Hamilton, in a tone of vehement feeling, 'is by that d——d scoundrel Macleane.' 'What Macleane?' inquired Mr. West. "The surgeon of Otway's regiment; the fellow who attacked me so violently in the Philadelphia newspapers, on account of the part I felt it my duty to take against one of the officers. *This letter is by him.* I know these very words. I may well remember them;' and he read over several phrases and sentiments which Macleane employed against him.* Mr. West then informed the Governor that Macleane was in the country, and that he was personally acquainted with him. He came over," said Mr. West, "with Colonel Barré, by whom he was introduced to Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), and is at present private secretary to his lordship."†

This remarkable anecdote, taken in connexion with the casual discovery of Macleane's letters, induced Sir David Brewster to enter upon an inquiry foreign to his own studies, but not without an interest to those who like himself were admirers of the writings of Junius. In this inquiry he has been engaged for nearly thirty years; and though he does not pretend to have identified Macleane with Junius, he believes that in favour of no other candidate can such an amount of evidence be produced.

Lauchlin Macleane was born in the county of Antrim in 1727 or 1728. His father, John Macleane, was a nonjuring clergyman, nearly connected with the Macleanes of Coll, and was driven from Scotland in consequence of his attachment to the exiled family, and of his refusal, along with many others, to pray for King George the First and the Royal family. This must have taken place previous to 1726, for he married after he arrived in Ireland, and took up his residence in the north of Ireland, near Belfast. He was a man robust in stature and independent in his principles, and he had occasion to exhibit both these qualities during his residence in Scotland.* When he was one day coming out of church, a quarrel arose between him and some officers of the army, who had no doubt been chiding him for his disloyalty. After some altercation, they told him that nothing but his coat prevented them from giving him a good beating. Macleane immediately threw off his coat, exclaiming, "*Lie you there, Divinity, and Macleane will do for himself,*" and gave the officers a sound drubbing. After the Rebellion in 1715, "the criminal records of Scotland were for some years engrossed with prosecutions against Episcopalian clergymen," who refused to pray for the King; and in a prosecution of one of these clergymen in Edinburgh, so late as the year 1755, it was stated by the Judge on the bench, "that non-juring Episcopalian clergymen of the prisoner's activity were dangerous to the present happy establishment!"

Thus driven from the house of his father, and forced to seek an asylum in a sister-land, an ardent mind like that of John Macleane must have cherished strong feelings of dislike and even hatred against the dominant party by whom he was persecuted; and in the legacy of revenge which he doubtless bequeathed to his son, we see the origin, if he were Junius, of that unconquerable hatred of Scotland and the Scotch which rankled in his breast. In no other candidate for the mask of Junius can we find such powerful reasons for his bitter and never-ending anathemas against our country. Mr. Macleane does not seem to have remained in the Church, for we find him characterized as a gentleman of small fortune. Lauchlin, his second son, was sent, in 1745 or 1746, from a school near Belfast to Trinity College, Dublin,† where he became acquainted with Burke and Goldsmith. He afterwards went to Edinburgh to study Medicine; and on the 4th January, 1756,‡ he was introduced by Goldsmith to the Medical Society, of which he became a member. Goldsmith having become surety for the debts of a fellow-student which he was unable to pay, was about to be thrown into prison, when the liberality

* All the Colleges and Repositories of newspapers in America have been ransacked in vain for the paper containing this attack upon Governor Hamilton.

† Prior, in his Life of Goldsmith, makes the following reference to this event:—"In 1761, while Macleane was surgeon to Otway's regiment, quartered in Philadelphia, a quarrel took place with the Governor, against whom Macleane, who was a man of superior talents, wrote a paper distinguished by ability and severity, which drew general attention. Colonel Barré, subsequently so well known in political life, then serving there with his regiment, and who was probably involved in the quarrel, is said to have formed a regard for him in consequence of the part he took."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

* This anecdote was communicated to us by the late Alexander Macleane, Esq., of Coll.

† The following is the entry in the College Register:—"1745 (1746), *Maii* 29°. *Lauchlin Macleane Pens:—Filius Johanni Generosi—Annum agens* 18—*Natus in Comitatu Antrim—Educatus sub Ferula, Mro. Dennison.*—Tutor, Mr. Reid."

‡ It is a curious fact, that Macleane and Barré and Goldsmith were all residing in Scotland at the same time.

of Macleane and of another fellow-student, Mr. Sleigh, relieved him from this distressing embarrassment. After completing his medical course, he obtained the degree of M.D. on the 6th August, 1755;* and some time after this he entered the army as surgeon to Otway's regiment (the 35th).

We have not been able to learn if Macleane was in any of the expeditions to North America, which were fitted out in 1757 or 1758, but we know that he accompanied the celebrated expedition in 1759, when Wolfe fell on the heights of Abraham, and the command of the British troops devolved upon Brigadier-General Townshend. Major Barré and his countryman Macleane shared in the dangers and honours of that eventful day, and had their illustrious commander survived the battle, Barré would have been the bearer of the despatches, and would have received promotion. Barré had, by his conduct at the siege of Louisburg, gained the approbation of General Sir Jeffery Amherst; and upon the surrender of Montreal, on the 8th September, 1760, he was made the bearer of the despatches to Government.

Brigadier-General Townshend was unpopular in the army, and particularly obnoxious to Barré and Macleane, and the other friends of Wolfe. According to Horace Walpole, "he, and his friends for him, attempted to ravish the honours of the conquest from Wolfe. Townshend's first letter said nothing in praise of him. In one to the Speaker of the House, he went so far as to assume the glory of the last efforts, * * *; and in other more private despatches, he was still more explicit."† Irritated by this selfish and ungenerous conduct, the friends of Wolfe, and who could they be but Barré or Macleane, drew up and published, in 1760, the celebrated Letter to a Brigadier-General, already mentioned, which so clearly resembles in its temper, and style, and sentiments, the Letters of Junius. If Junius, therefore, wrote this letter, all the arguments of Mr. Britton in favour of Barré's being the author of it, and therefore Junius, are equally applicable to Macleane; and if we have proved that Barré could not be Junius, it follows that, under these assumptions, Macleane is entitled to that distinction. This conclusion we may fairly corroborate by a reference to one of the miscellaneous letters, signed *A Faithful Monitor*, and ascribed to Junius, although there is no sufficient evidence that he wrote it. But as it is possible, and to a certain degree probable, that it may prove genuine, we are entitled to add this indeterminate quantity to our argument. "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum* (Lord Townshend, and his brother Charles, then Chancellor of the Exchequer). *I have served under the one, and have been forty times promised to be served by the other.*"* Now, who but Barré or Macleane are likely to have written this sentence? They both served under Lord Townshend; and though it is not probable that Barré could have been promised any situation under the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is very likely that Macleane might have received such a promise.

Early in 1761 General Monckton was appointed governor of New York, and in December of the same year he left that city with a strong force for the reduction of Martinique. Otway's regiment was part of the eleven battalions which went from New York for this purpose, and Macleane accompanied the General as his private secretary. The English fleet, rendezvoused at Barbadoes, came before Martinique on the 7th January, 1762, and obtained possession of it on the 4th February. After the reduction of the French West India islands, and the peace of 1762 which followed it, the regiments to which Barré and Macleane belonged were disbanded. We have not been able to obtain much information about Macleane after the taking of Martinique. He seems to have settled in Philadelphia as a physician, and to have remained there for some years. A gentleman in Philadelphia mentions "Dr. Laughlin Macleane and his lady as acquaintances of his grandfather, and visitors at his house some time between 1761 and 1766."† Mr. Prior informs us,

* His Thesis, entitled *Dissertatio Medica Inauguralis de Erysipelate*, was dedicated to the Duke of Hamilton.

† *Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, vol. iii. p. 222, 2d edit. 1846.

* Mr. Jaques, in the early part of his volume, interprets this passage as declaring, that Charles Townshend had forty times promised to serve under the *Faithful Monitor*, or Junius, without availing himself of this perversion of very plain words; but he afterwards makes use of it as an argument in favour of Lord George Sackville, under whom he thinks Charles Townshend might have promised to serve! The passage has no application in favour of Sir Philip Francis.—See Jaques' His. of Junius, pp. 136 and 370.

† "The latter (Mrs. Macleane) rarely missed a day, when the weather was favourable, of calling upon her countrywoman, my grandmother; and I well remember she was always attended by a small white dog enormously fat, in which quality he even exceeded his mistress, who yielded to few of her species and sex in the possession of an enviable *embonpoint*. The doctor was considered to have great skill in his profession, as well as to be a man of wit and general information, but I have never known a person who had a more distressing im-

that when in Philadelphia Macleane acquired great medical reputation, followed by its common attendant, envy, from the less fortunate of his brethren, and he gives us the following anecdote of him, which Almon quotes as an example of what he terms "true magnanimity." "A rival practitioner, extremely jealous of his success, who had adopted every means, not excepting the most unfair, of injuring his credit, was at length afflicted by the dangerous illness of an only son; a consultation became necessary; and as possessing the first character for professional skill, Mr. Macleane was solicited to attend. His zeal proved unremitting; he sat up with the patient many nights, and chiefly by his sagacity and indefatigable efforts, succeeded beyond expectation in restoring the young man to health; refusing all consideration for his labours, and saying to his friends,—'now am I amply revenged.'"

It appears to have been in 1761, before he accompanied General Monckton to Martinique, that he published the attack upon Governor Hamilton, to which we have already referred, and in which he employed the very same *words*, *phrases*, and *sentiments*, which six or seven years afterwards were used by Junius. It is not easy to forget the very terms of asperity and invective by which we may have been assailed, and as Governor Hamilton declares that "he might well remember them," we cannot refuse to give great weight to his testimony that Macleane was Junius.

Mr. West states, and we have elsewhere met with a similar statement, that Macleane came over to England in the same ship with Colonel Barré, who had formed such a high opinion of his talents and acquirements, that he introduced him to Lord Shelburne, who appointed him his private secretary. In 1766, Macleane met Barry, the painter,* at Paris, and had an opportunity of being useful to him on his way to Italy; and Burke, in one of his letters to Barry, written in the beginning of 1767, informs him "that Macleane is Under Secretary in Lord Shelburne's office, and that there is no doubt but he will be, as he deserves, well patronized there."

Having been Lord Shelburne's private secretary, and afterwards his Under Secretary for the Southern Department, Macleane had now embarked on a political career which must have led to wealth and honours; but in consequence of the Duke of Grafton's intrigues in the Cabinet, all his prospects were blasted. So early as July, 1768, "the Bedfords" had begun to persecute Lord Shelburne. The King, preferring Mr. Lynch, refused to confirm his nomination of Lord Tankerville to be Resident Minister at Turin, and Lord Shelburne was so indignant at his refusal, that he would have resigned, had not the Chancellor, Lord Camden, "persuaded him to the contrary." In August "the removal of Lord Shelburne was proposed in the closet and objected to;" but his enemies seem to have prevailed, for in September Mr. Lynch was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Sardinia. Lord Chatham had resolved, under these circumstances, to resign, and in mentioning his resolution to the Duke of Grafton on the 12th October, he added, "that he could not enough lament the removing of Sir Jeffery Amherst (from the government of Virginia), and that of Lord Shelburne." Lady Chatham had told the Duke of Grafton "that Lord Shelburne's removal would never have Lord Chatham's consent or approval, as thinking it quite contrary to the King's service. He has a great regard and friendship for him, and thinks his abilities make him necessary in the office he is in, to the carrying on of his Majesty's business. My Lord would think either (viz. that of Sir Jeffery Amherst also) most unhappy and very unfortunate for his Majesty's service."* The Duke of Grafton, however, was determined that Lord Shelburne should resign, and accordingly Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne retired from the Ministry on the 21st October, 1768. Macleane of course followed the fate of his chief, and doubtless felt keenly his dismissal from the honours and emoluments of office. In less than *three* months Junius launched his first formidable philippic against the Ministry.† Can it be doubted that this attack emanated from Lord Shelburne's party? Lord Shelburne, Barré, and Macleane, were the principal persons aggrieved by the change in the Ministry, and it is among them alone that Junius can be found. The whole of Mr. Britton's facts and reasonings confirm this opinion, and we are left only to choose between Barré and Macleane.

In these proceedings the King had taken an active part, and so early as May, 1767, his Majesty speaks of Lord Shelburne's party as "a hydra-faction," and Lord Shel-

pediment in his speech."—*Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania.* Harrisburg, 1811. Chap. ii.

* Prior's *Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 208.

* Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 337, *note.*

† Dated January 21, 1769.

burne himself as "a secret enemy."* The conduct of the King therefore could not but irritate the friends of Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne, and it was doubtless to the strong feeling which it engendered that we owe the celebrated address to the King, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the history of Junius. From 1768 to 1771, during the greater part of the time the Letters of Junius were publishing, Macleane sat in Parliament for the borough of Arundel, but owing to an impediment in his speech, he was not distinguished as a speaker, and his great talents were therefore to a considerable extent concealed from the public. He was the friend of Lord Shelburne and Barré, and from the former he could easily obtain all that knowledge of what was going on at Court which Junius possessed in so remarkable a degree. That Macleane had this knowledge was believed by his contemporaries, for when Major Campbell wished to show how Hugh Boyd, whom he believed to be Junius, got the necessary information, he stated that he got it *through his friend Macleane*, who then moved in the first circles. But we have now much clearer evidence of the means which were employed to obtain this information. Jeremy Bentham informs us that Lord Shelburne told him that he knew "all that passed" at Court, through the two Ladies Waldegrave, the daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester, who lived at Court as "Ladies of Honour, or some such thing," and that "they used to write to the Miss V——'s, who were inmates of Lord Shelburne's family, and report what passed at Court." Bentham himself experienced the effect of the influence of Lord Shelburne. He had written in the Public Advertiser for 1789, some letters signed *Anti*-Macchiavel. On the day, or the day after the publication of one of these letters, he called at Lansdowne House, where the following incident occurred:—

"'You are found out,' cried Lord Lansdowne, laying hold of me, 'Lady L. it was that detected you,' and he told me by what mark. He was in a perfect ecstasy. Never shall I forget the rapidity with which we vibrated arm in arm talking over the matter, in the great dining-room. A day or two after there came out in the same paper an answer, under the signature of 'A Partisan.' 'So,' says he, 'here's an antagonist you have got! Do you know who he is?' 'Not I, indeed.' 'Well, I will tell you, it is THE KING.' *That he had means of knowing this was no secret to me. For a considerable length of time, a regular journal of what passed at the Queen's House had been received by him; he had mentioned to me the persons from whom it came.* The answer was, *of course*, a trumpery one. The communication produced on me the sort of effect that could not but have been intended. JUNIUS had set the writings of the day to the tune of asperity. I *fell upon* THE BEST OF KINGS *with redoubled vehemence.*"*

Not satisfied with these means of information, Lord Shelburne had still more active agents. Bentham tells us that Captain Blankett and Mr. Jekyll were *necessary instruments* to Lord Shelburne, and that it was their business to *watch in the quarters of the enemy*. "His Lordship," continues Bentham, "did not care much about Hastings; *but knowing the part the King took, and having all the King's conversations repeated to him*, he professed to take Hastings' part." And when the conversation turned upon Lord Mansfield, Bentham learned "*that he was the object of undisguised antipathy* to Lord Shelburne and Lord Camden," the two great friends of Junius. When we combine these remarkable disclosures, only recently brought before the public eye, with the cardinal facts mentioned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, almost at his dying hour, that he knew Junius,—that he knew all about the writing and production of his Letters,—that he had not yet been named, —and that there was no longer any reason for concealing his name, we can scarcely refuse our assent to the opinion, that either Barré or Macleane was Junius. We have already seen that Macleane was the friend, the countryman, and the fellow *collegian* of Burke; and that "*it is an undoubted fact*," according to Prior, "that Burke himself indirectly acknowledged to Sir Joshua Reynolds that *he knew the writer of Junius*." We know also that Mrs. Burke, Sir Joshua, and Mr. Malone, all believed that Burke polished the compositions of Junius for the public eye; and if we put any faith in these statements, it will be difficult to find any other friend than Macleane for whom Burke could have performed this act of kindness. It is demonstrable from Junius' answer to *Junia*, written by Caleb Whiteford, that he had coadjutors by whom he was often unwillingly influenced, and it is therefore the less improbable that these coadjutors may have occasionally given him some assistance.

The connexion of Wilkes with Junius is well known. They were at one time apparently friends, and at another enemies. In

* The King's Letter to the Earl of Chatham, May 30, 1767, published in Chatham's *Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 206.

* Dr. Bowring's *Life of Jeremy Bentham*, p. 112: see also p. 116.

taking Wilkes' part against the King and the Ministry, Junius says, "I know that *man much better than any of you*;* that Nature intended him for a good-humoured fool, but that a systematical education, with long practice, had made him a consummate hypocrite." † And yet in a month or two we find him writing letters to Wilkes as a political friend, and assisting and advising him in his proceedings. Now this was precisely the relative situation of Macleane and Wilkes. Macleane had not only been his political coadjutor, but had lent him money. Wilkes, however, seems to have taken offence at his conduct, and to have been a party to an attack upon Macleane in the Public Advertiser, in January, 1771. Having obtained what he thought evidence that Wilkes was the author of this attack, Macleane sent him a challenge through Major Macleane on the 29th January. Wilkes refused to accept it,—denied that he was the author of the offensive letter, and thus compelled Macleane to publish the correspondence in the Public Advertiser.‡ It is a curious fact, and one of some value in the Junius controversy, that in this attack of Wilkes upon Macleane, Wilkes *himself* "is injuriously treated," a circumstance which Wilkes pleads as a proof that he did not write the letter. To this Macleane replies that "there is not a syllable of what Mr. Wilkes calls 'injurious to him' which does not point to the source from which the letter sprang. His favourite foibles alone are touched upon, and with a very gentle hand. But is it not the stale trick of all assassins when they stab in the dark to give themselves a slight wound that they may escape suspicion?" §

About this time a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the views and position of Junius, and an analogous change took place in the views and position of Macleane. Lady Shelburne died on the 5th January, 1771, and soon afterwards Lord Shelburne left England for the Continent. If Macleane had hitherto been private secretary to his Lordship, he must now have been thrown out of employment, but whether this was the case or not he seems at this time to have shown a disposition to favour the Ministry. He is said to have written early in 1771 a pamphlet in "Defence of the Ministry on the subject of the Falkland Islands,"* and thus to have gained the patronage of Lord North. On the 8th May, 1771, he resigned his seat for Arundel by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. In the same month Lord North appointed him superintendent of Lazarettos, with a salary of £1000 per annum, and two pounds per day of travelling expenses. In January, 1772, he received the appointment of Collector of Philadelphia, and, what is curious, his absence from England agrees with the interval in the correspondence between Junius and Woodfall—an interval which continued from May 10, 1772, to January 19, 1773. Macleane, too, returned in 1773, to receive a new and lucrative appointment from the Government; and Junius reappeared from *his occultation of eight months*, not to expostulate with the Ministry, or fulfil his patriotic pledge to the English Nation, but to disappear like a meteor from the political horizon, and be seen and heard of no more! Even after Macleane received his appointment to the Collectorship Junius wrote no more under his real signature, and in his private note, dated January 19, 1777, he took a final leave of Woodfall in the following expressive strains:—

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured that I have *good reason* for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible."

In the month of April, 1773, Macleane was appointed Commissary-General of Musters, and Auditor-General of Military Accounts, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in India, an appointment worth about £5000

* After Wilkes had been in exile, "he appeared," says Prior, "accompanied from Paris by Mr. Laughlin Macleane, an old acquaintance of Mr. Burke, privately in London, early in May, 1766, and was determined, as he said, either to make his fortune from the fear of the Government, or to annoy it."—*Life of Burke*, vol. i. p. 152.

† Letter LII., 24th July, 1771.

‡ After Junius's friendly correspondence with Wilkes from August to November, 1771, two of his letters relating to the Bill of Rights Society were misrepresented to the public. He suspected Wilkes to have done this, and desired Woodfall to tell him "that he will not submit to be any longer aspersed," and adds, "between ourselves let me recommend it to you to be much upon your guard with Patriots."

§ The writer of this article owes the knowledge of these curious letters to the kindness of N. W. Simons, Esq., of the British Museum.

* There is not a copy of this pamphlet in the British Museum, nor any other library, public or private, where we have made inquiry after it, and our inquiries have been very extensive.

a year,* and one which "was thought to be the reward of some greater service than the defence of the Ministry on the affair of the Falkland Islands." He went out to India in the same ship with Sir Philip Francis,—discharged with consummate talent and success the important duties which were intrusted to him by the Company; and resigned his office early in 1775. Before he left India, he received from Mr. Hastings, the Governor-General, authority to act as his confidential and political agent; and, having stopped at Madras, he was intrusted with a similar agency by the Nabob of Arcot. After his arrival in England in the winter of 1775, he and Mr. Macpherson devoted their time to the affairs of the Nabob of Arcot and Mr. Hastings, and discharged these duties with an energy and zeal which were deeply appreciated by their employers. Mr. Gleig, the biographer of Hastings, expresses his satisfaction that it has "fallen to his lot to bear testimony to the noble exertions and disinterested friendship of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleane;" and in the same work our readers will find explained, "the true nature of that series of transactions which led first to the tender by Colonel Macleane of Mr. Hastings' resignation, and subsequently to the refusal of Mr. Hastings to acknowledge the authority under which such tender was made. They will find also in the admirable letters of Macleane, which Mr. Gleig has given in full, a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, and ample evidence that he had all the knowledge and talents which were necessary for the compositions of Junius.

The interests of his friends rendered it necessary that Macleane should again visit India, and return with the greatest despatch to England. He accordingly set out in July, 1777, and proceeding through France to Marseilles, he embarked in a ship for Alexandria, and crossing the Desert to Suez, then no easy matter, he embarked on board the Sea-horse, Captain Parker, for Madras, where he arrived in about two months and ten days. After remaining only a few days at Madras to transact business with the Nabob of Arcot, he embarked in a packet for the Cape of Good Hope, to which he had a speedy passage. Before he left the Cape, he wrote a letter to a friend in India, saying that he was about to embark for England, "in a crazy vessel, commanded by a crazy captain." This vessel was the "Swallow" packet, which foundered at sea, and Macleane and all on board perished. He left a will, by which he bequeathed a variety of "profuse" legacies, without any available funds to pay them. He had purchased four estates in Grenada, for which he paid £200,000;* but strange to say, his heirs declined to administer to his will. His son-in-law, the late Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, informed the writer of this article, that application had been made to him to give a title to some of these properties, but that he uniformly declined to do this, from a conviction that the estate was insolvent, and hence a considerable West India estate became the property of its steward.

Such was the melancholy termination of a life singularly eventful, associated with the early history of Goldsmith, the death of Wolfe, and the destinies of Warren Hastings; and now closely related to the mysterious history of Junius. It is with some diffidence that we have ventured to point out this relation, but accident placed in our hands documents of some weight, and we have felt it a duty to use them in contributing to gratify, so far as we can, a laudable curiosity. The preceding details are sufficient of themselves to place Macleane on as high a level as any of the competitors for the laurels of Junius. We humbly think, without insisting on others holding the same opinion, that he stands pre-eminent above them all, and in order to substantiate this conviction, we shall endeavour to remove some objections which have been urged against our views, and to illustrate some facts which may contribute to their support.

1. One of the objections against the preceding theory is founded upon the second letter of eighteen lines, signed *Vindex*, in which Macleane's pamphlet on the Falkland Islands is referred to in such terms † as it is supposed Macleane himself could not have

* In a letter now before us, to Mr. Macpherson from Colonel Dow, who succeeded Colonel Macleane in these offices, he states, that the new Members of Council had proposed to restrict Macleane from continuing to draw 25 per cent. on certain military stores with which he supplied the army, which Colonel Dow calculates as worth 50,000 rupees per annum. Macleane's annual income, therefore, must have greatly exceeded £5000.

* We have before us a list of these estates with their prices, and a memorandum stating that "in all these estates, Mrs. Macleane has a clear right of dower" This paper is docqueted by Mr. Macpherson as one "relative to Mrs. Macleane," with the date, January, 1781.

† "Pray tell that ingenious gentleman, Laughlin Macleane, &c" (correcting a trifling mistake about the king of Spain's titles). "In spite of Mr. Laughlin's disinterested, unbroken, melodious eloquence, it is a melancholy truth," &c. Letter xc., March 6, 1771.—Woodfall's *Junius*, vol. iii. p. 343.

used. We deny that there is any proof that this letter was written by Junius. It has no resemblance to his style, and is utterly unworthy of him. What motive could Junius have, if he was not Macleane, to correct a trivial error, and accompany it with an ungenerous sneer at Macleane's impediment of speech? But if Macleane and Vindex were Junius, the letter in question was an excellent method of misleading his enemies, and one particularly appropriate when both Macleane and Junius were beginning to desert "the cause and the public." Macleane, as we have just seen, charges Wilkes with the very same trick only *five weeks* before the date of Vindex's letter; and Macleane himself, if Vindex, *gave himself a slight wound to escape conviction.**

2. If we suppose that Junius was Vindex, and therefore acquainted with Macleane's defence of the Ministry, is it not *inexplicable* that he should have omitted an opportunity of denouncing his conduct with all the bitterness and eloquence which he generally brings to such a task?

3. It was the opinion of several of Macleane's personal friends in Scotland, while the Letters of Junius were publishing, that they were written by Macleane.

4. Sir William Adam, the personal friend of Macleane and Francis, stated in writing to the author of this article, that, in his opinion, the former possessed the wit and talents necessary for the productions of Junius.

5. The Rev. Mr. Parish informed the writer of this article that his father, who was chaplain to Lord Townshend, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had heard Lord Townshend express his belief that Macleane was Junius; and he saw at Dublin Castle a print called the *Tripartite Junius*, in which Macleane was represented with other two individuals as his coadjutors.

6. Junius' answer to *Junia* is a very remarkable production, and one which we could prove, were it expedient, to be more likely to issue from the pen of Macleane than from that of any of the other claimants.

7. As Macleane was a physician we might expect metaphors and expressions connected with the medical profession. Expressions of this kind are extremely common (about forty in number), and some of them, such as "the *caput mortuum* of vitriol," could scarcely have come from the pen of a writer who had not been familiar with medicine or chemistry. It is a curious fact that a writer upon this subject actually infers from some of these expressions that Junius must have been a chemist.

8. The late Mr. Woodfall, and others, have remarked a similarity between the hand-writing of Macleane and Junius, and there are resemblances also in the spelling of particular words, and also in particular modes of expression. We place little value on any argument derived from the hand-writing of Junius. It is evident that Junius must have either used a feigned hand, or the hand of an amanuensis, or a friend. Had Junius written his Letters in his usual hand, his detection would have been instantaneous. There is certainly no resemblance of any importance between the hand-writing of Junius and that of any of the individuals with whom he was identified.*

In studying the history and character of Junius there are important lessons, moral and social, to be learnt. We have said that Junius was a patriot and a moralist, and we have no doubt that many of our readers were startled by the statement. We spoke of him as the invisible organ of a party—wielding its weapons, struggling on its ramparts, or cheering on its forlorn-hope. His patriotism, therefore, becomes that of his party, and his morality that of his associates. If he has been the advocate of great truths we must extend to him our gratitude, whatever may have been his motives. If he denounced political corruption without being himself corrupt, and exposed the vices of his opponents without being himself vicious, we must hail him as a moralist, unless we find him careless about his facts, or cognisant of their falsehood. In order to form a right estimate of the character of a party writer, we must peruse the writings of the party to which he is opposed. His personalities may have been called forth by theirs; their ferocity may justify his; and in his exposures even of private failings we may discover but a faint reflection of the conduct of his adversaries. In the times of Junius the personalities and calumnies of the supporters of the Ministry, purchased by

* See page 75. The writer in the Athenæum, already referred to, has wisely stated that Junius must often be judged by contraries, of which this is a fair example.

* Mr. Britton has stated, in his work on Junius, "that George Chalmers, in an appendix to his 'Supplemental Apology to the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers,' *has examined and confuted Macleane's pretensions to the authorship of the Mystic Letters*," pp. 37, 38, *note*. This assertion is an entire mistake, as Mr. Britton himself admits. Mr. Chalmers has not even mentioned Macleane's claims in the work referred to, or in any other work.

the Government and paid for by the nation, were such as to justify the utmost severity of retaliation.

But though the character of Junius, while he himself remains in the shade, may be pure and noble, it may assume a different aspect when he is identified. Were Lord Chatham, or Lord Sackville, or Burke, or Sir Philip Francis, to stand forth as Junius, his morality would disappear, and his patriotism sink into disaffection and disloyalty; and were either Barré or Macleane to be honoured with his laurels, we must brand them as traitors to the cause which they advocated, and as men who bartered their obligations to the community for a mess of pottage.

It is always instructive, and now more than ever, to *beware of Patriots*, to scrutinize the pretensions of popular leaders, and to estimate the value of their labours. Junius was a very moderate reformer, liberal in his political views, but hostile to innovation. His object was to defend constitutional rights, and not to create them. It was "*the unimpaired hereditary freehold*" which he strove to bequeathe to posterity. It was the "liberty of the press,—the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of Englishmen," and the right of juries to return a general verdict, for which he combated. Had he lived in the present day he would neither have been a Repealer, nor a Confederate, nor a Chartist. He would have hesitated even to extend the suffrage till the people were fit to exercise it, for he declared that both liberty and property would be precarious till the people had acquired *sense* and spirit to defend them. Education and religious knowledge must precede the extension of political privileges. No person is entitled to a political right till he has learned how to use it;—no man is qualified for a trust till he knows how to fulfil it. The rights of the subject are not the rights of an individual, but the rights of the community; and he who either prostitutes or sells such a birthright, dishonours and robs every member of the community to whom the same inheritance has been bequeathed.

Art. V.—*The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters.* Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations, by Sir William Hamilton, Baronet, Advocate, Master of Arts (Oxford), &c.; of the Institute of France, the Latin Society of Jena, and many other Literary Bodies, Foreign and British; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Text collated and revised; useful Distinctions inserted; leading Words and Propositions marked out; Allusions indicated; Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid, with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined. Edinburgh: 1846.

We owe an apology to our readers for having delayed so long to offer them any account of this remarkable book. A hope that the philosophical world might before this time have been favoured by the completion of the entire design, regarding the works of Reid, of the eminent philosopher by whom this edition is introduced, has hitherto induced us to postpone any critical account of a production which, even in its present unfinished state, is the most important contribution to the metaphysical literature of Great Britain that the nineteenth century has yet witnessed.

The present publication contains the entire text of Reid. Of the Preface, Notes, Dissertations, and Indices, promised in the title-page by Sir William Hamilton, only the notes, with six of the dissertations, and part of a seventh, have as yet appeared. The publication of the remaining dissertations, with the preface and the indices, is, we hope not indefinitely, postponed. Even of the matter included in the volume before us, however, containing as it does nearly a thousand closely printed pages, at least a third part is contributed by the living philosopher, and this proportion supplies a very inadequate idea of his share of the elaborate research, and refined and highly abstract thinking, which is comprehended in the book.

Dr. Reid's philosophical works have long been recognised in this country as the type and standard of the Philosophy of Scotland, and they are now regarded by the most thoughtful men of Europe and America as constituting a conspicuous land-mark on the wide sea of modern speculation. Familiar to our academic youth at home, as supplying for the most part the text or outline of the discussions in intellectual and moral science in the Scottish universities, they have recently been translated into French by M. Jouffroy, and made the basis of instruction in philosophy in the schools of France.

The exposition of the doctrines of Reid, and the various ingenious applications of them to explain and amend the qualities of human character and society, which are contained in the works of Mr. Stewart—of which a slight but graceful specimen appears in this volume, in the "*Account of the Life and Writings of Reid*"—if they have added little to the speculative intrepidity of the Scottish School, have at least given a diffused popularity to the more abstract speculations of the elder Scottish philosopher.

In consequence, probably, of his singularly high ideal of what is required in philosophical authorship, the metaphysical writings of Sir William Hamilton have hitherto been less frequent and copious than his extraordinary attainments demand, or than his widespread reputation might seem to presume. Until the appearance of these Notes and Dissertations, his metaphysical and logical doctrines were communicated to the world almost exclusively through the medium of the papers contributed by him, within the last twenty years, to the *Edinburgh Review*; and it ought, perhaps, to be noted as a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that a series of anonymous articles in that publication established for their author a fame which renders his name illustrious among European thinkers.*

The appearance of the works of the Father of the Scottish School of Philosophy,† accompanied by the biographical memoir of him and estimate of his doctrines, by one who was the most distinguished of his immediate disciples, all under the auspices of the foremost Scottish philosopher of the present age—a publication which thus associates the names of Reid, Stewart, and Hamilton—is an event in the history of our national philosophy so important, that we cannot longer delay, even in the circumstances to which we have already referred, formally to advert to it in the way of offering a brief account of the new matter now connected by Sir William Hamilton with the text of Reid. Anything like a comprehensive or critical estimate of the contributions of these three Scottish philosophers to the common stock of the world's speculative knowledge, must, however, be adjourned by us at least until the remaining portion of this work shall appear. With this express understanding, we proceed to offer in the following article a few somewhat miscellaneous observations, which may tend to foster the preparation of a portion of the public for the independent study of a book that cannot fail profoundly to interest every lover of abstract speculation.

"That," says Lord Bacon, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter the planet of civil society and action." This favourite doctrine and simile of Bacon, so fitting and urgent in an age whose retrospect was the centuries of scholastic speculation, is not less fitting and urgent, although in an opposite application, to the age and country in which we live. If the author of the "*Advancement of Learning*" proclaimed it in order to revive and to associate with philosophy external activity, philosophers may proclaim it now in order to revive and associate with action elevated contemplation. Although in these Dissertations there is an apparent, there is not, we think, a real variance with the doctrine of Bacon, for there is probably all that the principle of the division of intellectual labour will permit a single mind, of exclusive tendencies, to offer towards the creation of a spirit of contemplative activity.

Perhaps the quality of a general kind that is most impressive in the aspect of Sir William Hamilton's portion of this volume is the singular purity of its speculative character, and the exclusively speculative ends which the author seems to have aimed at in his compositions. The phenomenon here exhibited of an immense mass of wonderfully subtle logical distinctions, and profound metaphysical principles, produced and collected apparently by means of the energy of a love of thinking for its own sake, and a love of truth without regard to any of its nearer or more remote applications, is one

* A selection from the series of Review articles referred to has been translated into French by M. Peisse of Paris, and has obtained a high reputation among his countrymen. It comprises the four disquisitions on the "*Philosophy of the Absolute*," the "*Theory of Perception*," "*Logic*," and the "*Study of Mathematics*." Paris, 1840.

† Though not strictly speaking the founder of the Scottish School, Dr. Reid may at least be regarded as its first very conspicuous type or representative. Dr. Hutchinson, who was appointed to the Chair of Morals in Glasgow about 1730, has been usually regarded as the person who has given occasion, by his prelections and writings, to the philosophical activity by which Scotland was distinguished during the past and the earlier part of the present century. Sir W. Hamilton is, however, inclined to regard, as the real founder of the Scottish School, Professor Gerschom Carmichael, Hutchinson's immediate predecessor in Glasgow, a vigorous thinker on ethical subjects, and editor of Puffendorf's treatise, "*De Officio Hominis et Civis*." Previous to Carmichael, there was, we believe, little independent Philosophy in Scotland. The "*Philosophia Moralis Christiana*" of Principal Colvill of Edinburgh, for instance, published in 1670, is based on the revelation of Scripture or theological morality.

which cannot fail to impress any intelligent observer of our British literature, were it only in virtue of its present novelty, in this age of extraordinary outward bustle, and in this island whose inhabitants are noted for the extremely palpable and concrete character of the objects that induce them to think and act. The many natural motives, distinct from the love of knowledge on its own account, that incline men to seek for truth, together with the various acquired tendencies having the same direction, which are fostered by the complicated social relations of this conventional age, and its alleged narrow and utilitarian principles of action, have failed to conquer, or (we refer to this publication) even visibly to affect at least one mind, by inducing any diversion of its power from some of the loftiest regions of human speculation.

It would be difficult to select from the whole range of English literature, a work so distinguished in respect to these qualities. As regards the proportion of abstract speculation, and the rigorous deduction of endless syllogisms, perhaps some of the works of Hobbes, and the earlier philosophical productions of Hume, approach most nearly to the dissertations of Sir William Hamilton. To these we may add the metaphysico-theological writings of Dr. Samuel Clarke, and those of Jonathan Edwards, the great Calvinistic metaphysician of North America. But while the thought that is presented to us in the works of these philosophers resembles that which is contained in the Notes and Dissertations in its highly abstract character, in the iron logic of its connexions, and in the pervading traces of a strongly developed scientific faculty, there is evidence that other motives to intellectual exertion have united with the love of science on its own account in fostering the spirit which incited them to labour. Political motives influenced Hobbes. A love of fame and probably of paradox, not to speak of sentiments of frugality, and a desire for worldly independence, seem to have been considerable incitements of intellect in the case of Hume. A moral regard for those truths which are the bulwarks of religion and duty, roused the metaphysical genius of Clarke in their defence. In Edwards, the gratification of the logical faculty, by the attainment of a regularly developed, comprehensive, and exhaustive body of science, was entirely subordinate to the gratification of the religious principle, through means of the conciliation of the theory of human activity and responsibility, with the more awful and mysterious doctrines of the Christian revelation.

It is desirable for the sake of the common good, that society should in each generation possess at least a few men in whom the habit of speculation, and the love of speculative completeness, and order, and consistency with the most comprehensive forms of the human intellect, have gained, on their own account, a very predominant place among the motives which keep the mind in a state of activity. And although a desire for knowledge is a common profession, it cannot be doubted that this sort of mental development is really of extremely rare occurrence. "The abstract love of truth," it has been well said, "is a principle with those only who have made it their study, who have applied themselves to the pursuit of some art or science in which the intellect is severely tasked, and learns by habit to take a pride in, and set a just value on its conclusions. To have a disinterested regard for truth, the mind must have contemplated it in abstract and remote questions, whereas the ignorant and vulgar are conversant only with those things in which their own interests are concerned. All their interests are local, personal, and consequently gross and selfish." In a word, men usually attend to those fragments of truth, or of mingled truth and error, which are needed to aid them in the attainment of their own ends, and these ends vary with the character or predominant inclinations to action of individual men. Their knowledge consequently is artistic rather than scientific. The disinterested love of science and philosophy is a counterpoise upon the tendency of less elevated minds, to pervert the very meaning of the word truth, and to assume that those opinions which are or which seem best adapted to gratify some other active principle of the mind, subordinate to, or at least quite distinct from, the desire for speculative activity, are to be received as a standard of belief.

As human nature and society are constituted, it is, however, well that instances of an exclusive development of the faculty for abstract or highly generalized science are few. A rigorous separation of the speculative from the practical, is apt by causing a disruption of the complex nature of man, to infuse the spirit of scepticism into the operations of the understanding, and to occasion weakness and vacillation in the conduct of life. The Creator of the human mind has inserted into it numerous and various principles of action, which are besides usually fused together in practice. The search for speculative truth is in all common minds conducted in subordination to, and in all minds should be conducted in harmony with *the law of mixed motives*. The statesman is impelled by political as well as by logical necessity

to know and practise the theory of civil or ecclesiastical government. The devout theologian searches inspired books under the constraint of the Christian motives, and from a conscientious impulse which attracts him with special ardour to that region of knowledge. The practical man, in the common commerce of daily life, over whom a love for the scientific kind of knowledge has little if any influence, seeks only for those fragments of information which may enable him to find his way, through the complicated but very subordinate details, that are required for his worldly business or pleasure, towards those results which are fitted to gratify his love of power, or money, or fame, and to meet the emergencies of his professional pursuit. For the attainment of most of the ends of life, artistic rather than scientific knowledge is necessary, and no individual is more likely to be subject to irresolution and exposed to illusion than he from whose mind all the blind and irrational principles of action, which are meant to supplement reason, have been extracted, by the power of the habit of philosophizing, and who submits to the influence only of motives which are regulated by pure intelligence. Without the gravitation of forces such as those we have indicated, the spirit of unmixed speculation would (unless in the case of a genius of extraordinary strength) quit its hold of the lower and more palpable departments of universal knowledge, and find sufficient occupation among the most abstract and general relations of things. Contemplating the frame-work which contains knowledge more than the knowledge which the frame-work contains, the mind is apt to lose a direct acquaintance with the actual and the individual, in the splendid theory of the possible.

The world of speculative reason differs from the actual world of living men, for man, as he is, differs from man as he ought to be. Philosophical theories are the nourishment of the purely rational principle; but they tend, unless the influence is counteracted by strength of mind, and an attentive experience of the infinite variety of the existing modifications of the instincts, affections, and other irrational causes of action, to deaden, or at least to distort, the keen perception of the common mechanism of man's practical nature; and they may in this way expose the retired student of abstract metaphysics, like the astronomer of Rasselas who fancied that he ruled the stars, to the influence of ludicrous, or even of dangerous illusions, in the conduct of life, and in intercourse with living men. The machinery of society is regulated in a great measure by habits and desires, that are only indirectly, if at all, influenced by the operations of the understanding. The moving world of human beings often does not coincide with the hypotheses of human reasoning, while there exists in it much that cannot fail to be overlooked by the man of mere contemplation. His dreams are thus broken from time to time, by unexpected collisions with living society, and by contact with modes of character which his speculations had not prepared him to expect.

It may be added that, except in the highest order of minds, this excessive development of the scientific faculty—this truth seeking, only for the sake of knowing truth as such, and with little or no extra tendency to the knowledge of particular departments of truth—is apt to leave uncultivated an order of sentiments which, in the best men, are always mingled with philosophical speculation. The motives of religion and duty, which find their highest appropriate stimulus in the department of truth which regards God and our relations to him, ought not to be separated from a love for abstract truth. But, on the other hand, it is possible to speculate without any impulse from the conscience, and to find materials of science, among the objects of religious faith, which pervade the whole region of the higher philosophy, without forming the habit of converting the scientific knowledge into practice. An habitual employment, merely as the ministers of pure speculation, of those objects which, of all others, are most fitted to alter the character for good, is appropriately punished in the agonies of religious scepticism.

Another general characteristic of these notes and dissertations, hardly less remarkable than the one which has supplied a text for the observations contained in the preceding paragraphs, is the enormous accumulation of the materials of exact learning and historical research which they contain. Sir William Hamilton has long possessed a European reputation for extraordinary erudition. The evidences of his varied and accurate reading which this volume contains are not confined to one province of literature, although they are of course especially conspicuous in all that is in any way within the margin of the history of philosophy, and particularly of the speculations of the Peripatetics, the Schoolmen, and the modern Germans. No preceding British philosopher, with whose writings we are at all acquainted, makes any approach to the extent and minuteness of this sort of knowledge by which these pages are characterized. Indeed, with the exception of Bacon and Cudworth, in the seventeenth century, and Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, in the

nineteenth, our more distinguished metaphysicians and moralists have been conspicuously deficient in this important accomplishment. Locke, Butler, Hume, and Reid, made no pretensions to a complete and exact acquaintance with the history of speculation.

Reading is valuable to the philosopher chiefly as one means for exciting his own power of thinking. Only a few minds, however, possess sufficient independent force to convert what they read into a source of intellectual nourishment; and even great intellects have been averse from an extensive acquaintance with books, from an apprehension of their tendency to fetter the independent working of the mental faculties. "If I had read as much as other men, I had been as ignorant as they," is a well known and memorable saying of Hobbes. But in these Dissertations the vigour of original speculation is preserved amid a boundless accumulation of materials collected out of what is contained in books. Leibnitz and Sir William Hamilton are to be noted among modern philosophers for the mental strength which can unite extraordinary reading with a ceaseless energy of thinking. But the mind of the German philosopher is perhaps more ready, by a species of mental chemistry, to fuse among the productions of its own intelligence, as the elements of a new and distinctive creation, the materials that are thus presented to it; while in the writings of the Scottish philosopher, the treasures of learned research are oftener permitted to remain in mechanical juxtaposition with the results of his own intellectual activity, in which they are, as it were, visibly imbedded like the fossil remains of a stratum of geology.

In both the qualities to which we have referred, as generally characteristic of this recent contribution to our philosophical literature, there is a remarkable deficiency in the current publications in Great Britain. Our literature indicates, for the most part, little exact acquaintance with the ancient or contemporary doctrines which it attempts to criticise; and original speculation is almost unknown. Vague doctrines, assumed to be the productions of recent German thinking, supply its nourishment to the greater part of the philosophical mind of this country. Glimpses of Germany engaged in speculation are, however, no substitute for original thought about matters such as those on which the Germans in these times, and Reid, Locke, and Bacon in Britain, in other times, have displayed the highest qualities of intellect. If these specimens, by Sir William Hamilton, of what historical knowledge of opinion really is, incite some men to an exact study of the books of foreign countries and of former generations, they are also fitted to rouse the still more dormant spirit that seeks direct and independent intellectual contact with the *real problems themselves*, which have afforded nourishment to the high philosophy of the great thinkers of other ages. It is not the repetition of a faint echo from Germany or France that constitutes the substance of what is contained in the immortal works of the British philosophers whom we have named, who created for us a national philosophy, with certain invaluable characteristics peculiarly its own. But a chasm intervenes between their age and ours. Notwithstanding symptoms of a revived attention to certain metaphysical questions, often vaguely enough apprehended, it remains true, that during this generation there is hardly any trace in this island of profound and exact thought respecting those abstract topics which are implied in the discussion of the first principles of knowledge. Our repose from effort in the direction of philosophy is now interrupted by this volume, which seasonably presents to us the written results of the life-labours of a sagacious and truly Scottish mind, in the company of fragments which offer a tolerable indication of the more important principles of the Scoto-German philosophy of the great living thinker, by whom the doctrines of Reid have been rendered more refined and definite, and his basis of philosophy made more comprehensive.

There is one other characteristic of these Notes and Dissertations to which we can only refer, although it deserves a copious discussion, and may, we hope, receive for itself a place among the principal objects of the regard of some earnest and thoughtful mind. We mean the peculiar nomenclature and terminology, and indeed the general texture of the language in which Sir William Hamilton's speculations are presented. A defect of precision and permanence in that whole portion of language which relates to what is not to be classed among the objects of our senses, is an old and often repeated complaint. Now, in respect of precision, and clearness, and adaptation to the peculiarities of the manner of thinking which it is meant to represent, and especially to the exhaustive conveyance of condensed results of thought, the style of these Notes and Dissertations appears to us unequalled by that of any English treatise in philosophy. It is an especial contrast to Locke, whose vagueness and variation in the use of scientific words has occasioned a large proportion of the thought and discussion that have been expended on his opinions. Here, on the

other hand, the matter to be represented by the terms is rigidly appropriated to them; and if the ratiocination in which they are included sometimes appears to imply a mere involution and evolution of the signification of a series of names, it is all the more remarkable, in such absence of argument about things, to observe the accuracy with which a precise meaning is preserved in association with each name.

These important ends are no doubt secured only by means of great sacrifices. The nicely manufactured terminology and sentences, so charged with meaning when used by the manufacturer, are treasures for the feebler minds who can study that philosophy only which consists in the ability to make a noise with uncommon and imposing words. It may be doubted, too, whether the resources of our good old native English, with its agreeable suggestions of common or less abstract objects, have been rendered so available as they might have been, with a view to the more general diffusion of the doctrines, and the increase of their influence as means for modifying the public mind. But on this question we cannot now enter. When it is considered that the abuse of words has hitherto been among the most productive of all the causes that have indirectly contributed to the formation of philosophical literature in general, and of abstract controversy and discussion in particular, it must be evident that the theory and the use of the proper signs for the statement and most effective circulation of philosophical ideas, is the theme for a volume and not for a paragraph—an appropriate task for the labour of a life, and not one which can be disposed of in an episode to an article of a periodical review.

It may readily be concluded that the qualities to which we have referred are on the whole unfavourable to the popularity, and (in many cases) to the intelligibility of these Notes and Dissertations, among general readers. Such condensed results of the highest generalization, and jets of thought cast forth without the amplification and ornament of popular eloquence, and with little reference to any of their various possible applications, are ill-fitted to coalesce with the prevailing mental habits. Most men are unwilling to consent to grope their way in the lowest depths of intellectual abstraction, where the light of evidence is hardly sufficient for steady progress, and where they must ever be on their guard against the illusion of vague formulas, susceptible of almost any meaning, which occasion that dangerous collapse of the mind upon itself, that is often experienced after an intense effort of thinking with scanty materials about which to think. There seems to be an intellectual necessity that, in the present age of unscholastic and ill-disciplined philosophical taste, this remarkable addition to our literature shall slowly, if at all, find direct admission for its doctrines, possessing, as it does, a selection and arrangement of words unsurpassed among the books of the English language for precision and consistency—a formal clearness and distinctness of method—a singular incapacity to rest contented with a partial or isolated view of any great doctrine—a depth of thought and a refinement of distinction, the very apprehension of which implies the exercise of mental functions hardly ever in these times called into action, and a copiousness of pure argument unrelieved by those lighter graces and ornaments of fancy which are usually needed to seduce men to an exertion of the higher powers of mind. Even students of speculative science may confess the existence of a wish that, amid themes so ennobling and kindred with the most suitable objects of imaginative emotion, the metaphysician had given occasional vent, through the mass of subtile distinctions and profound principles, and the accumulation of passages extracted from his stores of unequalled reading, to the living copious eloquence of which such themes are susceptible, and in which the literature of philosophy supplies so many illustrious examples. The gorgeous imagery of Bacon has done much to illuminate the ages that followed him with the light of his great doctrines, and his exquisite adaptations to philosophical purposes of the "winged words" of common language, have helped to waft his philosophy down the stream of time.

We must now, however, refer more particularly to the materials proper to philosophy itself that are contained in the work which has occasioned the preceding remarks.

Though somewhat an excrescence upon the discussion of metaphysical topics, we cannot dismiss without some notice the ninety pages of the "Life and Letters of Reid," which occupy the opening part of the volume, and which, introducing us as they do to the genius and peculiarities of an individual man, and associating these with the exercises of abstract speculation, may prove to many readers not the least interesting section of its contents.

The letters addressed by Reid to several of his distinguished contemporaries, form the most important supplementary matter appended by Sir William Hamilton to the biography by Stewart. Nearly all of this

correspondence may be included in three parcels—(1.) Thirteen letters, written by Reid during the first six years after his removal from Aberdeen to Glasgow, to Drs. A. and D. Skene, physicians in Aberdeen. These interesting documents were furnished by Mr. Thomson of Banchory, and have not before been published. They contain some amusing pictures of Glasgow University in the last century, and "afford what was perhaps wanting to Mr. Stewart's portraiture of Reid—they show us the philosopher in all the unaffected simplicity of his character, and as he appeared to his friends in the familiar intercourse of ordinary life." (2.) Nine letters addressed to Lord Kames, and already published in Lord Woodhouselee's memoirs of that philosopher. These afford some suggestive thoughts on what we may style the metaphysics of physical science. This and the former body of letters, also illustrate Reid's intelligent interest in the sciences of external nature, such as chemistry and mechanics, on their own account. (3.) A selection from upwards of twenty of Reid's letters to his kinsman, the late Dr. James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. Of these the most curious parts relate to the controversy on free-will, and to the theory of causation.

Stewart's "*Account of the Life and Writings of Reid*," is a work so well known to most of those in this country who are even moderately versed in the history of recent philosophy, that we need hardly occupy our readers upon anything like an abstract of its contents. A life of which the greater part was passed in the humble but agreeable seclusion of academical office successively in two Scottish provincial universities, cannot be expected to offer incident for the gratification of the lovers of brilliant external adventure, and must derive its interest from the peculiarities of the mental phenomena which it manifests, and the circumstances by which these were called forth, or amid which they struggled into action. Himself born in the commencement of the eighteenth century, Dr. Reid's ancestors by the father's side were for generations ministers of the Church of Scotland, in the parishes of Banchory Ternan in Aberdeenshire and Strachan in Kincardineshire, and some of them were not unknown in the world of letters. By his mother he was connected with the most illustrious of the Scottish hereditary aristocracy of talent—the renowned family of Gregory. The name of Reid, and the associations connected with his family, may thus increase the interest of the thoughtful traveller in the beautiful vale of Dee. As the favourite residence of Reid himself, and of his friends Campbell, Gerard, and Beattie, the town and neighbourhood of Aberdeen may be regarded as classic ground in reference to the philosophy of Scotland.

The early youth of the philosopher does not seem to have given remarkable promise of the eminence which he afterwards reached, but his love for an academic life was soon indicated and probably increased by his more than usually protracted residence at Marischal College, and by his subsequent visits to the more splendid academical establishments of England. For fifteen years he was the pastor of the remote rural parish of New Machar, where, according to Mr. Stewart, "the greater part of his time was spent in the most intense study; more particularly in a careful examination of the laws of external perception, and of the other principles which form the groundwork of human knowledge." Gardening and botany were the chief relaxations of the meditative country clergyman. In 1752, he was elected professor of philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, where he found the opportunity to mature his doctrines, and to test them in a course of active public instruction, at the same time that he was one of the founders and leaders of a Literary Society which then rendered Aberdeen a focus of Scottish intellects. From King's College Reid was, in 1764, removed to the chair of Morals in Glasgow, which he occupied actively for nearly twenty years, after which, until his death in 1796, he was engaged in preparing for the press and publishing his final and more elaborate treatises, in a serene old age, eminently characteristic of the long term of cheerful meditative industry, and the habits of integrity and self-control which had marked his life.*

The Scottish Philosophy of Dr. Reid, and the Scoto-German Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, constitute together an important stage in the great revolution which metaphysical science has been undergoing

* It may be noted that (except the Tract on "*Quantity*" which was published in 1748) Reid's first work, "*An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*," appeared in 1764,—in his fifty-fourth year. It was followed in 1774 by a "*Brief Account of Aristotle's Logic*," which originally appeared in the second volume of Lord Kames' "Sketches of the History of Man." Reid's "*Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man*" were published in 1785, and those on the "*Moral Powers of Man*," in 1788. These treatises, along with a "*Statistical Account of the University of Glasgow*," published in 1799, three years after his death, are the "*Works of Reid*," now for the first time collected in this edition.

since the age of Des Cartes, and as such they occupy an important *historical place* in modern philosophy. A few sentences of explanation may illustrate this.

Des Cartes is an influential and prominent person in the succession of great thinkers, chiefly because he was a thoroughgoing doubter, who, by means of his doubts, got rid of a huge accumulation of propositions, assumed on authority to be true, the intellectual division, generalization, and argumentation of the contents of which formed the *matériel* of the preceding or scholastic epoch of philosophy. The Cartesian scepticism raked up the foundations of things, and during the lifetime of the philosopher himself, as well as since, it has communicated a corresponding impulse to meditative minds by whom his works have been studied. Des Cartes doubted in order to believe and know. From the foundation down to which his doubts conducted him he attempted to rear a comprehensive theory of knowledge. But the reconstructive has exerted small influence compared to the destructive part of his teaching, and it is mainly through the operation of the latter element that a revolution in the manner of thinking regarding the first principles of every sort of knowledge is the permanent result of his labours.

The period of the history of human thought that has intervened since Des Cartes is filled by a series of more or less imperfect reconstructions of philosophy, *i. e.* of the ultimate theory of knowledge, out of the confusion consequent upon the sceptical method of the French philosopher. The attempt of Locke, in the "*Essay concerning Human Understanding*," is the first of prominent historical importance. That great work is still properly an unfinished one. The metaphysical thinking of the last century and a half has been employed in working out the problem suggested in it, which the author himself had, however, carried a long way towards a satisfactory solution. The name of Locke, associated with the names of Clarke and Butler, distinguishes the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century as the Augustan era of metaphysical science in the southern division of the island.

The imperfection or one-sidedness of Locke's philosophy, as regards the expression of its fundamental principles, was exhibited, in what is virtually the form of a *reductio ad absurdum*, by David Hume, in his "*Treatise of Human Nature*," where, on the principles of Locke, all knowledge is reduced to a succession of phenomena, while permanent existence and philosophy are proved to imply a tissue of contradictions.

The philosophical doubts of Hume occasioned another independent effort to find the theory of knowledge. A conservative reaction, against the universal scepticism which he had extracted from the doctrine of Locke, was manifested almost contemporaneously in Scotland by Thomas Reid, and in Germany by Immanuel Kant—in Scotland with a tendency to what is practical and palpable, and in Germany to idealism and pantheism.

The epoch of Reid and Kant is distinguished by making *the original structure of human intelligence* a principal object of scientific attention. Each philosopher sought to find in that quarter a refuge from scepticism, and the only possible ultimate explanation of knowledge. Reid, on the inductive method of Bacon, systematically collected, under the name of "principles of common sense," those inexplicable beliefs, or original living faculties, which must be assumed in all knowledge. His doctrine is formed by means of a reflex attention to that common sense which is spontaneously exercised by the many. Kant, assuming the famous test of *necessity* as the basis of his critical investigation, demonstrated the originality of many of those notions which Hume had rendered up as the illusions of a universe of mere phenomena. He thus exhibited a theory of subjective knowledge, seemingly self-consistent and permanent; while Reid exhibited those beliefs which are the security, if not the explanation, of all knowledge, subjective and objective. Both supplemented Locke. The "Essay concerning Human Understanding" had furnished an important analysis of what is contributed to our knowledge by experience, marked by the freshness of an independent thinker, who subjects old assumptions to a renewed act of careful observation. But in his desire to find, by means of induction, the limits within which the human mind may be advantageously occupied, Locke had omitted to examine critically the original structure of intellect that is implied in the ability to gain such experimental knowledge as he had noted and analysed in his survey of the mind and its stores. The schools of Reid and Kant have given the prominence, which Locke neglected to assign, to this object of investigation in the prosecution of the theory of knowledge. The common sense of Reid is the object of Scottish inductive investigation; the categories of Kant of German formal criticism.

The philosophy of Sir William Hamilton is to a large extent a fusion of the spirit

and doctrines of Reid and Kant, wrought by an independent and highly speculative mind, and adapted to the stage in the progress of the theory of knowledge which follows the last seventy years of German thinking. The philosophy of Reid was pointed against a scepticism that, as we shall afterwards show, was the result of representationalist experimentalism. The philosophy of Sir William Hamilton is fitted besides this to meet the virtual scepticism of the German *absolutists*, by a demonstration of the necessary limitation of all possible human knowledge to what is relative and conditional. The old Scottish philosophy maintained, against those who deny that science is possible, the existence of a body of vital beliefs, which are sufficient to infuse reality into our knowledge. The new Scottish philosophy uses the original beliefs and notions of the mind, at once against the sceptics, and against the philosophers who arrogate to man a knowledge of the infinite and the absolute. In the eighteenth century the citadel of human knowledge, and the ultimate foundation of human action, was assailed by Hume, on the principles taught by Locke and adorned by Berkeley. In the nineteenth century the assault is conducted by Schelling, Hegel, and the Continental transcendentalists, on principles suggested by Kant and Fichte. These notes and dissertations are a refinement of our older national philosophy, and an expansion of its basis, fitted to adapt its doctrines to the rational defence of the knowledge that is gained by man, in his progress of inductive research along that *via media* between Pyrrhonism and Transcendentalism —extremes that virtually meet—which alone is opened to him during his sojourn on this "isthmus of a middle state."

But we must be more defined in our account of this stage in the Cartesian revolution. For this purpose three central ideas of the new Scottish Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, selected from a host of others, presented in these notes and dissertations, which with their text embrace problems in the whole circle of the sciences of metaphysics, logic, and morals, may be employed as the basis of the remaining part of this Article.

I. The theory of *Common Sense*, regarded as at once supporting and limiting human knowledge, which is developed in the first and most extended of the dissertations, and suggested in various of the footnotes throughout the work.

II. The theory of *immediate or conscious external Perception* expounded in the four dissertations on "presentative and representative knowledge;" on "the various theories of external perception;" "on the distinction of the primary and secondary qualities of matter;" and on "perception proper and sensation proper." It is also referred to in the footnotes, especially those on the "Inquiry," and the *second* of the "Essays" on the intellectual powers.

III. The germs or scintillations of a theory of *Free-will*, or responsible agency, which are contained in the footnotes on Reid's essay on "the Liberty of moral agents."*

The characteristic distinction and professed aim of the old Scottish philosophy is, as we have seen, the refutation of Hume's scepticism, and the recovery of the first principles of knowledge out of the ruin which it had occasioned. Dr. Reid himself, in an often quoted passage of one of his letters to Dr. Gregory, asserts indeed that his peculiar merit lies "in having called in question the common theory of ideas or images in the mind being the only objects of thought." But the two statements are not opposed, and it may be interesting to some of our readers to have the opportunity of reflecting upon their coincidence. The course of thought along which we propose to conduct them with a view to afford this opportunity, as it implies an intelligent apprehension of the Scottish refutation of philosophical scepticism, may also suggest in its progress some important questions regarding the value of a philosophical vindication and explanation of human knowledge in general, and the influence of such treatment of it upon the establishment and extension of particular departments of science, and especially of that

* Materials sufficient to suggest thoughts for a separate article may be found in the notes on Reid's "*Brief Account of Aristotle's Logic*," which are remarkable for the severe precision and accuracy of the notices they contain, of the nature and province of the science which may be designated *Formal Logic*, or the theory of the laws of thought regarded in abstraction from the things about which thought may be exercised. Here Sir W. Hamilton differs, in his estimate of the Aristotelian doctrine, from the older Scottish school—especially Campbell, Stewart, and Brown—and indeed from the general current of opinion in Scotland on this subject from the Reformation downwards. The Peripatetic doctrines were dislodged in a great measure from their place of authority in our Universities by Andrew Melville, and the Ramist logic was in his time introduced into Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh. Although the popularity of Ramus soon declined, Aristotle has never since recovered his former influence in this country. See M'Crie's "*Life of Melville*," vol. ii. ch. 12. In Germany the fortune of Aristotle has been different, and the logical treatises of the Kantian school should be consulted in connexion with the notes on Reid, to assist the apprehension of the limits and development of the science there referred to.

science which regards man in his most sacred relation.

The philosophical tendency may be popularly described as the question-putting tendency. Of every ascertained or alleged fact philosophy seeks the explanation. Science is a species of knowledge. The scientific kind of knowledge includes the possession of a precise and comprehensive acquaintance with its particular objects, and their relations. Thus we are said to know the solar system scientifically, because we can allege the law of gravitation in explanation of the various mechanical phenomena which are thereby connected. Other portions of our physical knowledge approach more or less nearly to the dignity of scientific, in proportion as their parts are joined in the tie of defined relations which, as the first principles of the science, at once unite and explain them.

But such explanations as those that are supplied even by the most advanced of our physical sciences are evidently incomplete, and the knowledge which they convey can hardly be styled philosophical. The last answers they afford to us only suggest more questions. Gravitation itself, for instance, or polarity, or electricity, need still to be accounted for, in order to satisfy philosophy, and explanations of them, if obtained, are only steps on the road of an infinite regress of analogous questions. But as an infinite number of receding explanations is in itself an absurdity, and at variance with the limitation of the human understanding, there must be some point into which the answers shall finally converge. That ultimate point must be admitted to be *the original structure of the mind of man.*

What we have illustrated of physical induction holds good also of the results of deduction. Every explanation must rest on the inexplicable, and every demonstration must rest on the indemonstrable, while the last alleged inexplicable and indemonstrable belief is an instinct of human nature.

If all the sciences must thus converge in first principles of which the only possible explanation is a statement of our own original mental structure, that structure itself may, it is evident, be made an object of the question-putting tendency. Though we cannot transcend our original notions and beliefs we may at least collect or criticise them. Those ultimate faiths, which cannot themselves be theorized, may be made the objects of metaphysical contemplation, as the mysterious foundation of human knowledge, and thus, as Mr. Hume profoundly remarks, "the most perfect philosophy of the natural kind only staves off our ignorance a little longer, as perhaps the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of it."

Questions regarding the nature and number of the *ultimate answers* that can be given to the principle in man which suggests questions, are not likely to be put in the infancy of the human understanding, although answers to them are craved by the developed faculties of knowledge. The account of the manner in which these inquiries were fairly raised in modern times, is a remarkable chapter in the history of the mind of man and of philosophy, which we now proceed to sketch.

The modern metaphysical controversy with scepticism has turned upon the prevalent doctrine with regard to what is the *immediate* object of knowledge—a very curious part of the general theory of the intellect. An acquaintance even with the works of Dr. Reid is sufficient to render the reader familiar with the fact of the very general reception, previous to the time of that philosopher, of the doctrine of representative images or ideas, to account for all knowledge, except that which we have of our own mental operations, of which last it was usually granted that we are directly conscious. Mind, it was supposed, can be conscious only of itself, and the hypothesis of a representative knowledge was invented to explain the phenomenon—which theorists regard as the grand difficulty of intellectual psychology—of a conscious intelligence, a large part of whose knowledge is not exclusively *self-contained.**

The hypothesis of mental representations, distinct at once from the percipient mind and from the object perceived, seems to have been, in some form or other, a very common one previous to the publication of Reid's philosophical treatises; although Des Cartes, Arnauld, and most of the Cartesians, Leibnitz, and probably Locke, understood by mental ideas, only modes of the mind itself in their representative capacity. The *ideas* assailed by Reid were, however, *entities distinct from the act of perception*, and they were employed to account for our knowledge of the material world, and for

* We refer the reader to Reid's essay on *External Perception*, and to Sir W. Hamilton's dissertation on the *Various Theories of Perception*, for copious illustrations of the prodigious activity of thought and invention in different ages, in creating varieties of the representative hypothesis, and we would especially ask attention to the distinction, explained in the dissertation, between the cruder or more palpable, and the more refined theory of representation—between *egoistical* and *non-egoistical* idealism.

the phenomena of memory, imagination, and reasoning. These intellectual phenomena were supposed to have become more intelligible when—on the basis of self-knowledge, and without any critical account of what other notions and beliefs are implied in the ability to observe, experiment, remember, and compare—the existence of such representative images was assumed by the philosopher, in working his theory of knowledge from within the region of the mind outwards, to independent and permanent realities.

The inadequacy of this supposed intellectual machinery to afford an ultimate explanation of knowledge is manifest, especially in two respects. 1. In its opposition to the belief that has been inserted in the structure of our mental constitution, that we have a *direct* knowledge of the qualities of matter —this hypothesis regarding the understanding as in immediate connexion only with what is representative of these qualities. 2. It is implied that the philosophers who maintain this doctrine, thereby overlook the need, or at least superficially perform the process of a comprehensive inductive examination of the first principles of knowledge and belief, apart from which no real progress can be made towards the philosophy of knowledge.

The issue of philosophical scepticism is the analysis of knowledge into a succession of isolated phenomena, or into a series of notions, of which no one can be predicated of another. The method employed by the pyrrhonist is to show that a radical contradiction is implied in every attempt to collect phenomena into science, or even into fragments of science, thus paralysing the grasp of those beliefs and notions which create and cement our knowledge. But although David Hume worked this sceptical method with success against a metaphysical hypothesis which resolves all knowledge into experience alone, and accounts for its entrance, and its various kinds, by means of *representations*, the practical part of our nature always declares, by continuing in a state of activity, that human knowledge *is* in itself susceptible of a consistent defence, and at all events of a relative explanation, for a sane man hardly ever *acts* the sceptic, at least in the affairs of this life. It is for the philosopher to reconcile the speculative and the practical part of human nature, either by giving evidence that all our beliefs and notions are explicable, or else by exhibiting those of them that are mysterious in contrast to those of them which can be explained.

To do something towards the accomplishment of this task was the aim of Dr. Reid. With a view to this, the prevalent doctrine of representative perception must be overthrown, because it is inconsistent with experience, and with the fundamental notions and beliefs which belong to the original structure of the human mind, as an agent consciously capable of knowing, and coming into direct and practical contact with, objects that are independent of itself. An inductive enumeration must, besides, be made of those first principles which the older philosophy had overlooked and in consequence traversed. And Reid has set himself to effect each of these tasks. He has exploded the favourite hypothesis of representative images or entities, by showing that it is destitute of the evidence of internal experience, irrational, contradictory to the immediate dictates of our faculties, and, therefore—by vitiating the testimony of our original mental structure in one department of its utterances, and thus precluding any decisive appeal to its testimony as the ultimate criterion of truth in any other—fairly resolvable into universal scepticism. He has also, both in the "*Inquiry*" and the "*Essays*," in the course of an analytic examination of the phenomena of the external senses, memory, imagination, and reasoning, collected many other specimens of judgments of which we cannot rid ourselves, while, at the same time, we cannot explain their presence in the mind by means of any derived origin. To a faith in these utterances of our nature he had cleared a road by removing the hypothesis of representative perception, and thus enabling philosophy to return *in that particular*, to an acknowledgment of the credit of the common sense. In a word, Reid removed the excrescence of representations, which, in spite of common sense, the philosopher had introduced into the theory of perception, and demanded the homage of the speculative world to the other judgments of the violated principle, which he had noted and treasured up in the course of an experimental investigation of his own mind.

But the powerful tendency of the habit of self-observation to lose the way that conducts out of self-consciousness, has, notwithstanding Reid's protest, retained its sway, and led its victims through paths of illusive idealism more retired and seductive than any of those against which he had warned them. The hypothesis of images numerically distinct from the percipient mind, which constitute the entire material world of Berkeley, has indeed been almost banished from philosophical literature by Reid, but only to leave all the room for a more refined hypothesis of representation, which is still very generally received by Continental and

British metaphysicians. The exposition and criticism of this subtle species of the doctrine of representative knowledge is one of the principal novelties of the philosophical works of Sir William Hamilton, and his disquisition deserves study, were it only as the most elaborate specimen of purely speculative ingenuity that modern British philosophy has yet produced. We can afford only a few sentences to this subject, and must refer the reader to these Dissertations.

A quality or phenomenon of mind, *e.g.* a sensation, judgment, or desire, is evidently an object of knowledge to the mind itself not less than a quality or phenomenon of matter is. On the doctrine of the representationalist philosophers to whom we have referred, the observing mind is in fact in closer connexion with its own observed qualities than with the observed qualities of matter, and, in the opinion of many of them, we know the latter through the medium of the sensations which they occasion in the former. According to Dr. Thomas Brown, for instance, we know immediately, *i. e.* are conscious of, all our mental states, whereas any external object is known only by means of certain modes of mind (external states or sensations), which its presence has somehow occasioned. In this view of perception the intercourse of the mind with the external world is *through the intermediate sensations* which alone are perceived by it; but in self-consciousness it is in direct intercourse with its objects. As in the less refined hypothesis of representation, the sphere of immediate knowledge is still confined within the mind itself, only instead of a succession of representative entities, distinct at once from the percipient mind and from the material object, the understanding is presented with a succession of its own states. Each of these evanescent modes of mind is, according to the relation in which it happens to be regarded, either an object or an act of perception. Now, it is argued by Sir William Hamilton that the germ of universal scepticism is latent in this more subtle, as Reid had proved it to be latent in a less refined hypothesis respecting our knowledge of matter. On neither hypothesis do we get directly beyond the objects of self-consciousness, and, therefore, as each is said to violate that utterance of the original judgments of our nature which declares that we do, on neither can we get beyond the succession of our own thoughts and feelings, while in both even this self-knowledge itself becomes illusory, and must fall with the original faith that has been, in both hypotheses, assumed to be deceitful.

Sir William Hamilton deals by the mental modes of this refined or egoistical idealism as Dr. Reid had dealt by the representative entities, which are not mental modes, of non-egoistical idealism. Discarding the interposition of any state of the mind as the immediate object of perceptive knowledge, or of any reflex act of mind upon its own sensations, as a requisite for our first apprehension of the outer world, he maintains that certain of the qualities of matter are the direct objects of a mysterious *insight*, and thus that the mind is conscious of material as well as of mental qualities. On this theory we become immediately acquainted, at least in certain limited relations, with the material world that is outside and independent of us, and on the foundation of this direct apprehension of a very limited portion of its contents—to wit, its Primary Qualities—we gradually reach, in the light of our former information, by means of abstraction and reasoning aided by habit and association, that growing knowledge of its properties, which in the earlier stages of its progress collects some of the secondary qualities of matter, obtains the notions of distance and form by means of sight alone, educates the general senses to an indefinite acuteness, and rises at last to those varied and recondite properties, characteristic of the different objects, by a precise acquaintance with the nature and laws of which, the physical sciences are constituted. An inductive history of this whole process is a principal part, as it is still a desideratum, in psychology. Much that is valuable for the explanation of its earlier stages has been contributed in the Dissertation on the "*Primary and Secondary Qualities of Body*," a dissertation which appears to us to form an important step of progress in this department of mental science.

The opposite to this theory of a consciousness of certain qualities of matter, which is itself styled Natural Realism, is the doctrine of Absolute Idealism, which denies to the material world any external independent existence. Intermediate between the two are the various hypotheses of representative perception or Hypothetical Realism.

It is evident that this alleged *immediatecy* of our knowledge of the qualities of matter is to be contrasted, not merely with that sort of mediate knowledge which is implied in the possession of the results of inductive or deductive reasoning, but also with that other kind of mediate knowledge which, according to some philosophers (and among others Sir William Hamilton, who has rediscovered and revived the old scholastic distinction of pre-

sentative and representative knowledge) is implied in every act of memory and imagination. It is a more subtile analysis than the familiar one, which divides the propositions that compose what we believe, into those that are the result of reasoning, and those that are known by us intuitively, and it suggests some curious questions regarding the nature and economy of certain of our intellectual functions.

One characteristic of the view of this economy that is taken in the Dissertations, is the development of a distinction—open to reflex observation and investigation—between that knowledge of the phenomena of matter, now and here present, to which the name consciousness is exclusively appropriated, and which is asserted not to involve any act of mediate self-consciousness, and that other knowledge—of the past and possible—which is, on the contrary, maintained to imply an act of the mind conscious of its own state *as representative* of something separate from the state itself. Thus, when I imagine the Iliad, or when I remember the events of yesterday, the immediate objects of my knowledge are certain phenomena of my own mind. Let the war of Troy, or the events of yesterday be enacted before my senses, and the immediate objects of my knowledge are radically qualities of matter. When we know the possible and the past, the very operation of knowing is the only operation of which the mind is conscious. But when we know the present states of our own minds, or the present primary qualities of matter, these states and qualities are known in themselves, and not through the medium of a representative mental state. Memory and imagination are thus each of them a species of self-consciousness, in which the intellect has for its immediate objects those phenomena of self, which form, in the one the acts of remembering past objects of perception or self-consciousness, and in the other of apprehending the creations of the poetical faculty.

This theory of the knowledge of what self once was conscious of, in the modes or qualities of self, contrasted with the more direct sort of knowledge of consciousness, suggests a variety of questions, and, among others, the laws according to which those objects of the mind that are at first observed, in a direct experience of the inner and outer world are, as immediate objects of memory and imagination, as it were, converted into mental modes, and made the objects of reflection in the current of our associated thoughts. This field of investigation may, perhaps, be illustrated by the well-known doctrine of Leibnitz, regarding latent states of consciousness, to which Sir William Hamilton often refers in the course of his philosophical writings.

The theory of perception maintained by Sir William Hamilton is not likely, we think, to exhaust discussion in a province which experience has proved to be so fitted to kindle metaphysical genius, and to give scope to speculative ingenuity. The new and revived doctrines of which his philosophy is composed, have uncovered too many unsolved difficulties to permit such a result; and we are inclined to expect an increase rather than an abatement of the intellectual gladiatorship which has hitherto been associated with the theory of our knowledge of matter, as the result of a more diffused acquaintance with the assumptions and arguments of these Dissertations.

It should be remembered, however, that it is, as the arena of the struggle with philosophical scepticism, that this region of speculation has attracted combatants, earnest in the defence and development of the theory of human knowledge, as well as in the endeavour to reconcile intelligence with practice, and to maintain for man the possibility of sciences, relative and limited, yet solid and suited to his circumstances. It is when regarded in relation to a specimen in one department, of the manner in which the war against this scepticism is to be maintained in all, that the question respecting a presentative or representative knowledge of the external world is likely to be studied with most seriousness, and that it connects itself most nearly with our natural feelings and desires.

The science of metaphysics—in its polemical aspect, the controversy with the pyrrhonists—is a region into which those are forced who seek the ultimate answers that can be given, to account for all that man is capable of knowing in any of the sciences. "Reasoning," says Pascal, "confounds the dogmatist, and nature the sceptic." It is the aim of the metaphysician to compose this difference, a task which the Philosophy of Common Sense accomplishes in the only manner in which it can be effected by man. That Philosophy seeks for, and renders prominent the inexplicable feelings, judgments, and notions in which reasoning and nature meet; and in doing this, it ascends the highest elevation that the human mind can reach, as long, at least, as the human faculties are limited by the boundary proper to this mortal existence. It is here that man gains the most comprehensive survey of the sciences, and were it not that the elevation is likely to dim his vision of the separate objects of

which the panorama is composed, it is from thence that each science receives for him its most pervading illumination. There all his knowledge tends towards the organized unity —the σοφια of the old Greeks—to which our understandings can only make an approach; and, as regards which, man assumes his highest function when it is the object of his love and aspiration, according to the original eloquent meaning of the *word* philosophy.

It is as much for the sake of this illumination, as for the purposes of defence, that we need to foster those habits which send us in quest of the First Principles of metaphysics. Nature is usually sufficiently strong to defend, for all the uses of life, those portions of knowledge which the powerful original motives of human activity require to be converted into practice, and she can always silence, by means of action, the objections of the few sceptical adventurers who seek to find their way behind the scenes, and ingeniously contrive literally to lose *themselves* in the attempt. "All sceptical reasoning," says Sir James Macintosh, "is merely blowing up the ship, where you and your enemy go into the air together." But the speculative consistency and completeness of those sections of knowledge, which form the various sciences, is materially diminished, and the sciences themselves must inevitably undergo a process of gradual deterioration, if human thought is not sometimes turned towards those remote outworks, whence so commanding a view may be gained of what is knowable, in contrast with what cannot be known. If the comprehensiveness of the knowledge that is possessed by the students of the subordinate sciences is increased, as wider laws are, in their several provinces, gradually revealed to observation and experiment,—if the discovery of gravitation, for instance, is perceived to be valuable because it has illustrated the whole region of mechanics—this analogy may help to explain the effect, upon what we may call the *style* in which we hold every kind of knowledge, of a habit of intimacy with those highest laws, which, as ultimate propositions, mark the frontier that may not be passed by the human intellect. The progress of physical discovery upon this planet has become more enlightened since men have learned its figure, and the limits within which their exploration has been confined by their Creator. The fears of the followers of Columbus are now unknown, nor is El Dorado any longer searched for. In like manner, the more nearly the metaphysician is able to find the precise sphere within which our researches must be confined, the more successfully may we expect knowledge to be converted into science, and the more submissive should be our reverence, when we turn to those mysteries which are created for us by the limitations of human thought which are disclosed to metaphysical investigation. The elements of philosophical faith—or, in the language of Reid, the principles of common sense—which are acted on by all, but to which the metaphysician alone directs an intelligent attention, as the special objects of his own science, are the materials of the foundation on which must rest that Classification of the Sciences, towards which so much thought has been directed since the publication of the "*Advancement of Learning.*" This survey and arrangement of these definite, solid, and self-consistent sections of knowledge, appears to be the appropriate business of the philosophers of the ensuing age. It implies a clear account of what that is which entitles any portion of knowledge to the designation of scientific, what the methods are by which vague, and narrow or imperfect knowledge may become science, what the principles may be which mark off one science into a province distinct from another, and what the bond of connexion among all the sciences is, with the scale of their relative value and importance, and the place of each as a part of that organic whole into which the philosophic mind seeks to mould all its knowledge. The strength and precision of mind needed for a task like this, must be, in a great measure, regulated by the success of metaphysicians in detecting First Principles.

Sir William Hamilton has greatly illustrated metaphysical science by the clearness and distinctness which he has infused into the theory of common sense expounded by Reid, and maintained by him in common with the great majority of ancient and modern philosophers, it being, "notwithstanding many schismatic aberrations, the one catholic and perennial philosophy," while the very name common sense "is the term under which that doctrine has been most familiarly known, at least in the Western world."*

There are two statements connected with this doctrine which should be carefully noted and reflected on by the metaphysical student. Of these the one is a question of

* See, in the Dissertation on *Common Sense*, 106 testimonies to this effect—a singular document, illustrative of the "succession" of metaphysicians, and of the analogy of metaphysical speculation, during three thousand years, from Hesiod and Heraclitus down to Schelling, Hegel, and Cousin.

terminology, and relates to the precise object, or collection of objects, that is signified by the technical term "common sense," when it is used as the term expressive of the proper province of his science. The other is a question of scientific method, and enforces the necessity of the labour of analysis and criticism for the discovery and arrangement of the genuine principles of common sense, purified from the prejudices and conventionalisms with which they are apt to be confounded, and by which they are almost always marred.

Common sense, as a term of science in metaphysics, expresses those notions and beliefs which are essential to man regarded as an intellectual and moral being. The existence of such original convictions is assumed when man is declared to be capable of collecting knowledge from experience, but they have not themselves been collected out of the materials of experience. Reflective induction may observe and systematize them, but it is not as the results of induction that they have gained an entrance into the mind. The word, when used in the higher philosophy, is to be entirely dissociated from its more vague and popular meanings, in which it expresses natural prudence, or acquired skill in the management of common affairs and in the intercourse of society. These unscientific significations, while they are expressive of mental qualities which, on their own account, very much deserve the attention of psychologists, are likely to be productive of confusion when the term is used metaphysically, inasmuch as many popular principles of common sense are far indeed from having any proper claim to the dignity of ultimate notions and beliefs. Instead of the collected original judgments of the human mind, appeals to common sense are often directed to the prejudices of individuals, which must be analysed not into the inspirations of the Author of our mental structure, but into the perverseness of him on whom that structure has been bestowed.*

The detection of the genuine principles of common sense is therefore the result of an intellectual effort which requires qualities peculiar to the philosopher, and the argument from common sense is no irrational appeal to vulgar feeling. The reflex criticism which distinguishes the primary from the other qualities of matter, and which appropriates the former exclusively to the external world, is an illustration, from the phenomena of perception, of the difference between an intelligent and an unscientific appeal to the ultimate criterion of truth. Analogous illustrations might be quoted, from other provinces of knowledge, of the manner in which prejudice is sifted, by the application of this test, and these also may be made to prove that the purport of the Scottish philosophy is by no means to encourage the mob to carry away the ark of metaphysics.

In short, we may admit with D'Alembert, quoted in the Dissertations, "That the truth in metaphysics, like the truth in matters of taste, is a truth of which all minds have the germ within themselves; to which, indeed, the greater number pay no attention, but which they recognise the moment it is pointed out to them. * * * But if, in this sort, all are able to understand, all are not able to instruct. The merit of conveying easily to others true and simple notions is much greater than is commonly supposed; for experience proves how rarely this is to be met with. Sound metaphysical ideas are the common truths which every one apprehends, but which few have the talent to develope." "The first problem of philosophy," adds the Scottish philosopher, "and it is one of no easy accomplishment, being thus to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings and beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession; and the argument from common sense being the allegation of those feelings and beliefs, as explicated and ascertained, in proof of the relative truths and their necessary consequences, this argument is manifestly dependent on philosophy as an art, as an acquired dexterity, and cannot, notwithstanding the errors which they have frequently committed, be taken out of the hands of philosophers. Common sense is like common law. Each may be laid down as the general rule of decision; but in one case it must be left to the jurist, in the other to the philosopher, to ascertain what are the contents of the rule; and though in both cases the common man may be cited as a witness for the custom of the fact, in neither can he be allowed to officiate as advocate or as judge. * * We may, in short, say of the philosopher what Erasmus, in an epistle to Hütten, said of Sir Thomas More: "Nemo minus ducitur *vulgi judicio;* sed rursus nemo minus abest a *sensu communi.*'"

We have referred to the efforts of the Scottish school to extract, by means of analytic criticism, those principles of common sense which relate to our knowledge of the qualities of matter, seeing that, as already stated, it is chiefly in this province that the contest with philosophical scepticism

* It is against these *spurious* principles of common sense that Locke's polemic against innate ideas may be beneficially applied.

has been maintained in Britain, and especially because the theory of external perception is the central point of Sir William Hamilton's re-statement and vindication of the conservative philosophy of common sense. But if our metaphysical science in this country has hitherto been chiefly suggested in that region of research, we must not forget that the struggle with scepticism has, in the most profoundly thoughtful nation of Europe, been transferred for us from the arena of our beliefs about matter to the arena of our beliefs about religion. These last have in Germany been put through an ordeal as severe as that which this volume contains evidence that the former have passed through at home, and scepticism is much less able practically to distort the mind of man with regard to what concerns the present life than with regard to what concerns the life to come. A critical application of some of our higher minds to those principles of common sense that relate to our faith in God, and our notions of the relation between God and man, which should bring back to its origin this part of our knowledge, would correspond, in the region of theology, to the task attempted by Reid and Sir William Hamilton in the metaphysics of perception.

The Scottish sceptical philosophy of Hume is, indeed, throughout irreligious. But his antagonists in this country have as yet attempted little for the satisfaction of the scientific principle by a statement of the metaphysics of religion.* In Germany his doctrines have formed part of the seed that has there produced, during the last two generations, the rank crop of religious scepticism, which is now imported into the popular literature of Britain and America, in the new species of infidelity which makes a virtual excision of those principles of common sense that lie at the root of our religious knowledge. An intelligent attention is due, on the part of those who are the authorized teachers of religion, to the progress of a form of scepticism which, while it sublimates the Divine personality into the illusion of the Absolute, excludes the *possibility* of all positive theological knowledge, by discrediting the original or derived faculties for obtaining ideas of the supernatural, nullifying the argument from final causes, and refusing to receive alleged miraculous events as by possibility credentials of what is divine, and which thus descends with the elementary controversy about religion, from the actual objective evidence to be sought for on its behalf, to—what is clearly a lower stratum—a criticism of our subjective faculties for the apprehension of natural, and especially of supernatural and positive revelation, and of the possibility of finite phenomena of any kind yielding evidence regarding what is infinite.* An adjustment of these questions, capable of explaining the manner in which the human understanding is enabled to rise, on the ladder of available evidence, from the relative and finite phenomena of the mental and material worlds, to the region of religion or the supernatural, and which should also be in analogy with the Scottish philosophical account, of our notions and original judgments respecting the qualities of mind and matter, would supplement what is still a defect in our national metaphysics.

A mental experience of the divinity of the gospel system, which is gained by acting it out in the details of a holy life, is certainly a *practical* escape from those questions of science. Without this, even the speculative task of the theologian cannot be accomplished, and it is chiefly in order to foster and render intelligent that habit of life that the task is worth his toil. But his work is not then done. Those to whom the written word is the centre of all truth, regarding the "things unseen and eternal" and the moral mystery of human life, cannot count valueless, thoughtful answers to such questions as refer to the manner in which the positive evidence of religion is reached by man, so that his thought, even while confined, by the necessity of its original structure, to the level of the relative and the conditioned, may be exercised on the objects of a religious faith, that precisely meets the wants of the human

* We, of course, except the invaluable contributions to the philosophy of religion contained in Dr. Chalmers' Treatises on "*Natural Theology*" and on the "*Evidences of Christianity*,"—so full of comprehensive conceptions, and abounding in vigorous metaphysical discussions.

* Although religious men have been anticipated by the infidel party, in the province of discussion where they would cause the *paralysis* of the faculties for apprehending Christianity which the Pantheistic doctrine induces, it must not be inferred that all teachers of revealed truths in the British Churches are negligent of the peculiar duties which are required by the consequent crisis in the history of the evidence of religion, and in the arrangements of the Christian Church. Among other illustrations to the contrary, may we ask the attention of our readers to a recently published discourse on "*Popery and Infidelity in the Last Times*," by the Reverend Professor Garbett, of Oxford, delivered before the University on the 5th November, 1847? The lurid gloom of the perhaps occasionally exaggerated representation of this impressive composition may help to rouse the heart, while it guides the understanding to a proper apprehension of certain religious and social phenomena of this age.

intelligence as well as of the human conscience.

The comment on Reid's essay on "*The Liberty of Moral Agents*," is the part of the notes and dissertations that is most nearly related to the theory of religion and morality. Some account of it, and estimate of its value, as a contribution to the ceaseless controversy of metaphysicians and theologians on the mysterious topic of responsible agency, may interest those of our readers who are inclined to pay attention to the *quæstiones vexatæ* of the nature, possibility, and explanation of free-will. We must, however, restrict our reference to this subject within very narrow limits, having already more than exhausted our space.

Sir William Hamilton, in common with his predecessors of the old Scottish school—Reid and Stewart—is a firm defender of the possibility of free-will. He maintains that the reality of a power or liberty, *to will what we will*, is testified to us indirectly, if not directly, by the experience of our own consciousness, and that the possession of it is essential to all activity of which the modes are properly objects of praise or blame. Such freedom is the root of man's personality, and constitutes his power of self-control over the desires and affections that have been inserted in his mind and committed to his government.

Amid much obscurity and diversity in their account of the *nature* of free-will, a doctrine of liberty has, with few exceptions, till recent times, been maintained by the most religious and earnest of our British philosophers. Cudworth and Clarke attacked the opposite hypothesis of necessity as a citadel of the Atheists and Materialists of that age, and as interwoven with the speculations of Hobbes and also of Spinoza. In the eighteenth century, the assault on free-will was conducted by the Unitarians Priestly and Belsham, and the system of necessity has since been used by the Socialists and Communists of our own times, as a popular engine for the defence of their doctrines. It is also important to note that the modern doctrine of universal necessity is apparently at variance with what is said concerning free-will, and particularly with the prominence which is given to the fall, in the doctrinal symbols of the Reformation. These creeds assume the *possibility* of a free-will, when they assert that human freedom was lost, "as to any spiritual good accompanying salvation," in the fall of Adam.* The loss of freedom clearly implies the possibility of it, for what is lost must once have existed. But on the system of universal necessity, free-will must be denied to man, whether fallen or unfallen, and even to God himself; and the fall cannot consist in the loss of what is in itself radically inconsistent with the tie which connects all the phenomena of the universe.

Yet the doctrine of free will has, during the last and the present century, been exposed to the attacks of men of an aim and spirit very different from those of the infidel necessarians to whom we have referred. A system of universal necessity, substantially the same with that of Hobbes and Collins, was employed for the defence of some of the more peculiar doctrines of the Calvinistic interpretation of Christianity, by one of the most vigorous of the thinkers who in modern times have consecrated intellect to the service of revealed religion. President Edwards of New England, in his well-known "*Inquiry into the modern prevailing notions of that Freedom of the Will, &c.*," adopted the necessarian hypothesis, as a foundation on which certain portions of the interpretation of Scripture, contained in the Reformed Confessions, might be unanswerably vindicated from the attacks of the philosophers.

The substance of the argument thus adopted by Edwards is likely to be familiar to most of those who are interested in this discussion. The essential part of his reasoning may be condensed within a few sentences, although, owing to the expansion needed for the application of it to meet the various forms of objection, philosophical and theological, by which it had been or might be assailed, it has been diffused through a treatise of considerable size. The fundamental assumption of the whole book is the unlimited application of the law of causation, and the consequent existence of an infinite succession of derived causes or antecedents. The phenomenon to be thereby explained is the origin of our rational and responsible volitions. On the hypothesis assailed by Edwards, these acts of will are accounted for in each case by means of the assumption

* See, as illustrations, the *tenth* of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and the *ninth* chapter of the Westminster Confession, or symbol of the doctrine of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. In the latter document, we read expressly that "man in his state of innocency had freedom and power *to will* and to do," &c. The condition of the fallen human will is a distinct province of discussion. Some of the *problems* that may be raised in this latter department may be found, *inter alia*, in a rather curious little book, Everard's "*Creation and Fall of Adam Reviewed, or a Brief Treatise wherein is discovered Adam's indowments in his Creation, and what he became by Degeneration.*" London, 1649.

of a previous determination of the will itself, which was asserted to be possessed of the power of self-determination. The inconsistency of this explanation is clearly demonstrated in the *first section* of the *second part* of the "*Inquiry*," which may be regarded as a summary of the argument which the modern antagonists of liberty are accustomed to present as an unassailable defence of a scheme of universal necessity, in which all acts of will, Divine as well as human, are included.

The series of syllogisms contained in the passage to which we have referred is irrefragable as against the conceptions of free will at which it is pointed, if indeed an hypothesis of liberty such as is there assailed was ever distinctly maintained by any philosophical theologian of repute. But in truth, although the defenders of freedom have united against fatalism, they are far from being lucid or unanimous in the statement of their own doctrine. Even Reid's writings on free-will can hardly be made to yield a consistent theory.

The most important advance, as it seems to us, that has been made by Sir William Hamilton, in the discussion of this problem of philosophy, consists in the account which he has furnished of the very nature of the debated question, and of the real assumptions which every argument regarding it must imply. To gain a clear understanding of a disputed question, and of the conditions that must be conformed to before a true answer to it can be obtained, while it is usually a more painful and less manifest stage in the progress of a science or a doctrine, is often a more important one than the subsequent solution of its difficulties. It helps to fill the intellect with suggestive hypotheses of a kind appropriate to the peculiarities of the phenomena which are exposed for scientific explanation. The solution itself is frequently obvious when a new general principle has been obtained; and it is easier to attempt to account for fresh phenomena by means of old hypotheses than to find others which are at once new and true. Disputants have long been obliged to struggle with the haze of intellect that has invested the question regarding the meaning of moral agency, and that philosopher has rendered an important service who has in any measure dispelled the mist.

Dr. Reid maintains that liberty is conceivable. Sir William Hamilton asserts the fact of moral freedom as a possible but inexplicable mystery.

Unless the freedom which is maintained is only necessity under another name, there can, we think, be no question that it is a mystery, and as such inconceivable. But even when liberty is resolved into unlimited necessity, the mystery is only made to recede. It is more out of sight, but it still remains. The argument of the modern necessarians, contained in the treatise of Edwards, takes for granted the inconceivable hypothesis of an infinite series of derived causes; for the Divine volitions, in common with all acts of created will, are conceived as links in an endless chain of antecedents and consequents. The defenders of this necessity easily prove the self-contradiction of that counter-hypothesis, which explains freedom by means of what is virtually either an infinite series of self-determinations, or else a series which ultimately merges in a necessity that is *outside* of the will. But on the latter, which is the selected alternative, they virtually assert the existence of an infinite series of derived causes *in the universe*, in order to account for the acts of will which constitute a part of the phenomena of the universe. Now this hypothesis is in itself as inconceivable as that of the self-origination of volitions, and has besides been proved contradictory and absurd in various of the arguments in behalf of the first principles of natural theology.*

The modern necessarians, represented by Edwards, have thus failed, even by means of the accumulation of ingenious and conclusive argument which they have produced, to raise this problem, regarding responsible actions, out of the region of the insoluble. The application of the theory of causation which they have made, is sufficient for a relative explanation of the phenomena of the physical sciences, because these sciences deal only with limited sections of the phenomena of the universe, regarded in those immediate, invariable, unconditional relations to one another, which have been fixed for them, and to which their objects are adapted, by the free First Cause and Governor of all, and which are commonly spoken of as the "laws of nature." But the hypothesis of a chain of mutually dependent sequences, which is sufficient for the explanation that the sciences of external nature ask for, regarding the particular orders of phenomena which are their objects, implies the absurdity of a chain without a beginning, when brought, as it is before it is capable of yielding the necessary inference, to give a conclusive

* As, for instance, in Proposition *Second* of Dr. Clarke's "*Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God.*"

explanation of *all* the phenomena which may be made the objects of investigation by man. It cannot, therefore, act as an insurmountable bar against the possibility either of an uncreated or a created free-will.

In a word, on the side of liberty, man is lost in the mystery of absolute commencement. On the side of universal necessity, he is lost in the mystery, or rather the contradiction, of infinite dependent succession. And thus it seems a conclusive inference, that this long discussed problem is indeed insoluble by man, or by any other being whose power of thought is limited like his. It is, however, practically solved, as similar problems in regard to other objects of our speculative nature are, in the existence of those feelings, by which we are compelled to assume, as a first principle, our own responsibility for our acts of rational will. Possessing these, even without the possibility of any ultimate theory of moral agency for the gratification of the logical faculty, or finite understanding, men may consistently "follow after holiness," and also receive, as possible, though inexplicable, the supernatural account which has been conveyed to them of the historical origin of that tendency to sin of which they experience the power, as well as of that free restoration from the "fallen state," which, revealed in the Gospel, is mysteriously bestowed on the regenerate. This agrees, too with the analogy of Scripture, for the Bible is full of both ideas—absolute commencement and derived volition—but it essays not to explain nor to reconcile them.

If the finite power of reasoning may be proved incapable to grasp the theory that is sufficient to account for responsible actions, consistently on the one hand with our belief regarding causation, and on the other, with the limitation of the series of causes which is assumed in those principles of the theistical argument that are at variance with the hypothesis of an infinite chain of derived causes, common sense includes among its other beliefs the conviction that we are created by God moral agents, responsible for those actions which we perform in relation to Him and to one another. This belief is sufficient to sustain our moral activity, even although the limits of the human intellect lay an arrest on further speculation, and therefore render it impossible for us to retain in the vocabulary of our purely intellectual conceptions such words as Free-will and Responsibility, except, indeed, for the purpose of having finger-posts, as it were, for guiding us to points of view where we may have some of the most impressive aspects of that realm o mystery, by which human thought is en compassed on all sides, and on which w may "break the spirit" in metaphysica contemplation. The problem which thes words suggest, as far as it is exclusivel speculative, is truly one which, when w attempt to develope it, stirs the mind to it profoundest depths, as it offers to us th alternatives of self-origination, or an infinit course of dependent acts of will.

With this negative rather than positiv account of the theory of liberty, whic after all, only amounts to a statement o *the reason* why no conclusive solution ca be given to the problem raised by the fac of moral agency, we leave the adjustmer of the other questions connected with it t those who are ready to bestow additions thought on the ideas of causation and re sponsibility, which are those that are mo peculiarly involved in the subject. An with this brief reference to a single depar ment of the argument regarding the theor of moral agency, we abruptly and relu tantly close our account of the struggle o the *Philosophy of Common Sense* with *Sce ticism, Idealism, and Necessarianism.* W regret, for the sake of the science in whic we have been expatiating, the necessar concentration of thought and expressio which is manifest in this Article, as we fee that the preceding disquisitions may thu appear, except to persons previously fam liar with such thoughts, to be addresse only to those "small hooks of the mind which catch at and apprehend mere illusiv abstractions, and to have little or no co nexion with that knowledge which pen trates nature, and finds real inductiv axioms in her phenomena.

We have reason to offer our cordi thanks to the distinguished author of thes Notes and Dissertations, for providin among them so many paths and recesses i which the inquisitive student may reflect o phases of our knowledge, there presente to him, that will very greatly add to th number of his queries, on such topics a those which have occupied out attention i the greater part of this Article, and whe he may also gather no slight contributio to his stock of answers to such queries. Th pages of this volume supply ample evidenc that the graspings of the mind of man, aft the first principles of physical, theologica and self-knowledge, are not confined to on generation of the history of the worl These are founded on tendencies which a permanent as the race of man. They a the seeds of a nature fallen from its hig original and destiny, but which was n

adapted only nor chiefly for this earthly life between two eternities. From Thales, Xenophanes, and Pythagoras in the Greek philosophy, and the still older inspired complaints of the patriarch of Idumea, down to our own century, the apparent discord of the theory of knowledge, because the real limitation of its sphere; the great objects of knowledge—God, self, and the world; —together with the riddles of creation, and of independent moral action, which these involve, have attracted, in order to find an explanation of them and thus reduce them into human science, a succession of men of different schools, of whose uninterrupted series the fragments of thought that are expressed in the accumulation of philosophical paragraphs, sentences, and references which enrich the learning of this volume, as well as its original matter, form a remarkable confirmation and illustration. Though ever and anon the calls of the circumstances through which men are passing may divert the attention of generations to the arrangement of affairs that are more pressing, if they are less sublime and imposing, the like aspirations will continue to ascend, and not the less passionately as the world approaches its catastrophe. They are worthy of reference as the emanations of the human spirit in the direction of the permanent, the infinite, and the eternal, the nourishment at once of nobleness and humility of mind, if they are often the baffled efforts of a desire to break the barrier by which its own structure confines the thought of man, who finds instincts instead of explanation when he endeavours to form *such* science. This perpetual, yet broken struggle, after what must in the end elude his grasp, when become habitual and too exclusive in any individual, tends to weaken his judgment in common affairs, by abstracting it from clear and distinct sciences, and palpable individual realities, and tempts his mind to sink into itself in the vain effort to find there that explanation which shall leave nothing to be explained. The check of nature thus imposed upon the unrestrained indulgence of speculation, affords an emphatical illustration of the sentiment which pervades the "Pensées" of Pascal, regarding the mingled greatness and littleness of man.

ART. VI.—*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 2 vols. London: 1848.

IT sounds paradoxical, but is not so in a bad sense, to say—that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential *non*-popularity. They are good for the very reason that they are not in conformity to the current taste. They interest, because to the world they are *not* interesting. They attract by means of their repulsion. Not as though it could separately furnish a reason for loving a book—that the majority of men had found it repulsive. *Prima facie*, it must suggest some presumption *against* a book—that it has failed to engage public attention. To have roused hostility indeed, to have kindled a feud against its own principles or its temper, may happen to be a good sign. *That* argues power. Hatred may be promising. The deepest revolutions of mind sometimes begin in hatred. But simply to have left a reader unimpressed—is in itself a neutral result, from which the inference is doubtful. Yet even *that*, even simple failure to impress, may happen at times to be a result from positive powers in a writer, from special originalities, such as rarely reflect themselves in the mirror of the ordinary understanding. It seems little to be perceived—how much the great scriptural* idea of the *worldly* and the *unworldly* is found to emerge in literature as well as in life. In reality the very same combinations of moral qualities, infinitely varied, which compose the harsh physiognomy of what we call worldliness in the living groups of life, must unavoidably present themselves in books. A library divides into sections of worldly and unworldly, even as a crowd of men divides into that same majority and minority. The world has an instinct for recognising its own; and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same disgust or defective sympathy as would have governed it in real life. From qualities for instance of child-like simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, the world does and must turn away its face towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect;—and not otherwise in literature, nor at all less in literature, than it does in the realities of life.

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* "*Scriptural*" we call it, because this element of thought, so indispensable to a profound philosophy of morals, is not simply *more* used in Scripture than elsewhere, but is so exclusively significant or intelligible amidst the correlative ideas of Scripture, as to be absolutely insusceptible of translation into classical Greek or classical Latin. It is disgraceful that more reflection has not been directed to the vast causes and consequences of so pregnant a truth.

Charles Lamb, if any ever *was*, is amongst the class here contemplated; he, if any ever *has*, ranks amongst writers whose works are destined to be for ever unpopular, and yet for ever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity. The same qualities which will be found forbidding to the worldly and the thoughtless, which will be found insipid to many even amongst robust and powerful minds, are exactly those which will continue to command a select audience in every generation. The prose essays, under the signature of *Elia*, form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest; and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd, clamouring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humour that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages, and, in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations;—these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison, such as those on Sir Roger de Coverly, and some others in the same vein of composition. They resemble Addison's papers also in the diction, which is natural and idiomatic, even to carelessness. They are equally faithful to the truth of nature; and in this only they differ remarkably—that the sketches of Elia reflect the stamp and impress of the writer's own character, whereas in all those of Addison the personal peculiarities of the delineator (though known to the reader from the beginning through the account of the Club) are nearly quiescent. Now and then they are recalled into a momentary notice, but they do not act, or at all modify his pictures of Sir Roger or Will Wimble. *They* are slightly and amiably eccentric; but the Spectator himself, in describing them, takes the station of an ordinary observer.

Everywhere, indeed, in the writings of Lamb, and not merely in his *Elia*, the character of the writer co-operates in an under current to the effect of the thing written. To understand in the fullest sense either the gaiety or the tenderness of a particular passage, you must have some insight into the peculiar bias of the writer's mind—whether native and original, or impressed gradually by the accidents of situation; whether simply developed out of predispositions by the action of life, or violently scorched into the constitution by some fierce fever of calamity. There is in modern literature a whole class of writers, though not a large one, standing within the same category; some marked originality of character in the writer becomes a coefficient with what he says to a common result; you must sympathize with this *personality* in the author before you can appreciate the most significant parts of his views. In most books the writer figures as a mere abstraction, without sex or age or local station, whom the reader banishes from his thoughts. What is written seems to proceed from a blank intellect, not from a man clothed with fleshly peculiarities and differences. These peculiarities and differences neither do, nor (generally speaking) *could* intermingle with the texture of the thoughts so as to modify their force or their direction. In such books, and they form the vast majority, there is nothing to be found or to be looked for beyond the direct objective. (*Sit venia verbo!*) But, in a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker—the two forces unite for a joint product; and fully to enjoy that product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known. It is singular, and worth inquiring into, for the reason, that the Greek and Roman literature had no such books. Timon of Athens, or Diogenes, one may conceive qualified for this mode of authorship, had Journalism existed to rouse them in those days; their "articles" would no doubt have been fearfully caustic. But, as *they* failed to produce anything, and Lucian in an after age is scarcely characteristic enough for the purpose, perhaps we may pronounce Rabelais and Montaigne the earliest of writers in the class described. In the century following *theirs*, came Sir Thomas Brown, and immediately after *him* La Fontaine. Then came Swift, Sterne, with others less distinguished: in Germany Hippel, the friend of Kant, Hamann the obscure, and the greatest of the whole body—John Paul Fr. Richter. In *him*, from the strength and determinateness of his nature, as well as from the great extent of his writings, the philosophy of this interaction between the author as a human agency and his theme as an intellectual reagency, might best be studied. From *him* might be derived the largest number of cases illustrating boldly

this absorption of the universal into the concrete—of the pure intellect into the human nature of the author. But nowhere could illustrations be found more interesting, —shy, delicate, evanescent—shy as lightning, delicate and evanescent as the coloured pencillings on a frosty night from the Northern Lights, than in the better parts of Lamb.

To appreciate Lamb, therefore, it is requisite that his character and temperament should be understood in their coyest and most wayward features. A capital defect it would be if these could not be gathered silently from Lamb's works themselves. It would be a fatal mode of dependency upon an alien and separable accident if they needed an external commentary. But they do *not*. The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram; and to any attentive reader the regathering and restoration of the total word from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort. Still it is always a satisfaction in knowing a result, to know also its *why* and *how;* and so far as every character is likely to be modified by the particular experience, sad or joyous, through which the life has travelled, it is a good contribution towards the knowledge of that resulting character as a whole to have a sketch of that particular experience. What trials did it impose? What energies did it task? What temptations did it unfold? These calls upon the moral powers, which in music so stormy, many a life is doomed to hear, how were they faced? The character in a capital degree moulds oftentimes the life, but the life *always* in a subordinate degree moulds the character. And the character being in this case of Lamb so much of a key to the writings, it becomes important that the life should be traced, however briefly, as a key to the character.

That is *one* reason for detaining the reader with some slight record of Lamb's career. Such a record by preference and of right belongs to a case where the intellectual display, which is the sole ground of any public interest at all in the man, has been intensely modified by the *humanities* and moral *personalities* distinguishing the subject. We read a Physiology, and need no information as to the life and conversation of its author: a meditative poem becomes far better understood by the light of such information; but a work of genial and at the same time eccentric sentiment, wandering upon untrodden paths, is barely intelligible without it. There is a good reason for arresting judgment on the writer, that the court may receive evidence on the life of the man. But there is another reason, and, in any other place, a better; which reason lies in the extraordinary value of the life considered separately for itself. Logically, it is not allowable to say that *here;* and, considering the principal purpose of this paper, any possible *independent* value of the life must rank as a better reason for reporting it. Since, in a case where the original object is professedly to estimate the writings of a man, whatever promises to further that object must, merely by that tendency, have, in relation to that place, a momentary advantage which it would lose if valued upon a more abstract scale. Liberated from this casual office of throwing light upon a book —raised to its grander station of a solemn deposition to the moral capacities of man in conflict with calamity—viewed as a return made into the chanceries of heaven—upon an issue directed from that court to try the amount of power lodged in a poor desolate pair of human creatures for facing the very anarchy of storms—this obscure life of the two Lambs, brother and sister (for the two lives were one life), rises into a grandeur that is not paralleled once in a generation.

Rich, indeed, in moral instruction was the life of Charles Lamb; and perhaps in one chief result it offers to the thoughtful observer a lesson of consolation that is awful, and of hope that ought to be immortal, viz. in the record which it furnishes, that by meekness of submission, and by earnest conflict with evil, in the spirit of cheerfulness, it is possible ultimately to disarm or to blunt the very heaviest of curses—even the curse of lunacy. Had it been whispered, in hours of infancy, to Lamb, by the angel who stood by his cradle—"Thou, and the sister that walks by ten years before thee, shall be through life, each to each, the solitary fountain of comfort; and except it be from this fountain of mutual love, except it be as brother and sister, ye shall not taste the cup of peace on earth!"—here, if there was sorrow in reversion, there was also consolation.

But what funeral swamps would have instantly engulfed this consolation had some meddling fiend prolonged the revelation, and, holding up the curtain from the sad future a little longer, had said scornfully—"Peace on earth! Peace for you two, Charles and Mary Lamb! What peace is possible under the curse which even now is gathering against your heads? Is there peace on earth for the lunatic—peace for the parenticide—peace for the girl that, without warning, and without time granted for a penitential cry to heaven, sends her mother to the

last audit?" And then, without treachery, speaking bare truth, this prophet of woe might have added—"Thou also, thyself, Charles Lamb, thou in thy proper person, shalt enter the skirts of this dreadful hail-storm: even thou shalt taste the secrets of lunacy, and enter as a captive its house of bondage; whilst over thy sister the accursed scorpion shall hang suspended through life, like Death hanging over the beds of hospitals, striking at times, but more often threatening to strike; or withdrawing its instant menaces only to lay bare her mind more bitterly to the persecutions of a haunted memory!" Considering the nature of the calamity, in the first place; considering, in the second place, its life-long duration; and, in the last place, considering the quality of the resistance by which it was met, and under what circumstances of humble resources in money or friends—we have come to the deliberate judgment, that the whole range of history scarcely presents a more affecting spectacle of perpetual sorrow, humiliation, or conflict, and that was supported to the end (that is, through forty years), with more resignation, or with more absolute victory.

Charles Lamb was born in February of the year 1775. His immediate descent was humble; for his father, though on one particular occasion civilly described as a 'scrivener,' was in reality a domestic servant to Mr. Salt—a bencher (and therefore a barrister of some standing) in the Inner Temple. John Lamb the father belonged by birth to Lincoln; from which city, being transferred to London whilst yet a boy, he entered the service of Mr. Salt without delay; and apparently from this period throughout his life continued in this good man's household to support the honourable relation of a Roman client to his *patronus*—much more than that of a mercenary servant to a transient and capricious master. The terms on which he seems to have lived with the family of the Lambs, argue a kindness and a liberality of nature on both sides. John Lamb recommended himself as an attendant by the versatility of his accomplishments; and Mr. Salt, being a widower without children, which means in effect an old bachelor, naturally valued that encyclopædic range of dexterity which made his house independent of external aid for every mode of service. To kill one's own mutton is but an operose way of arriving at a dinner, and often a more costly way; whereas to combine one's own carpenter, locksmith, hair-dresser, groom, &c., all in one man's person,—to have a Robinson Crusoe, up to all emergencies of life, always in waiting, is a luxury of the highest class for one who values his ease.

A consultation is held more freely with a man familiar to one's eye, and more profitably with a man aware of one's peculiar habits. And another advantage from such an arrangement is—that one gets any little alteration or repair executed on the spot. To hear is to obey, and by an inversion of Pope's rule,—

> One always *is*, and never *to be*, blest.

People of one sole accomplishment, like the *homo unius libri*, are usually within that narrow circle disagreeably perfect, and therefore apt to be arrogant. People who can do all things, usually do every one of them ill; and living in a constant effort to deny this too palpable fact, they become irritably vain. But Mr. Lamb the elder seems to have been bent on perfection. He did all things; he did them all well; and yet was neither gloomily arrogant, nor testily vain. And being conscious apparently that all mechanic excellences tend to illiberal results, unless counteracted by perpetual sacrifices to the muses—he went so far as to cultivate poetry: he even printed his poems, and were we possessed of a copy (which we are *not*, nor probably is the Vatican), it would give us pleasure at this point to digress for a moment, and to cut them up, purely on considerations of respect to the author's memory. It is hardly to be supposed that they did not really merit castigation; and we should best show the sincerity of our respect for Mr. Lamb, senior, in all those cases where we *could* conscientiously profess respect, by an unlimited application of the knout in the cases where we could *not*.

The whole family of the Lambs seem to have won from Mr. Salt the consideration which is granted to humble friends; and from acquaintances nearer to their own standing, to have won a tenderness of esteem such as is granted to decayed gentry. Yet, naturally, the social rank of the parents, as people still living, must have operated disadvantageously for the children. It is hard, even for the practised philosopher, to distinguish aristocratic graces of manner, and capacities of delicate feeling, in people whose very hearth and dress bear witness to the servile humility of their station. Yet such distinctions, as wild gifts of nature, timidly and half-unconsciously asserted themselves in the unpretending Lambs. Already in *their* favour there existed a silent privilege analogous to the famous one of

Lord Kinsale. He, by special grant from the Crown, is allowed, when standing before the King, to forget that he is not himself a king: the bearer of that Peerage, through all generations, has the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal Presence. By a general though tacit concession of the same nature, the rising generation of the Lambs, John and Charles, the two sons, and Mary Lamb, the only daughter, were permitted to forget that their grandmother had been a housekeeper for sixty years, and that their father had worn a livery. Charles Lamb, individually, was so entirely humble, and so careless of social distinctions, that he has taken pleasure in recurring to these very facts in the family records amongst the most genial of his Elia recollections. He only continued to remember, without shame, and with a peculiar tenderness, these badges of plebeian rank, when everybody else, amongst the few survivors that could have known of their existence, had long dismissed them from their thoughts.

Probably through Mr. Salt's interest, Charles Lamb, in the autumn of 1782, when he wanted something more than four months of completing his eighth year, received a presentation to the magnificent school of Christ's Hospital. The late Dr. Arnold, when contrasting the school of his own boyish experience, Winchester, with Rugby, the school confided to his management, found nothing so much to regret in the circumstances of the latter as its forlorn condition with respect to historical traditions. Wherever these were wanting, and supposing the school of sufficient magnitude, it occurred to Dr. Arnold that something of a compensatory effect for impressing the imagination might be obtained by connecting the school with the nation through the link of annual prizes issuing from the Exchequer. An official basis of national patronage might prove a substitute for an antiquarian or ancestral basis. Happily for the great educational foundations of London, none of them is in the naked condition of Rugby. Westminster, St. Paul's, Merchant Tailors', the Charter-House, &c., are all crowned with historical recollections: and Christ's Hospital, besides the original honours of its foundation, so fitted to a consecrated place in a youthful imagination—an asylum for boy-students, provided by a boy-king—innocent, religious, prematurely wise, and prematurely called away from earth—has also a mode of perpetual connexion with the State. It enjoys, therefore, *both* of Dr. Arnold's advantages. Indeed, all the great foundation-schools of London, bearing in their very codes of organization the impress of a double function—viz. the conservation of sound learning and of pure religion—wear something of a monastic or cloisteral character in their aspect and usages which is peculiarly impressive, and even pathetic, amidst the uproars of a capital the most colossal and tumultuous upon earth.

Here Lamb remained until his fifteenth year, which year threw him on the world, and brought him alongside the golden dawn of the French Revolution. Here he learned a little elementary Greek, and of Latin more than a little; for the Latin notes to Mr. Cary (of Dante celebrity) though brief, are sufficient to reveal a true sense of what is graceful and idiomatic in Latinity. *We* say this, who have studied that subject more than most men. It is not that Lamb would have found it an easy task to compose a long paper in Latin—nobody *can* find it easy to do what he has no motive for habitually practising; but a single sentence of Latin, wearing the secret countersign of the "sweet Roman hand," ascertains sufficiently that, in reading Latin classics, a man feels and comprehends their peculiar force or beauty. That is enough. It is requisite to a man's expansion of mind that he should make acquaintance with a literature so radically differing from all modern literatures as is the Latin. It is *not* requisite that he should practise Latin composition. Here, therefore, Lamb obtained in sufficient perfection one priceless accomplishment, which even singly throws a graceful air of liberality over all the rest of a man's attainments: having rarely any pecuniary value, it challenges the more attention to its intellectual value. Here also Lamb commenced the friendships of his life: and, of all which he formed, he lost none. Here it was, as the consummation and crown of his advantages from the time-honoured Hospital, that he came to know "Poor S. T. C." * τον θαυμασιωτατον.

Until 1796, it is probable that he lost sight of Coleridge, who was then occupied with Cambridge—having been transferred thither as a "Grecian" from the house of Christchurch. That year, 1796, was a year of change and fearful calamity for Charles Lamb. On that year revolved the wheels of his after-life. During the three years succeeding to his school-days, he had held a clerkship in the South Sea House.

* The affecting expression by which Coleridge indicates himself in the few lines written during his last illness for an inscription upon his grave; lines ill constructed in point of diction and compression, but otherwise speaking from the depths of his heart.

In 1795, he was transferred to the India House. As a junior clerk he could not receive more than a slender salary: but even this was important to the support of his parents and sister. They lived together in lodgings near Holborn; and in the spring of 1796, Miss Lamb (having previously shown signs of lunacy at intervals), in a sudden paroxysm of her disease, seized a knife from the dinner table, and stabbed her mother, who died upon the spot. A coroner's inquest easily ascertained the nature of a case which was transparent in all its circumstances, and never for a moment indecisive as regarded the medical symptoms. The poor young lady was transferred to the establishment for lunatics at Hoxton: she soon recovered, we believe; but her relapses were as sudden as her recoveries, and she continued through life to revisit, for periods of uncertain seclusion, this house of woe. This calamity of his fireside, followed soon after by the death of his father, who had for some time been in a state of imbecility, determined the future destiny of Lamb. Apprehending, with the perfect grief of perfect love, that his sister's fate was sealed for life—viewing her as his own greatest benefactress, which she really *had* been through her advantage by ten years in age—yielding with impassioned readiness to the depth of his fraternal affection, what at any rate he would have yielded to the sanctities of duty as interpreted by his own conscience—he resolved for ever to resign all thoughts of marriage with a young lady whom he loved, for ever to abandon all ambitious prospects that might have tempted him into uncertainties, humbly to content himself with the *certainties* of his Indian clerkship, to dedicate himself for the future to the care of his desolate and prostrate sister, and to leave the rest to God. These sacrifices he made in no hurry or tumult, but deliberately, and in religious tranquillity. These sacrifices were accepted in heaven—and even on this earth they *had* their reward. She for whom he gave up all, in turn gave up all for *him*. She devoted herself to his comfort. Many times she returned to the lunatic establishment, but many times she was restored to illuminate the household hearth for *him;* and of the happiness which for forty years more he had, no hour seemed true that was not derived from *her*. Henceforwards, therefore, until he was emancipated by the noble generosity of the East India Directors, Lamb's time, for nine and twenty years, was given to the India House.

"*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nôrint,*" is applicable to more people than "*agricolæ.*" Clerks of the India House are as blind to their own advantages as the blindest of ploughmen. Lamb was summoned, it is true, through the larger and more genial section of his life, to the drudgery of a copying clerk—making confidential entries into mighty folios, on the subject of calicoes and muslins. By this means, whether he would or not, he became gradually the author of a great "serial" work, in a frightful number of volumes, on as dry a department of literature as the children of the great desert could have suggested. Nobody, he must have felt, was ever likely to study this great work of his, not even Dr. Dryasdust. He had written in vain, which is not pleasant to know. There would be no second edition called for by a discerning public in Leadenhall Street: not a chance of *that*. And consequently the *opera omnia* of Lamb, drawn up in a hideous battalion, at the cost of labour so enormous, would be known only to certain families of spiders in one generation, and of rats in the next. Such a labour of Sisyphus—the rolling up a ponderous stone to the summit of a hill only that it might roll back again by the gravitation of its own dulness, seems a bad employment for a man of genius in his meridian energies. And yet, perhaps not. Perhaps the collective wisdom of Europe could not have devised for Lamb a more favourable condition of toil than this very India House clerkship. His works (his Leadenhall Street works) were certainly not read; popular they *could* not be, for they were not read by anybody; but then, to balance *that*, they were not reviewed. His folios were of that order, which (in Cowper's words) "not even critics criticise." *Is that* nothing? Is it no happiness to escape the hands of scoundrel reviewers? Many of us escape being *read;* the worshipful reviewer does not find time to read a line of us; but we do not for that reason escape being criticised, "shown up," and martyred. The list of *errata* again, committed by Lamb, was probably of a magnitude to alarm any possible compositor; and yet these *errata* will never be known to mankind. They are dead and buried. They have been cut off prematurely; and for any effect upon their generation, might as well never have existed. Then the returns, in a pecuniary sense, from these folios—how important were *they!* It is not common, certainly, to write folios; but neither is it common to draw a steady income of from £300 to £400 per annum from volumes of any size. This will be admitted; but would it not have been better to draw the income without the toil? Doubtless it would always be more agreeable to have the rose without the thorn. But

in the case before us, taken with all its circumstances, we deny that the toil is truly typified as a thorn;—so far from being a thorn in Lamb's daily life, on the contrary, it was a second rose engrafted upon the original rose of the income, that he had to earn it by a moderate but continued exertion. Let us consider what this exertion really amounted to. Holidays, in a national establishment so great as the India House, and in our too fervid period, naturally could not be frequent; yet all great English corporations are gracious masters, and indulgences of this nature could be obtained on a special application. Not to count upon these accidents of favour, we find that the regular toil of those in Lamb's situation began at ten in the morning and ended as the clock struck four in the afternoon. Six hours composed the daily contribution of labour, that is precisely one-fourth part of the total day. Only that, as Sunday was exempted, the rigorous expression of the quota was one-fourth of six-sevenths, which makes six twenty-eighths and not six twenty-fourths of the total time. Less toil than this would hardly have availed to deepen the sense of value in that large part of the time still remaining disposable. Had there been any resumption whatever of labour in the evening, though but for half an hour, that one encroachment upon the broad continuous area of the eighteen free hours would have killed the tranquillity of the whole day, by *sowing* it (so to speak) with intermitting anxieties—anxieties that, like tides, would still be rising and falling. Whereas now, at the early hour of four, when day-light is yet lingering in the air, even at the dead of winter, in the latitude of London, and when the *enjoying* section of the day is barely commencing—everything is left which a man would care to retain. A mere *dilettante* or amateur student, having no mercenary interest concerned, would, upon a refinement of luxury—would, upon choice, give up so much time to study, were it only to sharpen the value of what remained for pleasure. And thus the only difference between the scheme of the India House distributing his time for Lamb, and the scheme of a wise voluptuary distributing his time for himself, lay, not in the *amount* of time deducted from enjoyment, but in the particular mode of appropriating that deduction. An *intellectual* appropriation of the time, though casually fatiguing, must have pleasures of its own; pleasures denied to a task so mechanic and so monotonous as that of reiterating endless records of sales or consignments not *essentially* varying from each other. True: it is pleasanter to pursue an intellectual study than to make entries in a ledger. But even an intellectual toil is toil: few people can support it for more than six hours in a day. And the only question, therefore, after all, is, at what period of the day a man would prefer taking this pleasure of study. Now upon that point, as regards the case of Lamb, there is no opening for doubt. He, amongst his *Popular Fallacies*, admirably illustrates the necessity of evening and artificial lights to the prosperity of studies. After exposing, with the perfection of fun, the savage unsociality of those elder ancestors who lived (if life it was) before lamp-light was invented, showing that "jokes came in with candles," since "what repartees *could* have passed" when people were "grumbling at one another in the dark," and "when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it?" He goes on to say, "this accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry," viz. because they had no candle-light. Even eating he objects to as a very imperfect thing in the dark: you are not convinced that a dish tastes as it should do by the promise of its name, if you dine in the twilight without candles. Seeing is believing. "The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally." The sight guarantees the taste. For instance, "Can you tell pork from veal in the dark, or distinguish Sherries from pure Malaga?" To all enjoyments whatsoever candles are indispensable as an adjunct: but, as to *reading*, "there is," says Lamb, "absolutely no such thing but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, but it was labour thrown away. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. The mild internal light, that reveals the fine shapings of poetry, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Milton's morning hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper." This view of evening and candle-light as involved in literature may seem no more than a pleasant extravaganza; and no doubt it is in the nature of such gaieties to travel a little into exaggeration, but substantially it is certain that Lamb's feelings pointed habitually in the direction here indicated. His literary studies, whether taking the colour of tasks or diversions, courted the aid of evening, which, by means of physical weariness, produces a more luxurious state of repose than belongs to the labour-hours of day, and courted the aid of lamp-light, which, as Lord Bacon re-

marked, gives a gorgeousness to human pomps and pleasures, such as would be vainly sought from the homeliness of daylight. The hours, therefore, which were withdrawn from his own control by the India House, happened to be exactly that part of the day which Lamb least valued and could least have turned to account.

The account given of Lamb's friends, of those whom he endeavoured to love, because he admired them, or to esteem intellectually because he loved them personally, is too much coloured for general acquiescence by Sergeant Talfourd's own early prepossessions. It is natural that an intellectual man like the Sergeant, personally made known in youth to people whom from childhood he had regarded as powers in the ideal world, and in some instances as representing the eternities of human speculation, since their names had perhaps dawned upon his mind in concurrence with the very earliest suggestion of topics which they had treated, should overrate their intrinsic grandeur. Hazlitt accordingly is styled "the great thinker." But had he been such potentially, there was an absolute bar to his achievement of that station in act and consummation. No man *can* be a great thinker in our days upon large and elaborate questions without being also a great student. To think profoundly, it is indispensable that a man should have read down to his own starting point, and have read as a collating student to the particular stage at which he himself takes up the subject. At this moment, for instance, how could geology be treated otherwise than childishly by one who should rely upon the encyclopædias of 1800? or comparative physiology by the most ingenious of men unacquainted with Marshall Hall, and with the apocalyptic glimpses of secrets unfolding under the hands of Professor Owen? In such a condition of undisciplined thinking, the ablest man thinks to no purpose. He lingers upon parts of the inquiry that have lost the importance which once they had, under imperfect charts of the subject; he wastes his strength upon problems that have become obsolete; he loses his way in paths that are not in the line of direction upon which the improved speculation is moving; or he gives narrow conjectural solutions of difficulties that have long since received sure and comprehensive ones. It is as if a man should in these days attempt to colonize, and yet through inertia or through ignorance, should leave behind him all modern resources of chemistry, of chemical agriculture, or of steam-power. Hazlitt had read nothing. Unacquainted with Grecian philosophy, with Scholastic philosophy, and with the recomposition of these philosophies in the looms of Germany, during the last sixty and odd years, trusting merely to the untrained instincts of keen mother-wit,—whence should Hazlitt have had the materials for great thinking? It is through the collation of many abortive voyages to the Polar regions that a man gains his first chance of entering the Polar basin, or of running ahead on the true line of approach to it. The very reason for Hazlitt's defect in eloquence as a lecturer, is sufficient also as a reason why he could not have been a comprehensive thinker. "He was not eloquent," says the Sergeant, "in the true sense of the term." But why? Because it seems "his thoughts were too weighty to be moved along by the shallow stream of feeling which an evening's excitement can rouse;"—an explanation which leaves us in doubt whether Hazlitt forfeited his chance of eloquence by accommodating himself to this evening's excitement, or by gloomily resisting it. Our own explanation is different. Hazlitt was not eloquent, because he was discontinuous. No man can be eloquent whose thoughts are abrupt, insulated, capricious, and (to borrow an impressive word from Coleridge) non-sequacious. Eloquence resides not in separate or fractional ideas, but in the relations of manifold ideas, and in the mode of their evolution from each other. It is not indeed enough that the ideas should be many, and their relations coherent: the main condition lies in the *key* of the evolution, in the *law* of the succession. The elements are nothing without the atmosphere that moulds, and the dynamic forces that combine. Now Hazlitt's brilliancy is seen chiefly in separate splinterings of phrase or image, which throw upon the eye a vitreous scintillation for a moment, but spread no deep suffusions of colour, and distribute no masses of mighty shadow. A flash, a solitary flash, and all is gone. Rhetoric, according to its quality, stands in many degrees of relation to the permanencies of truth; and all rhetoric, like all flesh, is partly unreal, and the glory of both is fleeting. Even the mighty rhetoric of Sir Thomas Brown, or Jeremy Taylor, to whom only it has been granted to open the trumpet-stop on that great organ of passion, oftentimes leaves behind it the sense of sadness which belongs to beautiful apparitions starting out of darkness upon the morbid eye only to be reclaimed by darkness in the instant of their birth, or which belongs to pageantries in the clouds. But if all rhetoric is a mode of pyrotechny, and all pyrotechnics are by necessity fugacious, yet even in these frail pomps there are many degrees of frailty. Some fire-works require an hour's

duration for the expansion of their glory; others, as if formed from fulminating powder, expire in the very act of birth. Precisely on that scale of duration and of power stand the glitterings of rhetoric that are not worked into the texture, but washed on from the outside. Hazlitt's thoughts were of the same fractured and discontinuous order as his illustrative images—seldom or never self-diffusive; and *that* is a sufficient argument that he had never cultivated philosophic thinking.

Not however to conceal any part of the truth, we are bound to acknowledge that Lamb thought otherwise on this point, manifesting what seemed to us an extravagant admiration of Hazlitt, and perhaps even in part for that very glitter which we are denouncing—at least he did so in a conversation with ourselves. But, on the other hand, as this conversation travelled a little into the tone of a disputation, and *our* frost on this point might seem to justify some undue fervour by way of balance, it is very possible that Lamb did not speak his absolute and most dispassionate judgment. And yet again, if he *did*, may we, with all reverence for Lamb's exquisite genius, have permission to say—that his own constitution of intellect sinned by this very habit of discontinuity. It was a habit of mind not unlikely to be cherished by his habits of life. Amongst these habits was the excess of his social kindness. He scorned so much to deny his company and his redundant hospitality to any man who manifested a wish for either by calling upon him, that he almost seemed to think it a criminality in himself if, by accident, he really *was* from home on your visit, rather than by possibility a negligence in you, that had not forewarned him of your intention. All his life, from this and other causes, he must have read in the spirit of one liable to sudden interruption; like a dragoon, in fact, reading with one foot in the stirrup, when expecting momentarily a summons to mount for action. In such situations, reading by snatches, and by intervals of precarious leisure, people form the habit of seeking and unduly valuing condensations of the meaning, where in reality the truth suffers by this short-hand exhibition, or else they demand too vivid illustrations of the meaning. Lord Chesterfield himself, so brilliant a man by nature, already therefore making a morbid estimate of brilliancy, and so hurried throughout his life as a public man, read under this double coercion for craving instantaneous effects. At one period, his only time for reading was in the morning, whilst under the hands of his hair-dresser: compelled to take the hastiest of flying shots at his author, naturally he demanded a very conspicuous mark to fire at. But the author could not, in so brief a space, be always sure to crowd any very prominent objects on the eye, unless by being audaciously oracular and peremptory as regarded the sentiment, or flashy in excess as regarded its expression. "Come now, my friend," was Lord Chesterfield's morning adjuration to his author; "come now, cut it short—don't prose—don't hum and haw." The author had doubtless no ambition to enter his name on the honourable and ancient roll of gentlemen prosers: probably he conceived himself not at all tainted with the asthmatic infirmity of humming and hawing; but, as to "cutting it short," how could he be sure of meeting his Lordship's expectations in that point, unless by dismissing the limitations that might be requisite to fit the idea for use, or the adjuncts that might be requisite to integrate its truth, or the final consequences that might involve some deep *arrière pensée*, which, coming last in the succession, might oftentimes be calculated to lie deepest on the mind. To be lawfully and usefully brilliant after this rapid fashion, a man must come forward as a refresher of old truths, where *his* suppressions are supplied by the reader's memory; not as an expounder of new truths, where oftentimes a dislocated fraction of the true is more dangerous than the false itself.

To read therefore habitually, by hurried instalments, has this bad tendency—that it is likely to found a taste for modes of composition too artificially irritating, and to disturb the equilibrium of the judgment in relation to the colourings of style. Lamb, however, whose constitution of mind was even ideally sound in reference to the natural, the simple, the genuine, might seem of all men least liable to a taint in this direction. And undoubtedly he *was* so as regarded those modes of beauty which nature had specially qualified him for apprehending. Else, and in relation to other modes of beauty, where his sense of the true, and of its distinction from the spurious, had been an acquired sense, it is impossible for us to hide from ourselves—that not through habits only, not through stress of injurious accidents only, but by original structure and temperament of mind, Lamb had a bias towards those very defects on which rested the startling characteristics of style which we have been noticing. He himself, we fear, not bribed by indulgent feelings to another, not moved by friendship, but by native tendency, shrank from the continuous, from the sustained, from the elaborate.

The elaborate, indeed, without which much truth and beauty must perish in germ, was by name the object of his invectives.

The instances are many in his own beautiful essays where he literally collapses, literally sinks away from openings suddenly offering themselves to flights of pathos or solemnity in direct prosecution of his own theme. On any such summons, where an ascending impulse, and an untired pinion were required, he *refuses* himself (to use military language) invariably. The least observing reader of *Elia* cannot have failed to notice that the most felicitous passages always accomplish their circuit in a few sentences. The gyration within which his sentiment wheels, no matter of what kind it may be, is always the shortest possible. It does not prolong itself, and it does not repeat itself. But in fact, other features in Lamb's mind would have argued this feature by analogy, had we by accident been left unaware of it directly. It is not by chance, or without a deep ground in his nature *common* to all his qualities, both affirmative and negative, that Lamb had an insensibility to music more absolute than can have been often shared by any human creature, or perhaps than was ever before acknowledged so candidly. The sense of music, as a pleasurable sense, or as any sense at all other than of certain unmeaning and impertinent differences in respect to high and low—sharp or flat—was utterly obliterated as with a sponge by nature herself from Lamb's organization. It was a corollary from the same large *substratum* in his nature, that Lamb had no sense of the rhythmical in prose composition. Rhythmus, or pomp of cadence, or sonorous ascent of clauses, in the structure of sentences, were effects of art as much thrown away upon *him* as the voice of the charmer upon the deaf adder. We ourselves, occupying the very station of polar opposition to that of Lamb, being as morbidly, perhaps, in the one excess as he in the other, naturally detected this omission in Lamb's nature at an early stage of our acquaintance. Not the fabled Regulus, with his eyelids torn away, and his uncurtained eye-balls exposed to the noon-tide glare of a Carthaginian sun, could have shrieked with more anguish of recoil from torture than we from certain sentences and periods in which Lamb perceived no fault at all. *Pomp*, in our apprehension, was an idea of two categories; the *pompous* might be spurious, but it might also be genuine. It is well to love the simple: *we* love it; nor is there any opposition at all between *that* and the very glory of pomp. But, as we once put the case to Lamb, if as a musician, as the leader of a mighty orchestra, you had this theme offered to you—"Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords,"—or this, "And on a certain day, Marcus Cicero stood up, and in a set speech rendered solemn thanks to Caius Cæsar for Quintus Ligarius pardoned, and far Marcus Marcellus restored." Surely no man would deny that, in such a case, simplicity, though in a passive sense not lawfully absent, must stand aside as totally insufficient for the *positive* part. Simplicity might guide, even here, but could not furnish the power; a rudder it might be, but not an oar or a sail. This, Lamb was ready to allow; as an intellectual *quiddity*, he recognised pomp in the character of a privileged thing; he was obliged to do so; for take away from great ceremonial festivals, such as the solemn rendering of thanks, the celebration of national anniversaries, the commemoration of public benefactors, &c., the element of pomp, and you take away their very meaning and life; but, whilst allowing a place for it in the rubric of the logician, it is certain that, *sensuously*, Lamb would not have sympathized with it, nor have *felt* its justification in any concrete instance. We find a difficulty in pursuing this subject, without greatly exceeding our limits. We pause, therefore, and add only this one suggestion as partly explanatory of the case. Lamb had the dramatic intellect and taste, perhaps in perfection; of the Epic, he had none at all. Here, as happens sometimes to men of genius preternaturally endowed in one direction, he might be considered as almost starved. A favourite of nature, so eminent in some directions, by what right could he complain that her bounties were not indiscriminate? From this defect in his nature it arose, that except by culture and by reflection, Lamb had no genial appreciation of Milton. The solemn planetary wheelings of the Paradise Lost were not to his taste. What he *did* comprehend, were the motions like those of lightning, the fierce angular coruscations of that wild agency which comes forward so vividly in the sudden περιπέτεια, in the revolutionary catastrophe, and in the tumultuous conflicts, through persons or through situations, of the tragic drama.

There is another vice in Mr. Hazlitt's mode of composition, viz. the habit of trite quotation, too common to have challenged much notice, were it not for these reasons:—1st, that Sergeant Talfourd speaks of it in equivocal terms, as a fault perhaps, but as a "felicitous" fault, "trailing after it a line of golden associations;" 2dly, because the practice involves a dishonesty. On occasion of No 1, we must profess our belief that a more ample explanation from the Sergeant would have left him in a substantial harmony with ourselves. We cannot conceive

the author of Ion, and the friend of Wordsworth, seriously to countenance that paralytic "mouth-diarrhœa" (to borrow a phrase of Coleridge's),—that *fluxe de bouche* (to borrow an earlier phrase of Archbishop Huet's) which places the reader at the mercy of a man's tritest remembrances from his most schoolboy reading. To have the verbal memory infested with tags of verse and "cues" of rhyme is in itself an infirmity as vulgar and as morbid as the stable-boy's habit of whistling slang airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable. The very stage has grown weary of ridiculing a folly, that having been long since expelled from decent society has taken refuge amongst the most imbecile of authors. Was Mr. Hazlitt then of that class? No: he was a man of great talents, and of capacity for greater things than he ever attempted, though without any pretensions of the philosophic kind ascribed to him by the Sergeant. Meantime the reason for resisting the example and practice of Hazlitt lies in this—that essentially it is at war with sincerity, the foundation of all good writing, to express one's own thoughts by another man's words. This dilemma arises. The thought is, or it is not, worthy of that emphasis which belongs to a metrical expression of it. If it is *not*, then we shall be guilty of a mere folly in pushing into strong relief that which confessedly cannot support it. If it *is*, then how incredible that a thought strongly conceived, and bearing about it the impress of one's own individuality, should naturally, and without dissimulation or falsehood, bend to another man's expression of it! Simply to back one's own view by a similar view derived from another may be useful; a quotation that repeats one's own sentiment, but in a varied form, has the grace which belongs to the *idem in alio*, the same radical idea expressed with a difference; similarity in dissimilarity; but to throw one's own thoughts, matter, and form, through alien organs so absolutely as to make another man one's interpreter for evil and good, is either to confess a singular laxity of thinking that can so flexibly adapt itself to any casual form of words, or else to confess that sort of carelessness about the expression which draws its real origin from a sense of indifference about the things to be expressed. Utterly at war this distressing practice is with all simplicity and earnestness of writing; it argues a state of indolent ease inconsistent with the pressure and coercion of strong fermenting thoughts, before we can be at leisure for idle or chance quotations. But lastly, in reference to No. 2, we must add that the practice is signally dishonest. It "trails after it a line of golden associations." Yes, and the burglar, who leaves an army-tailor's after a midnight visit, trails after him perhaps a long roll of gold bullion epaulettes which may look pretty by lamp-light.

But *that*, in the present condition of moral philosophy amongst the police, is accounted robbery. And to benefit too much by quotations is little less. At this moment we have in our eye a work, at one time not without celebrity, which is one continued *cento* of splendid passages from other people. The natural effect from so much fine writing is—that the reader rises with the impression of having been engaged upon a most eloquent work. Meantime the whole is a series of mosaics; a tessellation made up from borrowed fragments: and first, when the reader's attention is expressly directed upon the fact, he becomes aware that the nominal author has contributed nothing more to the book than a few passages of transition or brief clauses of connexion.

In the year 1796 the main incident occurring of any importance for English literature was the publication by Southey of an epic poem. This poem, the *Joan of Arc*, was the earliest work of much pretension amongst all that Southey wrote; and by many degrees it was the worst. In the four great narrative poems of his later years, there is a combination of two striking qualities, viz. a peculiar command over the *visually* splendid, connected with a deep-toned grandeur of moral pathos. Especially we find this union in the *Thalaba* and the *Roderick;* but in the *Joan of Arc* we miss it. What splendour there is for the fancy and the eye belongs chiefly to the Vision, contributed by Coleridge, and this was subsequently withdrawn. The fault lay in Southey's political relations at that era; his sympathy with the French Revolution in its earlier stages had been boundless: in all respects it was a noble sympathy, fading only as the gorgeous colouring faded from the emblazonries of that awful event, drooping only when the promises of that golden dawn sickened under stationary eclipse. In 1796 Southey was yet under the tyranny of his own earliest fascination: in *his* eyes the Revolution had suffered a momentary blight from refluxes of panic; but blight of some kind is incident to every harvest on which human hopes are suspended. Bad auguries were also ascending from the unchaining of martial instincts. But that the Revolution having ploughed its way through unparalleled storms, was preparing to face other storms, did but quicken the apprehensiveness of his love—did but quicken the duty of giving

utterance to this love. Hence came the rapid composition of the poem, which cost less time in writing than in printing. Hence also came the choice of his heroine. What he needed in his central character was—a heart with a capacity for the wrath of Hebrew prophets applied to ancient abuses, and for evangelic pity applied to the sufferings of nations. This heart, with this double capacity—where should he seek it? A French heart it must be, or how should it follow with its sympathies a French movement? *There* lay Southey's reason for adopting the Maid of Orleans as the depositary of hopes and aspirations on behalf of France as fervid as his own. In choosing this heroine, so inadequately known at that time, Southey testified at least his own nobility of feeling;* but in executing his choice, he and his friends overlooked two faults fatal to his purpose. One was this: sympathy with the French Revolution meant sympathy with the opening prospects of man—meant sympathy with the Pariah of every clime—with all that suffered social wrong, or saddened in hopeless bondage.

That was the movement at work in the French Revolution. But the movement of Joanne d'Arc took a different direction. In *her* day also, it is true, the human heart had yearned after the same vast enfranchisement for the children of labour as afterwards worked in the great vision of the French Revolution. In *her* days also, and shortly before them, the human hand had sought by bloody acts to realize this dream of the heart. And in her childhood, Joanna had not been insensible to these premature motions upon a path too bloody and too dark to be safe. But this view of human misery had been utterly absorbed to *her* by the special misery then desolating France. The lilies of France had been trampled under foot by the conquering stranger. Within fifty years, in three pitched battles that resounded to the ends of the earth, the chivalry of France had been exterminated. Her oriflamme had been dragged through the dust. The eldest son of Baptism had been prostrated. The daughter of France had been surrendered on coercion as a bride to her English conqueror. The child of that marriage, so ignominious to the land, was king of France by the consent of Christendom: that child's uncle domineered as regent of France: and that child's armies were in military possession of the land. But were they undisputed masters? No; and *there* precisely lay the sorrow of the time. Under a perfect conquest there would have been repose; whereas the presence of the English armies did but furnish a plea, masking itself in patriotism, for gatherings everywhere of lawless marauders; of soldiers that had deserted their banners; and of robbers by profession. This was the woe of France more even than the military dishonour. That dishonour had been palliated from the first by the genealogical pretensions of the English royal family to the French throne, and these pretensions were strengthened in the person of the present claimant. But the military desolation of France, this it was that woke the faith of Joanna in her own heavenly mission of deliverance. It was the attitude of her prostrate country, crying night and day for purification from blood, and not from feudal oppression, that swallowed up the thoughts of the impassioned girl. But *that* was not the cry that uttered itself afterwards in the French revolution. In Joanna's days, the first step towards rest for France was by expulsion of the foreigner. Independence of a foreign yoke, liberation as between people and people, was the one ransom to be paid for French honour and

* It is right to remind the reader of this, for a reason applying forcibly to the present moment. Michelet has taxed Englishmen with yielding to national animosities in the case of Joan, having no plea whatever for that insinuation but the single one drawn from Shakspeare's Henry VI. To this the answer is—first, that Shakspeare's share in that trilogy is not nicely ascertained. Secondly, that M. Michelet forgot (or, which is far worse, *not* forgetting it, he dissembled) the fact, that in undertaking a series of dramas upon the basis avowedly of national chronicles, and for the very purpose of profiting by old traditionary recollections connected with ancestral glories, it was mere lunacy to recast the circumstances at the bidding of antiquarian research, so as entirely to disturb these glories. Besides that to Shakspeare's age no such spirit of research had blossomed. Writing for the stage a man would have risked lapidation by uttering a whisper in that direction. And, even if not, what sense could there have been in openly running counter to the very motive that had originally prompted that particular class of chronicle plays? Thirdly, if one Englishman had, in a memorable situation, adopted the popular view of Joan's conduct (*popular* as much in France as in England); on the other hand, fifty years before M. Michelet was writing this flagrant injustice, another Englishman (viz. Southey) had, in an epic poem, reversed this misjudgment, and invested the shepherd girl with a glory nowhere else accorded to her, unless indeed by Schiller. Fourthly, we are not entitled to view as an *attack* upon Joanna, what, in the worst construction, is but an unexamining adoption of the contemporary historical accounts. A poet or a dramatist is not responsible for the accuracy of chronicles. But what *is* an attack upon Joan, being briefly the foulest and obscenest attempt ever made to stifle the grandeur of a great human struggle, viz. the French burlesque poem of *La Pucelle*,—What memorable man was it that wrote *that*? Was he a Frenchman, or was he not? That M. Michelet should *pretend* to have forgotten this vilest of pasquinades, is more shocking to the general sense of justice than any special untruth as to Shakspeare *can* be to the particular nationality of an Englishman.

peace. *That* debt settled there might come a time for thinking of civil liberties. But this time was not within the prospects of the poor shepherdess. The field—the area of her sympathies never coincided with that of the revolutionary period. It followed, therefore, that Southey *could* not have raised Joanna (with her condition of feeling) by any management, into the interpreter of his own. *That* was the first error in his poem, and it was irremediable. The second was, and strangely enough this also escaped notice, that the heroine of Southey is made to close her career precisely at the point when its grandeur commences. She believed herself to have a mission for the deliverance of France; and the great instrument which she was authorized to use towards this end, was the king, Charles VII. Him she was to crown. With this coronation her triumph, in the plain historical sense, ended. And *there* ends Southey's poem. But exactly at this point, the grander stage of her mission commences, viz. the ransom which she, a solitary girl, paid in her own person for the national deliverance. The grander half of the story was thus sacrificed, as being irrelevant to Southey's political object; and yet, after all, the half which he retained did not at all symbolize that object. It is singular, indeed, to find a long poem, on an ancient subject, adapting itself hieroglyphically to a modern purpose; 2dly, to find it failing of this purpose; and 3dly, if it had *not* failed, so planned that it could have succeeded only by a sacrifice of all that was grandest in the theme.

To these capital oversights Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb, were all joint parties; the two first as concerned in the composition, the last as a frank though friendly reviewer of it in his private correspondence with Coleridge. It is, however, some palliation of these oversights, and a very singular fact in itself, that neither from English authorities nor from French, though the two nations were equally brought into close connexion with the career of that extraordinary girl, could any adequate view be obtained of her character and acts. The *official* records of her trial, apart from which nothing can be depended upon, were first in the course of publication from the Paris press during the currency of last year. First in 1847, about four hundred and sixteen years after her ashes had been dispersed to the winds, could it be seen distinctly, through the clouds of fierce partisanships and national prejudices, what had been the frenzy of the persecution against her, and the utter desolation of her position,—what had been the grandeur of her conscientious resistance.

Anxious that our readers should see Lamb from as many angles as possible, we have obtained from an old friend of his a memorial—slight, but such as the circumstances allowed—of an evening spent with Charles and Mary Lamb, in the winter of 1821–2. The record is of the most unambitious character; it pretends to nothing, as the reader will see—not so much as to a pun, which it really required some singularity of luck to have missed from Charles Lamb, who often continued to fire puns, as minute guns, all through the evening. But the more unpretending this record is, the more appropriate it becomes by that very fact to the memory of *him* who, amongst all authors, was the humblest and the least pretending. We have often thought that the famous epitaph written for his own grave by Piron, the cynical author of *La Métromanie*, might have come from Lamb, were it not for one objection: Lamb's benign heart would have recoiled from a sarcasm, however effective, inscribed upon a grave-stone; or from a jest, however playful, that tended to a vindictive sneer amongst his own farewell words. We once translated this Piron epitaph into a kind of rambling Drayton couplet; and the only point needing explanation is,—that, from the accident of scientific men, Fellows of the Royal Society, being usually very solemn men, with an extra chance, therefore, for being dull men in conversation, naturally it arose that some wit amongst our great-grandfathers translated F. R. S. into a short-hand expression for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid; to which version of the three letters our English epitaph alludes. The French original of Piron is this:—

> "Ci git Piron; qui ne fut rien;
> Pas même académicien."

The bitter arrow of the second line was feathered to hit the French Académie, who had declined to elect him a member. Our translation is this:—

Here lies Piron; who was—nothing; or, if *that* could be, was less:
How!—nothing? Yes, nothing: not so much as F. R. S.

But now to our friend's memorandum!

"*October* 6, 1848.

"My Dear X.,—You ask me for some memorial, however trivial, of any dinner party, supper party, water party—no matter what—that I can circumstantially recall to recollection by any features whatever, puns or repartees, wisdom or wit, connecting it with Charles Lamb. I grieve to say that my meetings of *any* sort with Lamb were few, though spread through a score of

years. That sounds odd for one that loved Lamb so entirely, and so much venerated his character. But the reason was, that I so seldom visited London, and Lamb so seldom quitted it. Somewhere about 1810 and 1812 I must have met Lamb repeatedly at the *Courier Office* in the Strand; that is, at Coleridge's, to whom, as an intimate friend, Mr. Stuart (a proprietor of the paper) gave up for a time the use of some rooms in the office. Thither, in the London season (May especially and June) resorted Lamb, Godwin, Sir H. Davy, and, once or twice, Wordsworth, who visited Sir George Beaumont's Leicestershire residence of Coleorton early in the spring, and then travelled up to Grosvenor Square with Sir George and Lady Beaumont: 'spectatum veniens, veniens spectetur ut ipse.'

But in these miscellaneous gatherings, Lamb said little, except when an opening arose for a pun. And how effectual that sort of small shot was from *him*, I need not say to anybody who remembers his infirmity of stammering, and his dexterous management of it for purposes of light and shade. He was often able to train the roll of stammers into settling upon the words immediately preceding the effective one; by which means the key-note of the jest or sarcasm, benefiting by the sudden liberation of his embargoed voice, was delivered with the force of a pistol-shot. That stammer was worth an annuity to him as an ally of his wit. Firing under cover of that advantage he did triple execution; for, in the first place, the distressing sympathy of the hearers with *his* distress of utterance won for him unavoidably the silence of deep attention; and then, whilst he had us all hoaxed into this attitude of mute suspense by an appearance of distress that he perhaps did not really feel, down came a plunging shot into the very thick of us with ten times the effect it would else have had. If his stammering however often did him true "yeoman's service," sometimes it led him into scrapes. Coleridge told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which it caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing; and accordingly at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters: they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: "Hear me, men! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped." What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea or bathing machines; for having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of Di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended *à plomb* upon the full word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence; and both exclaiming at once, "Oh yes, Sir, we're quite aware of *that*"—down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:—"Men! is it possible to obtain your attention?"—"Oh surely, sir, by all means."—"Then listen: once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di—"—and then, with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you"——"Oh decidedly, sir," rejoined the men, "decidedly"—and down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation—"Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it mum—um—murder you me—me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you, I'm to be di—di—di—dipped," now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man. "Oh yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understood it"—and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea. "Oh limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I *was*—to be di—di—di—dipped only *once*."

Since the rencontres with Lamb at Coleridge's I had met him once or twice at literary dinner parties. One of these occurred at the house of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, the publishers. I myself was suffering too much from illness at the time to take any pleasure in what passed, or to notice it with any vigilance of attention. Lamb, I remember, as usual, was full of gaiety; and as usual he rose too rapidly to the zenith of his gaiety: he shot upwards like a rocket, and, as usual, people said he was "tipsy." To me Lamb never seemed intoxicated, but at most aerially elevated. He never talked nonsense, which is a great point gained; nor polemically, which is a greater; for it is a dreadful thing to find a drunken man bent upon converting oneself: nor sentimentally, which is greatest of all. You can stand a man's fraternizing with you; or if he swears an eternal friendship—only once in an hour, you do not think of calling the police: but once in every three minutes is too much. Lamb did none of these things: he was always rational, quiet, and gentlemanly in his habits. Nothing memorable, I am sure,

passed upon this occasion, which was in November of 1821; and yet the dinner was memorable by means of one fact not discovered until many years later. Amongst the company, all literary men, sat a murderer, and a murderer of a freezing class; cool, calculating, wholesale in his operations, and moving all along under the advantages of unsuspecting domestic confidence and domestic opportunities. This was Mr. Wainwright, who was subsequently brought to trial, but not for any of his murders, and transported for life. The story has been told both by Sergeant Talfourd, in the second volume of these "Final Memoirs," and previously by Sir Edward B. Lytton. Both have been much blamed for the use made of this extraordinary case; but we know not why. In itself it is a most remarkable case for more reasons than one. It is remarkable for the appalling revelation which it makes of power spread through the hands of people not liable to suspicion, for purposes the most dreadful. It is remarkable also by the contrast which existed in this case between the murderer's appearance and the terrific purposes with which he was always dallying. He was a contributor to a journal in which I also had written several papers. This formed a shadowy link between us; and, ill as I was, I looked more attentively at *him* than at anybody else. Yet there were several men of wit and genius present, amongst whom were Lamb (as I have said) and Thomas Hood, Hamilton Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. But *them* I already knew, whereas Mr. W. I now saw for the first time and the last. What interested me about *him* was this—the papers which had been pointed out to me as his (signed *Janus Weathercock*, *Vinkbooms*, &c.) were written in a spirit of coxcombry that did not so much disgust as amuse. The writer could not conceal the ostentatious pleasure which he took in the luxurious fittings-up of his rooms, in the fancied splendour of his *bijouterie*, &c. Yet it was easy for a man of any experience to read two facts in all this idle *étalage*—one being, that his finery was but of a second-rate order; the other, that he was a *parvenu*, not at home even amongst his second-rate splendour. So far there was nothing to distinguish Mr. W——'s papers from the papers of other triflers. But in this point there *was*, viz. that in his judgments upon the great Italian masters of painting, Da Vinci, Titian, &c., there seemed a tone of sincerity and of native sensibility, as in one who spoke from himself, and was not merely a copier from books. This it was that interested me; as also his reviews of the chief Italian engravers—Morghen, Volpato, &c.; not for the manner, which overflowed with levities and impertinence, but for the substance of his judgments in those cases where I happened to have had an opportunity of judging for myself. Here arose also a claim upon Lamb's attention: for Lamb and his sister had a deep feeling for what was excellent in painting. Accordingly Lamb paid him a great deal of attention, and continued to speak of him for years with an interest that seemed disproportioned to his pretensions. This might be owing in part to an indirect compliment paid to Miss Lamb in one of W——'s papers: else his appearance would rather have repelled Lamb; it was commonplace, and better suited to express the dandyism which overspread the surface of his manner than the unaffected sensibility which apparently lay in his nature. Dandy or not, however, this man on account of the schism in his papers, so much amiable puppyism on one side, so much deep feeling on the other (feeling, applied to some of the grandest objects that earth has to show), did really move a trifle of interest in me, on a day when I hated the face of man and woman. Yet again, if I had known this man for the murderer that even then he was, what sudden loss of interest—what sudden growth of another interest, would have changed the face of that party! Trivial creature, that didst carry thy dreadful eye kindling with perpetual treasons! Dreadful creature, that didst carry thy trivial eye, mantling with eternal levity, over the sleeping surfaces of confiding household life—oh, what a revolution for man wouldst thou have accomplished had thy deep wickedness prospered! What *was* that wickedness? In a few words I will say.

At this time (October, 1848), the whole British island is appalled by a new chapter in the history of poisoning. Locusta in ancient Rome, Madame Brinvilliers in Paris, were people of original genius; not in any new artifice of toxicology, not in the mere management of poisons, was the audacity of their genius displayed. No; but in profiting by domestic openings for murder, unsuspected through their very atrocity. Such an opening was made some years ago by those who saw the possibility of founding purses for parents upon the murder of their children. This was done upon a larger scale than had been suspected, and upon a plausible pretence. To bury a corpse is costly; but of a hundred children only a few, in the ordinary course of mortality, will die within a given time. Five shillings a piece will produce £25 annually, and *that* will

bury a considerable number. On this principle arose Infant Burial-societies. For a few shillings annually, a parent could secure a funeral for every child. If the child died, a few guineas fell due to the parent, and the funeral was accomplished without cost of *his*. But on this arose the suggestion—Why not execute an insurance of this nature twenty times over? One single insurance pays for the funeral—the other nineteen are so much clear gain, a *lucro ponatur*, for the parents. Yes; but on the supposition that the child died! twenty are no better than one, unless they are gathered into the garner. Now, if the child died naturally, all was right; but how, if the child did *not* die? Why, clearly this:—the child that *can* die, and won't die, may be made to die. There are many ways of doing that; and it is shocking to know, that, according to recent discoveries, poison is comparatively a very merciful mode of murder. Six years ago a dreadful communication was made to the public by a medical man, viz. that three thousand children were annually burned to death under circumstances showing too clearly that they had been left by their mothers with the means and the temptations to set themselves on fire in her absence. But more shocking, because more lingering, are the deaths by artificial appliances of wet, cold, hunger, bad diet, and disturbed sleep, to the frail constitutions of children. By that machinery it is, and not by poison, that the majority qualify themselves for claiming the funeral allowances. Here, however, there occur to any man on reflection, two eventual restraints on the extension of this domestic curse:—1st, as there is no pretext for wanting more than one funeral on account of one child, any insurances beyond one are in themselves a ground of suspicion. Now, if any plan were devised for securing the *publication* of such insurances, the suspicions would travel as fast as the grounds of them. 2dly, it occurs that eventually the evil checks itself, since a society established on the ordinary rates of mortality would be ruined when a murderous stimulation was applied to that rate too extensively. Still it is certain that, for a season, this atrocity *has* prospered in manufacturing districts for some years, and more recently, as judicial investigations have shown, in one agricultural district of Essex. Now, Mr. W——'s scheme of murder was, in its outline, the very same, but not applied to the narrow purpose of obtaining burials from a public fund. He persuaded, for instance, two beautiful young ladies, visitors in his family, to insure their lives for a short period of two years. This insurance was repeated in several different offices, until a sum of £18,000 had been secured in the event of their deaths within the two years. Mr. W—— took care that they *should* die, and very suddenly, within that period; and then, having previously secured from his victims an assignment to himself of this claim, he endeavoured to make this assignment available. But the offices, which had vainly endeavoured to extract from the young ladies any satisfactory account of the reasons for this limited insurance, had their suspicions at last strongly roused. One office had recently experienced a case of the same nature, in which also the young lady had been poisoned by the man in whose behalf she had effected the insurance; all the offices declined to pay; actions at law arose; in the course of the investigation which followed, Mr. W——'s character was fully exposed. Finally, in the midst of the embarrassments which ensued, he committed forgery, and was transported.

From this Mr. W——, some few days afterwards, I received an invitation to a dinner party, expressed in terms that were obligingly earnest. He mentioned the names of his principal guests, and amongst them rested most upon those of Lamb and Sir David Wilkie. From an accident I was unable to attend, and I greatly regretted it. Sir David one might rarely happen to see except at a crowded party. But as regarded Lamb, I was sure to see him or to hear of him again in some way or other within a short time. This opportunity in fact offered itself within a month, through the kindness of the Lambs themselves. They had heard of my being in solitary lodgings, and insisted on my coming to dine with them, which more than once I did in the winter of 1821–2.

The mere reception by the Lambs was so full of goodness and hospitable feeling, that it kindled animation in the most cheerless or torpid of invalids. I cannot imagine that any *memorabilia* occurred during the visit; but I will use the time that would else be lost upon that point, in putting down any triviality that occurs to my recollection. Both Lamb and myself had a furious love for nonsense; headlong nonsense. Excepting Professor Wilson, I have known nobody who had the same passion to the same extent. And things of that nature better illustrate the *realities* of Lamb's social life than the gravities which weighing so sadly on his solitary hours he sought to banish from his moments of relaxation.

There were no strangers; Charles Lamb, his sister, and myself made up the party. Even this was done in kindness. They knew that I should have been oppressed by an effort such as must be made in the society

of strangers; and they placed me by their own fireside, where I could say as little or as much as I pleased.

We dined about five o'clock, and it was one of the hospitalities inevitable to the Lambs, that any game which they might receive from rural friends in the course of the week, was reserved for the day of a friend's dining with them.

In regard to wine, Lamb and myself had the same habit—perhaps it rose to the dignity of a principle—viz. to take a great deal *during* dinner—none *after* it. Consequently, as Miss Lamb (who drank only water) retired almost with the dinner itself, nothing remained for men of our principles, the rigour of which we had illustrated by taking rather too much of old port before the cloth was drawn, except talking; amœbæan colloquy, or, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, a dialogue of "brisk reciprocation." But this was impossible: over Lamb, at this period of his life, there passed regularly, after taking wine, a brief eclipse of sleep. It descended upon him as softly as a shadow. In a gross person, laden with superfluous flesh, and sleeping heavily, this would have been disagreeable; but in Lamb, thin even to meagreness, spare and wiry as an Arab of the desert, or as Thomas Aquinas, wasted by scholastic vigils, the affection of sleep seemed rather a network of aerial gossamer than of earthly cobweb—more like a golden haze falling upon him gently from the heavens than a cloud exhaling upwards from the flesh. Motionless in his chair as a bust, breathing so gently as scarcely to seem certainly alive, he presented the image of repose midway between life and death, like the repose of sculpture; and to one who knew his history a repose affectionately contrasting with the calamities and internal storms of his life. I have heard more persons than I can now distinctly recall, observe of Lamb when sleeping—that his countenance in that state assumed an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity, and its benignity. It could not be called a transfiguration that sleep had worked in his face; for the features wore essentially the same expression when waking; but sleep spiritualized that expression, exalted it, and also harmonized it. Much of the change lay in that last process. The eyes it was that disturbed the unity of effect in Lamb's waking face. They gave a restlessness to the character of his intellect, shifting, like Northern Lights, through every mode of combination with fantastic playfulness, and sometimes by fiery gleams, obliterating for the moment that pure light of benignity which was the predominant reading on his features. Some people have supposed that Lamb had Jewish blood in his veins, which seemed to account for his gleaming eyes. It might be so; but this notion found little countenance in Lamb's own way of treating the gloomy mediæval traditions propagated throughout Europe about the Jews, and their secret enmity to Christian races. Lamb, indeed, might not be more serious than Shakspeare is supposed to have been in his Shylock; yet he spoke at times as from a station of wilful bigotry, and seemed (whether laughingly or not) to sympathize with the barbarous Christian superstitions upon the pretended bloody practices of the Jews, and of the early Jewish physicians. Being himself a Lincoln man, he treated Sir Hugh* of Lincoln, the young child that suffered death by secret assassination in the Jewish quarter rather than suppress his daily anthems to the Virgin, as a true historical personage on the rolls of martyrdom; careless that this fable, like that of the apprentice murdered out of jealousy by his master, the architect, had destroyed its own authority by ubiquitous diffusion. All over Europe the same legend of the murdered apprentice and the martyred child reappears under different names—so that in effect the verification of the tale is none at all, because it is unanimous; is too narrow, because it is too impossibly broad. Lamb, however, though it was hard to say whether he were not secretly laughing, swore to the truth of all these old fables, and treated the liberalities of the present generation on such points as mere fantastic and effeminate affectations, which no doubt they often are as regards the sincerity of those who profess them. The bigotry which it pleased his fancy to assume, he used like a sword against the Jew, as the official weapon of the Christian, upon the same principle that a Capulet would have drawn upon a Montague, without conceiving it any duty of *his* to rip up the grounds of so ancient a quarrel; it was a feud handed down to him by his ancestors, and it was *their* business to see that originally it had been an honest feud. I cannot yet believe that Lamb, if seriously aware of any family interconnexion with Jewish blood, would, even in jest, have held that one-sided language. More probable it is, that the fiery eye recorded not any alliance with Jewish blood, but that disastrous alliance with insanity which tainted his own life, and laid desolate his sister's.

* The story which furnishes a basis to the fine ballad in Percy's Reliques, and to the Canterbury Tale of Chaucer's Lady Abbess.

On awaking from his brief slumber, Lamb sat for some time in profound silence, and then, with the most startling rapidity, sang out—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins;" not looking at me, but as if soliloquizing. For five minutes he relapsed into the same deep silence; from which again he started up into the same abrupt utterance of—"Diddle, diddle, dumpkins." I could not help laughing aloud at the extreme energy of this sudden communication, contrasted with the deep silence that went before and followed. Lamb smilingly begged to know what I was laughing at, and with a look of as much surprise as if it were I that had done something unaccountable, and not himself. I told him (as was the truth) that there had suddenly occurred to me the possibility of my being in some future period or other called on to give an account of this very evening before some literary committee. The committee might say to me—(supposing the case that I outlived him)—"You dined with Mr. Lamb in January, 1822; now can you remember any remark or memorable observation which that celebrated man made before or after dinner?"

I as *Respondent*. "Oh yes, I can."

Com. "What was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "And was this his only observation? Did Mr. Lamb not strengthen this remark by some other of the same nature?"

Resp. "Yes, he did."

Com. "And what was it?"

Resp. "Diddle, diddle, dumpkins."

Com. "What is your secret opinion of Dumpkins? Do you conceive Dumpkins to have been a thing or a person?"

Resp. "I conceive Dumpkins to have been a person, having the rights of a person."

Com. "Capable, for instance, of suing and being sued?"

Resp. "Yes, capable of both; though I have reason to think there would have been very little use in suing Dumpkins?"

Com. "How so? Are the Committee to understand that you, the Respondent, in your own case, have found it a vain speculation, countenanced only by visionary lawyers, to sue Dumpkins?"

Resp. "No; I never lost a shilling by Dumpkins, the reason for which may be that Dumpkins never owed me a shilling; but from his *prænomen* of 'diddle' I apprehend that he was too well acquainted with joint-stock companies?"

Com. "And your opinion is, that he may have diddled Mr. Lamb?"

Resp. "I conceive it to be not unlikely."

Com. "And, perhaps, from Mr. Lamb's pathetic reiteration of his name, 'Diddle, diddle,' you would be disposed to infer that Dumpkins had practised his diddling talents upon Mr. L. more than once?"

Resp. "I think it probable."

Lamb laughed, and brightened up; tea was announced; Miss Lamb returned. The cloud had passed away from Lamb's spirits, and again he realized the pleasure of evening, which, in *his* apprehension, was so essential to the pleasure of literature.

On the table lay a copy of Wordsworth, in two volumes; it was the edition of Longman, printed about the time of Waterloo. Wordsworth was held in little consideration, I believe, amongst the house of Longman; at any rate, *their* editions of his works were got up in the most slovenly manner. In particular, the table of contents was drawn up like a short-hand bill of parcels. By accident the book lay open at a part of this table, where the sonnet beginning—

"Alas! what boots the long laborious quest"—

had been entered with mercantile speed, as—

"Alas! what boots,——"

"Yes," said Lamb, as reading this entry in a dolorous tone of voice, "he may well say *that*. I paid Hoby three guineas for a pair that tore like blotting paper, when I was leaping a ditch to escape a farmer that pursued me with a pitch-fork for trespassing. But why should W. wear boots in Westmoreland? Pray, advise him to patronize shoes."

The mercurialities of Lamb were infinite, and always uttered in a spirit of absolute recklessness for the quality or the prosperity of the sally. It seemed to liberate his spirits from some burden of blackest melancholy which oppressed it, when he had thrown off a jest; he would not stop one instant to improve it; nor did he care the value of a straw whether it were good enough to be remembered, or so mediocre as to extort high moral indignation from a collector who refused to receive into his collection of jests and puns any that were not felicitously good or revoltingly bad.

After tea, Lamb read to me a number of beautiful compositions which he had himself taken the trouble to copy out into a blank paper folio from unsuccessful authors. Neglected people in every class won the sympathy of Lamb. One of the poems, I remember, was a very beautiful sonnet from a volume recently published by Lord Thurlow—which, and Lamb's just remarks upon it, I could almost repeat *verbatim* at this moment, nearly twenty-seven years later, if your limits would allow me. But these, you tell me, allow of no such thing; at the

utmost they allow only twelve lines more. Now all the world knows that the sonnet itself would require fourteen lines; but take fourteen from twelve, and there remains very little, I fear; besides which, I am afraid two of my twelve are already exhausted. This forces me to interrupt my account of Lamb's reading by reporting the very accident that *did* interrupt it in fact; since *that* no less characteristically expressed Lamb's peculiar spirit of kindness (always quickening itself towards the ill-used or the down-trodden), than it had previously expressed itself in his choice of obscure readings. Two ladies came in, one of whom at least had sunk in the scale of worldly consideration. They were ladies who would not have found much recreation in literary discussions; elderly, and habitually depressed. On *their* account, Lamb proposed whist—and in that kind effort to amuse *them*, which naturally drew forth some momentary gaieties from himself, but not of a kind to impress themselves on the recollection, the evening terminated."

We have left ourselves no room for a special examination of Lamb's writings, some of which were failures, and some were so memorably beautiful as to be uniques in their class. The character of Lamb it is, and the life-struggle of Lamb, that must fix the attention of many, even amongst those wanting in sensibility to his intellectual merits. This character and this struggle, as we have already observed, impress many traces of themselves upon Lamb's writings. Even in that view, therefore, they have a ministerial value; but separately, for themselves, they have an independent value of the highest order. Upon this point we gladly adopt the eloquent words of Sergeant Talfourd:—

"The sweetness of Lamb's character, breathed through his writings, was felt even by strangers; but its heroic aspect was unguessed even by many of his friends. Let them now consider it, and ask if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything in human action and endurance more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits? It was not merely that he saw, through the ensanguined cloud of misfortune which had fallen upon his family, the unstained excellence of his sister, whose madness had caused it; that he was ready to take her to his own home with reverential affection, and cherish her through life; that he gave up, for *her* sake, all meaner and more selfish love, and all the hopes which youth blends with the passion which disturbs and ennobles it; not even that he did all this cheerfully, and without pluming himself upon his brotherly nobleness as a virtue, or seeking to repay himself (as some uneasy martyrs do) by small instalments of long repining;—but that he carried the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to his last. So far from thinking that his sacrifice of youth and love to his sister gave him a license to follow his own caprice at the expense of her feelings, even in the lightest matters, he always wrote and spoke of her as his wiser self, his generous benefactress, of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy."

It must be remembered also, which the Sergeant does not overlook, that Lamb's efforts for the becoming support of his sister lasted through a period of forty years. Twelve years before his death, the munificence of the India House, by granting him a liberal retiring allowance, had placed his own support under shelter from accidents of any kind. But this died with himself: and he could not venture to suppose that, in the event of his own death, the India House would grant to his sister the same allowance as by custom is granted to a wife. This they did; but not venturing to calculate upon such nobility of patronage, Lamb had applied himself through life to the saving of a provision for his sister under any accident to himself. And this he did with a persevering prudence, so little known in the literary class, amongst a continued tenor of generosities, often so princely as to be scarcely known in any class.

Was this man, so memorably good by life-long sacrifice of himself, in any profound sense a Christian? The impression is—that he was *not*. We, from private communications with him, can undertake to say that, according to his knowledge and opportunities for the study of Christianity, he *was*. What has injured Lamb in this point is,—that his early opinions (which, however, from the first were united with the deepest piety) are read by the inattentive, as if they had been the opinions of his mature days; secondly, that he had few religious persons amongst his friends, which made him reserved in the expression of his own views; thirdly, that in any case where he altered opinions for the better, the credit of the improvement is assigned to Coleridge. Lamb, for example, beginning life as a Unitarian, in not many years became a Trinitarian. Coleridge passed through the same changes in the same order: and, here at least, Lamb is supposed simply to have obeyed the influence, confessedly great, of Coleridge. This, on our own knowledge of Lamb's views, we pronounce to be an error. And the following extracts from Lamb's letters will show—not only that he was religiously disposed on impulses self-derived, but that, so far from obeying the bias of Coleridge, he ventured, on this one subject, firmly as regarded the matter, though humbly as regarded the manner, affectionately to reprove Coleridge.

In a letter to Coleridge, written in 1797, the year after his first great affliction, he says—

"Coleridge, I have not one truly elevated character among my acquaintance; not one Christian; not one but undervalues Christianity. Singly, what am I to do? Wesley—[have you read his life?]—was not he an elevated character? Wesley has said religion is not a solitary thing. Alas! it is necessarily so with me, or next to solitary. 'Tis true you write to me; but correspondence by letter and personal intimacy are widely different. Do, do write to me; and do some good to my mind—already how much 'warped and relaxed' by the world!"

In a letter written about three months previously, he had not scrupled to blame Coleridge at some length for audacities of religious speculation, which seemed to him at war with the simplicities of pure religion. He says—

"Do continue to write to me. I read your letters with my sister, and they give us both abundance of delight. Especially they please us two when you talk in a religious strain. Not but we are offended occasionally with a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy than consistent with the humility of genuine piety."

Then, after some instances of what he blames, he says—

"Be not angry with me, Coleridge. I wish not to cavil: I know I cannot instruct you; I only wish to remind you of that humility which best becometh the Christian character. God in the New Testament, our best guide, is represented to us in the kind, condescending, amiable, familiar light of a parent; and, in my poor mind, 'tis best for us so to consider him as our Heavenly Father, and our best friend, without indulging too bold conceptions of His character."

About a month later, he says—

"Few but laugh at me for reading my Testament. They talk a language I understand not: I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to *them*."

We see by this last quotation *where* it was that Lamb originally sought for consolation. We personally can vouch that at a maturer period, when he was approaching his fiftieth year, no change had affected his opinions upon that point; and, on the other hand, that no changes had occurred in his needs for consolation, we see, alas! in the records of his life. Whither, indeed, could he fly for comfort, if not to his Bible? And to whom was the Bible an indispensable resource, if not to Lamb? We do not undertake to say, that in his knowledge of Christianity he was everywhere profound or consistent, but he was always earnest in his aspirations after its spiritualities, and had an apprehensive sense of its power.

Charles Lamb is gone: his life was a continued struggle in the service of love the purest, and within a sphere visited by little of contemporary applause. Even his intellectual displays won but a narrow sympathy at any time, and in his earlier period were saluted with positive derision and contumely on the few occasions when they were not oppressed by entire neglect. But slowly all things right themselves. All merit, which is founded in truth and is strong enough, reaches by sweet exhalations in the end a higher sensory—reaches higher organs of discernment, lodged in a selecter audience. But the original obtuseness or vulgarity of feeling that thwarted Lamb's just estimation in life, will continue to thwart its popular diffusion. There are even some that continue to regard him with the old hostility. And we, therefore, standing by the side of Lamb's grave, seemed to hear, on one side (but in abated tones), strains of the ancient malice—"this man, that thought himself to be somebody, is dead—is buried—is forgotten!" and, on the other side, seemed to hear ascending, as with the solemnity of an anthem—"This man, that thought himself to be nobody, is dead—is buried; his life has been searched; and his memory is hallowed for ever!"

ART. VII.—1. *Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry.* Edited by his brother, CHARLES VANE, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. London: 1848.

2. *The Game's Up.* By MENENIUS. Dublin: 1848.

3. *Ireland before and after the Union with Great Britain.* By MONTGOMERY MARTIN. 1848.

THE present circumstances of Ireland have attracted our attention to the documents contained in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh." The amount of positive information, in any true sense new to the public, is far less than we had anticipated. Much, however, that had been floating about unfixed is here authenticated or disproved. A good deal that had been misrepresented is corrected, or the means of correction supplied. The activity of those who war against the established institutions of society is sustained by an untiring impulse. Those who are satisfied with things as they are, or contemplate improvements in institutions chiefly as the result of the improvement of those by whom they are admi-

nistered, are impatient of the dogmatic and disputative spirit when it is disposed to disturb our enjoyments by vindications which, however well-meant, we feel to be unnecessary and intrusive—and thus the voice of assailants will for a while win an undeserved triumph. The character of Lord Castlereagh has suffered more from these causes than that of any other public man of our times. The object of Lord Londonderry's publication is by such documents as he possesses illustrative of Lord Castlereagh's official life, to place his brother's character in a true light.

The history of the earliest period of Castlereagh's life was more frequently brought before the public in accounts of the Irish Rebellion by the families of the defeated party than in any other way, and their language was naturally coloured by their feelings. When Lord Castlereagh was taunted in 1817 as the perpetrator of savage cruelties, in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, cruelties utterly alien to his nature, and which in point of actual fact, he was the chief person to terminate, Mr. Canning indignantly asked "if the Legislature has consented to bury in darkness the crimes of rebellion, is it too much that rebels, after twenty years, should forgive the crime of being forgiven?" Without imputing to Tone, and M'Nevin, and such writers, any desire to falsify the real facts of the case, and while forming our notion of the scenes in which, very much from their own accounts, it is plain that they had not the means of knowledge which would enable them to represent truly either the motives or the acts of the Government. Of the crimes of the leaders of the Irish insurrections of 1798 and 1803, we think it impossible to form an exaggerated estimate, as whatever be the real or supposed wrongs which armed resistance would redress, no wrong can be so great—no evil so hopelessly intolerable, as the disturbance of the settled order of society. A nation must be all but unanimous to justify Revolution.

The strong opposition with which the measure of a legislative union with Great Britain was regarded at the time by the weaker island, and the continued agitation for its repeal, kept alive a feeling of resentment against the chief instruments in carrying it out, and to this we owe the remarkable fact, that to this hour it is difficult to form any distinct notion of the character of Lord Castlereagh or Lord Clare. If the family of Lord Clare possess the means of bringing the history of that remarkable man before the public, or if even the few fugitive pamphlets in which his speeches, during the period in which he swayed the destinies of Ireland, were printed, could be collected and published with such notes, as after an interval of fifty years, are necessary to render them fully intelligible, something would be done for the history of the country that in a few years will be impossible. Mr. Wills in his Lives of Distinguished Irishmen—Mr. Grattan in the Memoirs of his father—Mr. Madden in his Life of Emmett—and the author of "*The Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen*," in the Dublin University Magazine, have each preserved many traits of the Irish Chancellor's character. But what we want and wish are his own speeches and letters—anything actually and entirely his own. Differing with him in many things—agreeing with him perhaps in nothing, we feel in all that we have seen of him the stamp of indomitable power—a man whose image should not be lost. With respect to Lord Castlereagh, it is to be regretted that the delay of bringing his biography before the public has occasioned irreparable loss. Lord Londonderry, who himself writes a memoir of his brother prefixed to these volumes, tells us, that after a communication with Sir Walter Scott, whom he wished to engage in the task, a series of private letters, extending over twenty-five years, was confided to the care of the late Dr. Turner, bishop of Calcutta. The vessel that sailed for India with the bishop's effects was lost, and in it the letters of Lord Castlereagh, and, we presume, other materials collected to illustrate his life. His official correspondence was scarcely more fortunate. The executors of Lord Castlereagh (we call him throughout by the name by which he will be remembered in history) thought the papers might be public property, and claimed as such by the Government. For the purpose of releasing themselves from responsibility, they placed them under the control of the Court of Chancery, from which, after long delays, and what Lord Londonderry describes as "the highly honourable and straightforward conduct of Lord Palmerston," a great mass of papers, public and private, were delivered to him. "On examination of the documents," he adds, "I regret to say that I discovered many chasms and losses." In short, anything that any one for any purpose might wish concealed, is not to be found in the volumes now before us. We do not believe that a single new fact, with reference to any one concerned either in the suppression of the rebellion or the furtherance of the legislative union, is communicated. There is nothing that throws any light on the secret history of either. The correspondence is the correspondence of the Irish secretary's office, after every document of any peculiar interest has been withdrawn. Many of the letters cannot even be regarded as the letters of the persons whose

names are officially attached to them. The passion of authorship must have been strong with Lord Londonderry when he undertook this voluminous compilation, which, if continued on anything like the scale on which it has been commenced, must, we should think, reach some twenty-five or thirty volumes. Four are devoted to the time of his brother's Irish Secretaryship; the two first of which (the Part now published) relate to the years 1798 and 1799.

The work opens with a biographical memoir. We omit the links which connect the Londonderry Stewarts with the kings of Scotland, and descend at once from the heights on which Lord Londonderry would place us to Robert Stewart who represented the county of Down in the Irish Parliament, and who was the first Marquess of Londonderry. Robert was twice married; first to Frances, second daughter of Lord Hertford; of this marriage Lord Castlereagh was the only surviving issue. His second wife, sister of Lord Camden, was the mother of our author.

Robert, our hero, was born in 1769. He received his early education at Armagh; and, at seventeen, was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. He appears to have remained there but a year, or a year and a half. His tutor, writing to Lord Londonderry in 1840, describes him as remarkably successful in his college examinations. At his third half-yearly examination, the last which he passed, "he was first in the first class." After leaving college, he made the Grand Tour; and on his return, commenced political life by a successful contest against the Downshire family for the representation of the county of Down. At the hustings he gave a pledge to support Reform. This was in 1790. When, in 1793, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise, he said, that he thought this a sufficient Reform.

"For a few sessions he voted generally with the Opposition. However, the turbulent development of the state of Ireland rendered it necessary for him to come to more decided conclusions. Accordingly, when the system of strong measures was adopted by the Irish Administration, in order to silence rebellion by terror, or extinguish it by severity, we find Lord Castlereagh among the warmest of its supporters."—Vol. i. p. 9.

Lord Londonderry passes rapidly over his brother's public life in Ireland, leaving the documents given in his volumes to speak for themselves. When Lord Camden succeeded Earl Fitzwilliam as Viceroy, with Pelham as Chief Secretary, an incautious or intemperate speech of Pelham's in the House of Commons led to his return to England in disgust, and Lord Castlereagh acted as his *locum tenens* for a while, and afterwards was himself appointed Chief Secretary, which office he filled during the important period of the Union arrangements.

It will be more convenient to follow Lord Londonderry in running over the remaining incidents of Lord Castlereagh's life, than at the moment dwelling on topics to which we must return.

When the Union was accomplished, he transferred his residence to London. Pitt's retirement delayed his appointment to office till 1802. Under Addington's Administration, he was placed at the head of the Board of Control.

"When Pitt resumed the direction of affairs, Lord Castlereagh continued to preside over the Board of Control, till, in 1805, he was appointed Secretary of State for the War and Colonial Department. Party prejudices operated so strongly against him, that, on this occasion, he failed, after an expensive contest, to obtain his re-election for the county of Down."

On Pitt's death, Lord Castlereagh and his colleagues in office resigned.

"On the resignation of the Grey and Grenville Administration, in 1807, and the formation of that of Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh was replaced in his former situation of Minister of the War Department, in which he continued till the Walcheren Expedition, and his duel with Mr. Canning."

On the death of Perceval, Lord Castlereagh became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and held the office till his death. To him, we believe, Lord Londonderry is right in ascribing the carrying out into perfect effect the policy of assisting the Spanish people when they rose for the purpose of asserting their national independence. To Lord Castlereagh is also due the selection of the Great General by whom the European war was brought to so glorious a termination. Lord Londonderry discusses at considerable length Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic movements at Chatillon, and afterwards at Paris and Vienna. That the arrangements entered into by the Congress should have preserved peace so long among the principal European powers is no slight evidence of the good faith of the parties to the contract, and, above all, tells favourably for England and her representative, who was in the proud position of arbiter between contending nations.

"In the year 1821, on the decease of his father, Lord Castlereagh became Marquess of Londonderry. The political horizon had at this time become overcast. A Congress was to be held at Vienna and Verona on the affairs of Spain; the insurrection of Greece had also rendered the position of England between Russia and the Porte very ticklish and difficult; and the

continuance of disturbances in Ireland excited uneasiness. Under these circumstances, the strong mind of Lord Londonderry, harassed by Parliamentary warfare, and worn out by incessant toil, began to break down."

Lord Castlereagh's attention to business was unremitting. He himself wrote the draft of every despatch from the Foreign Office. Towards the end of the Session, his health manifestly declined. It had been arranged that he should represent England at a Congress to be held at Vienna on the affairs of Spain ; and, laborious as was the duty which this involved, he looked forward to change of scene and occupation as likely to afford relief and recreation. There was over his mind a haunting feeling of some coming illness. He had been suffering from gout at the close of the Session, and apprehended the increase of the disease, if not speedily arrested, as likely to interrupt public business, and interfere with the King's visit to Scotland, and his own attendance at Congress. Medicines were administered for the purpose of lowering the system, but they brought on depression of spirits and nervous fever. His handwriting, in general remarkable for its neatness, was so changed a few days before his death, that the official documents which he wrote or subscribed were scarce legible to those best acquainted with the character of his hand. Still, the thought of his mind being affected did not occur to any one till it was observed, at the same Cabinet council, by the King and the Duke of Wellington. The King wrote to Lord Liverpool on the subject. The Duke communicated with Castlereagh's physician. This was on Saturday. The physician ordered him to the country, and followed him thither the next day. "Early on Monday morning, he was hastily summoned to Lord Londonderry, who was in his dressing-room, but before he could reach it, his patient had committed the fatal act, and life was almost immediately extinct."

Our biographer, before tracing the private character of his brother, calls us for a moment to dwell on that of his father, who appears to have been an estimable country gentleman, living on his own estate, dealing reasonably with his tenants, and assisting the poor in seasons of distress—practising virtues which endeared him to the persons among whom he resided, but which are not, we trust, so rare in Ireland as to distinguish him from a thousand others. His example is described as operating on his son—our Lord Castlereagh—the second Marquess. Some improvements in the town of Castlereagh, from which his title is taken, are described as Lord Castlereagh's work. He assisted in building a Roman Catholic chapel there, and he built one at Strangford. He is described by Lord Londonderry as a munificent patron of letters. He aided the Belfast Academy with his countenance and his money, and wrote papers in its praise in a magazine called the Belfast Athenæum. He helped Bunting to bring out his collection of "Irish melodies;" and what surprises us very much, "the translations from Carolan [in Bunting's Melodies] were moulded into their present shape by his masterly hand."

"He was the means of establishing in Dublin a 'Gaelic Society,' the object of which was to encourage writers in the ancient Erse, and translations from scarce works in verse and prose. This Society went on well for some time; and a volume of their proceedings was printed, highly creditable to all who had contributed towards it. Theophilus O'Hannegan was the secretary, a man who was quite a genius, and a scholar of unrivalled attainments, but who possessed not an atom of discretion. The removal of Lord Castlereagh to England withdrew his attention from this local institution, and it was in consequence discontinued. The last service he rendered it was releasing poor O'Hannegan from the sheriff's, where he was confined for a considerable debt."

"A munificent patron of letters." We are not quite disposed to assent to this praise, though we are glad Lord Londonderry has recorded it. It shows, ludicrously enough, what great men mean when they speak of rewarding letters. Lord Londonderry thinks his brother's patronage of men of genius one of his great claims on the admiration of the public, and he produces as a proof of it that he encourages writers in the ancient Erse, and releases from the sheriff a writer whom he admires. O'Hannegan may have been a fitting object of charity, and to have paid his debts may have proved Lord Castlereagh's consideration for his creditors—for the poor fellow does not seem to have got anything for himself. That this should be solemnly recorded as a proof of a British minister's patronage of genius is too bad.

The following details of his personal habits are worth preserving:—

"In his house he was never heard to murmur at anything, nor was he ever known to speak in a harsh or hasty manner to any of his servants, whom he had not changed for years. He was of abstemious habits, often tasting of but few dishes, and taking moderately of wine. He generally dressed himself without assistance. When in the country, and without company, he always retired early to his library, where he usually remained two or three hours, and retired to bed without supper. His usual hour for rising was seven in the winter, and in summer, five in the morning, never omitting to walk before breakfast when the weather admitted of it. He was

fond of planting, pruning, and grafting with his own hands, and his parterre of native and exotic flowers at Cray-farm was choice, though not extensive.

"Political despatches, which daily arrived, were disposed of by him with the utmost order, exactness, and regularity, and his visitors scarcely missed his company while he attended to them. At public worship he was a regular attendant, and had prayers read in his family once every day, sometimes in the morning, but oftener in the evening. Field sports he abandoned long before his death; but he had a kennel of pointers and greyhounds. His ear for music was excellent, and though an indifferent player on the violoncello, he would often sit down and take part in a concerto, and join in any music that was going on.

"He was very tenacious of all his early friendships. The Earl of Bristol and the late Mr. Holford were the most dear to him. His mind was much fixed on putting upon record the history of the Union, and the events which immediately preceded it—in fact, of his own administration in Ireland. It was a project which I know he had very much at heart, and it was often talked of to some gentlemen of reputation as men of letters in Ireland. One of these, a particular friend of Lord Castlereagh's, declined the undertaking, because he could not conscientiously, as he thought, satisfactorily execute it in the sense of the minister—and yet their friendship continued uninterrupted.

"In stature he was nearly six feet high, and his manners were perfect, his features commanding. His appearance, when full-dressed, was particularly graceful; and at the coronation of George the Fourth he was remarked for the graceful dignity of his mien and manner, which, as I have heard it more than once observed, might well have caused him, when in the robes of the Garter, to be mistaken for the Sovereign. Although a courtier, yet in private life no man could be less assuming, and his affability at once dissipated that timidity which intercourse with high rank sometimes produces."

An exceedingly interesting part of Lord Londonderry's work is that in which he replies to Lord Brougham's account of Lord Castlereagh in his "*Statesmen* of the reign of George the Third." Among the many infelicitous sketches in that very amusing book perhaps that which is of least value is that of Lord Castlereagh. By him Castlereagh is represented as a man of the meanest powers, of the most vulgar and arrogant pretensions. The passages which Moore and Byron have hitched into rhyme as specimens of his oratory are put forward with all the gravity of a witness. We suppose there was ground enough for such jokes, and, the ground being once laid, jokes enough would be perpetrated; but Lord Castlereagh was, on the whole, a graceful and effective speaker; and it is to be remembered that the task of inculpation is always an easy one, and even where the means of defence are most perfect there must be often reasons for silence that can scarcely be fittingly assigned, and that this often places a Cabinet Minister in a situation of such perplexity that it may be even a dexterous escape from worse dangers to expose himself to the arrows of the witlings. In Brougham's sketch there is one important acknowledgment—that all the personal imputations of cruelty against Lord Castlereagh in Ireland were mere calumny. Lord Londonderry has published a number of very interesting letters, to show the estimate in which Lord Castlereagh was held by the greatest men of his time. We wish we could abridge these letters, but so much depends on the very words in which they are written, that could even the facts recorded be preserved, the impression which they leave of the affection with which this great statesman was regarded by his friends would be lost.

In one letter of Lord Wellesley, he dwells on the aid given by Lord Castlereagh to sustain him in his Indian policy, and refers to his despatches from India in support of this statement.

"But I must add," he says, "one circumstance which does not appear in these despatches. During the whole of my administration he never interfered in the slightest degree in the vast patronage of our Indian empire, and he took especial care to signify this determination to the expectants by whom he was surrounded and to me. In his published despatches many examples occur of great abilities and statesman-like views, and they are all written in a style more worthy of imitation than of censure.

"From the year 1812 I had no intercourse with your brother until the close of the year 1821, when I was called to undertake the arduous charge of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On that occasion I had repeated private interviews with your brother, whose sentiments on the subject of Ireland were of the most liberal description, most favourable to all the just views and interests of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and most practically beneficial to the general welfare, happiness, and prosperity of Ireland. He was thoroughly conversant with every circumstance relating to Irish affairs, and he was most sincerely and faithfully attached to the cause of Ireland."

Sir Walter Scott and Alison are quoted, and each expresses that high admiration of Lord Castlereagh which will soon become the fixed conviction of all sober-judging men, of whatever party. A sentence of Mr. Croker's describes him well:—

"Of Lord Londonderry [Castlereagh] Mr. Wilberforce seemed at first to have formed a very low, and, we need not add, a very erroneous opinion; but when his Lordship's situation became more prominent, and his character better defined, that polished benevolence, that high and calm sense of honour, that consummate address, that inflexible firmness, and that profound

and yet unostentatious sagacity, won the respect and confidence of Wilberforce, as they did of reluctant senates at home, and of suspicious cabinets abroad."

A letter of Lord Ripon's—too long for us to quote—gives a very striking proof of Lord Castlereagh's presence of mind and instant decision, in a case of considerable difficulty. To his insisting on reinforcing Blücher after his first march to Paris, with two corps of Russians and Prussians, belonging to Bernadotte's army, without a communication with Bernadotte, Lord Ripon attributes the success of the battle of Laon. The difficulty was regarded as insurmountable. "He was at the council when the matter was discussed. The moment he understood that, militarily speaking, the proposed plan was indispensable to success, he took his line. He stated that, in that case, the plan *must* be adopted, and the necessary orders *immediately* given; that England had a right to expect that her allies would not be deterred from a decisive course by any such difficulties as had been urged; and he boldly took upon himself the responsibility of any consequences as regarded the Crown Prince of Sweden. His advice prevailed; Blücher's army was reinforced in time; the battle of Laon was fought successfully; and no further efforts of Buonaparte could oppose the march of the Allies on Paris, and their triumphant occupation of that city."

How he was appreciated by his colleagues in the Cabinet, we learn from a letter of Sir Charles Wetherall.

"I remember as well as yesterday meeting Eldon the morning when the despatches came over giving an account of the battle of Laon. I met him in the passage near the Chancellor of the Exchequer's house in Downing Street, going into the Park. We walked together through the Park; he was in the highest spirits, and said, 'I have been in the Foreign Office, on purpose to read over the Despatches at my leisure.' He then said, with the energy which you will recollect he used when his mind was intent on any idea, '*We are indebted to Castlereagh for everything.* I verily believe that *no man* in England, but Castlereagh, could have done what he has."

We cannot omit the words of Sir Robert Peel:—"I doubt whether any public man (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington), within the last half century, possessed the combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect, under the same circumstances, what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart, and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage—moral and personal, that command and influence which makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with disdain for low objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity."

The great measure of Lord Castlereagh, and that on which his fame with posterity will chiefly rest, is the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. Of that great measure the advantages are not yet fully felt. It was impossible, absolutely impossible, when the independence of the Irish Parliament was established, and the Constitution of 1782 obtained, that the alternative, of union with England, or absolute separation, could be avoided. The inconvenient *fiction* of an Irish Parliament was attended with difficulties enough. The *reality* was a thing utterly unmanageable. Till 1782, the conclave called a Parliament bore as near a resemblance to the Parliament at Westminster as did the Parliaments of Rouen or Gascony. The members of what was called the House of Commons, being once elected, or more often nominated, sat for the life of the Monarch. They had no power of originating any measure, and could do little more than delay fiating the orders of England. Once in two years the Lord-Lieutenant went over to Ireland, resided for a few months at the Castle; struggled, often in vain, to give a few places and pensions among his friends, and disappeared. The sitting of the Parliament was also biennial; the King's business, as they called the management of Ireland, was farmed out to some great families, who divided among themselves the whole patronage of the kingdom; who intercepted from the people every good which they could not render profitable to themselves, and who, like other agents, did all they could to render it impossible that their employers should be able to dispense with their services, or even learn the principles on which their administration was conducted. If there ever was a system requiring entire change it was that by which Ireland was ruled. It was impossible that it should be allowed to continue, and its extinction was at the same moment the object of two parties earnestly at work, each to realize its own project of improvement;—each seeking as much as possible to conceal its ultimate purpose, the one contemplating the union of the kingdoms, the other their entire separation. Had the first more distinctly made their object known, it is not impossible that it might have more perfectly succeeded; for a reform in Parliament was,

we believe, in the first period of their association, the limit of the objects which Addis Emmett, and the others who acted with him, had in view. This and the measure of Catholic emancipation would have been shown as more attainable by means of the union of the Legislatures than by any other course. The desperate one of civil war was certainly not contemplated when the Society of United Irishmen was first formed.

The theory of Ireland's legislative independence was likely to have produced singular inconvenience, when, on George the Third's illness, different views were taken by the two Legislatures on the question of the regency, and this incident almost compelled the more powerful nation to save herself from the recurrence of an embarrassment which went to the very root of the monarchical principle. The thought of a legislative union had been long familiar to thinking minds. The Irish Privy Council, in 1676, and the Irish House of Lords, in the reign of Anne, proposed an incorporate union of the Legislatures as the only means of improving the commerce of Ireland. Sir William Petty saw it in the same light. "There are," says he, "three legislative powers, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which, instead of uniting together, do often cross upon each other's trade, not only as if they were foreigners to each other, but sometimes as enemies."

"I have always," said the late Duke of Richmond to the volunteers, when asked for his advice on the subject of constitutional reform, "I have always thought it for the interest of the two islands to be incorporated and form one and the same kingdom, with the same Legislature, meeting sometimes in Ireland as well as England." In 1785, Mr. Foster, chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, said, in the Irish House of Commons, "Things cannot remain as they are. Commercial jealousy is roused, and it will increase with two independent Legislatures. Without an united interest in commerce, in a commercial empire, political union will receive many shocks, and *separation of interest* must threaten *separation of connexion*, which every honest Irishman must shudder to look to as a possible event." "Mr. Grattan declared, even after the boasted settlement of 1782, that the Legislature of Ireland neither possessed the substance nor the shadow of independence; and on the 26th of February, 1790, he asked, "What has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A place bill? No. A pension bill? No. Any great or good measure? No. But a city police bill—a press bill—a riot act—great increase of pensions—fourteen new places for Members of Parliament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages.'"*

In the very first letter of the Castlereagh Papers, Lord Camden—within two years after sent over as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland—writes to Lord Castlereagh, then (it was 1793) of unfixed politics, and one of what Horace Walpole calls "the flying squadron of patriots," in the following words:—"I have no conception in these times, when rights are pushed to the utmost extremity, and reform knows no bounds, of giving to any nation, and less to one of the description of yours, whose characteristic is certainly not moderation, the sort of latitude which the questions about to take place in Ireland will give them. I inherit, and upon consideration, am clearly of my father's opinion, that Ireland must be our province if she will not be persuaded to a union, and if she would, she ought and would enjoy reciprocal benefits with this country. This is my opinion; but in the present state of your politics there, it would be dangerous to maintain that opinion or to act in consequence of it." The non-existence of an Irish Parliament, in any true sense, is well described by the author of a pamphlet, entitled, "*The Game's Up*," published in Dublin a few months ago.

"Ireland NEVER had a Parliament; no, not even in 1782; no, not even in 1792. It is one of the monster delusions of the day to dream that Ireland ever had a Parliament, in the sense in which the party now uses the word. It possessed a council, selected exclusively from an ascendant minority, and on which England conferred greater or less powers of legislation from time to time. The very circumstance of England having previous to its extinction enlarged those powers, is evidence of its having the power of diminishing or annihilating them; and this is not a Parliament. I, for my part, look upon the whole 'carriage of the Union' as a solemn mockery, got up to conceal the fact, which was, that the British Parliament willed the extinction of the local legislature, and preferred having its own consent to openly exercising the power it possessed. The pompous declaration of this Irish Council, that 'none but the king, Lords, and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws for Ireland,' was of as much significance as the 'for ever' so frequently adopted in solemn Acts of legislation, and as frequently violated. The Irish 'Parliament' was a council, introduced by the English into a conquered country, for certain limited purposes, and extinguishable at

* Martin's Ireland before and after the Union.

pleasure. Of what avail was the declaration of independence of the Irish Parliament by the British, if it was independent already? And if it was not, was not the independence resumable, notwithstanding the formal 'for ever?'

"No—a PARLIAMENT—a self-existing, paramount, constitutional council of the nation *never* existed in Ireland;—or, if it did, it was the *magnum concilium* we have heard of lately. If it did, it never could have had its powers limited or enlarged by another council, once they were settled; it never could have annihilated itself, or been annihilated, except by the conquest of the nation. We were, up to 1800, a colony, not a kingdom; and as such our true 'Constitution' lay within the Constitution of the parent State. The fatal mistake was allowing the country to be mistaken in its true position. This was policy, but it is an exploded and a past policy; and we are now, since the Union, for the first time, a free portion of a free empire.

"'Ireland prospered under her parliament' (so called). So it did to a certain extent, for its agricultural produce, imperfectly developed as such resources were, obtained the advantage of a high market in war time,—and the industry of the North was as conspicuous as it is now. Dublin was a brilliant city; though facts show that the beggary and destitution of the operative classes were frequently as appalling as they have ever been since.

"But facts again show that, with the exception of the 'west end' world of Dublin, Ireland has continued to advance since the Union, in spite of the systematic discouragement to fair experiment which an unceasing agitation has afforded. The spread of statistical information has, happily, rendered this demonstrable, so I shall not now take the trouble to enter into details. It has advanced, though the termination of the Continental war reduced the prices of agricultural produce so largely as in many cases to throw the farmer helplessly into the power of the landlord—or the demagogue. It has advanced (and this is the strangest fact of all) through the period of local famine and monetary difficulty; advanced, I mean, in every particular not *directly* affected by the famine and the state of the money-market."*

There are sufficiently obvious reasons why the populace of a dissolute city should be easily excited into strong feeling against a measure which would remove from it the concourse of wealthy residents and strangers that the seat of the Legislature must bring together. The classes that live by directly ministering to their wants were in Dublin injuriously affected, and through such people it was always easy to get up a *row* when the alarm of an intended union was suggested to their imaginations. In Walpole's Memoirs of George II. a scene of this kind is described, that seems to have been serious enough. A union with England was a favourite object with Lord Hillsborough: he had hinted such a wish a year or two before in the Parliament of England, and being now in Ireland,* let drop expressions of the same tendency. This was no sooner divulged than Dublin was in a flame. The mob grew outrageous, and assembled at the door of the House of Commons. Mr. Rigby went forth and assured them that there was no foundation for their jealousy; but *his* word they would not take. Ponsonby, the Speaker, was at last obliged to go out and pacify them; and Mr. Rigby declared, in the House, that if a bill of union was brought in he would vote against it. The tumult then subsided; but Rigby† soon after moving that the Lord-Lieutenant might on an emergency, such as an invasion, summon the Parliament to meet without an intervention of forty days, the former suspicions revived, and a dangerous riot ensued.‡ Rigby's own account of the matter describes both Houses of Parliament attacked by an "unruly, drunken, barbarous mob. The pretence put into their mouths," he says, "is a union with Great Britain, and an abolition of Parliaments here. They are of the very lowest, and scum of the people; desperate by nature, and made more so by drams. The being a member of either House of Parliament was the crime; and they tendered oaths indiscriminately to all, to swear that they were true to their country; and the taking such oaths did not satisfy the more."§ Lord Inchiquin, who came up from the country to oppose the rumoured Union, was assailed. The mob pulled off his periwig, and put the oath to him. He had an impediment in his speech, and stuttered. They cried, "d—— you, do you hesitate?" "But hearing that his name was O'Bryen their rage was turned into acclamations."‖ Mr. Rowley, a Privy Councillor, was dragged the length of a street, and narrowly escaped being thrown into the river. Mr. Morres, a King's Counsel, was "stripped of his very shirt, and beat and bruised." Warden Flood, the Attorney-General, was wounded in his chariot, and made his escape into the College. The

* The Game's Up; pp. 36–38.

* December, 1759.
† Chief secretary to the Duke of Bedford.
‡ Walpole, Memoirs of George II., vol. ii. p. 401.
§ Chatham Correspondence, vol. i. p. 469.
‖ Walpole.

excitement seems to have continued some days, as Rigby says, "I have heard that I have been a principal object of their aversion; but I have never failed going to Parliament and from it in my own chariot, and have never met with insult or blow from them, though I have observed unpleasant countenances." They killed the horses of several obnoxious persons; they pulled the Bishop of Killala out of his coach, and the Lord Chancellor. They proceeded to the House of Lords, where they committed the grossest indecencies; placed an old woman on the throne, and sent pipes and tobacco for her; they next went to the House of Commons, and ordered the clerk to bring them the journals to burn.*

We have been led away by Walpole's gossiping from our main subject. The object of a Legislative Union between the countries was the subject of speculation with many of the most sound-minded men in both countries. Their anxiety was that the Irish legislature should not be the mere machinery in the hands of England, to register laws dictated to it, often against the commercial interest of Ireland, and in all cases wounding to its pride. They felt, that even this was better than the subservience to the factious borough-interest which dealt with the country as if it was the private estate of the individual undertakers by whom it was managed. The ambitious hope of participating with England in Imperial Legislation was faintly and feebly expressed. It was too good a thing almost to dare to wish for. In the early part of the last century the matter was often suggested, always with the feeling that England would oppose it. The case of the Union with Scotland, while it was not unlikely to force the matter on public attention, was in some important circumstances so dissimilar, as rather to embarrass the question. The King of England is by the law and Constitution King of Ireland. It is one of his inseparable titles. In Scotland the case was, at the time of its Union with England, not only different, but directly the reverse. The Scottish Act of Settlement had not made any provision for the devolution of the Crown on the extinction of the issue of Anne. And, in 1704, an act was passed by the Scottish Parliament, providing that the same person should not be King of Scotland and England. To this the royal assent had been given with great reluctance. This rendered the introduction of the exiled branch of the Stuarts not only a legal thing in Scotland, but was almost to be regarded as a declaration of war between the kingdoms. The necessity of that union to the peace, nay, to the existence of the empire, was likely to be felt by many, who, as no danger of the kind existed in Ireland, would refuse in the latter case to be swayed by a deceptive analogy.

The first demi-official paper in these volumes which mentions the Union, is dated September 26, 1798, and communicates to Lord Castlereagh the substance of the leading articles, among which are,—

"Protestant establishment to be secured; Catholics to be eligible to all offices, but, query as to their sitting in Parliament?

"Arrangements to get rid of tithes, not to be one of the Articles, but to be immediately settled. This should be accompanied with a suitable provision for a reasonable number of Catholic clergy."

We do not, perhaps, appreciate all the difficulties with which this great measure was accompanied, and we are perhaps wrong in thinking that every privilege that has been since given to the Catholics might have been more conveniently given then. We disbelieve in the propriety of either then or now endowing their clergy. On the 16th of October, 1798, we have a letter from Lord Clare to Lord Castlereagh, who had gone to England, and varied the measure injuriously; at least so the letter would seem to prove; but the strength of the borough interests is to be considered, and perhaps all that could be done under the existing circumstances was done. The letter is from London,—"I have seen Mr. Pitt, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Portland, who seem to feel very sensibly the critical situation of our damnable country, and that the Union alone can save it. I should have hoped that what has passed would have opened the eyes of every man in England to the insanity of their past conduct, with respect to the Papists of Ireland; but I can very plainly perceive that they were as full of their Popish projects as ever. I trust, and I hope I am not deceived, that they are fairly inclined to given them up, and to bring the measure forward unencumbered with the doctrine of Emancipation. * * * Mr. Pitt is fully sensible of the necessity of establishing some control over the Popish clergy, which he thinks will be best effected by allowing very moderate stipends to them, and allowing every priest to take a license from the Crown, for performing ecclesiastical functions, on pain of perpetual banishment if he should officiate without it."

Of the State Papers printed by Lord Londonderry, one of the best—but it was printed long ago in America—is the Memoir of the state prisoners O'Connor, M'Nevin, and Thomas Addis Emmett. Verdicts for high treason had been obtained against two of the

* Walpole.

United Irishmen—Byrne and Bond. Efforts were made to save them, and negotiations were commenced between the state prisoners, confined on the same or similar charges, and the Government. The Government wished to have distinct acknowledgments of their guilt from themselves, and wished to have the opportunity of making public the whole conspiracy, without betraying the sources of their information. The prisoners felt they were communicating no more than the Government already knew, and they proposed, among the conditions, that they should not be asked to criminate individuals. O'Conner, Sampson, and some other of the principal persons involved in the conspiracy, refused signing these conditions. The law officers thought the information not worth the price of interfering with the execution of the law. They feared juries would refuse finding verdicts, if the Crown pardoned. The reasonings of lawyers are more apt to satisfy themselves than others; and arguments which they felt to be conclusive, did not altogether satisfy the Lord-Lieutenant. The opinion of the law-advisers was, however—to use the language of the document before us—given "peremptorily and unanimously," and Byrne was executed.

The next day was that named for the execution of Bond. The prisoners, who had before Byrne's execution refused their signatures, became alarmed, and new terms were proposed to the Government. In the first document, perpetual exile was proposed as the condition of life being spared. In the next, to guard against the danger of their passing immediately into an enemy's country, the time of their departure, and the place of their exile, was left to the discretion of Government. Bond was respited. The conditions were fulfilled; but as far as Bond's life was the object, that object could scarcely have been said to be gained, for he died soon after in prison.

It would appear that Lord Londonderry is not aware of the memoir having been before published. A copy printed at New York is before us as we write, and enables us to correct some strange blunders made by Lord Londonderry's printer, or more probably by whoever transcribed the manuscript for the press. Misprints that reduce a passage to mere nonsense do but little comparative harm. Here are errors that vary the sense of the passage into the direct opposite of what the writers said. In the second paragraph, we find these words:—"Denying the whole existence of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin, we may safely aver, &c." Reading this in Lord Londonderry, we fairly confess we did not know what to make of it, when we fortunately remembered our old American book, and found that the word printed "denying" ought to be "during." It was startling enough to find these gentlemen denying the existence of the Society, the organization of which they were engaged in explaining. We know nothing at all like it, except the denial, every now and then, of the existence of ribandmen in Ireland, at the very time that every newspaper brought us accounts of convictions for the crime.

The memoir was felt by the Government to be a defence of the prisoners, and could not be used for the purposes for which it was intended. The prisoners then suggested that as a committee was sitting to inquire into the causes of the rebellion, they ought to be examined before it; and that in this form Government might obtain the information they wished in a way in which it could be unobjectionably used. This course was adopted.

The account which the Memoir gives of the United Irishmen, or of the Union, as it was in that day called, is worth diligent study. Their communication to Government appears to have been entirely faithworthy, and wholly unreserved. The pleading is throughout an able and a manly one; and not a little was lost to the country, when imperative necessity (and we think the necessity was imperative, and that the case admitted of no doubt) demanded the banishment of such men. The original institution of United Irishmen, formed towards the close of the year 1791, was not only ostensibly but really confined to the objects it professed—Reform in Parliament, and Catholic Emancipation. These in our day are harmless sounds, but in Ireland in that day, when three-fourths of the Commons House of Parliament were the direct nominees of the borough interest, and when the word Emancipation conjured up a thousand fears, it is impossible to describe the violence with which the first publications of the test of the United Irishmen was assailed. This violence was met by expressions of equal violence, and by endeavouring to promote the meeting of a convention to aid in effecting Reform. The difficulties in the way of Reform led to the discussion of Republicanism. While the minds of men were fermenting with these thoughts, the Society was forcibly dissolved in 1794.

It attributed its being thus dissolved to its own fault, in the openness of its discussions and the publicity of its proceedings, and in 1795 a new Society for the same object,—but a *secret* Society,—was formed. In their test—or *text*, as Lord Londonderry generally prints it—a clause of secresy was introduced. For the *engagement* which their predecessors required, they substituted an oath. In 1796

an Act passed punishing with death the administering of unlawful oaths. "But death," says the Memoir, "had ceased to alarm men who began to think it was to be encountered in their country's cause. The statute remained an absolute dead letter, and the members of the body augmented beyond belief." The numbers of the Union were increased beyond their wishes by other causes. Wherever Orange lodges sprang up, the Catholics got alarmed, and joined the United system. This was opposed to the wishes of the leaders, for it introduced religious acrimony. In some cases the system reconciled and absorbed into itself conflicting parties, and the Government was deceived, not suspecting the cause of the dangerous tranquillity. In the Memoir, it is denied with indignation that they ever in any case encouraged assassination. They argue this anxiously, as answering some evidence to the contrary. It was considered by them with horror on account of its criminality, and with personal dread, because it would render ferocious the minds of men in whose hands their lives were placed. Their numbers were not less than five hundred thousand. The authors of the Memoir had not been members of the earlier Association. The society, at the time they became connected with it, was conducted on principles of the strictest secresy. The organization of the system was admirably adapted for its purposes. No treachery could endanger the safety of many persons—no espionage could detect the entire or even large part of what was doing; and those in the actual direction of affairs were concealed from the knowledge of all but a very few. As we understand the constitution of the Association of 1795, it was this:—A Society is formed in some one district by ballot, a single black bean excluding. When any such Society amounts to thirty-six members, it splits into two; so that eighteen is the number constituting each integral. Each integral was represented by two of its members and its secretary in a baronial committee.* These representatives were chosen by ballot every three months. No new integral could act till regularly constituted, and the secretary of an integral already constituted was the proper person to apply for, and the nearest baronial committee to give authority to form a new Society, to consist of not more than thirty-five members. When the number of societies in a barony amounted to eight, a second baronial committee was formed; county committees were formed by each baronial committee sending two delegates. Provincial committees were formed by delegates from baronies sending three delegates each, and in all cases the choice was by ballot, and the appointment was but for three months. National committees were also contemplated in this extensive arrangement, and were to be formed by each provincial committee sending five delegates. The names of the committee men, in every case, were known only to those who elected them.

We have done what we can to render intelligible the system of organization which united vast bodies of the Irish, of every rank but the highest, together. Our authority is that of Addis Emmett, writing in America long after the Irish Rebellion. The plan was not his, for he did not join the confederacy till 1796,* when it had existed in full operation for at least a year. It was not Tone, for Tone, who may be called the founder of the society of 1791, did not join that of 1795 till on the eve of his departure for America, when he found it in full operation. Describing the organization, Emmett says:—

"Whoever reflects on this constitution for a moment, will perceive that it was prepared with most important views. It formed a gradually extending representative system, founded on universal suffrage and frequent elections. It was fitted to a barony, county, or province, while the organization was confined within these limits. But if the whole nation adopted the system, it furnished a national Government."

Nothing can be conceived more simple—nothing more perfect than such an arrangement. Examine it, and the constitutions of the most carefully devised systems of society seem beside it clumsy, inartificial contrivances—while this, the work of a few humble men, brooding over their real or imagined grievances or both, seems almost like the machinery of one of those philosophical romance-epics, perfect, because having no other existence than in some solitary dreamer's fancy. "Curiosity," says Emmett, "will ask what manner of men they were that dared harbour such comprehensive and nearly visionary ideas? They were almost invariably farmers, manufacturers, and

* The counties in Ireland are subdivided into baronies.

* Emmett dates his admission into the society in 1796. *Memoir and Examination* before secret committee. A strange scene occurring before 1795, might lead us to give it an earlier date. Defending a prisoner charged with administering the United Irishman's oath, then a capital offence, he read aloud the oath from his brief with great solemnity—and then addressed the Court in the following terms. "My Lords, here in the presence of this crowded auditory—in the presence of the being that sees, and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal, here, my Lords, I, myself, in the presence of God, declare I take the oath."—*Madden's United Irishmen*, second series, vol. ii. p. 22.

shopkeepers, the representatives of men certainly not superior to themselves." The persons called the leaders would to a man have been contented with Parliamentary Reform, and between them and the oligarchy that ruled Ireland there was always room for a compromise. The evidence of all the state prisoners establishes this. The despair of obtaining this object drove them into the consideration of republicanism, which the examples of America and France naturally suggested, and which was debated among them as one, and but as one, of the substitutes for the existing order of things. No mistake can be greater than that a few restless spirits, —that a few men finding no sufficient employment in the ordinary occupations of professional life, were the creators of the fervid and pervading passions that at that period inflamed and frenzied the whole island. The passions were those of the people themselves, they did not require the fannings of idle rhetoric to force them into a blaze. It was not in the spirit of hopelessness and despair that these humble men acted; it was in the spirit of impatient and eager hope. It was not as in our day a miserable parody, in which vain men simulated feelings, and like the bulls in Barrowdale, were driven mad by the echo of their own bellowings. The Emmetts and Sheereses found the system formed. They were admitted into it doubtfully and late. The system began with the lower classes. "As the united Irish system ascended into the upper ranks, it engulfed into it numbers who afterwards appeared as leaders." *

While the organization consisted but of individual societies, interconnected as we have described, and while there was no master spirit "to wield that fierce democracy," they were yet bold enough to send a person to France to ascertain the possibility of obtaining aid from the giant republic. This led to an important addition to their original constitution. A provincial committee for Ulster had been organized, and some inconvenience was felt from the arrangement, that the provincial committees were by the constitution of the Society to meet but once a month. This led to the formation of a body not originally contemplated—THE EXECUTIVE. The Executive in the intervals between the sittings of the Provincial Committee were to *execute* what had been ordered—to report its own proceedings —it was to be a watch on the Government, and to call extra meetings of the Provincial Committee when necessary. Its connexion was but with the committee that appointed it, and its members were wholly unknown to the general body of the Society. Of the Executive it was the habit never to have more than one of them to do business with any one—and if possible their transactions were but with one person. While the secresy that was observed by so many persons under such strong temptations to betray their associates is certainly a wonderful thing, yet, in point of fact, the system was so skilfully contrived that till a military organization was engrafted on the original constitution of the Society, each of the ordinary members knew little more than the names of the persons who composed his own integral, a number seldom more than eighteen, never more than thirty-five.

We are weary of the miserable narrative of revolts, which at whatever period you examine the history of Ireland it presents. The Irish oligarchy, ruling in the name of England, sustained by England on the supposition of their being the sole security for the connexion between the two countries, while their whole effort was to prevent any large measure of policy which must have the effect of taking the country out of their hands, had rendered the name of England odious. The United Irishmen, with all their machinery, could have little chance of doing more than upsetting a constitution. The evils under which the country was undeniably suffering, were many of them of a kind which any rational combination of their strength with that of either of the great parties in the Legislature, might have vastly alleviated. To take Ireland out of the hands of the borough proprietors was the one thing most to be desired—most to be struggled for. This was to be best and most effectually done by the union with England. But the persons whose names were most prominent among the United Irishmen, were persons who seemed to have had no fixed plans whatever for the future; and from their sheer inability to suggest, or to execute any plan of government, their country must, in the very moment of their success, have fallen into the hands of France, to be, no doubt, rendered to England on any cessation of hostilities between those nations. Thus an utter anarchy must have been its fate. The vision of a bloodless revolution which was before the minds of some of the best of those enthusiasts, was also before the minds of the Dantons and Robespierres. Tone expresses some such feeling in his journals; yet though he was the cleverest and the best of them, it is plain that he was, from the first, dazzled with the military dress, and was—in his heart of hearts—a military coxcomb, returning in the character and garb of a French general to effect a *bloodless* revolution! Grattan's account of

* Emmett.

Addis Emmett is no doubt a picture of the individual; but the individual was the type of a number, whose name is Legion.

"He set up his own crude notions as settled rules; and his plan was founded, not on practice, but on his own imagination. It was full of wildness. There were to be three hundred elections every year, all going on at the same time; and every man was to possess a right to vote. The whole country was thus to be placed in a state of tumult and agitation—all in conflagration—like three hundred windmills in motion all at once. This, too, in a country, one-third of whose population were so destitute that they were exempted from paying hearth-money tax in consequence of their poverty. Emmett forgot that elections and representatives are a work of art—he considered them as one of the operations of nature.

"When he went to America he thought his political life at an end; but it was only just beginning. Had Government intended to have rendered him harmless they should have kept him at home, where he would have stayed, a tarnished lawyer, with little business; but sent to America, he found means to annoy England, and do there what he never could have done in his own country." *

The documents in Lord Londonderry's book prove, what however was known before, that the English Government were, from the first, acquainted with all the negotiations of the rebels for and from France. When M'Nevin was examined before the secret committees of the Lords and Commons, he found that they were not only in possession of all that he could communicate, but that a copy of his very memoir, which he had laid before the French Government as to the state of Ireland, was in the hands of the committee. Tone mentions, that when Hoche's expedition was leaving Brest, a proclamation was printed, to be distributed in Ireland on their landing. A large sum of money was offered to the printer for a copy. He communicated with Tone, who had copies printed with *Portugal* instead of *Ireland*, and the English were thus deceived. A more singular circumstance is, that the French having sent over a messenger to announce their coming, a second message, which was believed to be authentic, arrived, saying, that the intent of invasion was deferred to the following spring. The second message so entirely deceived the rebel leaders, that when the French came, no preparations were made for them. No explanation of the second message is suggested. In the Life of Curran by his son, we are told that the French Directory, when Tone was urging the invasion of Ireland, were greatly influenced to adopt the measure, by being told that two-thirds of the sailors in the British service were Irish. He adds an anecdote which is strikingly well told:—

"Soon after the question of an expedition to Ireland had been left to the decision of Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche, they named an evening to meet Tone at the palace of the Luxembourg. Tone arrived at the appointed hour, eight o'clock. He was ushered into a splendid apartment. Shortly after, the Director and the generals made their appearance. They bowed coldly, but civilly, to Tone, and almost immediately retired without apology or explanation through a door opposite to that by which they had entered. Tone was a good deal struck by so unexpected a reception; but his surprise increased when ten o'clock arrived without the appearance of a message of any kind from those on whom all his hopes seemed to depend. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one—all was still in the palace; the steps of the sentinels, on their posts without, alone interrupted the dead silence that prevailed within. Tone paced the room in considerable anxiety; not even a servant had entered of whom to inquire his way out, or if the Director and the generals had retired. About two o'clock, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open; Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche entered; their countenances brightened; and the coldness and reserve, so observable at eight o'clock, had vanished. Clarke advanced quickly to Tone, and taking him cordially by the hand, said: '*Citizen! I congratulate you; we go to Ireland.*' The others did the same; and having fixed the time to meet again, the persons engaged in this remarkable transaction separated." *

At some future time we hope to give some account of the circumstances of Irish society which led to the Rebellion of 1798. Its causes were, we think, more deeply seated than was felt by any of the prominent actors in the scene. At the moment there are difficulties in treating the subject, which will in all probability have passed away before we next have the opportunity of addressing the public. The solution which has been so often repeated that it has become almost an article of faith with some—that the Government fomented the rebellion to facilitate their carrying the Legislative Union, is a supposition too insulting to our common nature to be for a moment thought of, and the whole evidence of facts utterly and entirely disproves it.

Lord Londonderry ought to have accompanied some of the documents which he publishes with fuller explanations than we find. Several refer to inclosed papers, which are not printed—are not probably in his possession, but the want of which leaves what he prints of about as much value as the envelope of a lost letter.

It is worth while to state, that while look-

* Grattan's Life, vol. iv. p. 360.

* Curran's Life of Curran, vol. ii. p. 20.

ing through some of the publications connected with the subject of Ireland during Lord Castlereagh's administration, we find writers of high reputation, in their anxiety to make out that kind of inconsistency which is most damaging to the reputation of a public man, between his professions at one period and his acts at another, confuse him with his father? Dr. Madden, and the author of the History of the Civil Wars in Ireland, published in Constable's Miscellany—an excellent summary of the Irish annals of some seven hundred years—have fallen into this mistake, and represent him as moving resolutions in conventions of Irish volunteers when he was but twelve or thirteen years of age. He is, we think, most unjustly accused of having violated faith with the state prisoners of 1798, by their detention in prison for some years after the rebellion was suppressed. They were in prison at the time of the treaty; and by express conditions with them the time of their removal was to be at the discretion of Government. That, surely, to all ordinary understanding, implies the right of continuing their imprisonment till such time as with safety to the state they could be discharged. The American representative had expressed anxiety that they should not be sent there, and there must have been, in a time of war, extreme difficulty as to their proper disposal.

There were those in Ireland at the time who would have made short work of the matter, and disposed of the prisoners on the principle acted on *in the town of Tunis, in Africa the torrid*, and recorded in the Anti-Jacobin Lyrics:—

"No story half so shocking,
By kitchen fire or laundry,
Was ever heard tell
As that which befell
The great *Jean Bon St. André*.

"Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon,
On the first of June,
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

"To Paris then returning,
Recovered from his panic,
He translated the plan
Of Paine's Rights of Man
Into language *Mauritanic*.

"He went to teach at Tunis,
Where as consul he was settled,
Among other things,
That the people are kings,
Whereat the *Dey* was nettled.

"He formed a *club* of *brothers*,
And moved some resolutions,
'Ho! ho!' says the Dey,
'So this is the way
The French make revolutions.'

"The Dey then gave his orders,
In Arabic and Persian,
'Let no more be said,
But bring me his head:
These clubs are my aversion.'

"The consul quoted Wickefort,
And Puffendorf and Grotius,
And proved from Vattel,
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.

"'Twould have moved a Christian's bowels
To hear the doubts he stated;
But the Moors, they did
As they were bid,
And strangled him while he prated."

There was more than one occasion, in which men ordinarily in their sober senses thought to have acted on this precedent. In the *Pieces of Irish History*, published in America by Emmett, it is said that when they published a denial of the truth of some extracts from the report of the secret committee, a distinguished member of the Irish House of Commons proposed that the agreement with them should be regarded as at an end, and that they should be then tried, and if found guilty, as they necessarily must, be executed. Another had before this suggested, but this was, we believe, before the negotiations between them and Government, that military executions should have a retrospective operation, and that the State prisoners should be summarily disposed of. "Lord Castlereagh, with becoming dignity and humanity, vehemently discountenanced so shocking a proposal."*

We cannot award any very high praise to the work as far as it has gone, and we trust that the future volumes may be more carefully put together. The book is not without a certain kind of value, and if it be not quite as much in the hands of students of history as a letter of Mr. Alison's predicts, it yet ought to have a place—a high place—in the public libraries.]

ART. VIII.—1. *Stenographische Bericht über die Verhandlungen der Deutschen Constituirenden National-Versammlung zu Frankfurt am Main.* Vols. I. III. Frankfurt: 1848.
2. *Verhandlungen des Vorpalaments.* Frankfurt: 1848.
3. *Verhandlungen des funfziger-ausschusses.* Frankfurt: 1848.

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* Life of Curran vol. ii. p. 44.

4. *Vanderlungen zur Vereinbarung der Preussischen Staats Verfassung.* Als Beilage zum Preussichen Staats Anzeiger. Berlin: 1848.
5. *Protocolle der Sitzungen des Œsterreichischen Constituirenden Reichstags.* Als Beilage zur Œesterreichischen Allgemeinen Zeitung. Vienna: 1848.
6. *Deutsche Staats und Rechtsgeschichte.* Von KARL FRIEDERICH EICHHORN. Vols. I.–IV. Göttingen: 1821–3.
7. *Statistische Übersicht der wichtigsten Gegenstände des Verkehrs und Verbrauchs im Preussischen Staate und im Deutschen Zollvereine. Aus amtlichen Quellen dargestellt.* Von Dr. C. F. W. DIETERICI. Erster Theil. Berlin: 1838. Erste Fortsetzung. Berlin: 1842.
8. *Denkschriften des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein über Deutsche Verfassungen. Herausgegeben* Von G. H. PERTZ. Berlin: 1848.
9. *Verhandlungen des Bundes Tages* 1830–1845. Frankfurt: 1848.

THE character and importance of the German revolution of 1848 has been inadequately appreciated by the mass of English political writers. The more recent of the French political revolutions are mere continuations, or after-claps of the first; and in the course of more than half a century, the multitude of documents illustrating it which have come to light, and the sagacity and acuteness which its influence in the domestic affairs of almost all European States have compelled minds—developed under the most varied circumstances, and occupying the most diversified social positions—to bring to bear upon it in the way of commentary, have imparted form and consistency, if not truth, to its theory. But the German revolution is new to European, and, above all, to English political speculators. Its preparatory workings exercised in 1813 a decisive influence on the fortunes of Napoleon, but a transient and episodical one on the general relations of Europe. Its progress since has had interest only for Germans; and the shackled press of Germany was unable to throw light upon that progress. Hence the events which, since the first of March, have in Germany followed each other in such rapid succession, wear to foreigners an *impromptu* appearance. Their very form and pressure is imperfectly known; their motives are unappreciated.

These events have, indeed, been sufficiently startling. In February, 1848, there were, according to the opinion current among politicians, two great powers in the north-east of Europe—Austria and Prussia. With these were connected, in some not very clearly understood relations of alliance or dependence, a number of second and third-rate States, called the German Confederation. A German literature was much cultivated,—a German Zollverein had occasioned considerable speculation; but in European politics there was no Germany. Austria and Prussia alone were recognised as existing powers by the politician; and these from their well-known anti-revolutionary tendencies and assumed military strength caused many an anxious look to be turned their way, when the Parisian *émeute* of February shook down the Orleans dynasty like an over-ripe apple, by all who feared the entanglements and atrocities of a general European war, in which principles, not nations, should be opposed to each other.

Thus stood affairs, or rather thus they were believed to stand, in the beginning of March last. Before the middle of August they were entirely changed. Both in Austria and Prussia the Governments stood paralysed in presence of incessantly and irresistibly encroaching popular movements. Their enormous and admirably organized armies were there still, but they dared not use them. At the bidding of the popular voice, they were compelled reluctantly to convene elective constituent legislatures, to nominate cabinets from the popular party. Every attempt at evasion or counter-action was jealously looked for, instantly met, and baffled. Four several revolutions—the German, Italian, Magyar, and Sclavonian—at once engrossed and distracted the attention of Austria. Prussia, more entirely identified with Germany, was sucked into the vortex of German revolution, which it could neither resist nor lead, though apparently willing to do either. Prussia and Austria, in fact, appeared to be blotted from the list of Governments, while a new and seemingly improvised authority—the central Power of Germany—had been organized at Frankfurt; had there "a local habitation and a name," in the persons of an elected Vicar of the Empire (*Reichs-Verweser*), with a Cabinet of Ministers, responsible to a Parliament of one House elected by universal suffrage, who issued orders to the Princes of Germany to make their armies do homage to the new order of things, and sent ambassadors to all the Courts of Europe.

Such an entire and unexpected change, bursting upon a European public utterly unacquainted with the circumstances and events which had prepared it, has been naturally regarded with stupified wonder and scepticism as to its reality. The German revolution of 1848, especially in England, has been hastily assumed to be a mere causeless imitation of the French revolution

of the same year. It has been attributed to the influence of bookish theorists working on a moment of popular excitement, and attaining to a transient show of success by having taken Governments at unawares. It has been set down as an ephemeral and unreal movement, which will disappear as rapidly as it exhaled. Thus prepossessed politicians have disdained to make it a permanent element in their calculations; have spoken and written about it slightingly; have made it matter of allusive expressions of their pre-conceived opinions and sentiments, instead of seeking to ascertain its character and calculate its consequences.

We find, however, that the few, whether natives or foreigners, who have been brought into personal and practical contact with German society, regard the revolution of 1848 in a more serious light. Whether friendly or hostile, they admit it to be a reality, and augur from it, according as their prepossessions dictate, a new era of greatness and happiness for the German people, or an age of anarchy, of bloody and aimless contentions. If this more serious view of recent events in Germany be correct, it is important that the great social movement, of which they are the superficial and isolated phenomena, should be understood aright; for it cannot but deeply and permanently affect, not only the internal arrangements of that country, but its relations to the rest of the civilized world; and to the solution of this problem, as far as materials exist for the purpose, we propose to devote a few pages. Of probable or possible consequences we will of course speak with that modest scepticism which becomes those who have to treat of novel relations, in which men for the most part new to public life have been called upon to take the leading parts; and even of actual events we shall speak in that guarded tone which their recent occurrence, and the partial and imperfect accounts which have transpired, warrant. Our object is not to subserve partisan interests—not to promote any cause, however worthy—but simply to contribute towards an impartial and true estimate of events which must go far to constitute the history of Germany for the present year.

The publications enumerated at the head of this paper form but a small proportion of the sources of information that have been consulted. Had it even been possible, within any reasonable space, to have named all our printed materials, still the catalogue would have been defective; for much has been derived from manuscript, and even oral communications. But the works named will serve to indicate the nature of our authorities. The official stenographic reports of the proceedings of the three constituent assemblies now actually in session in Germany, and of the preparatory assemblies at Frankfurt, contain not only authentic information of what has been transacted in these bodies, but of incidents for which we must otherwise have been left to rely upon newspaper or epistolary reports. The work of Eichhorn contains the most condensed philosophical and generally trustworthy accounts of the historical development of German society, and of that body of law which regulates the relations of man to man in it, that have appeared. The author's constant and careful citation of his sources renders them at the same time a sort of *catalogue raisonnée* and Chrestomathia of the historical literature of Germany. Dieterici's Statistical Notices are valuable as contributions to the history of the Zollverein—a union whose influence will probably prove hereafter to have been infinitely less important in commercial than in political respects. The collected memorials of Von Stein are invaluable as a record of the rise and progress of that yearning after unity which is quite as prominent a feature of the recent German movement as its democratical tendency. By showing with whom the idea of German unity originated, and with what pertinacity it has been clung to, they go far to vindicate it from the imputation of being the visionary and powerless fancy which so many conceive it to be. Lastly, the selection from the records of the Frankfurt Diet between 1830 and 1845, illustrate forcibly the oppression exercised by Austria and Prussia, in the name of that shadow of a government. The multitude of personal memoirs which throw light on the past and present history of Germany is so overwhelming, that we have been compelled to desist even from a specimen enumeration. In the autobiography of Göthe, in the correspondence of Schiller and Körner, and in other publications relating to the same period, invaluable contributions to the history of the immediate past abound; while the memoirs of Arndt, Luden, Varnhagen von Ense, Henckel von Donnersmark, and others too numerous to name, materials more or less valuable, abound for connecting it with the present.

Our first object is to trace distinctly the progress of events in Germany from the middle of February in the present year to the present time. To this end we commence with M. Bassermann's notice of motion in the Baden Second Chamber. That motion is of consequence, inasmuch as it contemplates the organization of such a central authority as has since been instituted at Frankfurt, and was the first of the many

almost simultaneous public declarations of opinion which led to its institution. The date of this motion vindicates at least the German movement from the charge of being a mere imitation of what was in progress in France. Hereafter we will examine how far the motion is connected with preceding popular struggles in Germany, with a view to indicate how far the revolution appears to have struck such deep roots in the national mind as warrant an expectation of its permanence and success.

On the 12th of February last, a motion, of which the Deputy Bassermann had previously given notice in the Second Chamber of Baden, was, at the suggestion of the Deputy Scheffelt, ordered to be printed, and referred to a committee. The motion was in effect for "an Address to Government, requesting it to adopt measures for obtaining, through the instrumentality of the governments, a body representing the various German elective legislatures, with a view to impart unity to the institutions and legislation of Germany." While the Representative Assembly of Baden was thus originating and promoting a popular movement, the Diet at Frankfurt was giving signs of disquiet. On the 13th of February, the very next day after M. Bassermann's motion had been deliberately entertained in the Baden legislature, a discussion took place in the Diet of the Confederation on the expediency of suppressing an "ultra-radical" journal published in Baden; and a police investigation was at the same time instituted at Frankfurt into the proceedings at an aggregate meeting of *Turn-Vereins* (politico-gymnastic associations) at Hallersheim. The remainder of the month of February was remarkable for a generally excited and unsettled state of the public mind in Germany, of which, however, no definite political aim had as yet assumed the guidance. On the 22d, the legislature of Electoral Hesse was prorogued under unpleasant circumstances. The Lola Montes squabbles were in full swing in Bavaria. In Ober-Steyermark (Austria) there were insurrectionary movements among the peasants, rather, however, of an agrarian than a political character; and in Bohemia, excessive and unequally distributed taxation had excited considerable discontent. On the 23d, several parties belonging to a Turn-Verein in Offenbach (near Frankfurt) were arrested, and subjected to an examination on suspicion of seditious machinations.

In the last days of February, and the first of March, this generally diffused, but vague perturbation of men's minds began to assume more definite form and pressure. To enumerate all the public meetings and analogous demonstrations that took place at this time on the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Oder, on the Baltic and the North Sea, and over all the intervening country, would be impossible. A public meeting held at Stuttgardt on the 28th of February, agreed to petition the King of Wurtemberg to promote the representation of all his German people in the Frankfurt Diet, and the emancipation of the press throughout Germany. A meeting of members of the Chambers of Deputies, held simultaneously, expressed sympathy with this petition. A few days later a liberal ministry was appointed, and a liberal envoy to the Frankfurt Diet named to replace the conservative who had filled that office. In the Darmstadt Chamber of Deputies, a motion to the same effect as the Stuttgardt petition was made by Heinrich von Gagern on the 28th of February, and on the 29th a numerous public meeting, held in Mayence (under the eyes of the Austrian and Prussian garrison), addressed a petition to the Darmstadt Government in the sense of Von Gagern's motion. On the 5th of March the heir-apparent of the Grand-Ducal Crown, was declared co-regent, and on the 6th Von Gagern was appointed minister, who declared, on announcing his acceptance of office to the Chambers, that the Government would urge upon the other Sovereigns the adoption of measures to unite Germany, and extend the liberties of Germans. In the state of Baden, co-terminous with Darmstadt and Wurtemberg, the movement was still more decided. There were riots in Karlsruhe on the 28th, a public meeting at Mannheim, and riots at Heidelberg on the 29th. The Baden ministers, on the 29th of March, announced to the Chambers that they had intimated to the Diet at Frankfurt, that they could wait no longer for the general law for the press which it was preparing, and that they were about to introduce measures for establishing liberty of the press, introducing trial by jury, and arming the citizens. On the first of March they declared in the Chambers, that the law of the press passed in 1831, and suspended by order of the Diet, was revived. On the fourth they declared their intention to co-operate with other German Governments in re-constructing the confederation on a more popular basis. Movements of a more violent character were meanwhile in progress in Electoral Hesse. On the first of March a meeting of the Turn-Verein at Hanau appointed a delegation to demand the universally desired reforms from the Elector. On the sixth, simultaneous public meetings of the citizens in Cassel and Hanau petitioned the legislature to the same effect. The Elector yielded with a worse grace than his neighbours, and not till after barricades had

been erected in the streets of Hanau. At Leipzig, a public meeting of citizens held on the first of March, petitioned the King of Saxony to lend his aid in promoting the representation of the German people in the Diet, and the establishment of liberty of the press throughout Germany. Next day a similar step was taken by the University. The King attempted to put off the delegates who presented the petition with fair words, but yielded at last to renewed representations, backed by petitions from various Saxon towns and villages. Bavaria did not remain inactive. Simultaneous meetings held in Munich and Nuremberg on the third of March, adopted the usual petitions for popular representation in the Diet of the Confederation, and liberty of the press. On the 7th a royal proclamation was issued, pledging the King to use his utmost efforts for the attainment of these objects. On the 21st, the King resigned in favour of his son. At Brunswick the movement began on the 5th of March, and in Hanover a few days later.

By the middle of March all the secondary German powers, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, the Hesses ducal and electoral, Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover, had yielded to the popular will. The movement was equally triumphant in the smaller States. The Dukes of Weimar and Gotha surrendered unconditionally on the 8th of March, and Henry LXXII. of Reuss on the 16th. The two great Governments at Vienna and Berlin were equally unable to resist. On the 11th of March the following proclamation was issued by the Emperor of Austria:—"Having taken existing political relations into consideration, we have resolved to assemble around our throne, representatives of our German, Sclavonico, and Lombardo-Venetian territories, in order to receive the benefit of their advice on measures of legislation and administration. To this end we are making arrangements for their meeting at the latest on the 3d of July." The Austrian liberals, however, had no faith in the Government. An *émeute* began in Vienna on the 13th, on the occasion of the presentation of a petition to the Diet of Lower Austria, then in session; Metternich fled; the Government surrendered at discretion, and declared the Diet appointed to meet in June a constitutional assembly. In the Prussian territory there had been political disturbances at Cologne and elsewhere, as early as the 3d of March, and political clubs of all shades of opinion were indefatigably busy at Berlin. The Berlin *émeutes* broke out on the same day as those at Vienna, and the very next day a remarkable proclamation, of which the following is the substance, was issued by the King:—

"We, Frederick William, &c., have, in conjunction with the Austrian Government, invited the confederate German Princes to hold without delay a common consultation on the measures required by the present difficult and dangerous relations of our German fatherland. We are determined to exert ourselves to the utmost for a real regeneration of the German Union, so that the German people really combined, and strengthened by free institutions, but at the same time guarded against anarchy, may re-attain their old greatness, and Germany re-assume its due place in the European system. Be the result of these exertions what they may, they will render necessary the adoption of measures within our own territories which require the co-operation of the States-General, and they are, therefore, summoned to meet in Berlin on the 27th of April."

The period of their meeting was subsequently accelerated in deference to the popular impatience. But even before the States-General met—on the 28th of March—a petition was presented to the King in the name of eighteen of the most important towns of the Rhine Provinces, praying that a Representative Assembly might be substituted for the Estates-General. The consequence was, that the second and last meeting of the States-General of Prussia was opened on the 2d of April simply to have submitted to it on that day a bill for regulating the elections of a Representative Assembly, and on the third a bill for regulating the elections to a German Parliament.

This brief retrospect presents the spectacle of a number of simultaneous struggles between the different German sovereigns and their subjects, in all of which the latter were victorious. Throughout all the German States, from the greatest to the least, the people had, between the 28th of February and the 2d of April, extorted from their Governments extended popular representation, better guarantees for the liberty of the people, and the emancipation of the press. Along with these, concessions had been obtained in almost every instance—a promise to co-operate in a re-construction of the German Confederation, on the principle of annexing to the delegates of the sovereigns, who formerly composed that body, a Representative Assembly elected in proportion to the population from all the States comprised in the Confederation. Hitherto our attention has been concentrated on movements which, though animated by one sentiment, guided by one opinion, were independent, isolated, and confined to local relations. We must now turn back to the period at which this narrative commenced,

in order to trace the combined and concentrated efforts by which the establishment of a central German legislature and government in Frankfurt was brought about.

On the first of March a committee of seven was appointed at a meeting of Liberals in Heidelberg to prepare a draft of a German constitution, and adopt measures for assembling in Frankfurt a body of representatives from as many States as could be persuaded to send delegates. On the 2d of March an "official article" appeared in the Frankfurt *Ober-Post-Amts Zeitung*, in which "the German Diet, as the legal organ of national and political unity in Germany, appealed with confidence to the German Governments and the German people." This appeal is couched in terms sufficiently vague; but it declares that "upon the harmony and co-operation of the Governments and peoples of Germany depends the maintenance of law and tranquillity, of the security of person and property;" and that "Germany must be elevated to the position which is due to it among the nations of Europe, which can only be accomplished by perseverance in the path of legal progress and united development of institutions." On the 9th the Diet issued a proclamation ordering the black, red, and gold flag—the colours of the old German empire—to be hoisted on all the buildings and in all the garrisons of the Confederation. On the 10th a resolution of more importance was passed at a meeting of the Diet: it was resolved to invite every Government belonging to the Confederation to send a delegate possessing the confidence of his fellow-subjects to assist the members of the Diet in preparing a draft of a new constitution for the Confederation, to be presented to the delegates about to assemble in Frankfurt for their approbation. These proclamations and resolutions show the conviction of the envoys of the German Governments who constituted the Council of the Diet at Frankfurt, that the revolution in progress was a reality, and that nothing was left for their masters, but by placing themselves at the head of it to save as much of their power out of the shipwreck as possible.

The proceedings of the Sovereigns represented in the Diet at their respective residences indicated a similar conviction. In the proclamation issued by the King of Prussia on the 14th of March, which has been already quoted, he intimated that "in conjunction with Austria," he had "invited the Confederate German Princes to hold without delay a common council" on the measures required by recent events. The King subsequently explained that envoys from every "vote" in the Diet had been invited to meet at Dresden for this purpose. The meeting did not take place, but towards the close of March accredited delegates from the governments of Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, and Nassau, repaired to Berlin, and after several deliberations with the Prussian ministers, and the Saxon ambassador at that Court, agreed that each of the seventeen votes in the permanent committee (*engerer Rath*) of the Diet should appoint a person enjoying the public confidence to assist the Diet in preparing the plan of a German Constitution.

On the 28th of March the delegates who responded to the call of the Heidelberg committee assembled at Frankfurt to the number of nearly 500. The committee had by this time prepared an elaborate draft of a Constitution. A more concise programme had likewise been prepared by the Diet and the seventeen. The two schemes differed but little in their general outline: that of the Diet, as might have been expected, aimed at retaining a greater amount of direction and influence to the Governments. But the diplomatic fence which ensued between the Vor-Parliament (as the convention of delegates has since been called) had less reference to mere forms than to the question—of incalculable importance for the future—whether the assembling of a German Parliament should appear to proceed from an expression of the national will, or from a spontaneous concession of the Governments?

A meeting of the Diet was held on the 29th of March, at which a committee of eight was appointed to take part in the deliberations of the Vor-Parliament. Three liberal members of the Diet—Willich (Bavaria), Welcker (Baden), Jordan (Electoral Hesse)—appointed since, and in consequence of the revolutionary movements in these States, were placed upon the committee. On the 30th of March the Diet decreed that a Representative Assembly of the whole of Germany should assemble without delay at Frankfurt; that representatives should be elected for every 70,000 souls; and that States whose entire population did not exceed 70,000, should send each one representative. The question in how far the Vor-Parliament could or ought to acquiesce in this assumption of authority on the part of the Diet was keenly debated. On the 2d of April a declaratory motion was submitted to the former body by the delegate Zitz, to the effect that they could not co-operate with the Diet until the "exceptional laws" which had from time to time been passed by it had been rescinded, and the members who supported them ejected. A modification of his motion, so expressed as to avoid a collision with the Governments,

was carried ; but this did not satisfy the ultra-democrats, who seceded from the Vor-Parliament in consequence. It was next day officially intimated to the Vor-Parliament that the Diet had rescinded the exceptional laws the second day, and that the envoys aimed at in M. Zitz's motion were about to send in their resignation to their respective Governments. The seceding minority were satisfied with this result, and resumed their seats. It was agreed that the mode of election to the first German Parliament should be left to the decision of each Government within its own territories. A motion was brought forward by the ultra-democrats in the Vor-Parliament declaring it permanent till the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. This resolution was so far modified on the motion of Heinrich von Gagern, that the Vor-Parliament declared itself "morally permanent," and appointed a committee of fifty (to whom were to be added any Prussian and Austrian delegates who might arrive in the interim), to adopt measures for facilitating the commencement of the Assembly's deliberations. It was agreed that the task of preparing a Constitution should be left to the Assembly.

Members of the German Constituent National Assembly began to appear in Frankfurt about the end of April. They continued to hold preliminary meetings till the 17th of May, when upwards of 300 having arrived, it was resolved formally to constitute the Assembly the next day. This was done with due solemnity ; and arrangements made for verifying the mandates of the Deputies. On the 19th of May, the Assembly proceeded to elect an *Interim* President, and Heinrich von Gagern was chosen by 305 votes out of 397. After the commissions of the Delegates had been verified, it was resolved that a President, two Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries should be elected every month. Von Gagern was again chosen President by a still larger majority, and has been re-elected every month by increasing majorities. On being appointed permanent President, he resigned the office of President of the Darmstadt Cabinet, to devote himself entirely to the business of the National Assembly.

It was soon discovered that the task of preparing a Constitution would involve protracted discussion. In the meantime, the relations of the Constituent Assembly to the Diet, and to the various State Governments of the Confederation, were full of jealousy and difficulties. The conviction rapidly gained ground, that, in order to strengthen the hands of the representatives, it was necessary to combine an interim Central Executive with them. Accordingly a law for establishing a Provisional Central Government in Germany was passed on the 28th of June, by a majority of 450 to 100. This law was in substance as follows :—

"A Provisional Central Power for regulating the public relations of Germany shall be appointed, till such time as the Constitution is completed. To this Provisional Government shall be confided :—1. The executive authority in everything that concerns the security and prosperity of Confederated Germany. 2. The control of the army of the Confederation, with power to appoint commanders-in-chief. 3. The right to act in the name of Germany, in all questions of international or commercial politics ; and, to this end, the appointment of ambassadors and consuls. No voice in the framing of the Constitution is conceded to the Provisional Government. The Provisional Government is empowered to enter into treaties, and to decide on war or peace with Foreign Powers, in concert with the National Assembly. The provisional central authority is to be vested in a Vicar of the Empire (Reichs-verweser), elected by the Assembly. The Vicar of the Empire acts by the instrumentality of ministers, whom he appoints, and who are responsible to the Assembly. The Vicar of the Empire is irresponsible, and cannot be a member of the Assembly. His ministers have a right to be present at the Assembly's deliberations, and to speak, but not to vote, unless they are members. They are bound to attend and give any explanations required by the Assembly. The existence of and authority of the Diet ceases and determines as soon as a Vicar of the Empire is appointed. It is left to the Central Provisional Government to make arrangements with the plenipotentiaries of the Confederated States for the execution of its decrees. As soon as the Constitution has been completed, and has passed into a law, then the authority of the Central Provisional Government ceases and determines."

In conformity with this law, the Assembly proceeded, on the 29th of June, to elect a Vicar of the Empire. Out of 548 votes, 436 were given for the Archduke John of Austria. The dissentients appear to have been influenced in their adverse votes more by a desire to assert a principle,—to take up their ground as a constitutional opposition,—than to oppose the election. Twenty-seven members declined to vote ; 52 voted for Heinrich von Gagern ; 32 for Adam von Itzstein ; and one peculiar gentleman voted for the Archduke Stephen.

Intimation of his election was immediately transmitted by a deputation of seven members of the Assembly, selected from the different parties, to the archduke John at Vienna. He frankly accepted it, with the express sanction of his Court. On his way to Frankfurt he visited several Courts, among others, those of Saxony and Prussia, who expressed their acquiescence in, and approbation of, his election. Soon after his

arrival in Frankfurt, envoys with addresses of recognition and congratulation appeared from several other German Governments. On the 12th of July, the President and members of the Diet present in Frankfurt solemnly resigned their functions to the Vicar of the Empire, and declared their Council finally dissolved. He was presented on the same day to the Assembly, and solemnly vowed obedience to the law under which he had been appointed. His election was confirmed and acquiesced in by the German Governments; but it was made independently of them by the representatives of the German people in the Assembly. As if to render this fact more apparent, seventy-two members entered an explanation on the protocol of the meeting, that they took part in the election solely in the hope that the Governments would acquiesce in it. This expression of submission to the Governments placed all who did not sign it in the position of men who declared that they proceeded to the election in utter indifference to the light in which it might be viewed by the Governments.

The Archduke lost no time in completing the organization of his Government. Previous engagements at Vienna prevented him from immediately taking up his abode at Frankfurt; but on the 15th of July he announced to the Assembly the nomination of a Minister of Home and Foreign Affairs, and Ministers of Justice and of War. The completion of his Cabinet, by the appointment of a President, the distribution of the Home and Foreign departments between two Ministers, and the appointment of Ministers of Finance and Commerce, was notified on the 10th of August. On the 21st of that month, the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated to the Assembly the fact, that ambassadors had been appointed to the French Government, the Court of St. James', and some secondary States of Europe. The Minister of the Interior announced that the King of Hanover, the only German sovereign who had hesitated to recognise without reserve the authority of the Central Power, had intimated his submission. The following note had been received from M. von Bothmer :—"As plenipotentiary of the Hanoverian Government, I have been authorized to acknowledge, without reservation, the authority of the Central Power, and the law by which it has been instituted." The same Minister adverted to the progress made in fitting out a German fleet; an undertaking commenced under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty. The Minister of War reported the progress made in augmenting and completing the organization of the army of the Confederation. The Minister of Finance could only promise to report on the state of the Exchequer of the Confederation on an early day : this promise, however, he fulfilled on the 25th. The German Governments having recognised the Central Government as the legitimate successor of the Council of the Confederation (*Bundesversammlung*), it of course inherits the means and liabilities of that body. The income consists of annual contributions from the different Governments incorporated in the Confederation in proportion to their means, and a separate fund for meeting the costs of the Record Department (*Bundescanzleicasse*), raised by equal contributions from the seventeen votes in the Standing Committee of the Diet. The expenditure of the Diet embraced salaries and pensions, travelling-expenses, expenses of commissions, &c.; but the main outlay was devoted to the maintenance of the fortresses of the Confederation. The funds transferred to the new Ministers of Finance amounted to nearly three millions of florins. Of this, however, considerably more than two millions and a half were in deposit (upon interest) with the house of Rothschild and Sons, and appropriated to the maintenance of the fortresses. The whole amount of cash in hand did not exceed 63,825 florins in the general treasury, and 16,872 in the special treasury of the Record Department. There were arrears due from some of the Governments, but of inconsiderable amount. These, it was subsequently reported, had been promptly and cheerfully paid up. The interim-government could, of course, only raise funds in the manner prescribed by the decrees of the Diet; and the Minister of Finance did not conceal from the Assembly that the expenditure of the Central Power must considerably exceed that of the Diet. In point of fact, the cost of the previously existing shadow of a Central Government, and of diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, had hitherto been borne by the Governments. These would now fall to be disbursed by the Central Treasury; and, in addition to these, the indispensable outlay of the National Assembly. A budget of Ways and Means for the last four months of 1848 was promised for an early day, and a confident hope expressed, that the increased cost of the Central Government might be amply compensated by simplification and reduction of expenditure in each of the Confederate Governments.

In itself, this new central Government of Germany is unquestionably weak. Its pecuniary resources are limited to the revenue which it has inherited from the Diet, and this is obviously inadequate to meet its ordinary expenditure. Whence, then, could

it derive means to defray the expense of reducing to submission a refractory Government or Governments? The Assembly might vote an augmented revenue, but the concurrence of the plenipotentiaries of the different German Governments at Frankfurt would be required to give its vote validity, and the active concurrence of the Governments themselves to carry it into execution. Again, the army of the Central Power is not only raised in contingents by the several Governments from among their own subjects, but each contingent is paid by the Government which raises it. The army of the Central Power is, moreover, only a small part of the troops kept permanently on foot by the Governments. The fortresses are nominally in the hands of the central Government, but they are garrisoned by troops in the equivocal position we have pointed out. The expense they entail is certain; the strength they bestow dubious; nor are they all immediately in the hands of the central power. Landau is directly administered and maintained by Bavaria. The Central Government can only act by and through the State Governments; and is dependent upon their continued goodwill for the power of enforcing its decrees. Its *interim* character necessarily adds to its weakness. Foreign Governments cannot be expected to negotiate with it, instead of the separate States of the Confederation, until time, and the visible appearance of confirmed strength, afford them a guarantee that it can compel the whole of Germany to fulfil its engagements. The doubts of foreigners will re-act upon public opinion at home, and enfeeble it there also. The central power is very weak; and without an efficient executive Government to uphold and defend it, a legislative assembly is but a name.

On the other hand, the State Governments of Germany are equally weak, if not more so. The central Government is the creation quite as much of the Governments as the people of Central Germany. Before a national assembly was called together, all power had passed into the hands of the popular party in Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Nassau, the Hesses, ducal and electoral, Brunswick, and Saxony. In all these States the sovereigns were in the hands of ministries more or less liberal, dependent for their continuance in office upon their power to command parliamentary majorities. In all these States, the predominant public feeling was, that the German Confederation, as organized in 1815, was merely a device for enabling Austria and Prussia to encourage or compel the minor Governments of Germany to resist the progress of liberal opinion, and withhold free institutions. The Frankfurt Diet was felt to be powerless for good, powerful to frustrate the exertions of liberal representative assemblies and ministers, even when countenanced by honest and well-disposed princes. It was the irresistible pressure of this feeling that occasioned the universal breaking up of institutions of the States we have named in March last; a shattering of dynasties as startling and complete as the *débacle* of the Rhine or Danube. The convention of a constituent assembly for Germany, with a view to the construction of a central Government, was proposed by the ministers of those countries as a measure of necessity. There was no escape from impending anarchy, except by calling into existence a central power to uphold the local Governments, or inviting the armies of Austria and Prussia to restore order by force. Subsequent events have shown that neither Austria nor Prussia was in a condition to take such a step; but even though their power had been as great as it was believed to be, their intervention was likely to have proved as fatal to the authority of the Governments as to the liberties of the people. The secondary sovereigns of Germany sought shelter under a central power from the encroachments of Austria and Prussia. Under the former they might retain some of their former pomp and power; under the latter they were almost certain to be mediatized. The constituent assembly and the central power are the work quite as much of the professional statesmen as of the people of that large part of Germany which lies south of the Hanoverian and Prussian territories, and extends from the Rhine to the Elbe.

His truculent majesty of Hanover, and such petty refractories as the Duke of Sachsen-Meiningen, must follow, however reluctantly, in the wake of the higher powers. In point of fact, therefore, the question, whether there shall be a free and united Germany, depends upon the disposition of Austria and Prussia, and the comparative power of these Governments to oppose, and of the governments of Central Germany to promote it. The German territories held by Austria are, the Tyrol, Austria Proper, Bohemia, and the strip of country stretching southward to Trieste. Of resistance to the central power, if duly supported by the States which have called it into existence, Austria is at this moment incapable. The cabinet at Vienna holds the Sclavonic, Magyar, and Italian provinces, upon a precarious tenure; and the administration of the German provinces is less in its hands than in those of the populace of the capital. The Austrian finances are

notoriously in a state of bankruptcy, and the nobles, who constitute the strength of the Metternich party, are equally embarrassed. The extravagant expenditure with which the wide-domained magnates of the Austrian empire have so long imposed upon Europe, has drained their resources to the lowest ebb. For some years back they have impetrated from their Government the extraordinary privilege of raising money upon the issue of notes or bills for indeterminate periods, a certain amount of which were to be redeemed from time to time, the number to be redeemed on each occasion to be decided by lottery. The market has in consequence been flooded with a bastard paper-money, bearing the names of Esterhazy, Windischgratz, Waldstein, &c. The amounts for which notes were issued were so low and the chances of gain apparently so great, that they were greedily caught up by the poorer classes. A gambling spirit was thus diffused through the whole of society, the course of the exchange was deranged, and the apparently wealthy Austrian nobility placed in the condition of men who live by keeping a *rouge et noir* bank. The re-action of this semi-swindling method of raising the wind materially contributed to the paralysis of all government in Austria. The high aristocrats avail themselves of the imbecility of the Emperor, the clannish fidelity of the Tyrolese, and the national antipathies of the mixed population of the empire, to obstruct the establishment of a constitutional administration, and the incorporation of German Austria into the German Confederation; but the beggary of the imperial treasury, and of the peculiar treasuries of the re-actionary magnates, disenables them to establish a Government of their own. The German sentiment is probably weaker in the Austrian territories than in any other part of Germany; but the Austrian Government can do nothing; and the election of an Austrian prince to be Vicar of the empire cannot fail to flatter the subjects of his family, and strengthen the German party among them.

Austria is only in part, Prussia is entirely a German power. The Prussian civil administration is highly centralized, and for all purposes of mere routine administration the departments are admirably organized and well manned. The army is numerous, efficient, and ably officered. But the finances of Prussia, though by no means in such a wretched state as those of Austria, are far from being in a condition to admit of a decided hostile action against the central power on the part of the Government. A highly centralized administration is necessarily a costly one, and the Prussian army is much larger than the means of the State warrant. The greater part of the Prussian public revenue is raised by taxes; the income from the domains—a civil list having been set apart, has been in part devoted to contribute to the ordinary public expenditure, in part mortgaged to the national debt. The Crown was pledged not to increase the debt except after consulting and obtaining the consent of the States General, to whose functions and privileges a representative Assembly has succeeded. It was (though unavoidably) the impending necessity of contracting more debt that led to the convening of the States General in April, 1847; and the hampered condition of Prussian finance contributes materially to keep the king so tame. There is another reason: the German party is strong in the monarchy. In the part of Saxony and in the Rhine provinces incorporated into it, this party is decidedly in the majority. The constitutional party in the old Prussian territories is obliged to strengthen itself by an alliance with the German party of new Prussia. This state of affairs in a country where every man is educated, and every man trained to arms, neutralizes the immense standing army. At this moment (October 5) an army of well-nigh 50,000 men, with 80 field-pieces, and all the munitions of war, is concentrated in the immediate vicinity of Berlin; a military man of daring temper has been placed at the head of the Cabinet; and yet the king is obliged to temporize with and yield to not only his own Prussian Constituent Assembly, but to that which is sitting in Frankfurt. He dare not use his soldiers against the one, nor appeal to Prussian nationality against the other.

At present, therefore, all appearances are in favour of the Central Government and legislature of Germany being able to gain time, and thereby consolidate and extend their authority. A deeper glance into the constitution of German society tends rather to confirm than invalidate this opinion. There are in favour of the permanence and growth of the central authority material benefits which it alone can confer—that general conformity of opinion and sentiment which constitutes a nation—and some scattered institutional elements wherefrom to frame a constitution.

The material benefits to be derived from the union of Germany into a confederate State with a central Government, are many. The treaty of Vienna declared that all navigable rivers within the territory of the Confederation should be free throughout their course to the subjects of the *états riverains*. The Diet was unable to enforce this convention. On the 17th of July a petition from the shipping interest of Ulm was presented

to the Constituent Assembly at Frankfurt, which shows that this article of the treaty of Vienna has been systematically contravened on the Danube. On the Rhine and Maine the want of an efficient central authority has prevented the improvement of the navigation, and left Holland at liberty to injure materially the shipping interest of Germany. The pertinacity of Hanover in exacting the injurious toll-dues at Stade, on the Elbe, is another consequence of the want of a real central Government. The existence of the Zollverein is a further proof how much the material interests of Germany require a central authority. According to the original draft of a constitution for the Confederation by Von Stein, commercial intercourse between the various States of the Union was to be emancipated from all customs duties. The duties levied on the Rhine and sea-frontiers were to be such only as were required for purposes of revenue, and were to be levied and appropriated by the central authority of the Confederation. The omission of this provision in the Act of Confederation rendered necessary the imperfect substitution of a Prussian Zollverein, which has embraced only part of Germany, and has been thwarted and counteracted by Austria on the one hand, and the Hanoverian and Oldenburgh Customs' League on the other. Again, about the beginning of the present year, two conventions of delegates from German States were held in Leipzig. The object of the one was to devise a general law of monetary exchange for Germany, of the other to devise the means of establishing a general German Post-office. There is not a mercantile man in Germany who does not feel the importance of carrying these two measures; but the necessity of subjecting the plans agreed upon by the conventions to the separate discussions and modifications of every German legislature rendered the realization of them hopeless. The extension of the railroad system in Germany has added a new motive for wishing to have it incorporated under one central Government. And the external as well as the internal relations of Germany have conspired to confirm the desire for unity. It has been found that the petty princes among whom it was partitioned are ever ready to purchase from the foreigner seeming advantages for themselves, or even mere flattery to their vanity, at the expense of the general interests of Germany.

The existence of a general national sentiment in Germany is as certain as the community of its material interests. The mass of the population springs from four great stems—the Frank, the Bavarian, the Suabian, and the Saxon—all speaking dialects of one tongue. These were subjected to one sovereign by Charlemagne, and severed from that portion of his dominions in which *romance* tongues prevailed on the extinction of his family. The Wendish element of population in the north-east, and the Sclavonian in the south-east, have been more or less Germanized by the establishment of German colonies and the introduction of German institutions. Germany derived its moral and religious culture mainly from the Church of Rome; but on its eastern frontier the influence of Greek missionaries encountered and set limits to those of Rome. To this was owing the struggle respecting the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in both elements, of which Bohemia was the centre, but which also spread over Austria, Tyrol, and great part of Bavaria, paving the way for a fair hearing to the apostles of the Lutheran and Zwinglian reforms. The early development of the mining industry of Meissen and the Harz districts, combined with their position on the line of one of the great commercial routes of Germany, accelerated the intellectual and industrial development of these provinces, contributed to their becoming the fortresses and cities of refuge of the Reformation in Germany, and to the ascendency which their dialect has obtained in the literature of the land. The classical language of Germany—enriched as it has been by the great writers of the latter half of last century, and their successors in the present, has helped to cast the minds of all Germans in one mould. The numerous Universities of Germany, more intimately connected with practical professional and political life than those of any other country, have aided in the development of a national spirit. Previous to 1846, the Austrian army was manned and officered by recruits from all parts of the empire; during the depressed era of Prussia which followed the battle of Jena, her best officers sought service in the ranks of other German princes, and the Bavarian army, in particular, was mainly organized by them; of late years every prince in Germany has eagerly and systematically recruited the ranks both of his civil and military services, by the best talents that he could win from neighbouring states. Not a few landed proprietors hold estates under more than one Government; some sovereign princes were members of Prussian Diets in virtue of property they possessed in its provinces. Lastly, the commercial towns of one State are not unfrequently dependent on the manufacturing towns of another for their most profitable transactions. All these crossing and intersecting relations have

nourished among the Germans the sense of a common nationality.

Lastly, there are existing institutions in Germany which admit of being made the stem whereon a united Government may be grafted. Till 1806 Germany was at least nominally an empire. The extinction of Charlemagne's family, and the substitution of an elective emperor, had, it is true, favoured the early development of territorial sovereignties. Long before the Prussian monarch assumed the title of king, the suzeraineté of the emperor over the more powerful families was little more than a name. But it at least imparted a uniformity to the institutions of the various States favourable to their re-combination. The ambition of Prussia and Austria, and still more perhaps of the *parvenu* kinglings of the Confederation of the Rhine, prevented the amalgamation of Germany into one State, as was contemplated by Von Stein and other high-minded patriots of 1813; but the imperfect German Confederation, and its feeble Diet in Frankfurt, at least preserved the tradition of the empire. And now the Central Government, by the express declarations of the German sovereigns, succeeds to the authority of the Diet, and is to receive extended powers. It finds a Zollverein already existing over great part of Germany, of which it is the most natural administrator. It finds the first steps taken towards the establishment of a uniform post-office system, of which it, too, will be the natural administrator. The necessity of a uniform commercial code for Germany is proclaimed aloud, and the draft of an exchange law has been promulgated and generally approved: one commercial code for Germany implies one supreme court at least for appeals, and here is another instrument of central power.

Material wants, national sentiment, fragmentary institutions, admitting of further development and combination—all are in favour of the permanence and growth of the central power. The obstacles in the way of its consolidation are:—the personal ambition of sovereigns; the numerous organized armies of the more important States; the interests of the bureaucracies which swarm in Germany; and the aristocracy who turn the vanity of monarchs and the pageantry and profit of civil and military employment alike to their advantage. But the power of the aristocracy has been effectually broken in Germany. Many old families have died out. Von Stein mentions one province in which the imperial equestrian families who about the year 1700 were 140 in number, had dwindled away to four in 1825. The beggared condition of the great Austrian magnates has already been alluded to. A large amount of landed property—partly by the extinction of noble families, partly by the secularization and sale of Church lands, and the sale of crown domains—has passed to the bourgeoisie. Manufacturing and mercantile wealth has of late years rapidly increased in Germany. The sovereigns are effectually checked within their own territories by the rights they have conceded to elective legislatures. And where both kings and nobles are poor, neither armies nor civil officials are implicitly to be relied upon.

To all human appearance, a central constitutional Government is a necessity of the time and country. And upon this more than on any other consideration we are disposed to rely in the attempt to conjecture the future course and result of the German revolution. Of the men who have taken a prominent part in the convulsion it is too early to pronounce a decided opinion. Von Gagern has displayed a rare talent for directing the discussions of a popular assembly: Lichnowski (the early lost) on the conservative side, and Venedey on the Liberal, with many others, have displayed undoubted aptitude for debate and business. And what is of still more importance, this *impromptu* assembly collected from all parts of Germany, composed of men for the most part new to political business, has shown a readiness to conform to the rules of a legislative assembly, a diffidence in its own judgments, and withal a degree of courage that could scarcely have been anticipated. Discussions of the most heterogeneous nature, yet of the most urgent importance, cannot fail to force themselves upon this inexperienced body—foreign relations, commercial policy, the conflicting clains of the privileged and popular classes, not impossibly ecclesiastical reforms. It is easy to foresee many absurd controversies fiercely urged, and many impolitic measures rashly adopted. But the ease with which the red republicans of Germany have been suppressed during the paralysis of all government, and the general character of the German sovereigns, afford grounds for hope that time will be given to clear up erroneous conceptions, and retract false steps. The condition of neighbouring States is also favourable to the prosecution of the important experiment now making in Germany.

On the whole the balance of probabilities appears to incline to the opinion that the German revolution is a *fait accompli;* that the central power with its national assembly is, in the language of English journalism, "a great fact."

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ART. I.—1. *Trois Mois au Pouvoir.* Par M. de LAMARTINE. Paris, 1848.
2. *Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière, Ex-Prefect of Police and Representative of the People.* 2 vols. London, 1848.
3. *Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux.* Par EMILE THOMAS. Paris, 1848.
4. *La Révolution de Fevrier au Luxembourg.* Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1848.
5. *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété, ou, Recherches sur le Principe du Droit et du Gouvernement.* Par P. J. PROUDHON. Première édition, Paris, 1840; Nouvelle édition, Paris, 1848.
6. *Le Droit au Travail à l'Assemblée Nationale, Recueil Complet de tous les Discours prononcés dans cette Mémorable Discussion; avec une Introduction et des Notes.* Par M. JOSEPH GARNIER. Paris, 1848.
7. *De la Propriété.* Par M. A. THIERS. Edition augmentée. Paris, 1848.
8. *Le Socialisme; Droit au Travail, Réponse à* M. THIERS. Par LOUIS BLANC. Paris, 1848.
9. *Lettres sur l'organization du Travail; ou Etudes sur les Principales Causes de la Misère.* Par MICHAEL CHEVALIER. Paris, 1848.
10. *Jérome Paturot à la Recherche de la Meilleure des Républiques.* Par LOUIS REYBAUD. Paris, 1848.

AT the moment that the dynasty of Louis-Philippe was overthrown, the sovereignty of France fell into the hands of the people of Paris. What use they were to make of the opportunity, what character they were to give to the Revolution that they had just effected, depended on the collective tenor at that moment of their political prepossessions and wishes. What those prepossessions and wishes were, however, it has required subsequent events to make clear.

One thing, indeed, was decided from the very beginning. France was to be a Republic. Abolishing royalty, and accounting the events of the preceding fifty years as a mere interruption, in part splendid and in part disastrous, of the great career of self-government that had been begun in 1792, the French people were now to resume that career in a new spirit, and under better auspices. So much may be said to have been agreed upon from the first; it was virtually settled by the people in the streets, and if there were any dissentients, they were obliged to hide themselves. Another point also may be said to have been settled at the same time; namely, that the Republic thus revived was to be a Republic based on universal suffrage. To stop at a restricted system of suffrage, such as satisfied the men of the first Revolution, was doubtless impossible. At all events the attempt was not made.

A Republic, then, and a Republic based on universal suffrage, such was the lowest result that the people would accept from the Revolution of February. To this all classes were obliged to make up their minds, Louis-Philippists and Legitimists, Politicians and Bourgeoisie; and all that the more moderate spirits of the country could hope was, that by uniting their efforts they might be able to arrest the movement at this stage, and prevent it from going any farther.

To English readers, accustomed to regard a Republic, and above all, a Republic based on universal suffrage, as a condition of things beyond which nothing else exists to be either desired or dreaded, these words "any farther" may appear strange. But when

it is considered that the word Republic is only the name for a particular method of electing the governors of a country, and that it implies nothing as to the set of principles that shall prevail in the Government, except indeed a certain conformity at all times to the will of the majority, this wonder will vanish, and it will be seen how among Republicans themselves there may be differences of moderate and extreme. One class of persons, for example, may desire a Republic as an end, and for its own sake, that is from a mere general conviction that this is the likeliest form of Government to secure the prosperity of a nation; another class of persons may desire it rather as a means, in other words, from a conviction that, if this form of Government were established, then certain favourite theories that they are obliged in the meantime to keep in reserve, might be put in practice. It was precisely so in Paris on the 24th of February last. The effective Revolutionists of that day were not a single compact body feeling together and moving together; they were a great straggling multitude, of which one battalion marched far in advance of the rest. One portion of them desired a Republic because they believed it would put an end to the corruption that existed, and secure better government for the future; but many desired it more expressly because they had predetermined in heir own minds certain things that they would do when they had got it.

Of the moderate Republican party, desiring the Republic for its own sake, or at least for the sake of the general prospect of good that it held out, the natural leaders were Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, and other members of the small radical section in the old Chamber of Deputies. Their chief organ out of doors was the *National* newspaper, edited by Marrast. To them was attached the generous and high-souled Lamartine. If not a Republican before in the precise sense in which they had been Republicans, he had at least had democratic visions of his own; he had fought the battle of reform along with them, and had stood boldly when Barrot had flinched; and now that the hour of the Republic was come, he had been the first to close with it and lend it his voice.

Such was the Moderate Republican party, the recognised and traditional Republicans of France, the successors and admirers of Armand Carrel, called from the position of a small minority of Parliamentary Radicals, to a supreme place in the eyes of the nation. To indicate the nature of their prepossessions and views, they may be called the Political Republicans, that is, the Republicans who having all along directed their efforts to the establishment of a Republic as an end, were willing, now that the end was gained, to wait for the response of the people. Very different from these were the Republicans that remain to be described. Confident that the Republic would come, but weary of waiting for it, they had turned their attention, in the meantime, by way of preparation, to certain deep social questions, the settlement of which, they believed, would form the first and principal business of the Republic whenever it should arrive. In the preliminary study of these questions, in the search beforehand for solutions or even approximate solutions to some of them, they were already, they believed, serving the future Republic, at the same time that they were procuring intellectual pleasure for themselves. "Let others," they said, "strive in the political arena to bring in the Republic; we will assist them when it is necessary to do so, but meanwhile we will rehearse our parts in an imaginary Republic of our own." These were the Social, or the Social and Democratic Republicans, that is, the Republicans who, in virtue of the zeal with which they had studied certain social changes that they thought would take place in a Republic, had come to value the Republic itself chiefly as a means for bringing about those changes. They had kept their promise, indeed, of fighting for the Republic when the chance came, nay, they had fought with double ardour; but they had fought with doctrines in their heads, and, when the fight was over, they stood aloof from their companions and attempted to dictate. "You have done your part," they said, "in achieving the Republic; and now we will show you what to do with it." Let us examine a little more closely into the constitution of this party, and the nature of its tenets.

The grand peculiarity of the party consisted, as all know, in certain sanguine preconceptions that it entertained as to the possibility of a sudden amelioration of the condition of the working-classes.

The father of these new social speculations in their most general form was Saint-Simon. It was he who, more than thirty years before, had thrown forth the idea, since become familiar, that a great crisis of European society was at hand, when not only should industrial interests assume the preponderance in politics, but the industrial mind itself should seize the administration; it was he that had set the example to theorists of a certain class, by proposing his ideal of society as it should be,—an ideal which consisted in a supposed hierarchical arrangement of all the members on the one great principle, that

as it were, upon a given weight of earth, every man should be stationed according to his capacity, and paid in proportion to his services; and it was from him also, or at least from his school, that had emanated the proposition, so subversive in its purpose, for reducing all men to an original equality of chances, by abolishing the law of inheritance. Many of the Saint-Simonians, it is true, had abandoned their attitude of hostility to the existing *régime*, and, retaining their doctrines only as speculations, had even taken office as public functionaries. Others, however, maintaining their character as members of a Church-militant, had joined the ranks of the democracy, adapting the Saint-Simonian creed for immediate service, and suiting portions of it to the popular taste. Of these the most eminent was Pierre Leroux, the founder of a philosophic sect called Humanitarians. His most distinguished pupil, and his assistant in the work of disseminating his peculiar democratic generalities among the people, was George Sand.

Tributary to this great stream of Saint-Simonian speculation, were the theories of the Fourierists. From them had emanated the doctrine of co-operation, as applied to industry; the idea of associating mankind universally into little communities, or phalanxes, by the operation of their natural inclinations and tastes, each community to form a united firm or copartnership of various trades; drawing their provision from a common fund, and dividing the profits periodically among the members, according to the three categories of Labour, Capital, and Talent; labour to share as five, capital as four, and talent as three, in the distribution. In this scheme of the Fourierists, it will be observed, and particularly in its subordination of capital and talent to labour, there was, as compared with the scheme of the Saint-Simonians, a decidedly levelling tendency, a decided tendency to assimilate human conditions, and make all men socially equal. And yet, in recognising capital and talent at all as entitled to consideration in the distribution of material advantages, Fourier clearly meant to uphold private property, and to assert some degree of social inequality to be necessary and inevitable. Still there was enough of absolute chartism in the system to make it a powerful democratic engine; and, accordingly, among the democratic forces at work in France before the Revolution of February, may be reckoned the whole body of the Phalangsterians or Fourierists, represented in the press by the *Democratie Pacifique*, and other journals, and headed in the public eye by Victor Considérant, their ablest man, and the ordained successor of Fourier. How little, however, the Fourierists were expecting the speedy arrival of the democratic epoch that they longed for, or how little they desired a social outbreak at all, is shown by the fact, that only a month or two before the Revolution, Considérant in dedicating (without permission) the third edition of his *Destinée Sociale* to Louis-Philippe, expressed a hope that the King himself might yet lay the foundation-stone of the first Phalangstère, and thereby win an honour for the dynasty of Orleans.

A more formidable contribution to the new democratic philosophy than either the magnificent generalities of the Saint-Simonians, or the impracticable schemes of the Fourierists, were the theories of the so-called Communists. The peculiarity of Communism, as compared with either Saint-Simonianism or Fourierism, consists in its total abrogation of all social inequality between man and man. Saint-Simonianism, we have seen, is almost an aristocratic creed: it proposes, indeed, a revolution in the present order of things, but the system of society that it would build up instead, would be a gorgeous hierarchy of functions, spiritual and temporal, in form resembling the Catholic system of the Middle Ages, all authority proceeding from above downwards. Fourierism, on the other hand, would arrange mankind in corporations smaller and larger on a level platform, each corporation, from the smallest to the largest, delegating the powers of government upwards to officers chosen by itself. So far, therefore, it is more democratic, more republican in its spirit than Saint Simonianism. Even Fourierism, however, retains differences of rank and wealth, and stops short of absolute social equality. To both systems alike Communism says, No. Absolute and entire social equality, in other words, absolute and entire equality in respect of the material advantages of life, notwithstanding all the natural inequalities of health, strength, talent, virtue, and energy, that do subsist, and perhaps will ever continue to subsist, between man and man; this is essentially what Communism demands. It does not necessarily deny the natural inequalities that have been alluded to; it may or it may not hold these inequalities to be temporary and destined to gradual extinction as society advances; it does not even necessarily deny that they should exert an influence over the mass of human relations; but it maintains, at least, that any such influence ought to be confined to the feelings, to the purely moral relations between soul and soul, and ought to have no issue into the sphere of material things. All human beings, whatever they may be in the eye of the Infinite, are here but citizens of one common planet, crowded,

and mingling also, it must be added, with much of wilful and deliberate profligacy, the three systems of doctrine have at length become diffused, in the double form of a moral restlessness and a special intellectual tendency, through the whole of French society. In Paris, in Lyons, and in all the other great centres of French industry—wherever, in short, there are clubs, reading-rooms, debating-societies, meetings of young men, there, based on the general Saint-Simonian expectation of a splendid future for the working-classes, are discussed the means of bringing it about. The French *ouvriers*, especially the printers, cabinet-makers, weavers, designers, and members of such other trades as usually furnish in this country the more intelligent class of Chartists, are said to have a wonderful aptitude for such speculations. Generalities and verbal formulæ that are here confined to men of special culture, are there familiar in the *Atelier*. The idea, hardly yet current in the literature of this country, that as the working-classes of Europe have already passed successively through the three stages of slavery, serfdom, and hired service, so there may be yet a fourth stage in reserve for them, as superior to hired service as hired service is to serfdom, or serfdom to slavery—is in France the growing faith of the working-classes themselves. In Paris, especially, such views are common; they are to the Parisian *ouvriers* what the points of the Charter are to the workmen of Manchester or London. Nor is this a fact of yesterday. While Louis-Philippe was still on the throne, and while the Duke of Orleans was still the heir-apparent, ideas and feelings that never found their way to the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and that were unknown in the breasts of representatives of the people, were rife in the workshops of Paris.

Upon the whole, the tendency of the workmen seems to have been towards the most thorough and levelling of the three systems—to wit, Communism. The form, however, in which they liked to conceive the doctrines of Communism, appears to have been not the vague pictorial form of Cabet, but that more specific and practical form that had been provided for them in 1839, by Louis Blanc in his *Organization du Travail;* the peculiarity of that form consisting, as all know, in its supposed fitness as a means of transition out of the present condition of society into the condition that is to succeed it. Raising a capital by way of loan from the community, the State, said Louis Blanc, ought to expend that capital in the establishment of a limited number of national workshops in various departments of industry; these workshops to be organized on the principle of strict community or equality, so that all the workmen, contributing each according to their power in the matter of labour, should receive the same exact share of the profits. These workshops, forming as it were so many new organic centres, in the midst of a society viciously constituted on the principle of individualism or unlimited competition, would gradually work a change on that society, penetrating it farther and farther the longer they remained in operation, till at length the organization on the principle of association would pervade the whole.

Seizing, for the most part, on this swift and simple form of Communism, the workmen of Paris adopted also the phrase that had accompanied it, *Organization of Labour*. There was in this phrase a convenience for the occasion, as well as intrinsic aptness. It was general enough to include all the varieties of opinion that it was desirable at the moment to harmonize. Communism meant one thing, Fourierism another, Saint-Simonianism a third; but all three were included in the phrase, *Organization of Labour*. Somewhat more of precision, indeed, might have been secured by the adoption of the more lengthy formula—*Organization of Labour on the co-operative principle;* which, while it would have included all the Communists and Fourierists, would have excluded hardly any of the democratic Saint-Simonians. But the shorter watchword was, upon the whole, the best. In converting this watchword, however, into a name for the party agreeing to use it, there was a difficulty. *Organizationists of Labour* would have been too clumsy: it was necessary, therefore, to find a synonym. The word *Socialists* here presented itself. Equally precise and equally vague with the practical signification that it was meant to have, it was at once adopted. Whether used by itself, or lengthened, for the purpose of more strict political contrast, into the name *Social Republicans*, it indicated exactly the hopes and tendencies of the party, their devotion to a particular class of speculations, their eagerness for a social rather than a mere political Revolution. The old Saint-Simonian philosophers; the Humanitarian, Pierre Leroux, and his disciple George Sand; the Fourierist, Victor Considérant, and his whole school; Babouvists, or Equalitarian Communists, if any such existed; Fraternal or Icarian Communists of the school of Cabet; the political aspirant Louis Blanc, and whoever were willing to support his scheme,—all could co-operate provision-

ally, and for present ends, under the name of Socialists or Social Republicans. Nay, the name would include men not exactly belonging to any class, not pledged to any system; men, on the one hand, like the expriest Lamennais, believing, with hazy eye, in a mystic Future unlike all the Past; or men, on the other, like Ledru-Rollin, already at work in the field of politics, and often startling his colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies, by unwelcome talk of certain miseries out of doors that it was the business of Parliaments to attend to.

Such were the two great parties that rushed forward to seize the sovereignty that Louis-Philippe had dropped—the Political Republicans, who wanted only to eradicate monarchy and maintain order till the population of France should declare its will; and the Social Republicans, who wanted, if possible, to confiscate the Revolution immediately in behalf of certain ideas, more or less precise, that they had in their heads.

At the first moment of the Revolution, the two parties, as yet imperfectly known to each other, found themselves in coalition, like men standing among the ruins left by a fire. Of the eleven persons hastily placed in the Provisional Government by the necessity of the hour—some by popular acclamation in the Chamber, and others by the activity of democratic clubs in the city—seven, namely, Dupont de l'Eure, aged 81 years, Arago, aged 61, Lamartine, aged 57, Crémieux, aged 51, Marie, aged 52, Garnier-Pagès and Marrast, each aged about 40, were Political; and four, namely, Ledru-Rollin, aged 40, Louis Blanc, aged 34, Ferdinand Flocon, and Albert (Ouvrier), aged 32, were Social Republicans. In dividing them thus, we judge from the tenor of their subsequent conduct; the distinction had not yet declared itself, nor even now is it possible to arrange them exactly with a reference to their minuter differences. Of the four that we have named as Social Republicans, Louis Blanc alone could be called a Socialist by system. The other three, however, sympathized so far with him as to form a party in his favour; and as the *National* was the organ of the more moderate party, so Ledru-Rollin lent his paper, the *Réforme*, to represent the views of himself and his associates.

And now began the struggle between the two parties. From the windows of the Hotel de Ville, Lamartine withstood the crowd demanding that the red flag should be hoisted as the flag of the Republic, and secured the triumph of the tricolor. The red flag, although not demanded by the minority of the Provisional Government, would have been a symbol that they could have accepted. It was the rough popular assertion of their own view that, now that the Republic was obtained, something thorough should be done with it. But if so far the spirit of moderation prevailed, yet in giving to the Revolution its name and character, in stamping upon it the impress that was to distinguish it in history from all preceding Revolutions, in deciding what were to be its first acts and proclamations, the extreme party won the day. This was natural. The Political Republicans, having never looked beyond the act of acquiring the Republic, did not know what to do with it now that they had it in their hands. The abolition of capital punishment for political offences was indeed a splendid inspiration, worthy of a poet swaying the heart of a people. But other things than the abolition of the guillotine for statesmen were required from the Revolution; and what these things should be, only the Socialist members of the Government could say. They, therefore, stepped forward, and relieved their colleagues of all trouble in the matter. "You attend to the foreign nations," they virtually said to Lamartine; "we will manage France." Arago, Marrast, and the rest, were taken by surprise or overpowered; and the following manifestos went forth to the country in succession:—

"DECREE, 25*th February* 1848.

"The Provisional Government of the French Republic binds itself to guarantee the existence of the workman by labour;

"It binds itself to guarantee labour to all citizens;

"It recognises the right of workmen to associate among themselves for the enjoyment of the legitimate profits of their labour;

"The Provisional Government restores to the workmen, to whom it belongs, the million that falls in of the Civil List."

"DECREE, 27*th February* 1848.

"The Provisional Government Decrees the immediate establishment of National Workshops.

"The Minister of Public Works is charged with the execution of this Decree."

"PROCLAMATION, 28*th February* 1848.

"Considering that the Revolution made by the people should be made for them;

"That it is time to put an end to the long and unjust sufferings of labourers;

"That the question of labour is of supreme importance;

"That there is nothing more high, more worthy the thoughts of a Republican Government;

"That it pertains above all to France to study ardently and resolve a problem now pending in all the industrial nations of Europe;

"That it is necessary without the least delay to guarantee to the people the legitimate fruits of their labour;

"The Provisional Government of the Republic Decrees:

"A permanent commission, to be called *Commission of Government for the Labouring Classes*, shall be appointed with the express and special charge of attending to the condition of those classes.

"To show what importance the Provisional Government of the Republic attaches to the solution of this great problem, it names as President of the Commission for the Labouring Classes, one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, and as Vice-President another of its members, M. Albert, workman.

"Workmen shall be called to take part in the Commission.

"The seat of the Commission shall be at the Palace of the Luxembourg."

In these three Decrees* we have the germ of the whole Revolution, so far as it assumed a peculiar character. Take away these Decrees and their sequel of consequences, and the movement is bereft of all originality, and becomes but a repetition, in somewhat new circumstances, of what occurred in 1792. Three things, it will be observed, are included in the Decrees—1st, The adoption by the Republic of the abstract principle, that the State is bound to guarantee the means of subsistence to all its citizens; 2d, The establishment of national workshops; 3d, The establishment of a commission to inquire, with a view to future legislation, into the whole question of the condition of the working-classes. Of the abstract principle so boldly adopted by the Republic we shall yet have to speak; meanwhile let us trace the history of the two practical measures, upon whose success or failure it very much depended whether the principle itself would be retained or abandoned.

And, first, of the national workshops, the famous *Ateliers Nationaux*, organized not by Louis Blanc, as people in this country persist in believing, (misled by the force of the association between his name and theirs,) but by the Minister of Public Works, M. Marie, on principles of his own, against the will of Louis Blanc, as now appears, and with the express intention, it is said, of lessening his influence with the people.

The number of men that the Revolution found or threw out of employment in Paris must have been very great. The first business of the Republic, and especially of a Republic that had acknowledged the right of all to the means of subsistence, must be to provide work for these men. There was but one way of doing this; to look out, namely, for whatever public works, such as levelling, draining, road making, were in progress, or could be begun anywhere in the neighbourhood of Paris, and to employ the men on these. This was, accordingly, what was actually done. On the 1st of March, public works of this description were begun at several points in Paris and its neighbourhood; at one place 1500 men, including members of all professions, were set to work, digging and levelling; at another 600 men were employed in terrace-making; at another 800 men in cutting a road; and altogether, in one way or other, about 5000 men were provided with a means of livelihood. Each of the spots where this work was going on, was called an *Atelier National;* and the mode of admission was as follows: Any workman producing at the *mairie* of his *arrondissement* a certificate from his landlord proving him a resident of Paris, was to be furnished with a ticket of admission to the *Ateliers Nationaux*, which ticket was to entitle him to employment at any *Atelier* not already full.

Soon, however, all the *Ateliers* were full; and hundreds of workmen were going about from place to place with useless tickets, fatigued and discontented. They were entitled indeed to a daily allowance of one franc fifty centimes, on showing a certificate that they had applied and could not be admitted, but this rather increased the confusion. At this moment, M. Emile Thomas, a citizen pursuing on a large scale the profession of industrial or manufacturing chemist, and who till then had taken no part in politics, presented himself with an introduction to M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, and detailed a scheme that he had in view for regulating the *Ateliers Nationaux*. This

* Caussidière relates some curious particulars relative to the discussions in the Provisional Government in the matter of these Decrees. The first, recognising the general principle of the Right to Labour, was passed within twenty-four hours after the victory of the people, and also, it appears, without hesitation, general principles being cheap, and some social declaration absolutely inevitable. Here, however, Arago, Lamartine, and others of the Moderate party wished to stop, the Provisional Government being bound, they said, to abstain from deciding any question whatever. But an empty abstraction would not satisfy the people, nor their Socialist representatives in the Government. The trades came in procession with banners to the Hotel de Ville, and demanded through their delegates a Ministry of Labour. Louis Blanc supported the prayer of the people, and threatened to resign if it were refused. Arago adjured him by his grey hairs to renounce this terrible idea of the organization of labour, but in vain. At length Marrast and Garnier-Pagès proposed as a compromise, a Commission of Inquiry, instead of a Ministry. The third Decree was accordingly written. "It is very strong; it is very strong," said Marrast, as he signed it.

scheme consisted in calling in the aid of the pupils of the Central School of Arts and Manufactures, already eager to be employed in any such service, and distributing them in the capacity of officers among the workmen at the *Ateliers*, thus forming a kind of semi-military organization for carrying on public works in the neighbourhood of Paris. Remitted by the separate *mairies* to an appointed place in a quiet part of the city, the workmen were there to be formed—with whatever attention to the nature of their previous occupations the exigencies of the case would permit—into brigades, companies, &c., and marched off under their officers to the different places where work awaited them. This would, at least, give the Government some control over the confusion; and, meanwhile, all efforts might be made to devise new works for those that should still be idle.

The scheme was gladly accepted by the perplexed Minister, and, on the 6th March, M. Thomas was named Commissary of the Republic, and Director-General of the *Ateliers Nationaux*. He at once entered on his duties, and established himself at the place appointed for the central administration—the Pavilion and Gardens of Monceaux, situated in the suburbs, and once the property of Cambacérès. On the 9th of March, at half-past six in the morning, the formation of the men into brigades began at this place; and on that day nearly 3000 men of the 8th arrondissement were disposed of. Each brigade consisted of 55 men and a brigadier, and was composed of five detachments of eleven men each, one of whom was chief of the detachment. On the following days, the other arrondissements were taken up; and, before the 16th of March, about 14,000 men in all were brigaded. Then came into play the higher parts of the scheme: the brigades were formed into lieutenancies of four brigades, or 225 men each, with a lieutenant in command; the lieutenancies into companies of four lieutenancies, or 901 men each, with an officer called chief of a company in command; and, finally, every three companies, or 2703 men, were under the orders of a chief of service: all the chiefs of service in an arrondissement were under the orders of the chief of that arrondissement; and the commander-in-chief presiding over all the arrondissements was M. Thomas himself. To officer so vast an army with the aid of the pupils of the Central School that co-operated with him, was clearly impossible; distributing them, therefore, through the higher grades, M. Thomas allowed the men to elect their own brigadiers and chiefs of detachments. These seem to have been the only officers that received pay; and their allowances, in comparison with those of the workmen, were as follows: a brigadier 3 francs a-day, whether employed or not; a chief of detachment 2½ francs if employed, 1½ francs if not; a common workman 2 francs a-day if employed, 1 franc if not. Until the 17th of March the workman, if employed, received 1½ francs a-day, but the reduction to 1 franc was then effected.

All this was very well, supposing that the works on hand remained in proportion to the number of applicants. But daily new claimants poured in, men really in want, actors, painters, sculptors, designers, and clerks that had held out as long as they could; poor fellows of municipal guards, too, that had to bear popular insult as well as starvation; idle vagabonds, also, of all sorts, calculating on the franc a-day for doing nothing; and finally, hosts of workmen from the country, attracted by the prospect of work, and admitted into the Ateliers, by means of forged or borrowed certificates of residence. The elaborate organization of this vast mass of men was a mockery, so long as there was not work to set them to. If there had been an Irish bog in the neighbourhood, that they could have been sent out under the command of their corporals, lieutenants, and captains, and colonels to reclaim; if even the Government had resolved to build a pyramid, or make bricks with their labour, the organization might have been found effective, but, as it was, it had no strength to keep the men in order. Louis Reybaud in his novel of *Jérome Paturot*, gives an account that does not seem overcharged, of the doings at an Atelier National. Visiting the chief Atelier—that of the pavilion of Monceaux itself, Jérome finds a crowd of workmen of all professions, standing idle, jeering and laughing, and besieging the door of the pavilion, with cries for the director. The director at last comes forth, and asks what they want, when "work, work," resounds on all hands. As he does not chance to have any shift ready, he retires, bidding them name deputies to confer with him, an exercise of republican rights which they seem to enjoy for its own sake. The election over, the fun goes on till the deputies return with the news that they have got work; that they are to go, 250 of them, (a lieutenancy, we suppose,) to bring in 250 young trees which the Republic has purchased from a nursery-man, a little out of town, with which to replace the trees destroyed in the Boulevards. Forth they go to execute this commission. Arrived at the place, they are received with blank astonishment by the nursery-man, who sees 15

francs at stake in the circumstance, having contracted to bring in the trees himself in his cart for that sum; he permits them nevertheless to take what they want, and watches, not without emotion, his young acacias, as they disappear in the hands of their rough carriers. Laughing, singing, and stopping at cabarets on the way, the men bring the trees into town, but in such a state that it is useless to plant them. The expense of the whole frolic is 1250 francs, (£50,) being three francs for each of the trees, and two francs to each man for his day's work.

The idea of employing a portion of the idle men in replanting the Boulevards, was, as we learn from M. Thomas, the suggestion of M. Trémisot, the Head of the Board of Paving in Paris, to whom he was indebted also for many other shifts, some of them by no means so bad. One proposal indeed of M. Trémisot was so gigantic as to stun the Ministry of Public Works. This was the proposal, to employ the men in constructing in the flat grounds near the Barrière du Trône, a vast circus, with terraced seats, capable of accommodating 20,000 spectators, and so that the arena could be converted at will into a lake for exhibiting sea-fights. If it would have had no direct utility, says M. Thomas, this work would have at least survived as a splendid monument of the solicitude of the Government, and as a magnificent theatre for popular fêtes.

To protract the history of the Ateliers Nationaux through the months of April and May is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that the mass of dangerous idleness, thus accumulated in Paris, increased daily; that on the 19th of May, a census of those enrolled, showed the whole number to be 87,942 men, drawn from about 190 different professions; and that before the end of May, the number probably amounted to 100,000, of whom, owing to the difficulty of devising work, not 15,000 were employed, the rest receiving their allowance of one franc a day instead. The Ateliers Nationaux therefore degenerated into a mere system of relieving pauperism in disguise. And yet in France at that moment, no one had a title to say so, for was it not a fundamental principle decreed in the very preamble of the Republic, that the country owed all its citizens the means of subsistence, not as a charity but as a right?

In the meantime, while masses of workmen were thus accumulating in Paris under the auspices of M. Marie, as Minister of Public Works, Louis Blanc and his associates at the Luxembourg were keeping strictly to their own less tremendous business of expiscating the true theory of the organization of labour.

On the 2d of March, as we learn from the authorized report, the first meeting of the new Commission took place, Louis Blanc presiding, Albert sitting near him, and about 200 workmen, delegates from the different trades, occupying the luxurious benches recently reserved for the French peers. No sooner had the object of the Commission been explained by the President, than two demands were made by the delegates—the reduction of the hours of labour, and the abolition of the system of *marchandage*, that is, of the tyranny of sub-contractors over workmen. On these two points there seemed to be a wonderful unanimity among the workmen of Paris, as if they had agreed long ago to take their stand upon them. Undertaking to give them immediate consideration, Louis Blanc dismissed the assembly, and next day a meeting of a number of master-tradesmen having been called, that *their* opinion might be ascertained, it was agreed to grant what was asked. A decree of the Government was therefore immediately issued, abolishing *marchandage*, and limiting the hours of work to ten in Paris, and eleven in the provinces. Arbitrary or not, says Louis Blanc, this measure was necessary to secure peace.

Day after day, the Commission assembled at the Luxembourg. The effective business was managed by the President, the Vice-President, and a committee of ten working men, chosen by lot from among the delegates, with whom were associated also a number of persons, supposed to be capable from the special nature of their occupations or studies, of affording valuable assistance. Occasionally, however, a general meeting was held of the whole body of the delegates, when, amid applauses such as had never been heard in that hall before, Louis Blanc would rehearse the doctrines of his book from beginning to end, its expositions of the fearful evils arising from mercantile competition, and the principle of *laisser-faire*, and its affirmation of the possibility of commencing a gradual re-organization of society, by means of a few model-establishments of workmen associated on communist principles. The only novelty in the way of theory that seems to have been the result of the conversations, slightly mingled with debate, that took place on the general subject of the organization of labour, is presented in a discourse delivered by the President on the 3d of April. In this discourse, more distinctly than in any part of his *Organization du Travail*, Louis Blanc commits himself

to the essential principle of fraternal Communism as expounded by Cabet; namely, that the ideal state of society is that in which each man, producing according to his aptitudes and powers, shall consume according to his wants. Though we are still far from this ideal, says Louis Blanc—our present vicious civilisation both concealing aptitudes and begetting factitious wants—yet we are tending towards it, and equality of salaries would be a step in the right direction.

Oratory and discussions of theory were not, however, the sole business of the Commission. In that terrible commercial crisis that had been occasioned by the Revolution, when, according to the calculation of M. Chevalier, the loss in Paris alone, arising from the suspension of all kinds of industry, amounted to two millions of francs or £80,000 a-day, the Palace of the Luxembourg was the general depôt for all complaints. Hither came heads of bankrupt establishments, anxious that the State should buy them up, and make Communist ateliers or whatever it chose with them; hither came masters against whom their men were in revolt; hither came journeymen to denounce their masters. In such a chaos the Commission found plenty to do. Interfering wherever it was possible, it effected, according to Louis Blanc, numerous reconciliations, and saved Paris many a scene of riot. On the 29th of March, for instance, there was a universal strike among the journeymen bakers, the object of which was that they, the worst used class of mankind, might fish some boon out of this great Revolution. That morning Paris was in danger of wanting bread. The master-bakers, dreading results, rushed to the Luxembourg. Here a hasty conference was held, masters being heard on the one side, and delegates from the men on the other; a satisfactory arrangement was effected, and Paris, little knowing the risk it had run, awoke to its breakfast. In a similar manner were adjusted differences among the paviers, the cabmen, the slaters, the washerwomen, &c. Usually, says Louis Blanc, it was the masters that applied first at the Luxembourg in such cases; but generally the men and they left it together.

This was not all. To illustrate by actual example the views of Louis Blanc and his associates, two industrial associations were founded on the principle of equality, the one an association of working tailors, using for their atelier the ancient prison of Clichy; the other, an association of working saddlers, occupying a barracks in the Champs Elysees. The former included 1200 workmen, electing their own foremen, and sharing the profits equally; the latter was not quite so numerous, but was similarly organized. Both had received large orders from the Government, the tailors for military clothing and the saddlers for horse-gear, and both were in an extremely flourishing condition. These two associations, said Louis Blanc, in a recent letter to the *Times*, were the only *Ateliers Nationaux* for whose establishment he was responsible; and they were then still in existence. Besides these, the Commission set on foot several model lodging-houses.

Finally, amassing all the information possible, relative to the condition of the working-classes, and resuming in a succinct shape all the practical suggestions that had been elicited, the Commission prepared an elaborate scheme to be submitted to the approaching Constituent Assembly, as the basis for that reorganization of industry in all its branches, whether agricultural, commercial, or manufacturing, of which it was hoped Republican France would set an example to the world.

Meanwhile towards this very Constituent Assembly, appointed to meet on the 4th of May, all the hopes of France were directed. While M. Marie, like another Frankenstein, was gazing on his Ateliers Nationaux, and Louis Blanc was occupied with his commission at the Luxembourg, all France was agitated with preparations for the elections. As in the Provisional Government there were two parties, the Political and the Social Republicans, so did this division permeate the whole country. Scarcely had the first shock of the Revolution been over, when, deserting by inevitable necessity their tattered standards of yesterday, Louis-Philippists and Constitutional Monarchists crowded round the new party of the Moderate Republicans, to prevent a movement that had gone too far, as they thought, already, from going any farther. Odilon Barrot associated with Lamartine; and Thiers, emerging from a temporary obscurity, was seen hanging on their skirts and looking smilingly on. All this soon became manifest throughout the country; reactionary symptoms, as they were called, broke out; and the Socialists were put upon their mettle, lest this Revolution, that they had hoped to confiscate for their peculiar ideas, should elude them after all. Hence the circulars of Ledru-Rollin, one of which, Caussidière tells us, was written for him by George Sand. The whole Socialist party, in short, were in arms; let us see then, what accession of strength

they had in the meantime acquired, and what alteration of character they had, in the meantime, undergone.

The outburst of new opinion in France after the Revolution of February was tremendous. Doctrines and passions that had lain deep down in the uttermost corners of society, repressed thither by the restraining discipline of the monarchy, now came forth as it were in blotches. In the months of March and April several hundreds of new journals—no restriction being now imposed on publication—appeared in Paris alone; and in the very week after the Revolution there were founded in the same city 150 new clubs. Every needy fool that had relations with a printer started a newspaper; every landlord that had a large room to let originated a club. The French vocabulary was ransacked for names for these new organs of public opinion. Among the newspapers were *The Duck*, *The Volcano*, *The Red Bullets*, *Mother Michel*, and *The Devil's Eye-Glass;* among the clubs were the *Club of Rights and Duties*, the *Club of the Rights of Man*, and some dozen *Clubs of the People*. The majority of these journals and clubs were on the side of Socialism, so far at least as a blind vehemence towards anarchy may be said to have been on that side. Among them, however, were some that were expressly and emphatically Socialist, and that deserve notice from their eminence over the others. Such were, among the newspapers, the *Peuple Constituant* of Lamennais, the *Vraie Rèpublique* of Thoré, supported by Pierre Leroux, George Sand, and Barbès, as contributors, the *Ami du Peuple* of Raspail, the *Commune de Paris* of Sobrier, and the *Populaire* and *Père Duchesne* of Cabet; and among the clubs, the *Club Blanqui*, the *Club Sobrier*, the *Club Raspail*, the *Club Cabet*, and the *Club de la Révolution*, of which Barbès was president, and Thoré, Leroux, and other well-known Socialists, members. Making the reckoning in men, it may be said that among the most powerful auxiliaries to the ranks of effective Socialism immediately after the Revolution were these five persons—Barbès, Sobrier, Thoré, Blanqui, and Raspail;—Barbès, who had been condemned to death under Louis-Philippe, and whom, when the Revolution had released him from his long imprisonment with a bearded and wo-worn face, the people flocked to see, as a political martyr; Sobrier, a young man of fortune, in whom political enthusiasm had taken the form of a wild semi-religious illuminism; Thoré, already known as a Socialist writer, and now stepping forward as a leader; Blanqui, a restless, erratic soul, charged, says Lamartine, with the electricity of the time, and bearing in his countenance the marks of the long suffering, bodily and mental, that he had endured in his previous career as a conspirator; and Raspail, a chemist, remembered as one of the chief witnesses in the case of Madame Laffarge, and now in his new capacity as a theorist for the people, dealing forth drugs of the strongest. But a man, also added to the band of Socialist chiefs at this moment, and far transcending both in genius and courage, if not in the tact for immediate action, any one of those just mentioned, was a man whose name may yet be a terror in Europe—P. J. Proudhon.

Born in 1809, at Besançon, the birthplace, by the way, of Fourier, Proudhon, whose parents were in humble circumstances, began life there as a compositor in a printing-office. The printing-office he afterwards occupied on his own account; but some years ago he quitted Besançon for an engagement in a mercantile house at Lyons. Devoted in youth to metaphysical, theological, and philological studies, his subsequent operations have rendered him familiar with questions of banking, inland navigation, and general traffic. In 1839, while still residing at Besançon, he produced his first work, an essay entitled, *On the Celebration of the Sabbath*, the Academy of Besançon having offered a prize for the best memoir on that subject. In this work, now regarded as one of the most extraordinary in the French language, the Sabbatic institution was defended from the author's point of view, with a power of argument quite amazing; but as it contained opinions on social points that the Academy could not subscribe, it did not gain their approbation, and the author gave it to the world himself. For the same learned society he produced in the following year a second essay, entitled *What is Property?* in which the anti-social doctrines that had appeared in the first, were developed with such audacity that, when it was printed, the society publicly disclaimed all connexion with it. The book, however, was of a kind to become widely known; read in some circles of Paris it made people there aware of the existence of some eccentric paradoxical being living at Besançon; and the attention of the Minister of Justice having been called to it, the author narrowly escaped prosecution as an enemy to public order. The impression made by this treatise was renewed from time to time by subsequent works from the same pen, including a *Second Memoir on Property*, a pamphlet called *Warning to Proprietors*, a volume entitled *On the Crea-*

tion of order in Humanity published in 1843, and a large work published in 1846, and named *Economic Contradictions on the Philosophy of Misery*, besides tracts on *Credit and Currency*, and on the *Competition between Canals and Railways*. It was only a month or two before the Revolution that the author, then about thirty-nine years of age, came to reside in Paris, presenting himself to people who had already known him through his books, as a man of spare and somewhat peculiar figure, with severe hirsute visage, and wearing spectacles.

To give an idea of Proudhon to those that have not seen any of his writings is impossible. To say that he is a Socialist, or even that he is the most daring and profound of Socialists, is to call up a notion very insufficient. Of an intellect that one would call enormous, plying a remorseless logic, bringing into literature a plainness of speech quite unusual, and paying deference to hardly any man or sect that he names, one regards him at first as a great scornful misanthrope dealing blows out of sheer hate. Even then, however, one admits his gifts as a writer—the terrible energy of his style, the almost blasting eloquence that bursts up amid his algebraic reasonings, the resistless force with which he makes the French language go down to depths that it rarely seems to reach. At length, through some characteristic passage, one sees him better, and recognises in him a man whose mood is that of fierce and universal intolerance. Not as a smooth-tongued flatterer does he come before the people, with the French balderdash in his mouth of *gloire*, *honneur*, &c., but as a task-master with a whip of scorpions. That crime is punishable and retribution just, that work is obligatory, that marriage is holy and all unchastity an offence against nature, that a lie is a murder of the intelligence, that law is not the expression of will either individual or general, but the *dictamen* of conscience applied by reason, that he who provokes to debauch either by word or writing is infamous, and that he who denies God is frantic—such are the sayings that he seems to rest in and recur to, careless whether or not, to use one of his own expressions, his readers may find the medicine too harsh, the brewage too bitter. Though he marches, therefore, in the same general direction as the Socialists, it is in a character quite his own; and with a disposition ever and anon to knock one of them down. Caussidière, for example, loving him as he says extremely, yet cannot but lament very much that waywardness that leads him, in his fits of despondency, "to turn round on his own supporters, and to treat men as if they were nine-pins." On many points Proudhon is at one with the Economists.

Yet, honourably distinguished as he is among French writers by his moral strictness as a theorist on many cardinal points, his heresies of general doctrine are more stupendous, more subversive of the fabric of society, than the paradoxes of all other writers put together. It is of one of these heresies, in particular, that we are here to speak.

Seeking in vain, he says, in books for an explanation of the misery that is in the world, he resolved to investigate the thing himself. And, as Copernicus, finding he could make no way in the explication of astronomical phenomena so long as he supposed the firmament to turn round, succeeded when he supposed the spectator to turn round, and Kant, by a precisely similar device, had effected a revolution in metaphysics, might not this method answer also in ethics? In other words, might not the cause of evil be not in society without, but in the constitution of the human reason?

Psychologists tell us that all our perceptions are determined by certain general laws of the spirit itself, certain necessary forms or types pre-existing in the understanding, and technically called *Categories*,—such are the ideas of Space, Time, Cause, Substance, &c. Now, without denying this, one may lay it down as a fact not less true, that habit has the power of impressing on the understanding new categorical forms, derived from the world of appearances, and which, although they may be fallacious, will yet exert an influence on our thoughts and conduct not less strong than that exerted by the original categories themselves. Such a secondary categorical form was the belief, held until the discovery of the law of gravitation annihilated it, that the existence of the Antipodes was impossible. And so in morals, habit may have engrained into the constitution of the mind itself certain perverted ideas of the real fact of things.

Among all the principles on which society now reposes, the one that, according to Proudhon, answers best to the definition of a false secondary category, and that also, from its extreme antiquity, may be supposed accountable for much if not all the misery with which our race is burdened, is that peculiar modification of the sentiment of justice that constitutes the idea of Property. This idea of Property, this notion that a man can in any circumstances whatever truly say of a thing *this is mine*, this belief that any individual can possess a right to a single atom of the earth's substance or its produce beyond that varying fraction that would

remain to him if the whole sum to be shared were perpetually divided afresh by the whole number of those that were to share it —this idea, this notion, this belief, Proudhon undertakes to prove to be fallacious, unjust, null, disastrous, and damnable.

He divides his argument into three parts. In the first he examines the various theories of the Right of Property that have been given to the world—as that it is a natural right, that it arises from the act of occupation, that it is a creation of the civil law, that it is a result of labour and skill expended in appropriation, that it is founded on universal consent, that it is derived from prescription; and all these theories he successively declares absurd and futile. In the second part he enters on the field of Political Economy, and tries to demonstrate that although property may manifest itself as an accident, yet as an institution and in principle it is mathematically impossible. This is the part of the book into which, owing to the form of the reasoning, it is most difficult to follow him. The third section he entitles "Psychological Exposition of the Ideas of Just and Unjust, and Determination of the Principle of Government and of Right." Here, recognising property as a fact in the present condition of the world, he attempts to explain its origin and the causes of its establishment, and of its long duration; after which he expounds how, in virtue of an organic law in society ceaselessly acting to destroy it, it must at last entirely disappear.

To pursue the writer through the various stages of this strange *mélange* of argument is clearly impossible at present; the following, however, may be taken as the general doctrine of the book in its most abstract shape: That the human race are jointly and corporately the possessors, although not the proprietors, of the sphere of material conditions into which they have been ushered; that they are associated together, in the first place, by a certain low instinct, common to them with the inferior animals, that may be called Sociability; that, man being gifted with Reason to reflect upon himself, this instinct rises in him into an intelligent principle, called Right or Justice, the essence of which consists in the recognition in others of a personality equal to one's own; that it is upon this principle that all society and all civil law should be founded, and that therefore inequality of material conditions, or the government of one man by another, is unjust and against nature, every man being entitled to occupy a portion of the whole field of things, varying directly as the space that there is, and inversely as the number of those that are to occupy it—a rule which renders impossible the formation of property; that the extinction of property, and a return to equality of material conditions, and to anarchy, or entire individual freedom, are consequently incumbent on the race, and that forces are at work that will effect this, whether men will or not, as certainly as an equation disengages itself; but, finally, that above this sphere of justice, there is a higher sphere reserved for the exercise of a third degree of sociability, that may be called Equity or Proportionality, the nature of which it is to recognise individual differences or natural inequalities, as those of virtue, talent, &c., between man and man, and to allot to each his due portion of esteem, love, admiration, hate, or disgust, all of which, being attitudes of human spirits towards each other in the sphere of the infinite, are not incompatible with strict equality in the sphere of the finite.

In this proposition we have tried to piece together, and grasp as a whole, the doctrine of Proudhon, so far as it is developed in his *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* Proudhon, however, does not confine himself to the mere evolution of his ideas in an abstract and philosophic form; on the contrary, he delights in daring and startling appeals to the passions, and seems on principle to spare his readers no shock that he can give them. For example:—

"If, in order to prolong for some years an unlawful enjoyment, one should allege that it suffices not to demonstrate equality, that it is also necessary to organize it, that, above all, it is necessary to establish it without ruptures, I should have a right to reply: The breast of the oppressed goes before the embarrassment of ministers; equality of conditions is a primordial law, to which economy and jurisprudence must succumb. The right to labour, and to an equal participation of goods, cannot bend itself before the anxieties of power; it is not for the working man to harmonize contradictions of codes, still less to endure the blunders of government; it is for the civil and administrative power, on the contrary, to reform itself on the principle of equality. The evil that is known should be condemned and destroyed; the legislator cannot take grounds, from his ignorance of order, for establishing patent iniquity. There is no temporizing with restitution. Justice, justice; recognition of right; the re-instauration of the working man: after that, judges and consuls, see to your police, and provide for the government of the Republic."—*Qu'est-ce que la Propriété*, p. 216.

"What form of government, then, are we to prefer? doubtless, asks one of my young readers. You are a Republican? Republican, yes; but that word explains nothing. *Res publica* is public business; Kings are Republicans. Well, then, you are a Democrat? No! What, you are a Monarchist? No! Constitutionalist?

God forbid! You are an Aristocrat, then? Not at all! You would have a mixed government? Still less! What are you then! I am an Anarchist. O, I understand, you are concocting a satire? In no sense; you have heard my serious and deliberately-weighed profession of faith; although a very good friend to order, I am, in all the force of the term, an Anarchist."—*Ibid.*, p. 237.

"Anarchy, absence of master, of sovereign, (people ordinarily attribute to the word *anarchy* the sense of absence of principle, absence of rule; and this is how it has become a synonym for *disorder*) such is the form of government that we approach every day."—*Ibid.*, p. 242.

The horrible formula in which Proudhon has expressed, and as it were summed up for practical purposes, all his various notions, is one that the newspapers must have made already familiar to our readers —"Property is Robbery; *La Propriété c'est le vol.*"

Although, as will have been remarked, the main doctrine of Proudhon is directly antagonistic to the creed of the Saint-Simonians, denouncing that proportionality in material respects which they consecrate; although the same doctrine is also repugnant to the creed of the Fourierists, who, moreover, would repudiate Proudhon's notions respecting property as vehemently as he would scorn theirs respecting co-operation; and although, finally, even the Communists, with whom he is at one on the great point of equality of conditions, find no favour with this eccentric apostle of anarchy, but are rather mauled by him whenever they cross his path; yet the general nature of his speculations is such, that he takes rank fairly enough in that temporary coalition of the three sects known by the name of the Socialists. Nay, more, one can see that, for several years before his appearance in public life, his doctrines must have been insinuating themselves, through his books, into the general mass of Socialistic opinion, and affecting more or less the language of all the sects that have been named, but particularly of the Communists.

It was only, however, after his arrival in Paris that Proudhon became fully known. Led by some inscrutable providence to the scene of action precisely at the time when his services were about to be required, no sooner had the Revolution occurred than his haggard influence was felt. In the columns of the *Représentant du Peuple* it was easy to recognise the hand of the enemy of property, the anarchist of Besançon. In the *Club de la Révolution*, also, seated beside bilious Barbès, untidy old Leroux, and Herculean Thoré, might be seen the figure of the terrible philosopher with the spectacles. Whatever his eccentricity, whatever his irritability of temper, his immense energy was indisputable; and when, in anticipation of the elections, the united democratic party of Paris drew up a list of candidates for the Department of the Seine, including ten Socialist or democratic leaders, and twenty-four working men, Proudhon's name was inserted among the former, along with those of Louis Blanc, Albert, Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Caussidière, Leroux, Barbès, Thoré, and Raspail.

When the elections occurred, however, only five of these pre-eminent Socialists, viz., Caussidière, Albert, Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, and Louis Blanc, found themselves in the list of successful candidates; and this was but a type of the result all over France. Out of 900 Representatives, probably not more than 200 could, by any method of counting, be ranked as Social and Democratic Republicans; and even of these the real and thorough Socialists formed but a fraction. Of the 700 Representatives, on the other hand, constituting the Moderate party, a large proportion, though Republican by the necessity of their position, were not in heart Republican at all. In short, it was clear that a reaction was in progress; and this fact became still more evident when the Assembly, on the 9th of May, that is, on the fifth day of their sittings, chose as members of the Executive Committee that was to supersede the Provisional Government, these five persons—Arago, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin; of whom the last belonged to the extreme party.

Sullen discontent reigned among the Socialists of Paris. Louis Blanc, now out of office, repeated in the Assembly his demand for a Ministry of Labour and Progress. It was refused. This increased the ferment. An accident soon showed in what relations the Assembly and the Parisians stood to each other. On the 15th of May a manifestation was arranged in favour of Poland; and thousands of workmen, under the banners of various clubs and of the Ateliers Nationaux, came to present a petition in this cause to the too laxly guarded Assembly. Whether by chance or otherwise, the demonstration soon changed its purpose. Dashing past the guard, a crowd of men in blouses stormed the lobby of the House, burst into the galleries, filling them till they cracked, and at length pouring into the hall, scattered the members like chaff. Louis Blanc was carried in triumph; Raspail, Blanqui, and Barbès spoke from the tribune; and, mounting a bench, citizen Hubert, a former political prisoner, roared out

that the Assembly was dissolved. The proclamation, however, was premature; Paris had rallied, and in a little while a body of National Guards entered at quick march, and reinstated the members in their seats. Albert, Barbès, Sobrier, and General Courtais, the commander of the guard, were forthwith arrested.

The Assembly, sufficiently warned of their position by this outbreak, resolved to act with vigour. Their chief attention was necessarily directed to the Ateliers Nationaux. An army of 100,000 men, divided into brigades and regiments under pretence of work, and having no work to do, was a fearful avalanche to assemble under. The Ateliers Nationaux must be dissolved at all hazards. Such was the resolution of the Assembly, and as a first step towards their object, they kidnapped (literally so) poor M. Emile Thomas, who was inclined to be refractory, and sent him off on an improvised mission to Bourdeaux. M. Lalanne, Engineer of Roads and Bridges, was appointed his successor. To calm the fears of the workmen, however, a special commission was appointed to consult with the executive power as to ways and means, and it was officially intimated that no measure should be taken in relation to the Ateliers Nationaux until "sure and numerous outlets" could be provided for the honest and industrious labourers.

This promise could not be kept. For a little while the Parisians were occupied with the supplementary election of eleven candidates for the city to fill up blanks that had been caused by resignations and other circumstances. The elections took place on the 5th of June, when the returns yielded this strange result—Moreau, Goudchaux, Changarnier, Thiers, Pierre Leroux, Victor Hugo, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Lagrange, Boissel, Proudhon, and (once more) Caussidière. Thus while the Assembly gained in Thiers, Changarnier, &c., men of the old regime, and in Louis Napoleon an unknown element, it gained, on the other side, in Proudhon, Leroux, and Lagrange, three leading Socialists. But scarcely had the new members, Louis Napoleon excepted, taken their seats, when the bustle that had attended their election, and especially that of Napoleon, was merged in the pressing question of the Ateliers Nationaux. What plan should be pursued with them—dissolution, modification, or re-organization? Only one practical proposition was discussed, namely, that the State, taking the railways of the country into its own hands, should effect a peaceful dissolution of the Ateliers Nationaux by dispersing the men as labourers over the various unfinished and projected lines. This plan was advocated by Lamartine. "Give me railways," were his words in Committee, "and the question is quietly settled." "And what if we refuse you railways?" "You must employ cannon." This prophecy was too true. Scarcely had the *Moniteur* of the 22d of June promulgated the decree excluding from the Ateliers Nationaux all unmarried workmen between seventeen and twenty-five years of age, and offering them enlistment as the only alternative, when the avalanche fell, and unhappy Paris was again in Revolution. For three days the cannon roared in the streets; and on the 26th of June the soldier Cavaignac sat master among the ruins.

There have not been wanting men to defend on grounds of logic the insurrection of June. If there was right on the one side of the barricades, they say, there was right also on the other. They shape their reasoning as follows:—A fundamental principle in the Constitution of France at that moment—a principle as sacred in law as Liberty of Conscience or Liberty of the Press—was the Right to Labour, the Right, that is, of every citizen to obtain from the State the means of subsistence by work. This principle was the one great result of the Revolution of February; the first act of the Provisional Government had been to decree it. Nor had it been repealed since. On the contrary, it had been in a manner ratified by the Assembly itself. On the 19th of June, only three days before the insurrection, there had been read in the Assembly a draft of the proposed Constitution of the new Republic, as it had been prepared in the Committee appointed for that purpose. The draft contained the following Articles:—

"Art. 2. The Constitution guarantees to all citizens Liberty, Equality, Security, Instruction, *Labour*, the Right of Property, Assistance.

"Art. 7. The right to Labour is the right that every man has to live by labouring. Society ought, by those productive and general means that are at its disposal, and that are hereafter to be organized, to furnish work to able-bodied men that cannot otherwise procure it."

Such were the Articles that it intended to place in the future Constitution of France; articles, too, prepared not by a Committee of Socialists, but by a Committee in which, associated with Considérant and perhaps but one other decided Socialist, were such men as Cormenin, Marrast, de Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont, and Odillon Barrot. If, now, it is granted that a fair pretext for insurrection is afforded to a people when its Government violates a principle that is fun-

damental, then, in dismissing a portion of workmen from the Ateliers Nationaux without providing other employment for them, the French Government must be considered to have afforded a fair pretext for the insurrection of June.

Such was the reasoning actually employed; and whatever the Government and the Constituent Assembly may have thought of the reasoning, they found it necessary to take care that it should not be possible to employ it in future. In other words, they determined to strike out of the Constitution of the Republic all guarantees of the Right to Labour.

It was on the 29th of August that the question of the new Constitution was reopened by the reading of a second draft of a proposed Constitution before the Assembly. Although the intervening period had been important, the notable events that had occurred in it had been few. Clubs had been suppressed; newspapers extinguished or suspended; order restored by military rule; Raspail and other leaders of the insurrection imprisoned; Louis Blanc and Caussidière impeached, and driven into exile. Under the protection of Cavaignac, the Assembly had indeed continued its sittings; but apart from the proceedings instituted in relation to the insurrection, the only discussion of much interest had been a discussion on a proposition of Proudhon, that the State should appropriate partly by way of tax, and partly by way of credit, a third part of all the rents of France, whether of lands or houses, and a third part of all the interest due on capital. This tremendous attempt of the anarchist to carry his theories into actual practice had been put down by a universal negative. Thiers, on the 26th of July, had given in a Report of Committee unanimously reprobating the proposal; and on the 31st, after Proudhon had delivered from the tribune an unexampled speech in reply, in which he dared the Assembly single-handed, drubbed Thiers and the Socialists too, and attacked property, the validity of contracts, universal suffrage, and a hundred other things, he was met with a vote declaring his opinions to be odious.

The debates on the Constitution extended over the months of September and October. The discussion on the Right to Labour occupied many days in all; but the chief portion of it took place on the four days from the 11th to the 14th of September inclusive. For its intrinsic importance, as well as for the ability shown by the speakers, this debate deserves to rank as one of the most illustrious that have ever taken place in a Representative Assembly. It is long, at least, since any debate comparable to it has occurred in the Parliament of England. Perhaps the most remarkable of the speeches were those of De Tocqueville and Thiers *against*, that of Lamartine *regarding*, and that of Ledru-Rollin *for* the Right to Labour. Proudhon did not speak; but his opinion was well known. "Give me the Right to Labour," he had said to M. Goudchaux in the Committee of Finances, "and I will let you keep the Right of Property;" —a saying that had given great offence to his brother Socialists, as presenting their views in an unduly harsh shape, but which the Economists declared to be in strict accordance with one of the clearest truths of their science, namely, that labour can be set agoing only by capital; which capital, in the case of labour that there is no demand for, must be raised by a tax.

On the division, the numbers were 596 *against* to 187 *for* the Right to Labour.* And thus, after a short reign of seven months, was retracted, by an overwhelming majority, the single peculiar social principle that it was thought the Revolution of February had established. Of that Revolution, the only relic left is Universal Suffrage. This it would probably be difficult to retract.

The reaction had triumphed; the Socialists were beaten. At present, under the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, they exist but as a small speculative minority, probably (if we may form a guess from the state of the vote for the Presidency) about a twentieth part in all, of the French nation. Banquets are now their only demonstrations. In Paris, they are at this moment the established subject of public laughter. In the *Illustration*, and other illustrated newspapers, there are weekly caricatures of Leroux, Proudhon, Thoré, and other leading Socialists. *Jerome Paturot*—a wretched production in ridicule of the whole movement of 1848—is the popular novel of the day. At one of the Parisian theatres, there has been produced, under the title of *La Propriété c'est le vol*, a farce, in which the Socialists are attacked with a license as regards personality unequalled since the days of Aristophanes. When, in the course of the performance, Proudhon is introduced as the devil, the applause is tremendous. Nor are more serious answers to the Socialists wanting. The report of what has occurred

* In this vote, the members of the former Provisional Government were distributed thus:—in the majority, Marrast and Dupont l'Eure; in the minority, Garnier-Pagès, Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, and Flocon; absent, Louis Blanc and Albert; abstained from voting, Lamartine, Arago, and Marie.

in Texas has brought down a storm of indignation upon Cabet. In a shrewd, witty, shallow book, Thiers has stepped forward as the champion of property. Less popular, perhaps, but far more profound, and far more effective as an exposure of the errors of the Socialists, are the letters of Michel Chevalier.

To one who remembers February last, all this seems very strange. A people retracting what so recently they established; laughing at what so recently they revered! But let no one think that the history is yet at an end. The Presidency of Louis Napoleon is but a mystic covering of emotion rolled over the thoughts of France. There are wild elements underneath. The existence of such a man as Proudhon is no jest in Europe.

Art. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, with Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas.* Pickering: London, 1845.
2. *Cabinet Pictures of English Life—Chaucer.* Knight's Weekly Vol. XXX.
3. *Canterbury Tales.* Do. do., Vols. LXXV. and CXIV.
4. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* By Chas. D. Deshler, with a concise Life of the Poet, and Remarks illustrative of his Genius. London, 1847.
5. *The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized, with Life, by Professor Leonhard Schmitz.* 1847.
6. *Tales from Chaucer.* By Charles Cowden Clarke. 1833.
7. *The Riches of Chaucer.* By Charles Cowden Clarke. London, 1835.

The name of Geoffrey or Geffray Chaucer, has a grateful sound to English ears, and the image which it conjures up, purified by time from every taint of ignoble association, looms large to us through the mists of the five centuries which intervene. We regard it as the "sacra et major imago" of the founder of that goodly fellowship of the gifted, which, since the dawn of civilisation, has been the salt and the savour of our English life, and we cherish it, as well we may, with a reverent and pious affection. But what the image of the poet thus gains in grandeur it loses in distinctness, and for our own interest, at all events, it may well be questioned whether this distant and misty reverence is exactly the species of incense which it becomes us to offer to one who, during more than half a century, within the range of our authentic history, was the greatest lay-intelligence in England, and whose life was perhaps as pregnant with consequences to our national development as that of any one man who ever existed in England at all. Would it not be more profitable to us, and perhaps not less acceptable to the shade of him, who was certainly no friend to unreasoning adoration, if we endeavoured to form for ourselves something like a definite notion of his character both as a poet and as a man, and thus to place our respect (if such should still remain to us) on the firmer basis of individual knowledge? Is it wise to rest contented with mere hearsay and second-hand information, when the question regards the first in point of time, and, in one department at least, the second in point of excellence of our native poets; or is it meet that those who would blush to be found tripping in the minutest details of classical philology, or of the modern tongues, should unhesitatingly confess, as they but too often do, their ignorance of an author, an acquaintance with whom, apart altogether from his intrinsic merits, is indispensable to a knowledge of the historical development of the language which they speak? Truly the object seems worthy of some slight effort.

In order to deal with the utilitarian spirit which perhaps not improperly influences the choice of the many, in literature as in more vulgar matters, and to fix, as it were, the marketable value of Chaucer, the first question, as it seems to us, which we are bound at once to ask and to answer, is—belongs he to the living or to the dead; does he or does he not speak words of living interest to living men; is he or is he not an integral part of our existing civilisation?

The world is old enough to have seen many intellectual as well as political revolutions, and there are eras which boasted probably of no mean culture, irrevocably lost in the darkness of time. They are past, dead even in their effects—at least we can trace no influence which they exercise over our present life. Mediately they may work, as the civilisation of Egypt through that of Greece, and it is nothing more than reasonable to suppose that by unseen links the earliest and the latest efforts of intelligence may be bound together; but the Pyramids teach no audible lesson except that of the mutability of human affairs, and the vast Sphinx is as silent as the sand at its base. These, for the present, we may not unfittingly hand over to the investigations of the curious; for although it were rashness to set limits to what learning and industry may yet effect

in these darker regions, the popular reader may well be excused from intrusting himself to the labyrinth, till the clew has been found by more adventurous spirits.

But do the sayings and doings of Chaucer thus fall beyond the pale of general interest; does his image thus shrink into the shadowy past? Nothing can be more erroneous than such a supposition, and indeed, so far is his story from being strange and distant to us, that we believe every one who investigates it for the first time will feel astonished that it should have been possible for any one, in the times of Cressy and of Poictiers, to lead a life in all respects so nearly resembling that of an accomplished and successful civilian at the present day. It may make us think better of the liberality of our ancestors also, when we find that among iron-coated warriors and hooded monks, there was one who was neither a soldier nor a priest, who advanced himself to celebrity and fortune, and during a long life under three monarchs enjoyed both honour and wealth by dint of his intellectual gifts and graces alone.

It is an extremely common error, both with vulgar narrators and careless readers, to lay hold of the points of dissimilarity between distant ages and those in which they live, to the almost total exclusion of the often much more important features of resemblance, and this error it is which has so singularly estranged us from the early history of our country. We are told, for instance, that Chaucer lived before the invention of printing, in times of the darkest Popish superstition, when men believed in alchemy and astrology, wore armour, and fought for the most part with bows and arrows; and we immediately form to ourselves the picture of a barbarous and benighted age, and of a quaint and curious, but ignorant and bigoted old man, with whom we of this generation of light can have no species of sympathy or fellowship. We forget, however, that by drawing the picture a little nearer to us we should probably have discovered many objects of far more interesting contemplation in the features of resemblance which lie hidden behind the few fantastic forms of unlikeness which have attracted our eye in the foreground, and that, in short, our superficial glance has been resting upon the rude and barren crags which jut up prominently in the distance, instead of luxuriating in the fertile valleys and sunny fields, which a closer inspection would have revealed to our view. Now, if we would approach the father of our poetry in a spirit of erect and manly, but of respectful inquiry—if we would set about investigating his life and his writings, with the view of discovering not wherein he, in common with every man in Europe of his day, differed from the men of modern times, but wherein he resembled us, not in the unchangeable features of humanity alone, but in the peculiar characteristics of race and of nation—if we would compare with our own the manners and feelings of our own ancestors, as they move before us in their domestic and familiar intercourse in his graphic delineations, we should not only become reconciled to the character of the poet himself, but we should discover that he lived among a people possessing in the highest degree those distinctive features, that sharp and prominent nationality which distinguishes the present inhabitants of England from every other people. We should discover that same joyous and exuberant reality, that hatred of "humbug" which distinguishes us now, existing alongside of those superstitious observances which we rightly attribute to that distant age, and exhibiting itself, as it has ever since done in England, in a tendency, on the part of all classes of the people, to attack falsehood by the arms of argument and ridicule, rather than by an ebullition of sudden violence, which should peril the advantages of their present position, to risk a positive good for a possible better. We should meet, in the morning of our English life, with that same spirit which now sneers in Punch and wrestles in the Times, awake and busy with Pardoner, and monk, and mendicant, and with all that then was vicious and absurd, and we should perceive, moreover, that then, as now, it was no spirit of indiscriminate destruction—that though it was revolutionary in appearance, it was conservative at heart, and that it consequently acted with perfect consistency in permitting to stand, as we know that it did for two centuries longer, a religious system of the imperfections of which it was perfectly conscious, but the uses of which it also recognised.

Much has been done in later times to approach us to our ancestors, and the gulf which threatened to separate us from them for ever, has been bridged over by the adoption of a principle little regarded by the writers of history of the last age.* It has come to be perceived that the importance of an historical fact is often by no means in proportion to its apparent magnitude, and that the trivial occurrences of domestic life, and the usages of familiar intercourse, form very frequently a more accurate measure,

* See remarks on Robertson's Charles V. in Maitland's "Dark Ages."

both of the genius and culture of a people, than their great public events. It was long forgotten, that although trying occasions may call forth striking manifestations of individual or of national peculiarities, it is in the peaceful and normal condition alone that we can hope to analyze that infinitely complex idea which corresponds to the character of a man or of an age; and that it is only when we behold it at rest and examine it in detail, that we can detect the individual colours which compose the variegated web of human life. In the hurry of a battle or the confusion of a political revolution, in the panic of a pestilence or the depression of a famine, men of all races, and in all ages, must manifest many features of resemblance, for this simple reason, that their actions are for the time under the dominion of necessity, or at all events of a few simple and overwhelming emotions; and to prove that their conduct had been similar in such circumstances, would be but to prove that they belonged to the common family of mankind. If their courage or their pusillanimity, their clemency or their cruelty, had been very remarkable, we should then indeed have the broad and general ideas that they were heroes or cowards, that they were men of mercy or men of blood; but as to their position on the intellectual or social scale, we should still be utterly at sea, since a barbarian may be generous, and poets and philosophers have been known who were no heroes. So long as the conduct of an individual is very powerfully influenced by the external circumstances which surround him at the time, it forms but a rude and general index to his character; and it is only when his actions proceed from the unfettered dictates of his reason or of his caprice, that its light becomes a clear and trusty guide. If we had heard the orders of Harold to his nobles, and known every circumstance of his conduct, and even every thought which passed through his mind during the battle of Hastings, we might have judged perhaps of the talents of the General, or even of the determination and energy of the man, but we should have known less of the civilisation either of him or of his age, than if we had conversed with him, as he buckled on his spurs for the battle, or had played the eavesdropper, when, in days of careless joy, he lingered by the side of the swan-necked Edith. Of all the days of Harold's life, perhaps the least instructive in this respect would have been that of the battle of Hastings.

Since the days of the learned and laborious Tyrwhitt, and the loving and enthusiastic but injudicious Godwin, numerous have been the attempts to bring us once again face to face with the father of our poetry. We have had "Chaucer Modernized," "Tales from Chaucer," "Riches of Chaucer," "Selections from Chaucer," with notes and illustrations and biographies without end, and to little good end or purpose either, so far as we can judge. They have failed one and all, for this good and simple reason, that they have satisfied the requirements of no class of readers. Tiresome to the indolent for whom they were intended, they in vain endeavoured to rival with them the attractions of the slightest novel of the day; useless to the vain-glorious, for it was impossible to boast of such an acquaintance with the poet as they conveyed; and to the better class of readers, the learned and serious, not holding out even the promise of satisfaction, they fell, as might have been anticipated, nearly still-born from the press.* Possessing neither brilliancy nor depth, they came within the category of that species of easy writing which, according to Sheridan, is hard reading.

A work of far higher merit, though of far humbler pretension, is one which, under the title of "Pictures of English Life," with accompanying selections from the Canterbury Tales, appeared some time ago in that best of all popular series, "Knight's Weekly Volume." Its author, Mr. Saunders, is entitled to the praise of having succeeded in one little book, in doing what Godwin attempted and failed to do in two large ones, viz., in transporting us from the England of the 19th back into the England of the 14th century, in forcing us not only to acknowledge, but to *feel* our kindred with our ancestors, that blood is indeed thicker than water, and that between the English then and the English now, there is more real community

* To "those ornaments of this civilized age, and patterns to the civilized world, the ingenuous, intelligent, well-informed, and artless young women of England," to whom it seems Mr. Cowden Clarke gallantly dedicates his labours, they may, and we hope have been useful, though from what we have ourselves occasionally observed in these same ingenuous and artless young ladies, we must beg leave to doubt whether such a profession was the most effectual means which might have been adopted to propitiate their favour. We believe that a professed ladies' writer, like a professed ladies' man, rarely meets with the gratitude to which he may naturally conceive himself entitled, and his productions, we fear, will run some small risk of being classed with that gratification to which a popular proverb has likened a saltless egg. That there are many passages in old Dan Chaucer unsuited for the eyes or ears of juvenile gentlewomen we most readily grant, and these we think Mr. Clarke ought quietly and unostentatiously to have omitted from a publication of the kind which he meditated.

than between the English and any other living people. He has succeeded, too, in preserving the vigorous and masculine, the honest and downright spirit of the great original, and the coarseness by which these marvellous tales are occasionally (and considering the time at which they were written, inevitably) disfigured, he has gently put aside, by passing over in silence the passages in which it occurs; he has taken, in short, the poet's own oft-repeated advice to "turne over the leef, and chese another tale," the only sensible course in such circumstances.

But of all the later Chaucerian labours, the most important unquestionably, though perhaps not the most attractive, is the Memoir by the late lamented Sir Harris Nicolas, appended to Pickering's edition of the poet. Sir Harris, who belonged, as is well known, to the incredulous, as Godwin did to the credulous school of antiquarians, proceeded by personal inspection of the sources, to verify or to refute the mass of so called facts out of which, with the frequent aid of his own too fertile imagination, that latter enthusiast had contrived to weave what he was pleased to denominate his "Life of Chaucer." Rejecting altogether the aid of conjecture, in which poor Godwin had so freely indulged, he determined to give us a "Life of the Poet, founded on documentary evidence instead of imagination;" and it will be gratifying to those who, in spite of the secret misgivings with which they must often have been visited, have striven to believe in the existence of the first of our hero-men-of-letters, as Godwin had depicted him, when they learn that from this dry and rigid detail of documentary evidence, this great spirit of the 14th century comes out more than ever in the light of a great and revered and even prosperous man.

For the benefit of those of our readers whose curiosity with regard to the poet may exceed their relish for documentary detail, and also in order that we may have an opportunity of commenting upon the errors into which that universal incredulity, which he very properly adopted as the rule of his conduct, seems occasionally to have led Sir Harris Nicolas, we shall recount, as briefly as we can, the substance of what may now be considered as finally *discovered* regarding the life and social position of Chaucer.

Over the birth and early life of our father-poet, a cloud of mystery hangs, which, as yet, has defied the industry of his biographers. All that can be asserted with safety is, that he was born about the year 1328, —that he was of Norman descent,—that his parents were persons in easy circumstances, —and that his youth was spent in the city of London. In support of the assertion that he was of Norman race, besides the form of the name itself, which is decidedly Norman, we have the very important fact, which Sir Harris Nicolas has overlooked, of its occurring in two different copies of the "Battel Abbey Roll," or list of persons of note who came over to England in the train of the Conqueror.* The name seems never to have become a common one, and it is therefore extremely probable that, by the father's side, the poet was descended from the person there mentioned. But the period of more than two centuries and a half, which had elapsed between the battle of Hastings and the birth of the poet, is far too extensive to warrant us in tracing any portion, either of his individual character,† or of his fortune, to the circumstance of his Norman origin. His ancestors had no doubt intermarried with the Saxon population among whom they lived, and it is highly probable that the blood which flowed in the veins of the poet, like that of the English people generally, was much more Saxon than Norman. At the period of Chaucer's birth the prejudices of race had already in a great measure given way to the more generous feeling of national pride; and before his death, the work of amalgamation, which time and a community of interests had begun, was completed by the community of antipathies which sprung up as the only permanent good fruits of the French wars of Edward III. and of his son. The only benefit which Chaucer could have derived from the Norman origin of his family, must have been a certain odour of gentility, which we know then adhered to those who bore a Norman name, and this he was altogether too sensible a man to value highly. "Straw for your gentilesse," was probably his own sentiment as well as that of his host; he was a man and an Englishman, and that was quite sufficient for his purpose. It is not improbable that our ignorance with regard to his origin arises in a great measure from the circumstance of his pedigree having occupied a very much smaller portion of his thoughts than was usually the case with

* *Vide* Stow's Chron. in the last edition of Fuller's Church History, p. 105. The name also occurs in another mentioned by Fuller, as lately in the possession of Thomas Serwin, Esq.

† The personal appearance of the poet, in so far as it goes, is in favour of a Norman descent. His features, which, even in old age, would seem to have been remarkably handsome, are prominent, and the nose has that slightly aquiline form which we are accustomed to consider as the Norman type, probably for no better reason than because it belonged to the Conqueror.

men of his time. It was neither a subject of self-gratulation nor of self-abasement; he was neither proud of it nor ashamed of it; and therefore it is that although he is very open and communicative with regard to the circumstances of his life generally, it never once occurs to him to say anything of the manner in which he was ushered into the world.

That his parents were persons in easy, if not affluent circumstances, may be safely inferred from the fact, that he certainly received a most excellent education. There is no trace of his ever having been intended for the Church, and yet there is no department of knowledge which was then cultivated, with which he does not exhibit an intimate and apparently an old standing familiarity.

Whatever may have been the place of Chaucer's birth, whether it was the city of London, or the county of Kent, which we shall afterwards see that he represented in Parliament, and with which there are many reasons to suppose that he was connected, there seems little doubt that he received the early part of his education in London. The fact, however, is by no means undisputed. The chief argument in its favour is derived from a passage in "The Testament of Love," which is adduced by Godwin and most of Chaucer's biographers as completely establishing the point; whilst by Sir Harris Nicolas, it is with equal confidence rejected, as proving nothing at all. The "Testament of Love" is an allegorical piece, composed in imitation of the celebrated work of Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ;* but in which the part of "*Philosophy*" is supplied by "*Love,*" who, in a female form, appears to converse with, and console her "Norie" or *alumnus*. The question in dispute among the biographers is, as to how far this "Norie," this terrestrial interlocutor, may with safety be regarded as the poet himself; and whether the circumstances mentioned must be held to form part of the allegory, or may be construed as having reference to actual occurrences? That Godwin, with his habitual rashness, has endeavoured to make out a great deal too much, and that he has converted an imaginary island, in which the Interlocutor is imprisoned by the allegorical personages, "Luste," "Thought," and "Will," into the Tower of London, in which he conceives the poet to be confined by the opponents of John of Gaunt, is beyond dispute; still it by no means follows, that, because Godwin has made an absurd blunder with regard to one passage, no part of the book shall be held to have a personal reference to the poet; or that, because Chaucer does *not mean* the "Tower of London" when he speaks of an "allegorical island," therefore he *does* mean an "allegorical island" when he speaks of the "city of London." The passage itself is so pointed, that we cannot think of torturing it into any other than its natural sense. "Also the Citye of London, that is to me so dere, and swete, in whiche I was forth growen, and more kindely love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide." The context is no doubt very obscure, but there is nothing in it, so far as we can see, which forbids the application of these words to the individual situation of Chaucer; and we are further confirmed in this opinion by the fact that, in the work of Boethius, the author continually speaks through the mouth of the terrestrial interlocutor. The probabilities, therefore, in our opinion, are in favour of the direct construction, and consequently, of Chaucer's having been, if not born, at least "forth growen," in London, though we should scarcely have expected to find them giving rise to the Chapter on his "Schoolboy Amusements" which we find in Godwin.

Each of the English Universities lays claim to Chaucer as a pupil, with about equal success. That he must have studied at one of them is certain, for there then existed no other means of procuring the instruction which he possessed; and the method of solving the mystery, at which Sir H. Nicolas scouts, viz., by supposing that he was at both, seems to us by no means so absurd as he imagines. We know that it was then very common for celebrated teachers, both in England and on the Continent, to collect around them audiences drawn from every corner of Europe, and the students were a migratory population, who remained at any one University no longer than was requisite to attend on the instructions of him whose fame had brought them thither. Leland, the English Antiquary of the sixteenth century, who asserts that Chaucer was at Oxford, was a member of both Universities, and Chaucer seems to indicate a favour for the custom, where he says, that "Sondry scoles maken subtil clerkes." The English Universities had not then, and did not assume till long afterwards, that peculiar character which now belongs to them. They resembled the Universities of Paris and Bologna then, and of Germany and Scotland now; and we know that the custom of residing at

two, or even three Universities, is very frequent at the present day, both on the continent of Europe and in Scotland.

It is also asserted, on still more doubtful authority, that Chaucer studied the law; and an amusing anecdote is told by Spight, of his having been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street, whilst he was a member of the Inner Temple. We are further told that he travelled in France for his instruction. But with reference to all of these assertions, the question will naturally arise, whether they were not brought forward by their authors, in order to account for the acquirements of which the poet was no doubt possessed when he first comes within the range of historical vision. If a man knows French well, as he seems to have done, it is no doubt highly probable that he may have been partially educated in France; but it is not a sufficient ground upon which to assert that such has actually been the case, since the fact would be equally well accounted for by his mother having been a French woman, or a hundred other accidental circumstances.

All that can be positively affirmed of Chaucer up to the year 1359, when he was in the army which invaded France, and when, according to the date which is usually given to his birth, he must have been 31 years of age, is that he received the best education which could be obtained at the time, and that he probably was intended for a learned profession, since his studies would not otherwise have been carried so far at a time when learning was so rarely cultivated by laymen for its own sake.

The account which we possess of his first and only military service, is contained in a deposition which he himself gave on the 15th October 1387, as a witness for Sir Richard le Scrope, in defence of his right to the arms "azure a bend or" against the claim of Sir R. Grosvenor. Chaucer was then attending upon Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Kent. His deposition, which is extremely curious, we shall insert for the amusement of our readers.

"Geffray Chaucere, Esquier, del age de xl. ans et plus, armeez par xxvij. ans, produit par la partie de Mons. Richard Lescrope, jurrez et examinez:

"Demandez, si les armeez dazure ove une bende dor apparteignent, ou deyvent apperteigner, au dit Mons. Richard du droit et de heritage, dist,

"Que oil, qar il lez ad veu estre armeez en Fraunce devant la ville de Retters, et Mons. Henry Lescrope armoz en mesmes les armeez ove un label blanc et a baner, et le dit Mons. Richard armeez en les entiers armez d'azure ove une bende dor, et issint il lez vist armer partout le dit viage, tanque le dit Geffrey estoit pris:

"Demandez, par qei il sciet que les ditz armeez apperteignent au dit Mons. Richard, dist,

"Que par oy dire des veu Chivalers et Esquires," &c. &c.

The following anecdote is curious:—

"Qil estoit une foitz en Friday Strete en Londres, com il alast en la rewe il vist pendant hors un nouvell signe faitz dez diz armez, et demandast quele herbergerie ceo estoit qui avoit pendu hors certez armez du Scrop, et un autr luy repondist et dit, Nenyl, seigneur, ils ne sount myz penduz hors pour les armez de Scrope, ne depeyntez la pour cez armeez, mes ils sount depeyntez et mys la por une Chivalier del Countede Chestre, que homme appell Mons. Robert Grovenor; et ceo fuist les primer faitz que oonges il oiast parler de Mons. Robert Grovenor ou de cez auncestres, ou de ascun autre portant le nom de Grovenor."

It would be extremely interesting to know in what capacity Chaucer actually served in this memorable expedition. The term "armed" by no means sets the question at rest, for he says that he was armed for twenty-seven years, during which time we know that he filled a succession of civil offices, and never once acted in the capacity of a soldier. It applies also to the time of giving the deposition, when he was certainly altogether a civilian. Perhaps it referred merely to the rank of esquire, which he then possibly for the first time assumed, or obtained. Strongly confirmatory as it seems to us of the view that Chaucer was attached to the army of Edward in a civil capacity, is the circumstance, that the next mention we have of him is in the situation of one of the "Valets of the King's Chamber," or "Valet of the King's Household," as the office is elsewhere called; and on the 20th June 1367, the king grants him, by the designation of "dilectus Vallettus noster," in consideration of his *former* and future services, an annual salary of twenty marks for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for. From 1360 to 1367, no entry of any payment to him appears on the Issue Roll of the exchequer, so that he probably held during that time no recognised public office; but the mention of his former services evidently implies a previous connexion with the Court, and nothing is more likely than that they may have stretched back to the date of the expedition. His being taken prisoner, of course, proves nothing, for this might have befallen a civil as well as a military servant of the king, though it is very possible that the captivity which he suffered may have been reckoned among his services; and that its duration may account for some portion of the time during which,

after once appearing, he again escapes from our sight. His appearance at Court in a situation which, as Sir H. Nicolas says, "was always filled by gentlemen," at a time when the requisite of birth was more indispensable than even now to Court preferment, is also favourable to the opinion that he was from the first of gentle blood, and that though he gave himself little trouble about the matter, there were others who read the "Battel Abbey Roll" in his behalf.

Chaucer's marriage is probably to be ascribed to the period at which we have now arrived. His wife was Philippa Roet, one of the "demoiselles," or ladies in attendance on the queen, and the eldest daughter of Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, and king of arms of Guienne. She was also the sister of Katherine, the widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, who at one time was the mistress, and afterwards became the wife of John of Gaunt. This, like most of the other facts of Chaucer's life, has been the subject of dispute, but we may now regard it as finally set at rest, by the investigations of Sir Harris Nicolas. The exact period of his marriage is not mentioned, but it must have taken place before the 12th September, 1366, since on that day a pension of ten merks annually, for life, was granted to "Philippa *Chaucer* una Domicellarum Cameræ Philippæ Reginæ Angliæ." Chaucer's wife was, therefore, a *Domicella* before he was, or at least is known to have been, a *Vallettus*, and it is not improbable that his connexion with her may have led to his procuring that office. Philippa, after her marriage with the poet, continued in the service of the queen, and at Christmas 1368, she is mentioned as one of the persons of the royal household to whom robes were ordered to be given. Her name occurs along with those of twelve other "damoiselles," eight "sous damoiselles," and several "veilleresses" of the queen's chamber, and among these latter is Philippa Pycard, the person whom several of the biographers suppose to have been the wife of Chaucer. There is reason to believe that Sir Payne Roet came to England in the retinue of Queen Philippa, in 1328, and it is therefore probable that his daughter entered the royal household at an early period of life. We have no means of ascertaining her age when she was united to the poet, but unless the marriage took place some time before the pension was assigned to her, her husband must then have been at least thirty-five, and as it is not likely that she was much older, we may conclude that she was born after her father's arrival in England.

After the queen's death, in 1369, Philippa Chaucer was attached to the person of Constance of Castile, Duchess of Lancaster, the second consort of John of Gaunt, to whose children, by his first alliance, her younger sister, Katherine, Lady Swinford, was then governess. Like her husband, she seems to have enjoyed the favour of "the great duke," for, before August 1372, he had given her a pension of £10 per annum, which was commuted, in June 1374, for an annuity of the same amount to her and her husband for life, "in consideration of the good services which they had rendered to the duke, to his duchess, and to the late queen, his mother." In 1382, the Duke of Lancaster presented her with a silver-gilt cup and cover, as a new year's gift, and the record of his donation shows that she was then one of the three ladies in attendance on the duchess, the others being Lady Sanche Blount and Lady Blanche de Trumpington.

Such is pretty nearly all that has been discovered of her who shared the joys and the sorrows of Chaucer, and who, as we shall see, was the mother of his children. We would gladly know more, but on this, as on many other occasions, we must feel grateful for knowledge which, though meagre in itself, so considerably exceeds that which we possess of the private history of a greater poet than he, and one who lived so much nearer to our time. Of Shakspeare's wife, the name of "Anne Hathaway" is nearly all which his biographers are privileged to record.*

We have now to contemplate Chaucer in an altogether different capacity, and in one which has very generally, though not very reasonably, been supposed to be inconsistent with the character of a poet. We have seen him a student and a courtier. We are now to behold him immersed in affairs—a man of business! On the 20th June, 1370, he obtained the usual letters of protection, in order that he might go abroad in the service of the king. This, so far as we know, was the first of Chaucer's foreign missions: the object of it has not been

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* As regards Chaucer's relation to the gentler sex in general, there is one passage in his writings which deserves to be noticed. In the Prologue to the "Rime of Sire Thopas," the host, when speaking of the poet, says,—

> "This were a popet in an arme to embrace
> For any woman, small and faire of face."

And from this, which was the opinion of himself, by a man not remarkable for vanity, taken in conjunction with what we know of his marriage, it may be inferred with little danger of error, that fortune, along with her other favours, dealt to him no stinted share of womanly affection, and that, in common with most of those who have been greatly gifted, he had the still more enviable privilege of being greatly beloved.

ascertained; but he must have discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his sovereign, for his services were soon again called into requisition, and he was sent into foreign parts *at least seven times** in the public service. The second of these missions is the most celebrated, from his referring to an anecdote supposed to be connected with it in the Canterbury Tales. The commission for this embassy was dated on the 12th of November, 1372, and Chaucer being then one of the king's esquires, was joined in it with James Pronam and John de Mari, citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment. It seems that he went to Florence, as well as Genoa, for on his return, in February, 1374, he received a payment at the Exchequer for his expenses while on the king's service at these places. Godwin, and several of the other biographers, assert, that on this occasion he visited Petrarch at Padua, and obtained from him, then and there, the pathetic tale of Griselda. The anecdote, which, if true, would be highly interesting, unfortunately rests upon no higher authority than the possibility that such a meeting may have taken place, and the supposed allusion to it in the following lines in the Prologue to the Clerk's Tale:—

> "I wol you tell a tale, which that I
> Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
> As preved by his wordes and his werk.
> He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste,
> I pray to God so yeve his soule rest.
> Fraunceis Petrark, the lauret poete,
> Highte this clerk, whos retorike swete
> Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

If Chaucer had not appeared in his own person as one of the characters in the Pilgrimage, and recited one of the tales, there would then have been very strong reasons for identifying his character with that of the Clerk of Oxenford, and the internal evidence in favour of this interesting meeting might have sufficed to supply the deficiency of external proof. As it is, however, notwithstanding the fact of Chaucer's having actually been at Florence while Petrarch was at Arqua (for the discovery of which we are indebted to Sir Harris Nicolas, and which, if it had been known to Godwin, would have been pounced upon as a positive windfall,) we cannot regard the story in a higher light than that in which Sir Harris puts it when he says, that "until accident brings some hitherto undiscovered document to light, it must remain among the many doubtful circumstances in the lives of eminent men which their admirers wish to believe true, but for which their biographers ought to require surer evidence than what Godwin calls 'coincidences which furnish a basis of historical probability.'"

Our space does not permit us to enumerate the subsequent diplomatic services of the poet. They were all of them, however, on affairs of importance, and frequently of secrecy, which renders it difficult to trace their object, or even to ascertain their number, as on these occasions neither commissions nor letters of protection were given, and the fact of their having taken place is only ascertained by payments to Chaucer from the Exchequer for services rendered "in secretis negotiis domini regis." One, however, is mentioned by Froissart, in which Chaucer was joined in February, 1377, with Sir Guichard d'Angle (afterwards Earl of Huntingdon) and Sir Richard Sturry, to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the King of France. On most of these occasions, as on that to which we have just alluded, he was associated with persons of more exalted rank—a circumstance which has led Saunders to form the very natural conjecture that he was in truth the working man of the embassy, and acted in the capacity of what whould now be called chargé d'affaires.*

But another and much more prosaic occupation engaged the attention of the poet when in England. On the 8th June 1374, shortly after his return from his first mission to Italy, he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs, and Subsidy of "Wools, Skins, and tanned Hides," in the port of London, and this office he continued to hold for twelve years, though he was bound to write the rolls of his office with his own hand, to be continually present, and to perform his duties personally and not by deputy, excepting of course the occasions on which he was sent abroad in the King's service. On the 8th May 1382, he was farther appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs in the port of London, but the duties of this latter office he was permitted to discharge either in person or by sufficient deputy, and on the 17th of the following February, he was accordingly permitted to appoint a permanent deputy. It is amusing to remark, in con-

* Some say nine times.

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1378, when he was sent to Lombardy, Chaucer appointed his friend and brother poet *Gower*, along with a certain Richard Forrester, to represent him in any legal proceedings which might be instituted in his absence.

nexion with Chaucer's first appointment to the Customs, that about the same time he received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily for life, to be received in the port of London by the hands of the King's butler. Perhaps his royal master may have been of opinion that after a day spent in those "reckenynges," of which he gently insinuates his aversion in his House of Fame, a "cup of sack" would be no unwelcome refreshment to a poet.

But though we may imagine that the kindness of his sovereign may have been called into exercise on this occasion, by a sense of the uninteresting nature of the poet's occupations, we can by no means join with Tyrwhitt in his lamentation for the genius of Chaucer, when struggling against the petrifying effect of these Custom-house accounts. We believe, on the contrary, that much of that peculiarly healthy and normal character which belongs to Chaucer's mind, as exhibited in his poetry, is to be attributed to his having taken so large a share in the actual business of the world. To procure the means of living in ease and affluence by the exercise of moderate, though regular application, has seldom a deteriorating effect on the mind of any man, and the time which was engrossed by these occupations was probably saved from his passing amusements and his gossiping friends, rather than taken from that which would have been devoted to posterity. The Excise has perhaps been charged with more than its own share in the destruction of Robert Burns, and the India House may claim the merit of having saved Charles Lamb from the heaviest of human afflictions. We regard it as a proof at once of the "manysidedness" of Chaucer's mental endowments, and of the thorough manliness of his character, that whilst he acted as the spiritual exponent of his age—whilst he felt and responded to the highest of earthly vocations—he was at the same time both able and willing to discharge, and did actually discharge, long and assiduously, the ordinary duties of an English citizen. Nor is the instance a solitary one among the greatest poets. Milton was Latin Secretary to Cromwell, and took an active share in all the events of his time; Shakspeare realized a fortune by his "Globe Theatre;" Goethe was Prime Minister to the Duke of Weimar; and if Shelley, Byron, and Keats, and the rest of our morbid poets, had been forced to think a little more of other people and a little less of themselves, there would probably have been less of that fretful repining and subjective mewling by which they have disgraced both themselves and their calling.

Towards the end of 1386, Chaucer ceased to hold his offices in the Customs, and great has been the ingenuity which his biographers have exhibited in accounting for his supposed dismissal. Godwin, who never leaves anything unexplained, discovered, as he says, from passages in the "Testament of Love," or more properly speaking invented, a very ingenious and romantic story of his having taken part in the dispute between the Court and the citizens of London, respecting the election of a certain mayor of the name of John of Northampton; of his having fled to Zealand; of his there having acted with great liberality to his fellow-exiles; of the persons who had charge of his affairs in his absence having betrayed their trust and reduced him to poverty; of his having betrayed his confederates in return, in order to get out of the Tower of London, in which it seems he was imprisoned on his return, and a great many circumstances of a similar description, which, though highly creditable to the inventor, would not probably be greatly to the edification of our readers. The whole of this mass of "historical probabilities" is now blown in the air by the discovery, that, during the whole time of his supposed exile, Chaucer was quietly discharging his Custom-House duties in London and drawing his salaries; and that, at the very time when he is supposed to have been lying a prisoner in the Tower of London, he was sitting as Knight of the Shire for the county of Kent in the Parliament at Westminster! The discovery is of course a notable one, and Sir Harris Nicolas glorifies himself accordingly. But the odd part of the business is, that although he has thus pulled down the whole of the superincumbent mass of rubbish which Godwin had built upon the theory of the dismissal, he still continues to be haunted by the theory itself. Why does it never occur to him, that if Chaucer became a Member of Parliament on the 1st October, and ceased to be Comptroller of the Customs on the 1st December, the two events may possibly have been connected, and that the resignation of the comptrollership may have been occasioned by its duties being incompatible with those of a member of Parliament? The explanation seems so natural, that one wonders why it should have failed to suggest itself. But what, then, became of the theory of the dismissal? It went by the board of course; and this Sir Harris would by no means permit, for he (in common with Godwin, strange to tell) was determined that Chaucer should be poor at one period of his life; and the present seemed a favourable opportunity for commencing his misfortunes. We are told, accordingly, that al-

though the accession of Richard II. had been favourable to him at first, from the power which it placed in the hands of his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, the tide had now turned against him, and that he had become obnoxious to the Duke of Gloucester, who had then risen into power. For this there is just as little proof as for the exile to Zealand. It is very possible that a change of ministers may have led to the poet's retirement from his offices in the Customs, and a similar circumstance may have induced him voluntarily to assign his pensions—a transaction which has been held as a sure indication of his being in pecuniary difficulties. In any view of this matter, the facts seem to us by no means necessarily to infer poverty; they are equally explicable on the supposition of his having attained to such affluence as to render it no longer indispensable that he should discharge the functions of laborious offices; and however improbable it may be that a poet should be industrious, if we have the industry proved, as in the case before us, we think the supposition of its having been followed by its usual concomitant of easy circumstances, even in his case, ceases to be extravagant. The death of his wife, moreover, which seems to have taken place in 1387, by adding the element of domestic affliction to the other inducements which must always have weighed with a man of letters, renders the voluntary withdrawal of Chaucer from public affairs, at this period of his life, still more intelligible. We are confirmed in our opinion, moreover, by the fact, that he never again held any public office the duties of which he was compelled to discharge in person. In 1389, when the young king Richard II. assumed the reins of government, and the poet's patron, John of Gaunt, and his son, the Earl of Derby, (afterwards King Henry IV.,) came into power, he was appointed to the valuable office of Clerk of the King's Works at the Palace of Westminster and the other Royal Residences, but his duties he was permitted to discharge by deputy, and, even if he had not, they were probably more to his taste than those of Comptroller of Customs. This situation Chaucer held for two years; and the cause of his resignation, or dismissal, as in the former case, is unknown. For a short time he seems to have had no other pension than that which he derived from the Duke of Lancaster, and his wages as one of the King's Esquires. But on the 28th February 1394, he again obtained a grant from the King of £20 for life; and this fact, taken in connexion with the powerful friendships which we know he possessed, and the very recent period at which, as Clerk of the Works, he must have been very well off, renders it, to our thinking, rather a hasty conclusion on the part of his biographers, that he must have been in great want of money, merely because he seems, once or twice, to have anticipated his pension at the Exchequer. The truth of the matter probably is, that he made the Exchequer serve him in some measure as a banker—that he treated his pension as an account-current, upon which he drew as he found occasion for his ordinary expenses; and this view we think is confirmed by the fact, that he allowed it to lie after the term of payment, nearly as often as he drew it in advance. On the whole, we conceive that the attempt to make Chaucer a martyr to the world's forgetfulness of men of genius, has not very well prospered in the hands of his biographers; and we think it not unlikely, that the phantom of poverty with which they have insisted on marring his fortunes, may have been conjured up by that which overshadowed their own. On this subject Sir Harris Nicolas is quite as pathetic as Godwin; and the similarity of his fate, which we have recently had occasion to deplore, with that which so long pressed upon the indiscreet but gifted author of Caleb Williams, may not improbably have brought about this solitary coincidence. Nor are we at all shaken in our opinion on this subject by Chaucer's address "to his Emptie Purse," which has been relied on as an additional proof of his poverty. It is manifestly a sportive production, written for the purpose of bringing his claims for an increase to his pensions in a light and graceful manner before the young king, Henry IV., the son of his patron, John of Gaunt, and with whom, be it remembered, he was then nearly connected by marriage, and in these circumstances the expressions, "I am sorrie now that ye be light," "be heavy againe," &c., seem to us nothing more than what we daily hear from persons in very easy circumstances. They might be brought forward as a proof of his avarice, quite as well as of his poverty. But if he was a needy, he seems not to have been an unsuccessful suitor, for we know that within four days after Henry came to the throne, and probably the very day that he received the verses in question, he doubled the poet's pension, and on the 15th of October of the preceding year, just at the time when his supposed penury must have been at its height, he obtained in addition to his daily pitcher, another grant of a tun of wine every year during his life, "in the port of London, from the King's

chief butler or his deputy."* If he had been so "rascally poor" as his biographers would make him, one would think that the *pitcher*† daily ought to have been sufficient for his consumption in the article of wine. That Chaucer was extravagant, or at least that he possessed those expensive tastes which so frequently accompany intellectual refinement, is extremely probable, and if such were the case it is not unlikely that his purse was occasionally "lighter" than was consistent with his habits; but we rejoice to think that there is no reason for quarrelling with the buxom age in which he lived, on the score of his having been subjected to actual want, and so far are we from wishing to claim for him the glories of pecuniary martyrdom, that we confess to regarding with some degree of pleasure, the many indications of wealth and comfort with which at every stage of his life we find him surrounded. We remember that Knox had "his pipe of Bordeaux in that old Edinburgh house of his," and we remember also the flagon of Einbecker beer, which the kind hands of Duke Erich proffered to Doctor Martin Luther, on his exit from the *Saale* at Worms, and the gratitude with which he drank it; and neither the one nor the other of these hero-priests is one whit the less heroic in our eyes from his hearty enjoyment of the good things which Providence sent him. We have every reason to believe that the father of our poet was considerably more fortunate in external circumstances than either of the Reformers, and we have no reason to doubt that his enjoyments were tempered with the same kindly and pious spirit.

But Chaucer was not destined long to enjoy the bounty of his new sovereign, for he died at the mature age of 72, on the 15th October 1400, only one year subsequent to the grants which we have last mentioned. He died in the vicinity of Westminster, in a house which on the Christmas Eve preceding he had rented from a monk of the name of Robert Humodesworth. Whether London was then the place of his habitual residence, whether he possessed, as has been said, the castle and manor of Donington, in Berkshire, or passed the latter part of his life at a favourite retreat at Woodstock, cannot now be, or at all events has not yet been, ascertained with certainty, though considerably greater industry has been bestowed upon the inquiry than in the eyes of many it may seem to merit.

In his family Chaucer was not less fortunate than in the other circumstances of his life, and his name was preserved in honour among the living by his eldest son Thomas Chaucer, who externally was a more important personage than even the poet himself. In the reign of Richard II., while his father yet lived, he had held the office of King's chief butler, and a grant of twenty marks a year had also been given to him. Under Henry IV, he held many lucrative and honourable appointments; he represented Oxfordshire in eight Parliaments, commencing with the year 1402, and coming down to 1429, and in 1414 he was chosen Speaker of the Commons of the Parliament that met at Westminster, on Monday after the octaves of St. Martin. Thomas Chaucer married Matilda, the second daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Burghersh, with whom he acquired large estates in Oxfordshire, and in many other counties, and latterly he seems to have been very wealthy, since he is rated after his death, in the list which was prepared of those of whom it was proposed to borrow money for carrying on the French war, at a much larger sum than any other person except the Bishops of Exeter and Ely, the Dean of Lincoln, and Sir John Cornwall. He served with the King in France with a retinue of twelve men-at-arms, and thirty-seven archers, and he was present at the battle of Agincourt. Like his father he seems also to have had a talent for diplomacy, for he was frequently employed as an ambassador during the reigns of Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI.

Thomas Chaucer had only one child, Alice Chaucer, who married for the third time, in 1430, William de la Pole, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who was attainted and beheaded in 1450. By him she had three children, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, married the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV., by whom he had a numerous family, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, was declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne, in the event of the Prince of Wales dying without issue; so that for some time, as Sir Harris Nicholas remarks, there was a great probability of the poet's great-great-grandson succeeding to the Crown. But the Earl of Lincoln (for such he had been created in his father's lifetime) was killed in the not very glorious battle of Stoke in 1487, and in his person the family

* It is instructive on this subject to remark that a few months subsequent to this grant, if not at the very time, the King's chief butler was none other than the poet's own son, Thomas Chaucer.

† A pitcher of wine is supposed to have amounted to four bottles.

of Chaucer was extinguished, thus suffering the fate which strangely enough seems to impend over the families of all our poets.

Besides his son Thomas, Chaucer probably had a daughter and also a sister of the name of Elizabeth, since two persons bearing the name of Elizabeth Chaucer became nuns, one in the Abbey of Berking in Essex, and the other in the priory of St. Helen's, London, in such circumstances as to lead to the supposition that they were connected with the Poet.

But of all his children, the most interesting, because apparently the best beloved, is "lytel Lowys," for whose instruction he compiled, and to whom he dedicated his "Conclusions of the Astrolabie" in a style so quaint, so tender, and withal so instructive with reference both to his own character and to the time, that though intended for no other purpose than to facilitate the studies of a child ten years old, it has become to us one of the most interesting of his works.

The object of the treatise is to reduce to a simpler form the rules for the use of this instrument, which, till the invention of the quadrant, was invariably used both in astronomy and navigation, and to present them in English to his son, instead of the Latin in which it was then the custom to teach them, "for latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my litel sonne." It is "compowned," as he tells us, "after the latitude of Oxenforde," where it is probable that "lytel Lowys" was then at school, and where his father had evidently perceived with delight the opening of powers which we have reason to believe were not destined to arrive at maturity. With a mixture of fondness and of pride which is touching, he says, "I perceive by certain evidences, thyne abylytee to lern scyences, touching nombres, and proporcions, and also well consider I thy besye prayer in especyal to lerne the tretyse of the astrolabye." The conclusion of the dedication is also worthy of note, both for the quaint modesty with which he lays aside all pretensions to scientific originality, and for the patriotic enthusiasm with which he speaks of the English language :—

"Now wol I pray mekely every person discrete, that redeth or heareth this litel treatise to have my rude entending excused, and my superfluitie of wordes, for two causes. The firste cause is, for that curious enditying and harde sentences is ful hevy at once, for such a childe to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothely me semeth better to writen unto a child twise a good sentence, than he foriete it ones. And Lowis, if it so be that I shewe the in my lith Englishe, as true conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and subtil conclusions, as bene yschewed in latin, in any comon treatise of the astrolabye, conne me the more thanke, and praye God save the kinge, that is lorde of this langage, and all that him faith beareth, and obeith everich in his degre, the more and the lasse. But consydre thwell, that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werke of my labour or of mine engin. I nam but a leude compilatour of the laboure of old astrologiens, and have it translated in myn Englishe onely for thy doctrine, and with this swerde shall I sleue envy."

This little tribute of paternal love on the part of our poet, is indeed remarkable in many ways, and if we consider the time at which it was written, when universality of knowledge was of much less easy attainment than in our day, and bear in mind further, that it was the fruit of the leisure hours of one, who beside his literary labours, which were neither few nor small, was as we have seen a courtier, a diplomatist, and a man of business, it will hold as such a prominent place among the curiosities of literature. Of its bearing in another point of view, we shall have to speak in a subsequent page.

We have now concluded what we conceived it needful to say of the external position of Chaucer, and of his varied career, and it will probably be admitted that we have in some measure fulfilled the promise with which we commenced the recital. We have called from the fourteenth century as a witness to its manners, one who neither in his occupations, nor in his fortunes, differed greatly from hundreds of the best class of Englishmen of the present time, and whose story, in its external aspect, might be told of many under the reign of Queen Victoria, as well as under that of King Edward III. Are we to conclude from this, that Chaucer was a solitary and isolated character, plucked as it were by anticipation from the realm of the future, and sent as a spectator for our behoof into the halls of our ancestors? or are we to accept him as a specimen of the men of his time, at the expense of foregoing all our preconceived opinions with reference to the character of the fourteenth century? On either hypothesis we should be equally in error; solitary and isolated he certainly was not, for with all that was acted, and all that was thought, he was entwined; in his life and in his character he was the expression of his time; but neither was he an average specimen, for he was its highest expression; we do not say that he was before his time, for though the phrase is often used with reference to those whose developement surpasses that of their contemporaries not in kind but in degree, we do not think that it is rightly so used, and if there was any one of

that day to whom in its proper signification we might apply it, it would be to Wycliffe, and not to Chaucer. Chaucer did not anticipate the future, but he comprehended the present, he was a "seer" of what was—not of what was to be. He was the "clear and conscious" man of his time. In his opinions there was nothing which others did not feel, but what they felt unconsciously he thought and expressed, and what to them was a vapour, to him was a form. There was no antagonism between him and his age, and hence the popularity which we know that he enjoyed. In taking this view of the matter, it may be thought that we give up all pretension on the part of our poet, to the highest—the prophetic part of the poetic character. We answer that we are not here to discuss the question, as to whether the proper function of the poet is to express the age in which he lives, or to shadow forth an age which is to follow. We state the fact as we conceive it to be, and so important do we regard it in order to a just appreciation of the character and influence of Chaucer, that we shall take the liberty of illustrating it by tracing it out as well as we may, first in his philosophy, and then in his religion.

For this purpose it is not necessary that we should speak at length of his metaphysical creed, for the philosophy of Aristotle was still all-prevalent; and there is abundant proof in many parts of his writings that Chaucer, like the rest of the learned of his day, was brought up at the feet of the Stagyrite, and that he read it with the light which the Schoolmen afforded. It is probable also that the study was a very favourite one with him, that he "hadde unto logic long ygo," and that in this, as in many other respects, he painted his own character in that of the "Clerk of Oxenford," when he says, that

> "him was liever han at his bed's head
> A twenty bookes cloth'd in black or red
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy
> Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltry."

But there is no reason to think that in this department Chaucer ever assumed a higher position than that of a recipient. In none of his works that have come down to us does he deal with the pure intelligence; and, indeed, from his whole character, it is obvious that his interest in the concrete was so intense as scarcely to admit of his lingering long in the regions of metaphysical or logical abstraction. The part of our nature with which he was concerned, and upon which it was his vocation to act, was precisely that which the logician excludes from his view; as a poet, he had to deal with man not as he thinks merely, but as he feels and acts—with his passions and affections even more than with his intelligence, and hence his devotion to ethical studies.

Of the manner in which he studied, and endeavoured to elaborate this latter department of mental philosophy, we are fortunately enabled to judge with considerable precision. In early life he translated the celebrated work of Boethius "De Consolatione Philosophiæ;" a book more remarkable for its fortunes than even for its merits. Composed in prison when accused of the crime of having "hoped for the restoration of Roman liberty," by him whom Gibbon has characterized as "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman," it formed as it were the connecting link between the classical and the Christian world; and the labour of translation which Chaucer performed, had already occupied the leisure of Alfred, and was yet to engage that of Elizabeth. Though Boethius was a Christian, and his quarrel with Theodoric is supposed to have arisen from a treatise which he published during his Consulship in 522, in which he maintained the doctrine of the Unity of the Trinity, in opposition to the Arian tenets of his master, the arguments by which he seems to have consoled himself for the loss of his greatness, and to have prepared himself for the death which he soon after suffered, are deduced from the doctrines of Plato, of Aristotle, and, above all, of Zeno, rather than from those of Christ and his disciples; and if the book is to be regarded in a higher light than that of a philosophical pastime, by which he sought to relieve the tedium of captivity, it must be viewed as the production of one in whom the character of the heathen philosopher preponderated over that of the Christian martyr. It possesses, however, much of the calm and dignified beauty which the ancients shed over their natural religion. In many passages we feel as if we were reading a Latin translation of one of the Dialogues of Plato, or had stumbled by accident on an unknown passage of one of Cicero's philosophical treatises; but the freshness is gone, the clearness and precision is wanting, the style is verbose, and the argument inconsequent, and we arrive at last at the conclusion, that the author intended it as an imitation of those writings with which we know, from his early studies, that he must have been conversant. Be this as it may, the work enjoyed a popularity, and exerted an influence over the better minds of the Middle Ages, beyond that of any other writer—a

circumstance which will hardly astonish us if we remember that to most of those by whom it was so eagerly read, the sources from which it was derived were unknown, and that it was consequently in its pages that they first became acquainted with the flattering doctrine, that man by the exercise of reason becomes superior to the dominion of fortune. The singular destiny which attended the philosophy of the Stoics is worthy of remark as illustrating the influence which Boethius exerted on the Middle Age. Wherever their tenets appear, it is continually as a vain protest against existing corruption, feeble for present good, but full of power and meaning for a time which is soon to follow. When Zeno first promulgated his doctrines, they were addressed to Greece, distracted by scepticism, and enervated by Epicureanism, and the Apostle of Virtue taught in vain. Greece was past recovery, but the rival which was to supplant her listened with eagerness to the lessons to which she was deaf, and the stern philosophy of the porch found an expression in the energy and simplicity of Roman life. During the youth and vigour of the Republic, Stoicism was peculiarly the philosophy of Rome, recognised in theory and illustrated in practice; and it was not till virtue herself had departed under the relaxing and deadening influence of the empire, that it ceased to be regarded. But here, as in Greece, when corruption and effeminacy had reached their culminating point, it reappeared in the shape of a warning spirit, and though the words of Boethius, like those of Zeno, fell unheeded on the ears of his countrymen, they found, like his, an audience among a people who flourished on the ruins of those to whom they were originally addressed. It has been said that Zeno had a presentiment of the stern simplicity of Rome, and with equal truth it might be said that Boethius had a presentiment of the romantic and truth-loving devotion of the Middle Ages.

But though Chaucer inherited the ethical code of Boethius, he was not contented with the character of a simple inheritor. He endeavoured to adapt what he found in a Roman dress, or in Roman tatters, to the uses and modes of thinking of his countrymen, and hence in the curious treatise which is called his "Testament of Love," we have a complete embodiment of the practical philosophy of the chivalrous ages. The book is obscure and perplexing in the highest degree, full of quaint allegory, digressions, and repetitions, totally devoid of system, distressingly verbose, and still more distressingly long, so as almost to set at defiance the puny efforts of modern perseverance; still it evidently contains much that is important, and if thoroughly read, we are satisfied would reveal in its details many very interesting views hitherto overlooked, of the habits of thinking which then prevailed. The main features which distinguish it from the work of Boethius, and which stamp it as the production of the Middle Age, are easily seized. The place of philosophy, the celestial consoler, is supplied by "*Love*," a being whom we must in nowise confound either with the heathen goddess, or as some have done, with the divine love of the Christian religion. She is neither more nor less than the embodiment of an abstract idea which formed the central point of the whole system of chivalry, and her substitution for the philosophy or reason of Boethius is very characteristic of a state of society in which the affections and passions, rather than the intelligence, were the motive principles. The "Love" of Chaucer is a complete generalization, altogether independent of individual object, and the consolation which she proffers to her votary is that of enlisting in his favour the special guardian, the "Margarite" who is supposed to watch over his individual fortunes. The "Margarite" seems to correspond to the chivalrous idea of the "Lady love" in its purest sense, when its reference to an individual was by no means indispensable, but when it signified rather the "love of women," the highest object of the knight's ambition. Under the protection of this guardian spirit the lover is represented as altogether sheltered from the caprices of Fortune, and in her name he has a dose of rather frigid comfort administered to him, greatly resembling that which Boethius receives at the hand of Philosophy. Such is the general idea of the book, and it is a noble idea, embracing the very essence of society as it existed then, and presenting a much deeper view of that singular institution of chivalry than is usually to be met with in the writers either of that or of later times. Of the imperfections of its execution we have already spoken perhaps more strongly than we ought, but when placed side by side with the treatise of Boethius, from which it is professedly imitated, its inferiority as a work of art is very apparent. The one may very aptly be compared to a bright sunny day in the end of October, when much of the richness of vegetation still lingers though its vitality be gone, whilst the other resembles an arid day in March, when through the biting east winds of our northern spring, we with difficulty distinguish the germs of life which are soon to burst forth into luxuriant summer.

We have said that in his religion, as well

as in his philosophy, Chaucer was the expression of his time. Though it is well known that both by his interests and his sympathies he was all along united with the reforming party in the Church, we fear that we cannot claim for him the epithet of a reformer in the sense in which it unquestionably belongs to Wycliffe. From his early translation of the "Roman de la Rose," up to the crowning efforts of his genius in the Canterbury Tales, the corruptions of the clergy were no doubt the unceasing objects of his satire, and the baneful influence which their vices exercised on the civil as well as the religious society of the time called forth continually his pathetic, and, we doubt not, his sincere lamentations. The biographer of Wycliffe has well remarked that "few are the evils, either in Church or in the state of society, to which the censure of Wycliffe was applied, which may not be found as the subject of satire or complaint in the poems of Chaucer." Still we must repeat he was no "thorough-going" reformer. Perhaps he was not bold enough; perhaps, with Erasmus, whose conduct in this respect was open to the same reproach, he would have said, "non omnes ad martyriam satis habent roboris; vereor autem, ne, si quid inciderit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus." We incline, however, to the opinion that the position which Chaucer held with reference to the Reformers was consistent with the honest sentiments of his heart, notwithstanding the suspicion of interestedness to which it is manifestly exposed from its coincidence with that of his great friend and patron John of Gaunt. He felt, as England and Europe felt at the time, that the hour for the downfal of the priesthood had not yet arrived, that they still had a part to play and functions to discharge in the history of the world, which in spite of their corruptions they would discharge, better or worse, and which could not with safety be intrusted to any other body of men which then existed. They were still the custodiers of nearly all the learning of the age, and it was in their community alone that civilization as yet had found a secure and permanent resting place, for the class of non-clerical men of letters to which he himself belonged was far too insignificant to undertake the task of preserving even secular knowledge. Though the clergy were indolent, their efforts, when they did exert themselves, were so much more in accordance with his own views of what was worthy of rational endeavour than those of the fighting and gasconading laymen of his day, that Chaucer, along with the scorn which he so unhesitatingly expressed for individual members of the body, had probably anything but a hostile feeling towards them as a class. Above all, Chaucer was a cheerful, hopeful man; some one has said that he was the "gayest and most cheerful writer of our language," and certain it is that the natural bent of his mind led him to view the sunny rather than the shady side of human affairs. He had nothing of the stern and uncompromising genius of a true reformer; humour and sarcasm are the characteristics of his satire, and for the scorching indignation of Juvenal, or the still more lofty reproof of Tacitus, we should search in vain in his pages. His temper was too gentle for condemnation, too hopeful for despair. Such shameless charlatans as the "Pardoner" he no doubt exposes most unmercifully.

"His wallet lay before him in his lappe,
Bret ful of pardon come from Rome, al hote."

And again—

"He had a crois of laton full of stones,
And in a glass he hadde pigges bones."

But even here his love for the ludicrous continually breaks forth, and the description excites our laughter where it ought to awaken our indignation.

"A vois he hadde, as small as hath a gote,
No berde hadde he, ne never non should have,
As smoth it was as it was newe shave."

This is not the manner in which Wycliffe spoke of such men as the Pardoner. Still we by no means admit that Chaucer was either a dishonest or a frivolous man. He used against corruption such weapons as he possessed, and such as, viewing the matter through the medium of his own hopeful and sanguine temper, he conceived to be needful; for there is every reason to suppose that he did not regard the amendment of the existing ecclesiastical system as hopeless, and consequently that he scarcely approved in his heart of the extreme measures which Wycliffe recommended.

In judging of the conduct of persons in the situation in which Chaucer stood with reference to the Reformers, we are often guilty of injustice by taking it for granted that the question presented itself to them in the same pure and simple form in which it comes before us. We bring together the arguments which we imagine must have been used, which to our minds are so convincing, and which we know ultimately prevailed, and we wonder that a person of common honesty, or common understanding,

could have resisted their force. But whilst we thus marshal the victorious arguments which now alone have possession of the field, we forget that the question must then have been complicated by a thousand considerations and sympathies, the strength of which we are now incapable of measuring. To England at the time, the proposed Reformation was indeed a vexed question, nor did the views of the Reformers possess, as is frequently supposed, the force which novelty gives to startling revelations. For more than a century before Chaucer's time, the opposition to the corruptions of the Church had been the cause of much bloodshed in the neighbouring nations, and in his own land they had already been attacked by writers of every class. The satirical ballads which go under the name of Walter Mapes, and the so-called "political songs" of England, in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, were in everybody's mouth, the "Malverne hilles" had already been the scene of the "ploughman's vision," and we have mentioned Chaucer's own early translation of the "Roman de la Rose." All of these works, and others which could be mentioned, and many which are forgotten, derived their point from the state of feeling which then existed with reference to the clergy, including of course the Monastic orders. As a question simply, it cannot be doubted that the subject was very familiar to Chaucer's mind; and it is perhaps in its very familiarity *as a question* that we are to look for the cause of its never having assumed a more definite form.

In this respect the poet occupies unquestionably a much less lofty position than the heroic and devoted Rector of Lutterworth, but his conduct is still altogether consistent with the character which we have assigned him as the man of the present. The indecision under which he laboured was the characteristic of the time; and two centuries more were required before words were finally ripened into deeds, and the dreams of Wycliffe obtained their fulfilment.

It has been conjectured on very probable grounds that Chaucer enjoyed the personal friendship of the Reformer, and the Lutterworth Rector is by many supposed to have been the original of "the poure persone of a toun." To us it seems that this character of pure and simple piety is intended rather as an embodiment of Wycliffe's favourite idea of "a good preaching priest," than as a sketch of the stalwart proportions of the Reformer himself. We doubt not that among his flock at Lutterworth, Wycliffe was in his own person the brightest example of the character which Chaucer has so beautifully touched when he says—

> "Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
> But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
> In sickness and in mischief to visite
> The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
> Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
> This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
> That first he wrought, and afterward he taught."

But the father of the Reformation was something more than "a good preaching priest," and in the "poor parson" we find nothing of the grandeur of him who stood alone before the Oxford Convocation, like Luther at Worms; or who, when the sixteen doctors from the four orders of friars came to console him on what they thought and hoped was his death-bed, and to exhort him to renounce his errors, greeted them after a fashion which still more forcibly reminds us of the sturdy German. The anecdote is so characteristic, that we shall give it in the words of his biographer. The Reformer, reduced to the last stage of weakness, listened, we are told, silent and motionless to the address which the doctors delivered—"he then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed; and fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remaining strength, as he exclaimed aloud—*I shall not die but live, and shall again declare the evil deeds of the Friars.*"

Though the fact has never been positively ascertained, the mutual connexion of Chaucer and of Wycliffe with the Duke of Lancaster, renders it highly probable that they were personal friends; and if such was the case, it is pleasing to reflect that the gentle piety of the country rector was even more highly appreciated by the poet than the grander qualities of the intrepid Reformer, and if they met at all, there can be little doubt that their friendship must have been cemented by their thus coming together on the common ground of religious feeling.

There is yet one other point of view in which Chaucer was peculiarly the expression of his time—we mean as an Englishman. During the century which preceded his birth, the English character and language had been steadily evolving themselves from those antagonistic elements which, since the battle of Hastings, had divided men scarcely differing in race—the great original Saxon had now at length absorbed the Norman element, which till then had floated on its surface, and the English nationality and the English tongue had as-

sumed the character of complete and finished existences. But we should greatly deceive ourselves if we regarded either the one or the other as entirely the product of the thirteenth century, for though then, and not till then, they assumed that modified and complex form in which we possess them now, they had never at any period of our history ceased from the land, and in so far as the language is concerned, the error of the writers of Tyrwhitt's school, who spoke of it as a new compound substance, formed as it were by pouring the two simple elements of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman into the same vessel and stirring them together, has been entirely refuted by modern scholars. The English language is now admitted on all hands to have developed itself spontaneously out of the Anglo-Saxon which preceded it; and though we cannot go so far with the reactionary party as to say that it would probably have been in all respects such as we find it if the Norman Conquest had never taken place,* we conceive it to be established beyond the reach of farther controversy, that very few grammatical changes are to be attributed to that event. These we believe to have been the result of that tendency towards simplification which has been pointed out as forming the law of development of all human speech,† and which may be observed in the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian as compared with the old Norse, or in the French, Italian, and Spanish, as compared with the Latin, quite as well as in the English, as compared with the Anglo-Saxon. The rule that as languages become modern they substitute prepositions and auxiliary verbs for cases and tenses, is now admitted to be nearly universal, and the flectional changes which the English tongue has undergone, are sufficiently accounted for on this general principle, and would have taken place independently of foreign admixture.

But it is for flectional changes alone that this principle will account, and when we come to the introduction of foreign roots we are driven to seek for causes from without. Now that we have in the English a Roman element, forming, after the Saxon substratum, by far the most important portion of the language, and that we have this element in so much greater degree than the other Gothic languages, German, Danish, Swedish, &c., as to render its introduction from direct contact with the Latin either of the first, or Roman, or of the second, or scholastic period, impossible, we hold to be clear, and it is equally clear that we have the phenomenon exhibiting itself shortly after an historical event which must have brought us in contact with a people who spoke a Romanized language, and such being the case, we confess, for our own part, that we are totally unable to separate the two facts, or to consider the one in any other light than as the cause of the other. The English language unfettered, and very probably (in its structure at all events) unaffected by the Norman, developed itself forth, but it did so in a proximity so close, and in the midst of a contact so continual, as to render it impossible that it should have borrowed nothing from so intimate a fellowship. There was no amalgamation, properly so called, there was not even, except to a very limited extent, (in words, for example, in *tion*,) a direct adoption ; the Saxon element asserted its privileges everywhere, and even on what it borrowed from the Norman it immediately stamped its characteristic forms. The manner in which this adaptation took place is well pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he has failed to recognise its philological importance. "Accorder, souffrir, recevoir, descendre," he says, "were regularly changed into accorden, suffren, receiven, descenden." Everywhere we see the impress of the Saxon mint on the Norman ore.

But in proof of the direct influence of the Conquest upon the language to this limited extent, it is also important to remark that subsequent to the age of Chaucer, and what has been called the period of the middle English, when the process of absorption may be considered as completed, we have no further addition of foreign words, except such as can be directly traced to accidental sources. We had no more Conquests, and consequently our language underwent no further change, except that of the natural development of a Gothic tongue. That the original process was one of absorption and not of amalgamation, in the sense in which we have used the terms, is also clearly established by the fact that the further development has been entirely in the Gothic direction, whereas if the two elements of Saxon and Norman had been in anything like equal power, we might have looked for a development now in the one direction and now in the other.

Such being the view which we take of the formation of the English language, it will not be difficult to characterize the speech which Chaucer employed. In its form it was the Saxon of Edward the Confessor,

* Hallam—Middle Ages.
† Latham's English Language.

with such flectional modifications as three centuries of further development had effected; and in its substance it had superadded to the great Saxon substratum, such Norman words as the contact of three centuries had gradually introduced.

Chaucer's language was therefore the language of his time. Of all the errors into which Godwin and his school have fallen, the most absurd is that of asserting that Chaucer at the age of eighteen, when a student at Cambridge, having maturely considered the prospects of his own future celebrity, coolly set himself down to compose his "Court of Love" in English, as the language which was most likely in future to be that of his country, and in order to the proper accomplishment of his task, that he vigorously applied himself to purify and refine that hitherto barbarous tongue. However it may tell for the glory of Chaucer, the truth of the matter unquestionably is, that he took the language as he found it, in its most modern form of course; for he was in this as in other respects of the progressive party of his day, and insensibly he contributed what one might do in one generation towards its development. As to his merit in preferring it to the Norman French, all that we have to say is, though it is highly probable that he knew that language sufficiently to have used it for purposes of poetical composition if he had chosen, the fact is by no means certain, and that he regarded it at all events in the light of a foreign tongue, is clear on his own showing. "Let then clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science, and the knowing of that faculties; and *lette Frenchmen in their French also enditen their queint termes, for it is kindly to their mouthes, and let us shew our fantasies in such wordes as we learnden of our dames tongue.*"

It were needless to occupy the small space which remains to us by insisting further on this point. The theory of that sorrowful interregnum between Anglo-Saxon and English, when our ancestors are said to have spoken a chaotic and Babylonish jargon, incapable of being turned to intellectual uses, is now happily abandoned by all our scholars, and we have the Anglo-Saxon, the semi-Saxon, the old, the middle, and the modern English, each shading gradually and naturally into the other. From the reign of Henry III. up to Chaucer's time, we have a series of political and satirical songs and poems in the vernacular tongue;* and so far from the native language having been prohibited by the earlier Norman kings, we know that from the conquest till the reign of Henry II., it was invariably employed by them in their charters, when it made way, not for French, but for Latin.* We have thus at last recovered the missing link, and we have now to thank modern industry for the unbroken chain which binds together our speech and that of our ancestors.

Our space does not permit us to dwell at any length on the poetical merits of Chaucer, and, indeed, our intention from the first has been to supply our readers with such information as might induce them to peruse his works, rather than to save them the trouble of perusing them by furnishing them with opinions ready made. But a few observations before parting, for the purpose of fixing, in some measure, the rank that he is entitled to hold among our poets, we cannot deny ourselves. We do not venture to equal him to the two greatest of them. With Milton, indeed, he can in nowise be compared, for the difference in kind is so absolute as to render it impossible to measure the degree; and by Shakspeare he is unquestionably surpassed in his own walk. The divine instinct of the Swan of Avon he did not possess, and hence his characterization is broad and common as compared with his. But here our admission of inferiority must end. As a poet of character—and as such chiefly he must be viewed, we believe him to come nearer to Shakspeare than any other writer in our language. There is the same vigour in all that he pourtrays, the same tone of health belongs to it. When Carlyle said that Sir Walter Scott was the healthiest man that ever was, he ought to have added, "after Chaucer." We believe that no writer ever was so healthy as Chaucer; and we dwell on this characteristic with the greater pleasure that it seems to us a proof of the thoroughly good constitution with which our English life began. Even where he comes in contact with grossness and immorality, they never seem to taint him, or to jaundice his vision. They are ludicrous or hateful, and as such he represents them freely and unshrinkingly; but there is no morbid gloating over impurity, or lingering around

* The first verse of the song against the King of Alemaigne, temp. Henry III., does not differ much from the language of Chaucer.

"Sitteth alle stille ant herkneth to me:
The Kyn of Alemaigne, bi mi leauté (by my loyalty)
Thritti thousand pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countré."

Political Songs of England, from the reign of John to that of Edward II., edited for the Camden Society, by Thomas Wright, Esq.

* Codex Diplomaticus.

vice. There is nothing French about him, neither has he any kindred with such writers as those of Charles the Second's time, or with the Swifts, and Sternes, and Byrons of later days. He is not very scrupulous about words, but there is no mistaking his opinion; and the question, as to whether his weight is be thrown into the balance in behalf of virtue or of vice is never doubtful. "If he is a coarse moralist," said Mr. Wordsworth, "he is still a great one."

Chaucer is essentially the poet of man. Brought up from the first among his fellows, and discharging to the last the duties of a citizen, he wandered not,—nor wished to wander, in solitary places. His poetry is that of reality, and an Elysium which he sought not in the clouds, he found abundantly in human sympathies. We have spoken of his cheerfulness, and the best description which we can give of him, as he appears in his works, is, that in all respects he is a cheerful, gregarious being, not ashamed to confess himself satisfied with the world in which God has placed him, and with those with whom he has seen fit to people it. There is no affectation of *tædium vitæ* about him; he does not think himself too good for the world, nor the world too bad for him. Though there is much that he fain would mend, he is still by no means disgusted with matters as they stand, and gladly and thankfully extracts the sweets of a present existence.

The masculine air of his delineations is what strikes us most. His characters are large and strong, and stand out with an almost superfluous fulness of form, which often reminds us of Rubens's pictures; but he is more tender, he has more feeling, and his gentler characters are touched with exquisite delicacy. The "Chapeau de Paille" will bear no comparison with the tender Prioresse that "was cleped Madame Eglantine," of whose womanly heart we have the following picture:—

"She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde."

The Prioresse's Tale is one of the happiest examples of the pathetic, in which Chaucer was so great a master, and there is a depth and earnestness of feeling about it, and others of the class to which it belongs, which we should scarcely expect in the writings of one usually so gay as Chaucer. There is so much gentle grief which pervades every part of it, that the reader is insensibly led into the feelings of the poor widow who

"Waileth al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought;"

and if we compare it with the common version of the story which appears in the Percy Reliques, under the title of the "Jew's Daughter," we shall see to how great an extent it is indebted for its beauty to Chaucer's genius. If any one should doubt the versatility of Chaucer, and should be tempted to regard him in the light of a mere humorist, let him peruse the Prioresse's Tale, and consider her character along with those of Constance, the patient Grisilde, and others of the same class in the serious tales. In these touching delineations, the poet whom we had known, the man of mirth, vanishes from our sight, and in his place we have a character made up of the finest sympathies, and regulated by sincere and humble piety.

Another characteristic of Chaucer as a poet, is his love for external nature. His poems seem everywhere strewed with flowers, and wherever we go we encounter the breezes of spring. The image of "Freshe May" is continually recurring, the very word has a charm for him, and in the Shipman's Tale we find it used as a woman's name. The description of Emilie in the garden, in the commencement of the Knight's Tale, though probably familiar to many of our readers, is so beautiful in itself, and so completely illustrates Chaucer's best style as a poet, that we shall insert it at length, slightly modernizing the spelling. Palamon and Arcite are looking down upon her from the prison.

"Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once in a morrow of May,
That Emilie, that fairer was to seen,
Than is the lilly on the stalké green,
And fresher than the May with flowerés new
(For with the rosé colour strove her hew,
I n'ote which was the finer of them two).
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And sayth, 'Arise and do thine observance.'
This maketh Emilie have rémembrance,
To do honour to May, and for to rise
Yclothéd was she freshe for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yardé long I guess.
And in the garden at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down where as her list.
She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
To make a subtle garland for her head;
And like an angel heavenly she sung."

In many respects it seems to us that Chaucer resembles Goethe more than any

of the poets of our own country. He has the same mental completeness and consequent versatility which distinguish the German; the same love of reality; the same clearness and cheerfulness; and, in seeming contradiction to this latter characteristic, the same preference for grief over the other passions, in his poetical delineations. In minor respects, he also resembles him; and in one, not unimportant, as marking a similarity of mental organization, that, namely, of betaking himself at the close of a long life spent in literature and affairs, to the study of the physical sciences, as if here alone the mental craving for the positive could find satisfaction. We would willingly follow the comparison farther, but we must at length reluctantly bid adieu to what has indeed been to us a labour of love; and we do so in the hope that we may not be the only gainers from our communings with the poet; that, notwithstanding the imperfections of our work, the double blessing of charity may be extended to it, in consideration of the object with which it was undertaken, and that it may be the means of introducing some of our readers to the more intimate fellowship of him whom Dr. Johnson refused to recognise as a poet; but in the "footing of whose feet" Edmund Spenser was not ashamed to tread as an humble disciple.

ART. III.—1. *The History of Rome from the First Punic War to the Death of Constantine.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. In a Series of lectures, including an Introductory Course on the Sources and Study of Roman History. Edited by LEONHARD SCHMITZ, Ph. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

2. *Vorträge über Römische Geschichte, an der Universität zu Bonn gehalten.* Von B. G. NIEBUHR. 3 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1846.

3. *Lectures on the History of Rome, from the earliest Times to the Commencement of the First Punic War.* By B. G. NIEBUHR. Edited by Dr. M. ISLER. Translated, with many additions, from MSS., by Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. 8vo. London, 1848.

4. *B. G. Niebuhr's Lectures on Roman History, delivered at the University of Bonn.* From the Edition by Dr. M. ISLER. Translated by HAVILLAND LE M. CHEPMELL, M.A., and FRANZ C. F. DEMMLER, Ph. D. Vol. I., 8vo. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, 1849.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR has an undoubted claim to be considered the founder of a new dynasty of Roman historians. How was he peculiarly qualified to attain this high distinction? And has he any title to be considered the founder of a truthful dynasty?

We shall confine ourselves in this Article to an answer to the first question, and this will require us to glance, very hastily and rapidly, at the leading events of his life, till he became publicly known as an historian.

His noble-hearted and simple-minded father, Carsten Niebuhr, by birth a German, had by his integrity, and the energy of an indomitable will, risen in the service of Denmark from the education of a peasant to be numbered among the most famous of Eastern travellers. In the year 1778, with his wife, who also was of German extraction, an only daughter, then four years old, and Barthold his only son, then in his third year, Carsten Niebuhr left Copenhagen, where he had held nominal rank as an officer of engineers, for Meldorf, in the South Ditmarschen, where he was appointed district secretary. His native place was in Friesland, from which Meldorf was not far distant, and with which he was now enabled to hold more frequent intercourse. For sixteen years the young Niebuhr continued an almost uninterrupted residence in Meldorf. This is the principal town of a dreary, treeless, flat district, abounding in marshes, which had an injurious effect both on his own constitution and that of his mother. Indeed, his German biographer* remarks,

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* The sources of Niebuhr's biography used in this brief notice are, 1. The work quoted above, (*Lebensnachrichten über Barthold Georg Niebuhr,*) being a History of his Life, in three volumes, containing a narrative interspersed at epochs with his letters. The materials were furnished principally by his intimate friends, Hensler, Brandis, Bauer, and the publisher Perthes. It was edited, we believe, by Madame Hensler, the daughter-in-law of his old friend Dr. Hensler of Kiel, sister of his first, and aunt of his second wife. It was published at Hamburgh, in 1838. A translation of it, by George Valentine Fox, M. A., New College, Oxford, was announced in Tait's Magazine, November 1844, and specimens—which were tolerably accurate representations of the original—given in that and several subsequent numbers. What has become of this work? The whole of the original is deeply interesting, and to the British student would be highly instructive. 2. *Reminiscences of an Intercourse with George Barthold Niebuhr, the Historian of Rome.* By Francis Lieber. London, 1835. Lieber was a German, who having fought in the wars of Grecian independence, in 1821, 1822, was obliged to return home, which he did by way of Italy. He reached Rome with difficulty,

that this was not the only circumstance in which he resembled her. He was like her in personal appearance, save that he wanted her brown eyes—like her, he was passionate, impetuous, but withal affectionate and tender-hearted. If we add a deficiency in physical courage to his father's incorruptible honesty in all matters, literary or otherwise, and also to his father's obstinacy or dogmatism, we get a tolerably correct outline of his moral conformation. For many of his peculiarities we can easily account. Alone with an only sister—himself an only son—having little intercourse with boys of his own age—in a lonely country town—in feeble health—the cherished companion of a sickly mother, he could only have been saved from feebleness of character by his father's practical sense, and an intellect of uncommon vigour and promise, even in his earliest days. His home education—and that was all he had for many years—was such as might have been expected from the habits of his father. That father had made himself, and he held it as a maxim that it was a preposterous absurdity to teach unwilling pupils. In the teaching of languages he did not aim at grammatical indoctrination. He cared more that his son should take an interest in events than in the language in which they were narrated. The following circumstances, besides, contributed to develop in the boy the rare powers of imagination which his after-life unfolded. The traveller was wont to take upon his knee his little boy, and narrate wonderful but true tales of the far lands of the east—of sultans and caliphs, and the wild Arabs, to whom his heart clung in fond remembrance. Then, in his sixth year, Boie, brother-in-law of the poet Voss, himself a distinguished literary man, and as editor of the German Museum in communication with the *literati* both of the Continent and of England, and moreover possessed of a rich library, became domiciled at Meldorf, as provincial governor, and was soon on the most intimate terms with the traveller and his family. Through him and his library, young Niebuhr came into contact with the general world of literature.

The boy's aptitude for the acquirement of languages was marvellous. It was a matter of course that he spoke both Danish and German. His father had early conceived a strong desire to see him following in his footsteps as a traveller,—and that under the auspices of our own East India Company. Hence he taught his son English with much assiduity. French too was not neglected, nor Arabic; but he failed in the latter, probably as his son himself hints,* from his having lost that ready use of the vocables, essential to a man who disdained grammatical instruction. This language Niebuhr afterwards acquired at Copenhagen. At the age of six he commenced the study of Greek; at eight he mastered with ease any ordinary English book, and was in the habit of reading aloud to his father the English newspapers.† In his French studies, he was materially assisted by Boie's first wife, whose death in 1786, was his first grief. When it was thought proper for him to commence a more methodical course of study, the services of one of the teachers in the grammar school of the place were employed. But the teacher's attainments were a source not of profit but of amusement to his pupil, who tormented him beyond measure, by feigning ignorance, and betraying him into ludicrous blunders. So Niebuhr was again, for a time, left to his own efforts and the aid of his father.

He was roused to inquire into passing events by the Turkish war of 1788, which haunted his night and day dreams, and still more by the troubles in the Netherlands, that broke out under the Emperor Joseph. By this time Meldorf had acquired a certain degree of celebrity, and strangers came to visit the residence of the travelled Niebuhr, and the learned Boie, on whom the fame of his brother-in-law conferred additional distinction. Such visitors were struck with amazement when they found in a meagre boy of thirteen, not only a ready command of many languages, but a most copious fund of geographical, statistical, and historical details. Notwithstanding all this, he was preserved both in his youth and in his riper years from vanity and pride, by his contempt of the superficial, his constant yearning after the real, the simple truthfulness of his nature, and his familiarity with the great intellects, both of his own and of ancient times. There is nothing like this for hum-

penniless, and in no becoming attire. Personally unknown to Niebuhr, who was then Prussian ambassador at Rome, he sought, and gained his protection and assistance. He obtained more. He was taken for a short time into Niebuhr's family as tutor, and these *Reminiscences* are mainly a record of certain opinions and *dicta* of Niebuhr, uttered while Lieber lived with him. There is, besides, an outline of his career principally as a statesman, in a serial publication, entitled *Preussens Staatsmänner*. Leipsic, 1842. His life is the fourth in the series.

* In a life of his father, from which Mrs. Austin drew her materials for the Traveller's Biography, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—See p. 23 of the latter work.

† Arnold's Life and Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 390.

bling the conceit which is wont to be engendered by a shallow scholarship.

But the boy must go to school; and so, at Easter 1789, when twelve and a-half years of age, he is found prepared to enter the highest department (*prima*, the Germans call it) of the grammar school, taught by Jäger, the rector, a scholar of considerable eminence. His school education here lasted only till August 1790, when Jäger thinking it absurd to keep back a boy of Niebuhr's talents and attainments, recommended that he should leave school, and under his private instructions—a rare privilege—prepare for the University. At this very time we have a symbol of a great portion of his after career, the union of active business with indefatigable study. His father writes to a friend, when referring to his functions as collector of the district duties,—"Barthold has, in truth, been of valuable assistance to me in my duties as Collector."

For four years Niebuhr's range of study must have been desultory enough. He was only one hour a day with Jäger, and the work which he had to do for him can have occupied only a small portion of his time. He complains bitterly of this in after years; but, in his case, as in that of many others who have made similar complaints, it may be doubted whether his wide range of reading, which would have been incompatible with a regular range of study, was not after all the best preparation for his after career—to say nothing of the restraints on severe and regular mental exercise, imposed by his feeble constitution in youth.

Various events broke in upon the monotony of his life from this period till he entered the University of Kiel, in 1794. About thirty-five years before, his father, then in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, had commenced the study of mathematics at Hamburgh, under Büsch. This professor, in addition to his academical labours, now conducted in his own house a Commercial Academy, where the youths were trained in the modern languages, and in the departments of knowledge more directly bearing on mercantile and commercial pursuits. Niebuhr the elder had continued on terms of intimate friendship with Büsch, and was anxious, for many reasons, to place his son under his care. But the experiment did not succeed. The youthful scholar was unfitted by disposition, habit, and inclination for the rattling, gay life, and the rude, noisy jocularity of his *confrères*, and so after a three months' trial, he returned home, at the harvest of 1792. Another, and more stirring event, which had great influence on his future destinies, as well as the current of his thoughts, was the breaking out of the French Revolution. Whether it was from a precocious profundity of judgment, or derived from his father's contempt and hatred of the French, it is certain that the boy, so far from sharing in the enthusiasm with which so many of his seniors regarded the first glorious days of French freedom, foresaw and predicted the sea of blood in which that bright sun was to set. So alarmed was he by the progress of events, that a favourite project of his was to seek refuge from European troubles in America. It is interesting to notice how, in later years, his historical habits led him to look with distrust on a nation governed by merchants, and unadorned by associations with the mighty past.* So strong in him became the historic feeling.

His father's views for him were bent on some career different from that of a literary life, but unsettled otherwise. All thoughts of travel as a permanent pursuit were ultimately abandoned, from his own want of the necessary bodily vigour, and from his mother's infirm health. Diplomacy seemed a suitable occupation for him. And in the meantime, the father's fame and the son's promise were attracting notice elsewhere. Manuscripts, for collation, were sent to the young Niebuhr, from Copenhagen and Gottingen. Heyne was anxious to superintend his studies, but first it was resolved that he should spend two years in the Danish University of Kiel.

Here (1794-1796) he studied with his wonted enthusiasm, and felt none of the home-sickness which had driven him from Hamburgh. His course of study was, at first, the History of the Empire, Introduction to the Study of Civil Law, with Logic and Metaphysics, under Professors of great celebrity—Hegewisch, Cramer, and Reinhold. In his next course, he discontinued his attendance on Cramer, and studied, in addition to the remaining branches, Physics and Organic Chemistry under Eimbke. His aim was to combine Mental Philosophy with Physics, Mathematics, and Astronomy, not only for themselves, but as a means to his "darling pursuits, Ancient Literature and History." Here he contracted friendships with many men of eminence in their day, and became favourably known to individuals who were able to promote his interests. Through them, he attracted the notice of Count Schimmelmann, the Danish minister of Finance, whose private secretary he became

* Compare *Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. p. 31, with a most interesting letter in *Lieber*, p. 36, &c.

in March 1796. The bustle and gaiety of a minister's residence did not suit the habits of the studious Niebuhr; he retired from this appointment in the course of the next year, and was nominated a supernumerary Secretary of the Royal Library of Copenhagen. On a visit to his maternal home, and also on his return, he did not neglect Kiel; and then and there he was betrothed to his first wife Amalie Behrens, who was for years his constant, cherished, and invaluable companion.

But first, that is in the commencement of 1797, he must return to his duties at Copenhagen. And there his dream is to obtain an appointment in the University of Kiel, in order to be near his beloved home, and in the centre of his newly acquired friends, with his own Amalie. Hence he devoted himself with ardour to his philological studies, but always combined with history, waiting till an appointment should open up to him.

Meanwhile it was deemed advisable that he should travel. And as Great Britain alone was, at the time, safe for such a purpose, he sailed in the end of June, 1798, for London. Thence, after seeing a few of his father's old friends, acquired in his eastern travels, he betook himself to the University of Edinburgh, where he spent almost a year, varied, in the summer of 1799, by a few excursions to East-Lothian, Fife, Kinross, and Inverness-shire. It is curious to look back on his letters from Edinburgh, (*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. pp. 201-260)—his notions of the literary condition and manners of the people, his opinions of his Professors—Hope, Robison, Playfair, Rutherfurd, Coventry. No one—save, perhaps, Mr. Laing, the bookseller, and Professors Playfair and Coventry—was aware that there was a young lion in the midst of us. Thus, there is narrated in his letters, an amusing incident which occurs in the course of a visit paid to East-Lothian. One of the lairds, little knowing that he had under his roof the future illustrator of Roman history, and, what is more to the purpose, as his lairdship might not have cared for that, a future minister of finance and ambassador, coolly walked him out of the house, as he expected that day a large dinner party. On Niebuhr's return home by London, he worked hard at a revisal of what he had learned of the sciences in Edinburgh, and it was not till April, 1800, that he repaired to Copenhagen, where he obtained from Government two inconsiderable appointments, connected with the Danish commercial interest. Immediately thereafter he married his beloved Amalie, and was offered a professorship in Kiel, which, for various reasons, he refused.

Then, in 1801, came Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen, of which Niebuhr, in his letters, gives a lively account. (*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. pp. 286-301.)

He continued in the service of Denmark till 1806, his labours, chiefly connected with finance, ever increasing. Yet he never let go his hold of antiquity. Thus, we find him, in a letter of December 1803, writing in the following terms:—

"I am working at a Dissertation, as I before briefly wrote you. The subject is the nature of the Roman public lands, their apportionment, colonies, the Agrarian Law, &c. This is an interesting subject, and I believe that I have made it more distinct than has hitherto been done. With studies like these I occupy myself, as if I were still at Kiel."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. p. 278.

The sympathy of his wife was a great cordial and support to him in his multifarious labours as bank-director and trade-commissioner. With her, at his leisure hours, he read everything new of interest. To her he communicated all his plans. She even carried on the study of Greek, that she might the more fully share in his pursuits, till her feeble health forced her to abandon it. Not long before her death, in 1815, when he was passionately asking her if he could do anything for her, she replied, "Yes; finish your History whether I live or die."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. ii. p. 114.

Towards the close of 1805, tempting offers were made to him on the part of the Prussian Government, which, after great hesitation, he accepted, and that with the reluctant assent of his steady friend, Count Schimmelmann. Accordingly, in October 1806, when thirty years of age, he became for evermore a German. But he came to the court of Berlin only to share its flight, after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt. Stettin, Dantzig, Königsberg, were the first hasty stages. He made a longer stay at Memel, where he cultivated Slavonic lore, in his own thorough fashion. In April 1807, we find Niebuhr employed in finance and the commissariat, under the administration of Count Hardenberg. Important events followed each other quickly—the battle of Friedland—the rapid approach of the French, and the peace of Tilsit. Wearied out and distracted by his wife's illness, which rendered these constant journeys both annoying and dangerous, Niebuhr had tendered his resignation to Count Hardenberg. But the minister, with tears in his eyes, besought him not to abandon the king at such a crisis, and he then

reluctantly consented to remain in office. He again endeavoured to withdraw when Hardenberg was dismissed, in terms of the treaty of Tilsit, but yielded to the king's earnest entreaties. In consequence he returned to Memel, where he learned of the second assault of the English on Copenhagen,(1807,)and the seizure of the Danish fleet.

Till 1810, he laboured most laboriously in the service of the Prussian Government, negotiating loans, acting as a privy councillor, a commissioner of the treasury, and undertaking financial duties, which must have overwhelmed him, had it not been for his elasticity under labour. But when in 1809 he found plans meditated,which had the sanction of the king and the authority of Count Hardenberg, (again the real, though not the ostensible prime minister,) but which appeared to Niebuhr impracticable, dangerous, and oppressive, he requested permission to retire. At the same time he applied for a professorship in the University of Berlin, which was on the eve of being opened for the first time. Many efforts were made to retain his services. His name was placed on the list of the treasury commissioners, and publicly announced, and Count Hardenberg came in person to present him, in the king's name, with the third class order of the Red Eagle. But he had before this received an honour which he valued more highly—he had been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Science, (*Akadamie der Wissenschaften,*) and proof against all solicitations, he retired with the admiring regret of the king and his minister, receiving at the same time the appointment of Historiographer, in place of Müller, the celebrated historian of Switzerland.

His exultation on returning to uninterrupted study after an interval of fourteen years, was unbounded. We find him on the 15th of July, busily preparing for the Academy—that they might find him no unworthy brother—a dissertation on the Amphictyonic Council.* His position gave him a right to lecture in any of the Universities of Prussia. Of this right, in co-operation with other members of the Academy, and at the earnest solicitation of the learned Spalding and Vicolovius, he availed himself. In the beginning of November, 1810, he for the first time promulgated those views of Roman history which he afterwards unfolded, with some modifications, in his published works. The first volume of his History appeared in 1811.

* This, which is interesting as his first published production, will be found in vol. ii. of his *Kleine hist. und philol. Schriften,* p. 158.

Thus it was that Niebuhr commenced that course of which it has been well said,that "it may be safely affirmed that no man can be regarded as competent to discuss or investigate the early history of any nation, or to appreciate any question of literary criticism, who has not first acquired the habits which Niebuhr's History illustrates, and is so admirably adapted to form."

It is now time to take up the question, how far Niebuhr's genius, acquirements, and moral condition, fitted him to be the trustworthy founder of a new school of historians?

For this important service his early training, his natural gifts, and the course of his maturer life, pre-eminently qualified him. His father's attachment to his native Friesland was strong. Together they often made journeys thither; and with German simplicity, they kept up their connexion with peasant relations. Now the nature of the rights possessed by the freeholders of Friesland was well suited to attract the attention of a thoughtful youth, one of whose favourite dreams was to colonise new lands, and to give new constitutions. The hereditary owners of the soil, the freeholders, constituted originally the legislative body, and had no superiors, in the feudal sense, but the State. In this we have the germ of Niebuhr's subsequent notions regarding the Patricians—the Burghers, the hereditary landholders of Rome—who held of the State the *Ager Publicus.* Again, as to the Ditmarsians, among whom his youth was spent, he was not loath to acknowledge his great obligations to his intimacy with their habits. Thus we find him saying:—

"It is a very great mistake to consider the Romans as exclusively a warlike people. They were essentially farmers; they loved farming, and their greatest men paid much attention to it. This circumstance must always be remembered in studying Roman History; it alone explains a variety of phenomena in their political development. My knowledge of country life and farming, as well as my acquaintance with the Ditmarsians, have greatly assisted me in my historical inquiries. Those Ditmarsians were a very peculiar race—as gallant lovers of liberty as ever existed."—*Lieber,* p. 107.

Then the habits of his quiet domestic life, without impairing the sense of the humourous, in which he always found great enjoyment—good caricatures exciting in him side-splitting laughter, (*Lebensnachrichten,* vol. i. p. 346,)—saved him from plunging into the frivolities, or the more debasing pursuits of fashion and of pleasure. And, in this respect, even in his early career, especially in

the house of Count Schimmelmann, his temptations were great. Niebuhr's home was ever associated with his books. His relaxation was study, and learning was his amusement when it was not his professed occupation.

His memory was extraordinary. On one occasion Lieber (p. 94) expressed his astonishment when he found that Niebuhr was as well acquainted with the bye-ways, remains of wells, paths over high ridges, and other minute details in the topography of Greece, as if he had been there. "Oh," said Niebuhr, "I never forget anything I once have seen, heard, or read." His biographer confirms this—

"His memory was so extraordinary, that he almost never forgot anything that he had read or heard; and it united a readiness in the most minute references, with the faculty of weighing and combining analogies apparently remote. In order to put the extent of his memory to the proof, when he was in Copenhagen, his first wife and her sister amused themselves with taking up Gibbon, and questioning him, from the index, on the most unimportant particulars. They continued this for a considerable time till they were tired of it, and gave up the hope of finding a single instance of error, or in a single instance of convicting him of failing in a knowledge of the complete connexion between the subjects on which he was questioned. And all this examination was carried on while he was engaged in another employment—some light piece of writing."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. p. 346.

His knowledge of languages was most extensive. The elder Niebuhr in a letter to a friend, (*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. p. 30,) mentions that his son, who was then at Memel, had learned seventeen European languages, besides Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic. This is confirmed by Niebuhr's own statement. Lieber thus writes of him, while at Rome, in 1822:—

"I (Lieber) had found a Russian grammar and some Russian books in his library, and asked him if he had ever studied that language? He said, 'Oh yes, I would not leave the whole Slavonic stock of languages untouched; and I wished to understand all the *European* languages at least. Every one may learn them; it is easy enough after we once know three. I now understand all the languages of Europe pretty well, not excepting my own German, only those Slavonic idioms excepted. I have not read much in them; only I know them.' . . . . . Do you speak most of the languages you know?' I asked, 'Yes, nearly all,' he replied, 'except the Slavonic idioms, as I told you.'"—*Lieber*, p. 76.

His was not mere amateur scholarship. This superficialism to which he was much exposed by the liberty of study in which he roamed in his early years, was prevented by his retentive memory, his intercourse with great scholars, his habit of investigating the depths of every subject before him, his innate love of the real, and his laborious habits. He never ceased to be a scholar, even when he was busiest as a statesman. That he is entitled to the very highest rank as a Philologer, is abundantly proved by his writings in the *Rheinisch Museum*, a publication which, with the aid of Professor Brandis, he conducted at Bonn, after his return from Rome, 1823. To many of them the English reader has access, in translations which appeared in the Classical Journal and the Philological Museum. Of course his scholarship was both deepened and extended as he advanced in years. But the highest expectations must have been early formed of him, when the collation of manuscripts was intrusted to him at the early age of seventeen. And what use he made of his habits, thus acquired, may be known from the fact, that to him we are indebted for the discovery (at Verona, when he was on his road, as Prussian Ambassador, to Rome, in 1816) of the remains of the Roman Jurist, Caius, and at Rome of less important portions of the writings of Cicero and of Livy. Above all—his most material service to scholarship, apart from his Histories—he not only edited the first volume of the new edition of the Byzantine Historians, but it was at his suggestion that this stupendous work was undertaken by the Berlin Academy. It is a rare distinction, that on the title-page of each volume of such a work such a body of *literati* should have pride in inscribing, as its best recommendation and introduction,

Consilio B. G. Niebuhr, C. F.

But he was not a mere philologer, he revelled in the spirit as well as the form of languages, and brought their essence to bear on his theme. Thus, he was deeply imbued with a love of Shakspeare. His friend Boie tells an interesting incident of his reading to the parents of Niebuhr Shakspeare's play of Macbeth, without thinking of the boy who was present, then not seven years of age, till he observed what an effect it had upon him. Boie then took the trouble of explaining the drama to him, and seemingly with some difficulty convinced him that the witches were only the creatures of the poet's fancy. To his great astonishment, the father produced to him some time afterwards an accurate account of all the essential circumstances of the play, written by the child on seven sheets of paper. Niebuhr wept when his father asked to see what

he was doing, through fear that he had not done it right. See how the impression abides with him to the close of life. Forty-five years afterwards he commences a lecture thus :—

"Shakspeare has connected awful phenomena of nature with the occurrences in the moral world, as Thucydides connects the physical phenomena of the Peloponnesian War with the moral condition of the people. During the second Punic War the earth was shaken by extraordinary convulsions and fermentations which were going on in its bowels; and Pliny says that in one year fifty-seven earthquakes were reported at Rome—a greater number than has ever been observed before in so short a period."—*Schmitz's Edition of Lectures*, vol. i. p. 185.

The range of his education enabled him to combine and compare matters bearing intimately on the physical facts of history; and, in estimating the truth of many statements made by the early historians, it is desirable, indeed it is sometimes necessary, to know something of the sciences that are founded upon observation. We have not space for the lengthened illustrations which this subject would require. We would merely remind the readers of Niebuhr of his remarks on the Cyclopian cities, the draining of the *Vallis Albana*, and other similar passages.

It adds no small weight to the proofs of his qualifications, that he seems early to have cherished the idea of history—and that Roman history—as his proper vocation. Thus he writes home from Kiel on the 2d August 1794 (when discussing his philosophical studies);—

"But my vocation is history, and philosophy, when once acquired, I will perhaps make to act as her handmaiden."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. i. p. 51.

To these philosophical studies he had devoted himself with much assiduity at the bidding of Dr. Hensler, whom at his first introduction, he had startled with the germ of those ideas which afterwards found a place in his history. Thus he writes home from Kiel on the 11th May 1794 :—

"My ideas on the origin of the Greek races, the history of the extension of the Greek cities, and especially my ideas on the oldest movement made by the nations from west to east, are new to him, and probable. He advised me to bring them into as distinct a form as possible. But he will, at first, permit me to engage almost in no other study than philosophy; the other I must give up, or at least devote but little time to it."—*Ibid.*, p. 40.

Niebuhr repeatedly returns to the same subject in his letters from Kiel. To have the qualifications of a statesman, according to the notions of Bolingbroke, is one of his aims—and this to please his father, who, at first, could not bear the notion of his betaking himself to a literary life. But there is a strong undercurrent of historical lore running through all his thoughts and pursuits. It has often been remarked, and it deserves notice here, that to a cherished profession, or to a favourite pursuit, all our associations are directed, whatever may be our present employment. As the geologist sees in rocks principally lessons or illustrations of a former world, and the agriculturist looks on them mainly as the enemy of the plough and the waving crop, and the lover of the picturesque views them as the crowning glories of the wild and the sublime, or as Brindley looked on rivers only as feeders for canals—so does each man, whose mind is intent on one object, assimilate, to use a physiological term, all his mental nourishment, so as to become part and parcel of his leading idea and pursuit. Hence Niebuhr, in Meldorf, Kiel, England, Copenhagen, Berlin, wherever he was, however engaged, in study or in flight, or in active financial labour, assimilated all to history :—not, perhaps, at first distinctly; for we find this in Lieber (p. 65) :—

"My early residence in England gave me one important key to Roman history. It is necessary to know civil life by personal observation, in order to understand such states as those of antiquity. I never could have understood a number of things in the history of Rome without having observed England.—Not that the idea of writing the history of Rome was then clear with me; but when, at a later period, this idea became more and more distinct in my mind, all the observation and experience I had gained in England came to my aid, and the resolution was taken."

Like all great students he meditated more than he performed. As he trusted much to his stupendous memory he seldom finished any outline on paper. He conceived first, and then, with the whole subject in his head, embodied the results in writing. But there were found in his writings notes of what he intended to do—in various departments—in politics, statistics, finance, history, and jurisprudence. It is interesting to notice in some of them the germs of his after-productions. Thus there was found, after his death among his papers, a note, which his biographer refers to the year 1802 or 1803, while he was in Copenhagen :—

"Works which I have to complete:—1. The Dissertation on the Roman Demesne Lands. 2. A translation of extracts (*auszügliche Uebersetzung*) from El Wakidi. 3. History of Mace-

donia. 4. Exhibition of the Roman Constitution in its different epochs. 5. History of the decline of the Achaean League, of the Social War, of the Civil War of Marius and Sylla. 6. Of the Constitution of the Greek States. 7. Of the Reign of the Caliphs."—*Lebensnachrich'en*, vol. i. p. 348.

Though he joyfully agreed to lecture at the opening of the university of Berlin, it was not till the September of that year that he had fixed upon his subject, and the course was to commence on the 1st of November. When he did begin, he threw himself on his subject with his whole soul, with the impetuous delight of a mind like his when it has at last found freedom to pour out the collected store of years, gathered from all sources of learning, and from the acutest observations of living, real men.

The political life of Niebuhr, the experience which he had had of finance, of troublous times, of arms and of revolutions, the references which he was called upon to make to the various interests of his country, and of its connexions with other nations, his varied experience in delicate negotiations, combined with an incredible quickness of judgment, keen powers of observation, and great comprehensiveness of grasp, caused the past, when once fabricated and pieced together by him from fragments, to other eyes disjointed and valueless, to start up, like a living thing, full of lineament, distinct, real. Hear himself on this qualification :—

"The great misfortune has been that, with one or two exceptions, those who have written on Roman history either had not the stuff for it, or they were no statesmen. Yet no one can write a history of this people without being a statesman, and a practical one too. * * * No wonder that so little has been done in Roman history; for a Roman historian ought to be a sound and well read philosopher and a practical statesman." I [Lieber] asked whether some periods of Roman history did not require also military knowledge? M. Niebuhr answered:—"Roman history can be understood by a statesman who is not a general, but not by a general who is no statesman; for it is the growth of the law which constitutes the essential part of Roman history. Military knowledge, in a considerable degree, is always necessary, I admit; but then this may be obtained without one's being necessarily a soldier."—*Lieber*, p. 67.

No less an authority than Dr. Arnold thus writes of the political knowledge of Niebuhr :—

"In all such questions he is to me the greatest of all authorities, because, together with an ability equal to the highest, he had a universal knowledge of political history, far more profound than was ever possessed by any other man."—*Arnold's Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 192.

Niebuhr's political notions were of a mixed nature. He had a strong bias to freedom, but not to a freedom of *forms*. His love of the real, his experience of the horrors of the French Revolution, his observation of the manly inhabitants of the Ditmarschen, his admiration of England, all combined to make him recognise in the old Roman struggle for plebeian independence, where men of law-honouring, upright minds, strove strenuously, and triumphantly, for self-government and the evolving of rights already possessed, the model of all attempts at rational and genuine freedom.* Thus he says :—

"In most of the late attempts at establishing free institutions, nations have committed the great mistake of seeking liberty in the legislative branch only, or mainly; but liberty depends at least as much upon the administrative branch as upon any other. The English are the only modern European nation who have acted differently; and the freedom of North America rests upon this great gift from Old England, even more than on the representative form of her government, or on anything else."—*Lieber*, p. 63.

This is the key to Niebuhr's opinions on ancient and modern governments—his contempt for mere forms of freedom, and his approval of self-control and self-development in various parts of a constitution. Indeed, his views in this respect made him take up an isolated position from both court and reformers. He disliked the *bureaucracy* of the former, and he feared the theorizing, rashness, and unreal visions of the other.

The last point which we have room to notice is the independence of thought gene-

* He was for some time political or finance tutor to the then Crown Prince, now the King of Prussia. How far may the sentiments of the mob-hating, rational-freedom-loving, form-despising Niebuhr have acted upon his pupil? It may be interesting at this time to select one from many passages in Niebuhr's letters regarding—the future Emperor of Germany. The extract is from a letter to his friend Madame Hensler, dated Berlin, 17th December, 1814:—"I have several times before this intended to sit down for the purpose of telling you the pleasure afforded me by the hours spent with the Crown Prince, but I have been hindered by interruption or by work. I am glad when the day comes on which to go to him. He is attentive, inquisitive, full of interest—and all the princely gifts, with which nature has so richly endowed him, unfold themselves in these hours before me. Our work often takes a turn to conversation, but never to gossip, and there is no loss in consequence. His playful manner presents no hindrance to deep interest, and his heart is stirred as profoundly as his imagination flies with light wing. He seeks conviction and correction without in any way surrendering to mere authority. I have never seen a finer nature in a young man."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. ii. p. 127.

rated by his home education and solitary musings—be it remembered, that the only classical training which he had in a disciplined, orderly way, was for about a year and a half at Meldorf—combined with the check upon his exercise by his intimacy and correspondence with learned men of all countries; as in earlier days, with Voss and Klopstock; thereafter with Jacobi, Schlosser, Stolberg, Valkenaer; then in a literary club at Berlin, with Spalding, Buttmann, Heindorf, Schleiermacher; not to mention Böckh, Savigny, and the whole host of the *literatissimi* of Germany, irresistibly attracted by the new views of the ex-financier and statesman, who had negotiated treaties of great national importance, and yet was most ambitious to be known as a simple man of letters—whose cherished patent of nobility was the recognition of his claim as the upholder of historic truth.*

As we are anxious to glance at the works whose names are prefixed to this Article, we have no space to dwell on the claims of Niebuhr to occupy the rank of the restorer of the truth of Roman history, either in its early periods or in its constitutional development. We may return to this subject, and show wherein consists the peculiarity of his views, chiefly with the view of examining how far subsequent research, conducted after his own fashion, has served to confirm or to reverse his decisions. One remark, in the meantime, we may be permitted to make. It is a common rule to judge of a man's skill, in matters which we do not know, from his power or discrimination in those with which we are acquainted. In the early history of Rome, an ordinary reader might be puzzled to decide on Niebuhr's success. But in the third volume of his History, he reaches a period where every scholar of tolerable acquirements may judge for himself. And we think that it will be admitted by all competent judges, that it is impossible to read this portion of the History without *feeling* that Niebuhr is depicting real men and real events—unostentatiously grouping and painting marches and battles, as if he had been an eye-witness—and realizing to our imagination scenery with which he had become personally familiar, as, to be sure, he had. We may quote the opinion of Arnold on this point.

"It is since I saw you that I have been devouring with the most intense admiration the third volume of Niebuhr. The clearness and comprehensiveness of all his military details is a new feature in that wonderful mind, and how inimitably beautiful is that brief account of Terni."—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii., p. 371.

Yet it cannot be denied that, especially in the earlier portion of the History, we have mainly dissertation instead of narrative. While the purely historical portion will always command attention, from his admirable power of weighty unadorned narrative—weighty from the feeling that what is told is not only true, but the matured conviction of a truthful genius—we must confess that we entertain a suspicion that the earlier portions will be reserved for the scholar to study—a quarry from which others, such as Arnold, will dig the materials wherewith to rear less complicated structures.

It is fortunate, in these circumstances, that Niebuhr's Lectures do not labour under this disadvantage. Their literary history is, briefly, as follows:—

When Niebuhr, in 1823, returned from his Roman embassy, he found, after a short visit to Berlin, that a permanent residence there would be, for political reasons, an unpleasant one. He retired to Bonn, where he continued till his death in January, 1831, with an interval of some six months, spent in Berlin in 1828, at the desire of the king himself. Being a "Free Associate" of the recently-erected university of Bonn, he commenced, in the summer session of 1825, to lecture on Greek history. Thereafter, till his death, with the exception of the time during which he was at Berlin, he discoursed regularly on various subjects, devoting the fees derived from the lectures to the maintenance of poor students, and the institution of university prizes. On Roman history he delivered two memorable courses:—the one, in the winter of 1826–7, embraced a philological inquiry into the sources of Roman history, and carried down the course till the time of Sylla;—the other

* "I [Niebuhr] have been asked whether I wish for a title of nobility? I never could bring myself to accept of such an offer. I should feel as if I were insulting the memory of my father, whom I am far from resembling."—*Lieber*, p. 135. His father had refused a title of nobility from the Danish Government. When asked by a relation if he had caused himself to be ennobled?—"No," replied he; "I would not offer my family such an affront."—P. 32 of Mrs. Austin's *Life of Carsten Niebuhr*. Compare with this the following passage in the Historian's Preface to his first volume:—"The further continuation down to the term I have now set before me, I may, if it please God, and his blessing abide with me, confidently promise, although the progress may be but slow. It is the work of my life; which is to preserve me a name not unworthy of my father's. I will not lazily abandon it."—*English Translation*, p. xii. He accepted, however, the third class order of the Red Eagle and the first class of the Austrian Knighthood of Leopold—both being bestowed on him for his services at Rome.

occupied the winter and summer sessions of 1828–9, and extended over the whole period of Roman history, down to the fall of the Western Empire. Dr. Leonhard Schmitz had been a student of Niebuhr's during the last course. He had an intense admiration of the great historian; and having become a resident in London, he had, in co-operation with Dr. William Smith, the editor of two Dictionaries illustrative of ancient literature, which mark an era in the scholarship of this country, translated the third volume of the history. He was struck with the thought that Niebuhr's views were much more likely to become familiarly known through his Lectures than his history, and he suggested the idea to his family in Germany; but as Niebuhr did not write out his Lectures, their publication could only be effected from notes taken by the students. The friends of Niebuhr were afraid of sacrificing the great master's fame, and refused to stir in the matter. Fortunately for the world, Dr. Schmitz took heart of grace, and collected in Germany, for collation, and to ensure completeness, a number of notes of the last course of lectures. In 1844, England gave the learned world the first view of the German Niebuhr as a lecturer on history. A wretched translation of the work into German alarmed and roused the friends of Niebuhr, and they had recourse to the same plan as that first adopted by Schmitz—the collection of notes. The first volume appeared in 1846; but it is to be distinctly noted, that, with the exception of a portion, the German publication broke ground at a period different from that opened up by Dr. Schmitz. He had justly deemed that the English public would be most interested in those views of Niebuhr which the history had not embraced, and, accordingly, he gave only the Introductory Lectures on the sources of Roman history, and the later period of the history itself, from the First Punic War. Thus England had,—1. Niebuhr's views of the sources of Roman history in the *Lectures;* 2. his *History* extended in three volumes to the First Punic War; 3. his views of the history from the First Punic War to the time of Constantine, were given in the remaining part of the *Lectures*. Matters might have rested here, but the German editor commenced regularly from the beginning; and as many readers might desire to have Niebuhr's views completed in the form of Lectures, Dr. Schmitz translated that portion of the German work which he had previously left untouched; and, besides, as we have ascertained from examination, he has added many important passages from the fuller manuscripts in his hands. Any one who is acquainted with the method in which students take notes, will understand how much one set may differ from another; and these differences were heightened, in the case of Niebuhr, from the peculiar qualities and characteristics of the man. With his high-pitched—to speak profanely, his *squeaking* voice—his small person,* and also with his enthusiastic, impetuous temperament, and his inexhaustible store of illustration—his perfect command of his subject and his consciousness of power, he poured forth such a torrent of narrative, comment, disquisition, personal anecdote, description, eulogy, vituperation, (for he was too often in extremes, his *dramatis personæ* being devils or angels)—that he quite took the breath from the wondering Teutons. But what one set of notes lacked another supplied, and by full collaboration, a remarkably accurate report was supplied. Our confidence is confirmed by the following circumstance. Dr. Schmitz's publication, and that of Germany, so far as the Introductory Lectures are concerned, were derived from totally different sources. Indeed, in the portion of the Lectures first published in Germany, and re-produced by Dr. Schmitz, it is evident that the book, as we have it, is not a mere translation of the German, but partly derived from it, and partly from another set of notes altogether. And yet the agreement between them, in the main, places the faithfulness of the reporters beyond all question. In this we, in England, have the advantage. Wherever there was matter in the German notes, not to be found in those in this country, the deficiency could be easily supplied, by translating the additional matter. But wherever the German notes are deficient the case is altered. The German edition is bound to give not only *what* Niebuhr said, but *how* he said it; and to translate from English into the Niebuhrian dialect, would both be impossible, and, if possible, too dishonest to be thought of for a moment by his friends.† The three volumes containing the Lectures, thus partly originating with, and partly enlarged by Dr. Schmitz, are in a high degree re-

* A lively Picture of Niebuhr is given by Dr. Arnold—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 388.

† All Niebuhr's Lectures are, we are glad to learn, in the course of publication. Two volumes of Lectures on Ancient History, and on the history of "The Last Forty Years,"—referring to the French Revolution—have already appeared in Germany. His family have with great good taste, and a proper regard to their father's fame, committed the translation, as a sacred charge, to Dr. Schmitz. This we learn from a notice at the end of the *Vorträge*, &c., vol. i., by the editor, Dr. Isler.

By the way, no notice whatever is taken of Dr. Schmitz's services in the new translation. Is this usual with literary men?

freshing, interesting, and impulsive to the highest methods of historical investigation and pursuit. They place the lecturer, with all his powers and peculiarities, vividly before us. The style is clear, unaffected, and uninvolved. From Dr. Schmitz's remarkable command of our language and its idioms, from his scholarship and his intimate acquaintance with the subject, as evinced by his own History of Rome, he has been enabled to confer a signal service on the scholars of this country. He has done more. He it was who gave the Germans themselves the means of stamping perennially on their University history the very form and pressure of one of the largest minds that ever graced their annals.

We were therefore somewhat surprised when we saw a new translation announced. Not only had Dr. Schmitz earned the gratitude of the reading public—not only were his labours completely satisfactory, but it was evident that a new translation must be defective, for any new *doers* were precluded by the law of copyright from availing themselves of Dr. Schmitz's additional matter. And this is often the most interesting of the whole. Most of the students laid down the pen when Niebuhr digressed, as they thought, into literary gossip; the wiser portion perceived its value, and followed him through all his reminiscences. These hints—these *disjecta membra*—are generally the most characteristic portions of the discourses in which they occur. But now that the new translation has actually reached us, we judge it to be doubly fortunate that we had Dr. Schmitz's first, as the chances are that with this alone in our hands we should have pronounced Niebuhr, when uttering *vivâ voce* his historic responses, to be infected with not only the dogmatism, but with the obscurity of the ancient oracles. Or, it might be true of Niebuhr, as of another great man,

"He wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

We may amuse our readers and ourselves with a few specimens of the new translation.

"His [Beaufort's] literary and personal imperfections caused him to *root up the tares with the wheat*."—P. 3.

Original (p. 3): Das Kind mit dem Bade auszuschütten—a highly humourous idiom, literally, "to empty out the child with the bath." Dr. Schmitz translates it, "to reject the wheat with the chaff." His followers seem to have thought it enough to use the same words, no matter in what order. How would they relish, Das Bad mit dem Kinde auszuschütten?

"Some verses in it are taken from Claudius Sacerdos, *who is still lying in manuscript in Vienna*" (!)—P. 25.

"Whenever Gaius *stands upon his own legs*, he has no substantiated historical statements."—P. 35.

"Wherefore at that time *already*," (*schon*).—P. 321.

So *passim* in the use of *schon*, the force of which answering to the Latin *jam tunc*, is best rendered in English by such expressions as—"even as early as this."

"A *fabulist* is *always* an *unlearned* man, and even a *learned* one would have made here some mistake."—P. 327.

What, a learned fabulist, when a fabulist is *always* unlearned! Our friends must have studied in the land of bulls. Are they accurate interpreters? Then, Shades of Esop, Phaedrus, Fontaine, Gay, Grimm, "avenge yourselves alone on Niebuhr." Yet, no; for what Niebuhr (p. 330) really says is, that *a falsifier of history* "is always *deficient in erudition*; and even a learned *man* would have blundered here."—*Schmitz's Translation*, p. 278.

In short, if our readers wish to enjoy Niebuhr in *broken English*, they have a rich treat in this volume. But we cannot promise them much edification. There are manifest traces of carelessness even in rendering their author in their own way. We shall give one instance.

"Afterwards we once find these military tribunes instead of the consuls, and Dionysius on that occasion says it was determined to satisfy the plebeians, by appointing military tribunes, three of whom were to be patricians, and three plebeians. *But there were only three, and one of them was a plebeian.*"—*Schmitz's Translation, ibid.*

On this last clause, which is in the original, depends wholly a charge of inaccuracy made by Niebuhr against Livy; but it is omitted in the new translation, and the whole passage is thereby rendered unintelligible.

As the translators evidently do not understand Niebuhr's peculiar views, they consequently cannot reproduce them. Thus, there is a well-known distinction between the *connubium*, the full legal marriage of Roman citizens, and other marriages, which, according to law, did not confer the full legal privileges and consequences of the *connubium*. It was by the *Lex Canuleia* that this *connubium* was permitted between the

patricians and the plebeians, though Niebuhr argues that *marriages* between individuals of the two orders must have been quite common before that time. Whenever he speaks of the marriage sanctioned by law, he terms it *connubium;* other forms he calls by the German name, *Ehe*. Throughout the whole account of the *Lex Canuleia*, the new translators (p. 326) do not give a hint of any such distinction. They speak of "the *repeal* of the *prohibition* of *intermarriage* between patricians and plebeians" as being "a remarkable change"—and state, moreover, that this prohibition was "*sanctioned by usage;*" and yet immediately below, "*mixed marriages* from both orders [?] must surely have been *common at all times.*" Poor Niebuhr!

From apparent innocence of anything beyond a mere acquaintance with the elements of Roman literature, these translators make singularly absurd errors, that are ludicrous in those who volunteer to be the interpreters of such a gigantic scholar as Niebuhr.

Thus Niebuhr refers on one occasion (p. 34, *Vorträge*) to the scholiast *zum Ibis* (on the *Ibis*.) The translators are evidently unaware of Ovid's Satire of that name, (*Ibis* or *in Ibin*,) and suppose *Ibis* to be the name of an *Author;* hence they say, (p. 35,) "The scholiast on Ibis!"

"Vopiscus mentions that they [*the Annales Pontificum*] had been kept *ab excessu Romuli*, beginning therefore with Numa; but this is only the opinion of an illiterate man."—P. 6.

Why, Vopiscus is one of the authors of the *Historiæ Augustæ*, and the passage referred to by Niebuhr (which has *post excessum*, and not *ab excessu**) will be found at the commencement of his life of the Emperor Tacitus. Niebuhr (p. 6) says that he was *ungelehrt*—but this does not import illiterate; all the force of it is "deficient in erudition."

But more than enough of this: We should probably have allowed this curious production to die a natural death, had we not been provoked by a disingenuous mis-statement and insinuation in the prospectus, which we are grieved to see issuing from the house of a respectable publisher. It is this:—

"Our translation is a faithful version of the authorized German edition, having, like the original, for its sole object, to give a correct text, which, *as emanating from Niebuhr himself*, will ever remain a standard work; while *any additions, not originating with him*, would be likely soon to lose their value."

We had another motive: We feared that our ingenuous youth might be deterred by the uncouth horrors of the interpreters from benefiting by discourses possessed of a rare and rich union of qualities—being profound, simple, quaint, original, unaffected, suggestive, and stimulative.

ART. IV.—*Essay on the Union of Church and State.* By BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, M.A. Pp. 631. London, 1848.

No person of reflecting mind will deny that the astonishing revolutions of the past year must have materially affected all the old relations between Church and State. The whole fabric of society has been shaken to its centre, and whatever may be the final result, it is very obvious that the former connexion between the spiritual and secular kingdoms, if not destined to be dissolved, must, in order to meet the altered exigencies and advancing demands of the age, undergo some important modifications. Great difference of opinion, no doubt, still exists among good men of various parties, on the general question of religious establishments; but while some are swayed by the love, and others deterred by the dread of change,—while one party may be cleaving with pertinacious attachment to ancient institutions, and another may be driven into the attitude of open warfare against them,—there is, we firmly believe, another and a growing party, who, averse to join either with the bigot or the leveller, feel persuaded that the time has come when the union of Church and State, as it now exists, whether at home or abroad, cannot and ought not to stand much longer.

In our own country, we are satisfied, that so far as true Christians of all parties are concerned, the question is gradually narrowing itself within very small compass. From the extremes into which partisans were betrayed in the heat of controversy, they have been approximating each other more nearly than they themselves imagine. On the one hand, many of the zealous, but candid and conscientious advocates of Voluntaryism, while they may still condemn the union of Church and State, and may be even more than ever opposed to compulsory

* This is no fault of the Translators, as the German original bears them out,—saving so far as they were bound to trace their authorities, and unostentatiously correct, wherever correction was needed. This passage is one of the few that do not occur in Dr. Schmitz's edition. And this reminds us, that one good fruit may be produced by this translation. We venture to suggest a new edition of the Lectures from Dr. Schmitz, embodying, in a consecutive and complete form, both the notes in the names of the German editor and those in his own.

endowments, are ready to acknowledge that in looking too much at Government as "the creature of man," they may have overlooked it as "the ordinance of God," and may have been tempted to forget, though they never meant to abandon, the principle of national responsibility; and that now, waiving the question of endowments, they agree with us in holding that Christian men, in their civil and social as well as personal capacities, are bound to regulate themselves by the Divine will, and act in subserviency to the glory of Christ, the King of Zion. On the other hand, the most ardent and able defenders of endowments have not only been obliged practically to renounce them, but have been insensibly led, from their new position, to take a calmer survey of the advantages and disadvantages of that system for which they once contended as *pro aris et focis*. Without dropping a single principle for which they did battle within the pale of the National Church, they are not disposed to take such high ground in maintaining the duty, the desirableness, or the necessity of having at all times an establishment. They are, in short, more anxious to secure national religion than to set up national Churches; more solicitous that our rulers should act in accordance with the laws of Scripture than to become themselves stipendiaries of the State. Nor are these mere vague ambiguous sayings, leaving the parties really as distinct from each other as before; they are, we solemnly believe, the utterances of Christian minds, touched with "the same spirit of faith," and "walking by the same rule," because they "mind the same thing."

We may safely advance a step farther, and assert that, in Scotland at least, their late struggle for independence, and their experience of State patronage, have opened the eyes of many of the friends of Establishments to the peculiar perils attending that connexion, and to the inefficiency of the most stringent legal securities for the conservation of the spiritual liberties of the Church, when these securities have been rather concessions wrung from the reluctant hands of despotism than cordial recognitions of spiritual independence. And indeed, without at all condemning the policy of our fathers in soliciting the sanction of the State to their standards of belief and forms of discipline—policy which was dictated by their peculiar situation, placed as they were between the machinations of priestcraft and the usurpations of monarchy,—we may be allowed to question its general wisdom, and the propriety of its application to every period of the Church. In the event of any future negotiation with the State, were such a thing at all likely, the ancient guarantees would no longer be accepted as sufficient. Besides, it would not be difficult to show that the formal sanction by the State of the profession made by the Church, is inconsistent with the proper idea of an *alliance* between Church and State. In entering into an alliance with any foreign power, Great Britain would surely hold it foul scorn to ask her ally to sanction her laws. It is enough that the allied States acknowledge each other's independence. Our fathers, no doubt, meant nothing more than this; but they calculated too much on the good faith of men in power; and, with all their logical acumen in defining the respective spheres of authority, they seem never to have anticipated that the magistrate, being in his own province supreme, if called upon to give his official impress to the deeds of the Church, would naturally step from the position of the ally into that of the sovereign, and, in the act of sanctioning her laws, would regard himself as imposing his laws upon her. When the monarch came forward, in stately dignity, to touch with the royal sceptre the Acts of the Church of Scotland, it is not surprising that he should have felt himself for the time to be acting the superior. The danger lay, not where our Voluntary friends have laboured to find it, in the alliance formed between Presbytery and the Government, but in the Church submitting her laws to be sanctioned by, and incorporated with the laws of the State; instead of demanding, as from an ally, a simple and distinct recognition of herself as an independent kingdom. To prevail over her enemy, she allowed herself to be saddled and bridled by a treacherous umpire, who was sure to turn the transaction to his own advantage.

By these remarks, we do not condemn the securities obtained at the Reformation for the Protestant *religion*. Religion we hold to be a fair subject for legislation—but not the Church. And here we are surely entitled to look for a general agreement among the friends of truth. It cannot really be held by any right-minded Christian that Government has nothing to do with religion. That sentiment has been distinctly, and, we believe, heartily repudiated by many who are anxious to be accounted Voluntaries. Let it then be granted, on the one side, that the Christian ruler is bound, in his official character, to regulate himself by Christian principles, to do all in his power for the advancement of the truth; and that it is the duty of nations to own the authority of the highest Lord. Let us no more hear such Pilate-like questions started as—What is

truth? or Who is to be the judge of it? Then is the way open for the admission, on the other side, that though religion, as being common to both Church and State, ought to be recognised by the latter as the best friend of man, and the firmest pillar of society, yet the Church, as being a spiritual and independent kingdom, cannot be legislated for by another kingdom, further than to have her independence acknowledged and settled by law. In this simple distinction between religion and the Church—between the divine life and the organized body—may not a *via media* be found on which the friends of Christ may yet join hands and keep step in the march of Christian freedom? And may not even the vexed question of endowments be settled among them, theoretically, on the same amicable terms? What repels and alarms the one party here, is not merely the elevation by the other of the mere mode of supporting the pastors into a Christian ordinance, which it must be sinful to violate, but such assertions as that the endowment of truth and of error are equally sinful, and that in no case may Government grant supplies of money for religious purposes. But few will deny that, in certain states of society, the endowment of any one corporation of Christians may become highly inexpedient; and the question of support might be made to rest on the duty of maintaining the independence of the Church.

Entertaining such views, it was, we confess, with no ordinary interest that we looked forward to the publication now before us. The position, the character, the principles, so far as hitherto developed, of the estimable author, led us to anticipate that, "now, after so long a time," the Christian world might be conducted to common ground, on which, under the standard of "Union in the Truth," all the genuine friends of Zion might gather their forces, and dropping their respective banners of dissidence, might form one universal Free Church of the three kingdoms. Our expectation in this respect has been disappointed; but the work itself is of too much importance, and bears too much on the probable destinies of the Church, to pass without our special consideration.

This volume issues from the press under circumstances of more than ordinary interest and notoriety. On no mind, we are persuaded, have the mere adjuncts of his recent separation from the Church of England produced less impression than on that of the excellent author himself. To these he has hardly made a passing allusion in the massive work now before us; and those who may look into it with the expectation of finding a philippic on his personal treatment by the Bishop of London, will go away as much disappointed as the crowds who, from a similar motive, flocked to hear the farewell discourses at his chapel. The Christian public, however, will not easily forget, that no sooner had Mr. Noel, with the frankness so congenial to his character, announced his intention of leaving the communion of the English Church, expressing at the same time a desire to remain till his flock was provided with a suitable successor, than he was peremptorily silenced by his diocesan. If anything had been wanting to bring out, with lurid distinctness, the anti-evangelistic spirit of that Church, it would have been supplied by this specimen of the infatuated policy of its rulers, who, while they will forbear, up to the last moment of their nominal adhesion to the Church, with Anglo-Catholics, even after they have avowed their Popish predilections to their superiors, will seize the first opportunity to pounce on an evangelical clergyman, when, from excess of candour or of conscientiousness, he gives them the slightest pretext for the exercise of discipline.

Another circumstance which will intensify the effect produced by his work, much more than the modesty of the author will allow himself to believe, is the high status which he occupies in the Christian world. In the eyes of all good men he shines as a star of the first magnitude. The name of Baptist Noel, familiar as a household word, is associated with "whatsoever things are true" in the faith, "whatsoever things are honest" in purpose, "whatsoever things are just" in conduct, "pure" in motive, "lovely" in spirit, and "of good report" with all men at home and abroad. Independent of his rank in society, the voice of the Christian public has conferred on him the insignia of spiritual nobility, and, in despite of his Church, raised him to the episcopate of talent and of piety. With such a character, as far beyond the patronage of his opponents to confer as it is beyond their power to denude him of it, Mr. Noel has occupied a position the most favourable perhaps of all others for an impartial view of his subject. Born and nurtured in the Church of England, of which he has been now for twenty years the popular idol and the ornament, he had no temptations to scan with invidious eyes the corruptions of that "venerable institution," while, at the same time, he has enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming fully acquainted with its real condition. To none, certainly, will his own brethren, who still remain in the English Establishment, deploring its abuses, listen with more candour and attention. To them his book is

specially addressed; and those without the pale of the Church will read it chiefly from curiosity to ascertain what impression it is likely to produce on those within.

Few acquainted with the sentiments of Mr. Noel, expressed in his former publications, will be surprised at the step he has taken; all must be interested to know how he has vindicated that step, and what position he now means to occupy. On opening the volume with such feelings the reader may be somewhat disappointed. The author does not profess to give reasons for his procedure; these are rather left to be inferred from the whole tenor of his reasonings. He lays down ample ground certainly for his secession, but he does not explain how he has been so long in making up his mind to occupy that ground. In fact, the book might have been written by one who had never been a member of the Church of England, and who wrote rather to warn others against entering its gates, or to invite them to "come out and be separate," than to vindicate himself for having resolved, after tarrying so long within the city, to retreat from it as far as possible. Nor is it very easy to guess the final resting-place which he contemplates. All this we might set down to that forgetfulness of self which seems singularly developed in the ardent and enthusiastic temperament of the author. But we have not proceeded far into the volume before we are struck with another peculiarity, not so easily accounted for. The title is "The Union of Church and State;" but while the entire argument of the book is directed against "the Union," in whatever form it may be supposed to exist, the form of Union described is that only which exists in the Church of England. Thus, at the very commencement, he says:—

"I have, then, to inquire, in the following pages, whether it is the will of Christ, as deducible from the Word of God, that the Christian congregations of this country should receive the salaries of their pastors from the State, and *be consequently placed under its superintendence.*"

On this side the Tweed at least, the criminal, if not rightly described in the indictment, escapes scot-free from the bar. The union here defined may be the English Union, but it is certainly not the union of Church and State which *our* reformers recognised or which any enlightened advocates of establishments would vindicate in our country. It is, indeed, exactly the theory of an Establishment upon which the law courts proceeded in condemning the acts of the Scottish Church, and the persecution of which, in the highest court of civil appeal, issued in the late memorable Disruption. How Mr. Noel, who came so generously to the aid of the Non-intrusionists on the question of independence, should have adopted a theory which, if true, would stultify all the contendings of that party for freedom while within the pale of the National Church, is a question which he affords us no means of deciding. He takes the whole point then in dispute for granted, and professes only to argue with those who hold that "the State is competent to protect and *superintend* the Church." We are driven, therefore, to one of two conclusions—either that Mr. Noel is now convinced that the State payment of salaries to the pastors necessarily involves State patronage and supremacy, and that, consequently, the Church of Scotland before the Disruption took up an untenable position in her contest for independence; or that, leaving this point undecided, and assuming that the State *de facto* claims supremacy over the Church, as an inseparable sequence of its support, he reasons, in fact, against the Union viewed in this complex form. The first supposition would imply such an amount of presumption in the absence of all proof, that we prefer the second, more especially as the whole work is directed against the Erastian Union of Church and State as exemplified in England.

At the same time, it is too obvious that, with the Church of England in his eye as the *beau idéal* of "the union," Mr. Noel is opposed to all forms of ecclesiastical establishments, and has, unwittingly, but naturally, adopted, to nearly all their extent, the arguments and objections of the Voluntary school. In one important particular we were glad to find him taking up a position which shows he is not prepared to plunge into all the conclusions which have been drawn from Voluntary principles. He admits "it may be very true that Governments ought, by all means in their power, to advance the cause of Christ," he says:—

"Each Member of Parliament is no less bound to make the law of God the exclusive rule of his public conduct. Each public measure should be considered with reference to the Divine will; each vote should be given in the fear of God; and every legislator is called to avow that he is governed in all things by the authority of Christ. The same principle should obviously govern the united action of all the members of the State. *They must legislate and govern in the fear of God, according to Scripture, for the glory of God and the good of the nation.*"—Pp. 22, 23.

This doctrine will, doubtless, be hailed by many as depriving Voluntaryism of its sting,

and as admitting the main principle which they consider to be endangered by that system. Nor do we think that any enlightened friend of Establishments *in this country* would hesitate to subscribe to what our author states as the last Christian duty of Governments, viz. that "they no less owe it to their lord and Redeemer to leave his Churches free from all secular control, to intrude no ministers upon them, to impose no tax on the reluctant for the purposes of religion, and to use no coercion whatever of their subjects in any religious matters." The paragraph following this may well, however, startle them, as somewhat inconsistent with the above:—

"*Thus*, if the State were wholly Christian it ought to abolish its Union with the Churches. But is it Christian? How many Members of Parliament profess to trust wholly in Christ for their salvation from hell, and therefore make his Word their exclusive rule of conduct? If the majority are without this faith they are unchristian and ungodly; and the Union between the Church and State is the Union between the Churches of Christ and a body of unconverted men—it is the Union of the Church with the world. And since all who are not with Christ are against him, it is the union of his friends with his enemies. The effect of the Union does not depend upon what the State ought to be, but upon what it is; and to advocate the Union because the State is bound to be evangelical, is the same thing as to say that a thief should be made the trustee of a property because he is bound to be honest, or that the Lord's Supper should be administered to a drunken profligate because he is bound to be virtuous and sober. The advocates of the Union constantly argue, not from what the State is, but from what it ought to be, and infer most erroneously the effect of the Union of the Churches with the actual State, from what they suppose would be the effect of their Union with the Utopian State. The actual State is irreligious, and the Churches are bound to dissolve their Union with it."—Pp. 24, 25.

The amiable author is certainly guilty of some confusion of thought here. The legitimate conclusion, even from his own premises, is not that "*if the State were wholly Christian*, it ought to abolish its union with the Churches"—but that, if the State ought to be "governed in all things by the authority of Christ," it *will* abolish its union with the Churches. This may be true, or it may not; but Mr. Noel was not warranted to shift from this ground, which refers to the *duty* lying on every State, whether Christian or not, to the actual *character* of the existing State. The question is not what legislators ought to be, but what legislators ought to do. None that we know of "advocate the Union because the State is bound *to be evangelical*;" though some may maintain that the State is bound to support evangelical religion. The instances of the thief and the profligate are, therefore, out of place. The personal character of the rulers, or the actual character of the Government, may be such as to render a union with the Church both dangerous and inexpedient. But the duty of the State, whatever that may be, remains unaffected by its character, or by the course which the Church may see meet to pursue. The same error of confounding the character with the duty of statesmen, appears in his remarks on the "Constitution of the State." And here we regret to find it involving him in a statement which, however it might sound on the hustings, comes from the lips of Baptist Noel on our ears with singular dissonance.

"Is the world spiritual or unspiritual, regenerate or unregenerate? If unspiritual and unregenerate, why should they choose spiritual men to represent them in Parliament? I will add, that it ought not to be otherwise. If we are to be well governed, the House of Commons should gather to itself the greatest capacities in the kingdom. A religious man without talent is no more fitted to be a senator, than a religious man without muscle is fitted to be a blacksmith; and electors should no more choose a Christian without sound political knowledge to direct the nation, than a Government should choose a Christian without knowledge of navigation or of gunnery to command a man-of-war. Our rulers ought to be men of ability, and if they have sound morals, this is all that can be generally asked."

To those familiar with the controversy which lately agitated this country, it must be superfluous to point out the various fallacies lurking under these few unhappy sentences. For the sake of others, we beg to put the following plain questions to our much esteemed author. Granting that the majority of our electors are unspiritual men, does this necessarily imply that the constituency or State of Great Britain is "the world" condemned by Scripture as "lying in wickedness?" If so, how can Christian men belong to that constituency? and does not their connexion with the State as members of it involve as much incongruity as any "union of Church and State" that ever existed? Does Mr. Noel not confound "the world" as the secular society, "out of which he must needs go" altogether, if he would avoid all connexion with it—with "the world" as the sinful society, out of which Scripture commands him to go even while he remains in the other society? Is there any necessary connexion between what is secular and what is sinful? And are civil governments inevitably sinful because

they are inevitably secular? Again, does the prevailing irreligious character of electors release them from the obligation of choosing as representatives "men fearing God and hating covetousness?" or are Christian electors not bound to see that such men represent them? In fine, granting that "our rulers ought to be men of ability," and that religion will not compensate for the absence of talent, does it follow that talent will atone for the absence of religion? or are we warranted to expect that the affairs of the nation will be crowned with the Divine blessing, if conducted without any regard to the Divine law?—No! we may conceive Mr. Noel as replying to these queries on further reflection; these are the consequences which I cannot entertain for a moment, and I now perceive that I must be wrong, and that it must be as much the duty of electors to choose good men, as it is the duty of our representatives (not *to be* good men, but) *to act* as good men; for I maintain that "they must legislate and govern in the fear of God, according to Scripture, for the glory of God, and the good of the nation."

We cannot leave this part of the subject without expressing our regret, that before proceeding to advocate the dissolution of the union of Church and State, our author should have recognised, more plainly and heartily, the moral character of Government as an ordinance of God, and the duty of nations to Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords." It is here, we conceive, that the grand defect of his work lies. In his conclusions as to the duty of the *Church* in such times as those we live in, few will refuse to concur who are not interested in the abuses which he has exposed. But in his views as to the duty of governments, and of Christians in regard to them, we can assure him he is radically mistaken, and will find himself opposed by the best friends of civil and religious liberty. The author himself, if closely questioned, would be the first, we should suppose, to shrink from the allegation, that between two candidates equally qualified in other respects, it mattered little whether the man of mere "navigation and gunnery" were chosen, or the man whose well known character would be his pledge and our guarantee that in all his public actings he would be regulated by a sacred regard to the interests of the God of the Bible, of the Sabbath, and of the Church.

Nor can we sufficiently regret that in the very outset of his book, Mr. Noel should have considered it necessary to indicate, in such strong terms, his leanings to the Congregational system of Church polity. In his introduction he has been at pains to define the meaning of the word "Church," in attempting which, he gives too obvious evidence of being more indebted to the late treatises of Doctors Wardlaw and Davidson, than to an impartial course of reading on the subject. It is surely of small importance to the present question, in what sense the word "Church" or assembly is employed in the New Testament. It is a convenient phrase, which is not more sacred than many other Scriptural phrases, and which it is no more unscriptural to apply to an assembly of Christians united under one form of discipline, than to an assembly of Christians united under one roof. Mr. Noel, however, rejects the use of the phrase, "Church of England," as if the word were thereby profaned, and his argument compromised. "I shall speak of the Roman Catholic Churches and the Greek Churches, of the Scotch Establishment, of the English Establishment, or of the Churches within these Establishments; not of the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, the Church of Scotland, or the Church of England." This might pass as a trifling peculiarity, amounting, indeed, on the theory which Mr. Noel seems to have embraced, to something like a *reductio ad nihilum*, for his new friends, the Independents, would hardly acknowledge any of the congregations within the English Establishment to be Churches of Christ at all. And had we been critically inclined, we might have adverted to the inconsistency shown in denying the use of the collective term Church to the religious establishment, while he has no difficulty in applying that of State to the civil establishment. If we can conceive, and may be permitted to speak of the visible complex body, including "the legislative and executive powers," the crown, the ministers, Houses of Parliament, and constituency, as the "State," why may we not conceive and speak of the equally visible body, composed of professing Christians, as the "Church?" And surely it is of the Church as a visible, and not as an invisible society, that Mr. Noel speaks, when treating of "the Union of Church and State." It is impossible to speak of such a union intelligibly, without using the phrase as descriptive of the religious in contra-distinction to the secular society; and accordingly, besides exhibiting it on his title, he has frequently, in the course of his book, been betrayed into the expression.* But our author has given still

* The following is one example among many of this unconscious forgetfulness of his Congregationalism:—"If 'the earth' means the European population generally, and the 'woman' represents the Church of

more decided evidence of his leanings to the congregational polity in other passages; and symptoms appear of a disposition to go more than half-way even with the Baptists. Unwilling to dwell on this theme, we refer the reader to pages 146, 212, 325, 436, 460, 486, 514.*

What we chiefly deplore, however, is the effect which this unhappy ultraism and indecision of tendency must have on the minds of his former brethren. If not deterred from following his example by the length of the leap he has taken, they must be all the more content to linger with the abuses he has denounced, when it is seen that, in Mr. Noel's opinion at least, there is no intermediate ground, no sure footing, between an outrageous Erastianism, crushing under its iron-heel every fibre of life and freedom in the Church, on the one hand, and on the other, a nomadic unorganized Dissenterism; no alternative between the Establishment as it now stands, with all its corruptions, and an ecclesiastical revolution which would not only dissolve the Union of Church and State, but dissolve the Union of the Church herself, and explode her into ten thousand fragmentary churches, as unlike as unallied to each other, and the prospective constitution of which no man could foretell. The English mind seems hitherto unable to devise a middle path between the purest despotism and the rankest radicalism in ecclesiastical matters. We had hoped to find in Mr. Noel's book a more moderate scheme of reform projected, which might have reconciled the two extremes; but we are compelled to say, that we despair of him as a leader in any great movement of reformation, when we see him thus merging himself in the confused ranks of existing dissent—descending into the arena, single-handed, as the champion not of the Church but of a chapel—and pleading, with all the ardour of a neophyte, for a system of disunion and disorganization, the utter impotence of which for any combined action, even its veteran supporters were beginning to deplore.

We shall not therefore follow our author into his lengthened discussion on the separation of Church and State. We are not aware that he has introduced a single new argument. When we state that his reading seems to have been limited on the side of Establishments to such writers as Hooker, M'Neile, and Gladstone, our readers will not feel surprised that he should have adopted the views of "Wardlaw, Ballantyne, Conder, Gasparin, Vinet, and Baird." And when it is kept in mind that his idea of an establishment is thoroughly Erastian, that he argues against what he calls the "State Episcopate," it need hardly be said that our advocates of establishments, whose reading and reflection are not "almost all on one side," will readily admit the force of the "General Considerations" which he has drawn from "the Constitution of the State," "the parental relation," from "history," from "Old Testament prophecies," and from "the New Testament," as quite applicable to such a union as that which he takes for granted.

The same remark applies to the latter, and by far the most important part of the volume, which refers to the "Effects of the Union." The fearful disclosures made in this portion of the work, of the inefficiency, the bondage, the corruption, and the baneful results of the system, when applied to that particular form of the Union which exists in England, are certainly fitted to create, and must leave, a deep impression on the mind of every Christian reader. This Part is divided into the "Influence of the Union upon Persons"—such as bishops, pastors, members, dissenters; and the "Influence of the Union upon Things"—such as the number of ministers, maintenance, doctrine, discipline, evangelization, union, reformation, religion, government, and other national establishments. Under each of these heads the influence of the Union is brought out with great power and effect; though, throughout the whole, no distinction is ever suggested between "the Union" itself, and "the Union in England." The impression left on our mind indeed, is the utter hopelessness of seeing such corruptions removed while such a connexion continues to exist. But we regret that the author should have exposed his well-intentioned arguments to be met, not by any attempts at reforming the Union as it is, but by a volley of counter-arguments in behalf of the Union as it should be; and that the odium which his *exposé* may, with too much justice, enhance against the Establishment, will only be con-

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Christ, it shews that *the Church* may receive help from the people in any country, but the nature of the help is left undetermined. It may be the duty of nations to *help the Church* in one way, but unlawful to seek to help it in another. It may be right for them to *protect it from violence*, while it is wrong *to fetter it* (that is, *the Church*) by a Legislative Union," &c., p. 126. This must refer to the visible Church; for the Church invisible does not admit of being either helped or fettered.

* "I do not find in the New Testament any other church court than the Church itself [*i. e.* the congregation under the presidency of its elders]."—P. 460. "Not a word is said in Scripture, clearly and explicitly, about the baptism of infants."—P. 436.

fronted by references to the growing attachment of multitudes to the Church established. There is a delusion here which, we fear, the friends of established abuses are destined sooner or later to discover; for if, after such an unfolding of the depth and extent of the disease, no remedial attempt is made, the body must sink into that state of collapse in which neither the skill of the physician nor the affection of friends can save it. Meanwhile, this concentration of attack upon the Union of Church and State, as the sole cause of all the corruptions of the former, savours too much of the empiric and the visionary, to prove effective in the proper quarter. It may call forth *Io pæans* from a certain class of dissenters; but will the blow be fatal to Establishments? We doubt it greatly.

"The Union of the Churches with the State is doomed," says Mr. Noel; and, for aught we know, the prediction may be a true one, though we do not think the prophet has taken the best way to ensure its fulfilment. Had he come forth in the character of a Reformer of his native Church, denouncing the Union simply because he despaired of seeing her abuses removed while such a species of Union remained, and zealous to restore her to a purity and vigour outrivalling the days of the Sixth Edward, of Jewel, and Latimer, and Cranmer,—he might have enlisted the best sympathies of Old England in the cause of spiritual independence. As it is, he has to fight his way against English patriotism as well as English pride; and the issue of such a conflict is more than doubtful.

The bomb has exploded within the citadel; but the effect on those within, who still constitute the majority, can only be to stimulate their zeal in its defence. It must always be an impolitic, if not an unfair mode of warfare against the corruptions of a Church, to trace up all of these to a single source, however profound in error or prolific of evil that source may be. It may be true that the corruptions may never be effectually reformed while that source remains untouched,—just as the wounded warrior cannot be healed till he has been disencumbered of the armour which frets the sore and impedes the operation; but it does not follow that all the disorders which cry for remedy flow from one fountain, or will vanish on its removal. The grand origin of the evils affecting the English Church, it might be easy to show, lies not in its being an Establishment simply, but in its having been, to a sad extent, from the very beginning, an establishment of abuses. Romish errors, never sufficiently purified by the Reformation, were consolidated and perpetuated by the despotism of Elizabeth, and have lain to this day congealed as in the iceberg of a long Arctic winter. Drifted as it has been lately within the influence of another spring, is there not some hope of seeing it thawed and broken up, and reduced to its original elements? And if so, is it not the office of all the friends of that Church, and of the truth as it is in Jesus, to see that due preparation is made to "separate the precious from the vile," and build up, from among the wreck of scattered abuses, a second Temple more glorious, because more spiritual, and simple, and godlike than the first?

But we must conclude our rapid review. As a specimen of the author's style, we select the following passages in which he brings out, with withering effect, some of the most glaring faults of the Establishment which he has left:—

INFLUENCE OF THE UNION UPON BISHOPS.

"From this enumeration of some of the functions of a prelate imposed by the State, it is too obvious that a pastor suddenly raised by the fiat of the premier to the prelatic dignity, must undergo temptations of no ordinary force. How can one, whose position was so humble, become at once so lofty without giddiness! That smile of a statesman has made him at once a peer, the master of a palace, the owner of a lordly revenue, the successor of apostles. Thenceforth he shines in Parliament, and moves among the most splendid circles of the wealthiest nation of the earth; or, retiring to his palace, he administers within its baronial precincts an extended patronage, wields an absolute sceptre over one-third of his clergy, and by an indefinite prerogative, awes and controls the rest; meets with no one to question his opinions or contradict his will; and may look along a lengthened vista of enjoyments to the more dazzling splendour and prerogatives of Lambeth. If a man, under these circumstances, is not deteriorated, he must have extraordinary wisdom and virtue. But when worldly men are chosen by the Government, and are rendered more worldly by the disadvantages of their position, their distribution of livings, their visitation charges, their circuits for confirmation, their private intercourse with the clergy, and their whole influence, must check evangelical religion, and add to the numbers of worldly and unsound incumbents throughout the land."—Pp. 273–275.

The following is a severe, but we suspect not an overdrawn picture of

THE PIOUS ANGLICAN PASTOR.

"He may exaggerate the importance of the Union, extol 'the Church' as the purest and best in the world, persuade himself that it is the chief bulwark of Protestantism; he may fill up his time and thoughts with the duties of his

ministry, and may resolve not to read, speak, or think on those disputed topics. Thus he may strive to hide out the errors of the prayer-book, and avoid every conclusion respecting the legal fetters of his ministry, shielding himself under the thought that many excellent men do all that he is called to do, and that matters so trifling ought not to endanger an institution so venerable and so necessary.

"Symptoms of this state of mind are, I think, common.

"Amongst pious Anglican pastors it is common to hear strong and even violent denunciation of Popery, which requires no courage, because the thunderer launches his bolts against a despised minority, and is echoed by admiring multitudes. But the ten thousand practical abuses within the Establishment wake no such indignant thunders,—the nomination of worldly prelates,—the exclusion of the Gospel from thousands of parishes in which by the Union ungodly ministers have the monopoly of spiritual instruction,—the easy introduction of irreligious youths into the ministry,—the awful desecration of baptism, especially in large civic parishes,—the more awful fact, that thirteen thousand Anglican pastors leave some millions of the poor out of a population of only sixteen millions utterly untaught,—the hateful bigotry of the canons, which excommunicate all who recognise any other Churches of Christ in England except our own,—the complete fusion of the Church and the world at the Lord's table,—the obligation upon every parish minister publicly to thank God for taking to himself the soul of every wicked person in the parish who dies without being excommunicated,—the almost total neglect of scriptural Church discipline,—the tyranny of the license system,—the sporting, dancing, and card-playing of many clergymen,—the Government orders to the churches of Christ to preach on what topics, and to pray in what terms, the State prescribes,—the loud and frequent denunciation of our brethren of other denominations as schismatics,—the errors of the Articles and of the prayer-book, and the invasion of the regal prerogatives of Christ by the State supremacy,—the total absence of self-government, and therefore of all self-reformation, in the Establishment, &c. &c. &c.: all these enormous evils are tolerated and concealed. Dissenters are often and eagerly attacked because comparatively weak; but scarcely a tongue condemns the tyranny of the State towards the Anglican Churches, because the State is strong and holds the purse."—Pp. 300–302.

The following is his melancholy account of

THE ACTUAL STATE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

"If the 16,000 pastors and ministers of the Anglican Churches were living according to these divine commands, England would soon turn to Christ.

"But what is the actual state of the Establishment? Myriads of its members have nothing of Christianity but the name, received in infancy by baptism, and retained without one spontaneous act of their own; and millions do nothing whatever to promote the cause of Christ. Its 13,000 churches are generally without evangelistic activity, without brotherly fellowship, without discipline, without spirituality, without faith. Like Laodicea, they are lukewarm; like Sardis, they have a name to live and are dead. Of its 16,000 ministers, about 1568 do nothing; about 6681 limit their thoughts and labours to small parishes, which contain from 150 to 300 souls; while others in cities and towns profess to take charge of 8000 or 9000 souls. And of the 12,923 working pastors of churches, I fear, from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are unconverted men, who neither preach nor know the Gospel."—Pp. 568, 569.

MR. NOEL'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

"The Union of the Churches with the State is doomed. Condemned by reason and religion, by scripture and by experience, how can it be allowed to injure the nation much longer? All the main principles upon which it rests are unsound. Its State-salaries, its supremacy, its patronage, its compulsion of payments for the support of religion, are condemned by both the precedents and the precepts of the word of God. We have seen that it sheds a blighting influence upon prelates, incumbents, curates, and other members of churches. It adds little to the number of pastors, it distributes them with a wasteful disregard to the wants of the population, and it pays least those whom it ought to pay most liberally. It excludes the Gospel from thousands of parishes; it perpetuates corruptions in doctrine; it hinders all scriptural discipline; it desecrates the ordinances of Christ, confounds the Church and the world, foments schism among Christians, and tempts the ministers of Christ both in and out of the Establishment to be eager politicians. Further, it embarrasses successive Governments, maintains one chief element of revolution in the country, renders the reformation of the Anglican Churches hopeless, hinders the progress of the Gospel throughout the kingdom, and strengthens all the corrupt papal Establishments of Europe.

"Worst of all, it 'grieves' and 'quenches' the Spirit of God, who cannot be expected largely to bless the Churches which will not put away their sins.

"But when it shall be destroyed, we have reason to hope that the churches will revive in religion speedily. Sound doctrine will then be heard from most of the Anglican pulpits; evangelists will go forth into every part of the land; scriptural discipline will be restored; schisms will be mitigated; Christian ministers will cease to be political partisans; we may look for a larger effusion of the Spirit of God; and England may become the foremost of the nations in godliness and virtue.

"Let all who fear and love God arise to accomplish this second Reformation. The work which our martyred forefathers began in the face of the dungeon and the stake, let us, in their spirit, complete!

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"Since many will hold back from even an examination of truths which entail momentous

consequences to themselves, each disciple of Christ, who ascertains the separation of the Churches from the State to be his Master's will, must count it an honour to serve him singly, if need be, in this conflict. Great events in history have waited on the actions of a few intrepid men. Hampden, by his resolute resistance to an act of tyranny, awoke in his countrymen the spirit which secured our liberties. The gallantry of Clive saved our Indian empire. Luther long thought and laboured almost alone. The extensive revival of the last century, was owing, under God, to Wesley and Whitfield, with very few companions. Let each member of the Establishment, therefore, who comprehends this duty, determine that he will, without waiting for the decision of others, do his utmost in the name of Christ to secure the freedom of the Anglican Churches from the shackles of the State.

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"With greater confidence I address my brethren of the free churches. There should be no longer disunion or sloth. Independents and Baptists, Wesleyans and members of the Free Church of Scotland, let us all, with united voices, from Caithness to Cornwall, claim, in the name of Christ, the Christian liberty of the British Churches; and this generation may yet see accomplished a second Reformation, more spiritual, and not less extensive, than the first.

"Above all, let us take care to fulfil this duty in a Christian spirit. No religious cause requires irreligious means for its advancement. Let us disgrace ourselves by no railing, condemn all personal invective, and be guilty of no exaggeration, for these are the weapons of the weak and the unprincipled; but, uniting with all those who love the Redeemer, let us recognise with gratitude every work of the Spirit within the Establishment as well as without it. And with much prayer, with constant dependence on the Holy Spirit, with a supreme desire to glorify God, and with an abundant exercise of faith, hope, and love, which are our appropriate armour in every conflict, let us persevere in our efforts till the blessing of God renders our triumph a decisive step towards the evangelisation of the world."—Pp. 627–631.

Alas, for the Church of England! the first-born of our Reformation, and the beginning of our strength! Time was when "men would have healed her, but she is not healed!" Time was when she might have kept her bulwarks by surrendering her palaces—and retained all her real beauty and spiritual efficiency, at the sacrifice of her trappings. Time was, at the critical juncture of the Restoration, when by a moderate reform of her hierarchy, liturgy and canons, she might have retained her emoluments without losing her liberties, and might have seen a virtuous hardworking clergy, distributed through her much loved island,—

"In bright succession raised, her ornament and guard."

But in an evil hour, she yielded to the dictation of a perfidious and unprincipled tyrant, who robbed her of her strength under pretext of advancing her to worldly honours; and now, undermined within, and besieged without, she is fain to cling for support to the arm of her oppressor. Saving the pledged and interested supporters of things as they are, none can believe that this can continue long. If the Church is destined to stand, it will be by the energies of her own children, awakened to a sense of danger and duty by the signs of the times, and demanding a thorough reform, both in her relations to the State, and her internal administration. If she is doomed to fall, it will not be by the assaults of her enemies, but by her own weight—by the plethora of wealth and power flowing to the head, and forsaking the extremities; and by clinging, with infatuated fondness, to those ponderous abuses, which, unless parted with, will assuredly drag her downwards with them into the weltering waters of revolution.

Art. V.—*The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. In 2 vols. London, 1849. 1300 pp.

We have never perused a work of literature or science, or even one of fiction, with such an intense interest as that with which we have devoured the two remarkable volumes now before us. We have cheated our mind of its usual food, and our body of its usual rest, in order to grasp, by one mental effort, the great truths which they teach, and imbibe the noble lessons which they convey. Were we among the personal friends of Mr. Macaulay, or did we adopt the latitudinarian views of religious truth which he has presented to us in all the fascination of language and of sentiment, we might have suspected that our judgment was partial, and our admiration extravagant; but, though our Presbyterian feelings have been often offended, and our most venerated martyrs but slightly honoured, and our national creed not unfrequently reviled, yet these penumbral spots disappear, while we study in his bright and eloquent pages the vindication of our country's liberties,—the character and the fate of the sages who asserted

them,—and the righteous but terrible doom of the Princes from whom they were wrung.

There is no period of the History of England in which the events are so closely related to those of the present day as the few years of oppression and judicial murder which constitute the reign of James II. In watching at present the revival of Popery, and in resisting its insidious approach, we must study its spirit and its power previous to the Revolution; and in contemplating our domestic disturbances, and the political convulsions which are now shaking the civilized world, we may discover their cause and their cure by a careful study of Mr. Macaulay's volumes. In the arbitrary rule of the House of Stuart—in the perfidy and immorality of its princes—in the bigotry and licentiousness of its priests—in the venality of its statesmen—and in the blood-thirstiness of its captains—we see the germ of that revolutionary tempest which swept into one irresistible tide the otherwise conflicting elements of society. The Giant of Reaction, in his most grim and savage form, summoned a patient and oppressed people to revolt, and with its scorpion lash hurried one sovereign to the scaffold, and another into exile.

But while we shudder over the recitals in which these crimes are emblazoned, and through which our liberties were secured, the mind searches for some powerful principle of action to which they can be referred. Why was the prince perfidious, the judge sanguinary, and the priest corrupt? It was because an idolatrous superstition reigned in Christendom—irritated at the progress of *Protestant* truth—inculcating the heresy of passive obedience to kings—exercising an authority over the souls and bodies of men—usurping the sceptre, and assuming the ermine of the Church's Head—sealing the ark of divine truth—and closing or poisoning the fountains of education and knowledge. In the lap of this superstition even Protestant England slumbered. Truth, secular and divine, had indeed begun to throw its mingled radiance among the ignorant and immoral masses of English life. It had long before gilded and braced the Scottish mind, and raised the Scottish heart to a sense of its duties and its wrongs. The noble doctrines of the school of Calvin, which Scripture taught and philosophy confirmed, had been accepted as the creed of Presbytery, and formed the basis of its simple discipline and worship. Through the unity and power of her faith, and the indomitable courage of her people, the Church of our fathers would have maintained her ground against all the power of the Papacy, if wielded only by her domestic princes; but the Union of the Crown of Scotland with that of England, which in happier times has been the source of her glory and her strength, threw her back a century in the race of civilisation and knowledge.

A despicable king, in carrying off its Crown, forgot his duty to the land which gave him birth, striving to overturn its blood-cemented Church, and launching against its priesthood and its people the formidable power of his double sovereignty. Her humble temple fell beneath the sword of the tyrant, but only to rise again with a nobler pediment and a loftier peristyle. The same godless princes who had desecrated our altars and slain our martyrs lifted their blood-stained hand against the Sister Church; but they lifted it in vain, for their dynasty perished in the wreck of the superstition which they upheld. Under a Protestant race of kings, and a Protestant constitution, the Sceptres of England and Scotland have been welded into one. Their Churches have flourished and grown together—the one rich and powerful—the other humble and contented. Their literature and science—their trade and their commerce—their arts and their arms—have achieved throughout the civilized world a glorious and imperishable name. We have now nothing to fear from perfidious and criminal sovereigns, from unprincipled statesmen, from venal judges, or from sanguinary chiefs. We have nothing to fear from political turbulence. The progressive reform of our institutions, and their gradual accommodation to the ever-varying necessities of man, and the ever-changing phases of social life, can always be secured by the moral energy of an educated and religious people. We have still less to fear from foreign invasion. The diffusion of knowledge, and the local approximation and mutual interests of nations, have exorcised the spirit of war; and should it reappear, with its iron vizor and its bloody drapery, we have bulwarks of steel and of oak that may defy the hostile levies of the world. But we have much to fear from that gigantic superstition which has so often erected the stake and the scaffold in our land, and which is again girding itself for the recovery of its power. Crowds of its devotees have been long stationing themselves in our towns and villages. Idolatrous altars are rising thick around us. The Upas seeds of Papal error, long concealed in the rubrics and liturgies of a neighbouring Church, have already begun to germinate—now hiding their blanched vegetation from the eye of day—now rising up in rank luxuriance—now budding under the surplice

—now bearing fruit under the mitre. The breath of a bigoted minister, or the fiat of an unprincipled monarch, is alone wanting to plant the poison-tree in our land, and renew the battle of faith which was waged and won by our fathers.

It is not probable that such a direct agency will be employed, but there are crooked lines of policy by which treason finds an easier and a quicker path to its crimes. There may be a minister, and there may be a parliament, so blind to religious truth, so ignorant of the lessons which history has read to them, and so reckless of the temporal and spiritual interests which they control, as to supply with the munitions of war the enemies of our Faith, and thus arm a Catholic priesthood against a Protestant shrine, and marshal a wild population against the peace and liberties of the empire. Had we at the helm of State some modern Orpheus, who could charm with his lyre of gold the denizens of the moral wilderness, or some Indian sage who could cajole the poison-tooth from the snake in the grass, we might expect by a stipendiary bribe to loose the Jesuit from his vows, or the priest from his allegiance; but history proclaims to us, by a handwriting on the wall, what the experience of the nation confirms, that every concession which truth makes to error is but a new buttress to support it, and that every shackle which toleration strikes from fanaticism, adds but to its virulence and power. To our Roman Catholic brethren we would cheerfully extend every right and privilege which we ourselves enjoy—to every civil and military office we would admit them—with every honourable distinction we would adorn them. Whatever, indeed, be his creed, we would welcome the wise man to our board, and we would clasp the good man to our bosom—some modern Augustine if he exists—some living Pascal if he is to be found; but we would never consent, even under the torture-boot of James II., to pay out of the hard earnings of Protestant toil the stipend of a Catholic priest, or build his superstitious altar, or purchase the relics of his idolatry.

We have no desire to support these views by any arguments of our own. We are content to refer our readers to the truth-speaking and heart-stirring pages of Mr. Macaulay. In his history of James II., every fact has but one meaning, every event but one tongue, and every mystery but one interpretation. We here learn that with civil liberty Popery cannot co-exist.—With scripture truth it is utterly irreconcilable.—With the faith of science it is at variance.—To the spread of education and knowledge it is bitterly opposed.—From the sage equally as from the novice it demands the secrets of the life and the heart; and over the domestic sanctuary, the seat of the purest and holiest of our affections, it has exercised, and insists upon exercising, the control of a parent, and it has wielded, and insists upon wielding, the sceptre of a god.

Gathering these truths from the work before us, and entertaining the opinion which we do of its transcendent merits, we cannot but record our satisfaction at the rapid and extensive circulation which it has already obtained, and express the wish that it may adorn every library and enlighten every family in the kingdom. And notwithstanding the imperfections which in our eyes it bears, and the errors of opinion which to us it occasionally exhibits, and the hard judgments which it sometimes pronounces against truths which we accept and revere, we would yet wish to see it in an abridged form, diffusing through middle life its great truths and lessons, and we should not object to have it read in our schools, and studied in our universities, as the best history of our Revolution, and the safest expositor of our civil and religious liberties.

As Mr. Macaulay's History of England is to be brought "down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," it will no doubt include the chronicle of the Great Revolution, which, at the close of the last century, subverted European dynasties, and which, after being itself subverted, has re-appeared with redoubled energy, threatening the extinction, or heralding the improvement, of every political institution. The path of the historian will therefore lie among thorns and quicksands, exposing him to the assaults of vindictive factions—of men rushing headlong to change, or checking the march of that great civilisation which the highest oracles have taught us to anticipate. The manner in which Mr. Macaulay has traced his course through the intricacies of our own revolutionary period is the best earnest of his future success; and though we sometimes start at what is perhaps only the shadow of secular leanings, when he refers to conflicting creeds, and treats of ecclesiastical strife, we yet look forward with confidence, and even with delight, to his future labours. It is difficult for a statesman embroiled in the politics of his own day, and committed often to party opinions which he does not himself hold, to descant freely and consistently on the events of other times, and to protect those stern decisions which he pronounces for posterity, from the taint of passing in-

terests and contemporary feeling. Mr. Macaulay has, in our judgment, stood clear of this Scylla and Charybdis of history, and we feel assured that even his political adversaries will not venture to assert that he has chronicled the reign of James II. with the temper of a partizan, or sought to magnify his own political opinions by distorting the facts or suppressing the truths of history.

The first volume of the work which we shall now proceed to analyze, is divided into *five* chapters. In the *first*, Mr. Macaulay gives a condensed and elegant sketch of English history from the earliest times to the Revolution in 1660. In the *second* chapter, he details the leading events in the reign of Charles II. In the *third*, he describes the state of England at the accession of James II., treating of its statistics, its literature and science, its arts, its agriculture, manufactures and commerce, the state of its towns and villages, and the condition of its population; and in the remaining *two* chapters, he gives the history of the last of the Stuarts, which is continued and concluded in the *five* chapters of the second volume.

The great event of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity is justly regarded by Mr. Macaulay as the "first of a long series of salutary revolutions" which laid the foundation of that noble constitution by which England has been distinguished from other nations. The predominance of the sacerdotal over the civil power, which marked this early period of our history, and which was continued for a great length of time, he conceives to have been a real blessing to "a society sunk in ignorance, and ruled by mere physical force." Viewing the power of priestcraft as *mental*, and "that which naturally and properly belongs to intellectual superiority," he pronounces it to be "nobler and better than that which consists merely in corporeal strength;" and as the priests were by far the wisest portion of society, he decides "that it was on the whole good that they should be respected and obeyed, and that their dominion in the Dark Ages had been, in spite of many abuses, a legitimate and a salutary guardianship." Even "the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope in the Dark Ages is held to have been productive of far more good than evil;" and Mr. Macaulay reaches the climax of his admiration, when he expresses his doubt *whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent* in accomplishing "that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man."

Although we regard these laudations of sacerdotal and papal supremacy, and of the pilgrimages, and sanctuaries, and crusades, and monastic institutions of the Middle Ages, as an oblation to the political liberalism of the hour, and as a stumbling-block at the very threshold of Mr. Macaulay's labours, we yet feel some difficulty in reducing such general assertions into a proposition which can be fairly analyzed. That the ascendency of *mental power* as a principle of government is superior to "that which consists merely in corporeal strength," or, as elsewhere expressed, to that which governs "by vigour of muscle, and by audacity of spirit," is a truth too palpable to be denied. But when we express it in another form, and aver that the government of Popery, as exercised in the Middle Ages, was better than that of a purer faith, and better, too, than that of the muscular and audacious baron, who, in the same age, led his hereditary bondsmen to battle, there is not a Protestant versed in history that will not give it an indignant denial.

The mental power to which we do homage in the statesman and law-giver is essentially different from the mental power of the priest. The one is the efflatus of a god embodied in the sage to bless and elevate his species—the other the spirit of Belial displayed in fraud and imposture—in false legends and in lying miracles. Under the priestly sway, knowledge was placed in bond for the purposes of deception. The vicegerent of Heaven encouraged crime by absolving the criminal, and the moral and mental power which he thus wielded descended unimpaired to his successors, and is potently exercised at this moment over every kingdom in Christian Europe. A purer religion than this—the faith of Luther, or even the faith of Pascal and Arnaud, would doubtless have been a more efficient agent in the civilisation of mankind. But even the audacious autocrat exercised a sway more humane and improving than that of the priest. He laid no embargo upon knowledge—he put forth no claim to divine power, and he transmitted none to his race. If he fell in battle, a son or a chieftain less warlike than himself was not prevented by his caste from acquiring and diffusing a taste for the arts of peace, and from exercising a milder sway over his serfs. If he returned from conquest, he might import some new ideas from his enemies, or bring back some refined or intellectual captive, or introduce into his fastnesses some instrument or process of civilisation.

But if the audacious prince was a less humane and enlightened ruler than the priest,—if the prelate St. Dunstan was a

nobler character than the warrior Penda, whence arose the formidable contrast? The priest himself was the cause. He it was that intercepted the rays of civilisation and science, which Heaven was gradually shedding over our race. He it was that selfishly converged them into the gloomy crypt of his sanctuary, and dispensed them at an usurious interest in magic and in jugglery, to deceive and enslave mankind. There was indeed a species of learning which emanated from the hierarchy duty free. They not only tolerated but taught the botany of the holy thorn, the osteology of saintly vertebræ, the odontology of the Virgin, and the physiology of St. Januarius' blood; and every monastery and temple had its museum of crowns and vestments, of ropes and chains, of crucifixes and crosses, of teeth and toes, labelled in duplicates and triplicates to establish their mendacious legends. It was thus that knowledge nestled in the monasteries, and thus that science was contraband in the baronial hall.

Did our narrow space permit us to continue the discussion of this subject, we would present it to our readers under another phase. We would direct their attention to the Chronicles of Arabia, and the noble Institutions which, during the Dark Ages, sprang up under the religion of the Crescent. When a corrupt superstition, as Mr. Macaulay allows it to be, was blighting with its sirocco currents the green buds of secular knowledge, and imprisoning within their fruit-vessel the long ripened seeds of sacred truth, the Caliphs of the East, the depositaries of physical force, and the heroes of many battles, were introducing among the ferocious Saracens the elements of Art and Science, and establishing schools and academies for the instruction of the children of the Prophet. A Christian physician, unfettered by Mohammedan tests, presided over the academy of Khorasan, composed of men of all countries and creeds. The orthodox Mussulmans indeed murmured at the liberality of their princes, but the Arabian youth resorted to the gymnasium, and neither his academies nor his colleges were denounced as godless. Such were the labours of Almamon. With a "vigour of muscle, and an audacity of spirit" not inferior to that of any of the captains of his age, he drew his sword against his enemies, but he returned it to its scabbard, more eager than before for the instruction and civilisation of his subjects.

As if conscious of the weakness of his position, Mr. Macaulay re-states his heresy with modifying expressions, and contents himself with the affirmation, "that that superstition (namely, the Catholic) cannot be regarded as '*unmixedly noxious*' which creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondsman." To the proposition in this form we willingly assent. There is no superstition unmixedly noxious, —no institution, either social or political, in which something innocuous may not be found. Even in slavery, the climax of institutional baseness, we may contrast the African in chains braving the horrors of the middle passage, with the slave spending the rest of his life under the roof of a kind and even a Christian master.

Among the causes by which England was, at an early period, advantageously distinguished from most of the neighbouring countries, Mr. Macaulay, in a very interesting passage, mentions the relation in which the nobility stood to the commonalty:—

"There was," he says, "a strong hereditary aristocracy, but it was of all hereditary aristocracies the least insolent and exclusive. It had none of the invidious character of a caste. It was constantly receiving members from the people, and constantly sending down members to mingle with the people. Any gentleman might become a peer. The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. Grandsons of peers yielded precedence to newly made knights. The dignity of knighthood was not beyond the reach of any man who could by diligence and thrift realize a good estate, or who could attract notice by his valour in a battle or a siege. It was regarded as no disparagement for the daughter of a duke, nay, of a royal duke, to espouse a distinguished commoner. * * * Good blood, indeed, was held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of the peerage, there was most fortunately for our country no necessary connexion. Pedigrees as long, and scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were new men who bore the highest titles. There were untitled men well known to have been descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem. * * * There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to insult a class into which his own children must descend. * * * The constitution of the House of Commons tended greatly to promote the salutary intermixture of classes. The knight of the shire was the connecting link between the baron and the shopkeeper. On the same benches on which sat the goldsmiths, the drapers, and grocers who had been returned to Parliament by the commercial towns, sat also members who, in any other country, would have been called noblemen, hereditary lords of manors, entitled to hold courts, and to bear coat armour, and able to trace back

an honourable descent through many generations. Some of them were younger sons and brothers of great lords. Others could boast even of royal blood. At length the eldest son of an Earl of Bedford, called, in courtesy, by the second title of his father, offered himself as candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and his example was followed by others. Seated in that House, the heirs of the grandees of the realm naturally became as zealous for its privileges as any of the humble burgesses with whom they were mingled. Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world; a peculiarity which has lasted down to the present day, and which has produced many important moral and political effects."—Vol. i. pp. 38–40.

After briefly referring to the government of the Plantagenets and Tudors, Mr. Macaulay treats of the Reformation and its consequences. He finds it difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation, and yet he admits that, "for political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their train, *she is chiefly indebted to the great rebellion of the Laity against the Priesthood.*" The origin and peculiar character of the English Church, and the relation in which it stood to the State, next passes under review. He points out the advantages which the Crown derived from an Establishment which inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience, and describes the indignation of the Puritans when they saw "an Institution younger by many years than themselves, and which had under their own eyes, gradually received its form from the passions and interests of a Court, begin to mimic the lofty style of Rome."

"Since these men," (the Puritans,) says Mr. Macaulay, "could not be convinced, it was determined that they should be persecuted. Persecution produced its natural effects upon them. It found them a sect; it made them a faction. To their hatred of the Church was now added hatred of the Crown. The two sentiments were intermingled, and each embittered the other. The opinions of the Puritan concerning the relation of ruler and subject were widely different from those that were inculcated in the homilies. His favourite divines had both by precept and example encouraged resistance to tyrants and persecutors. His fellow Calvinists in France, in Holland, and in Scotland, were in arms against idolatrous and cruel princes. His notions, too, respecting the government of the State, took a tinge from his notions regarding the government of the Church. Some of the sarcasms which were popularly thrown on Episcopacy, might without much difficulty be turned against royalty; and many of the arguments which were used to prove that spiritual power was best lodged in a synod, seemed to lead to the conclusion that temporal power was best lodged in a parliament. Thus, as the priest of the Established Church was from interest, from principle, and from passion, zealous for the royal prerogatives, the Puritan was from interest, from principle, and from passion, hostile to them."—Vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

On the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the Crowns of Scotland and England were united in the person of James I., a mean and pusillanimous prince, a presumptuous pedant, and a stickler for the divine right of kings. His son Charles I., while he surpassed his father in understanding, surpassed him also in bigotry. Adopting the political theories of his sire, he strove to carry them into practice; and in attempting to convert the government of England into a despotism, and to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, he at once lost his life and his Crown.

"It would be unjust," says Mr. Macaulay, "to deny that Charles had some of the qualities of a good, and even of a great prince. He wrote and spoke, not like his father, with the exactness of a professor, but after the fashion of intelligent and well-educated gentlemen. His taste in literature and art was excellent, his manner dignified though not gracious, his domestic life without blemish. Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was, in truth, impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways. It may seem strange that his conscience, which on occasions of little moment was sufficiently sensitive, should never have reproached him with this great vice. But there is reason to believe that he was perfidious, not only from constitution and from habit, but from principle. He seems to have learned from the theologians whom he most esteemed, that between him and his subjects there could be nothing of the nature of a mutual contract; that he could not, even if he would, divest himself of his despotic authority; and that in every promise which he made there was an implied reservation that such promise might be broken in case of necessity, and that of the necessity he was the sole judge."—Vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

With a counsellor like the Earl of Strafford, cruel and imperious in his nature, and a spiritual guide like Archbishop Laud, fanatical and malignant, and the unrelenting persecutor of non-conforming piety, it was no wonder that the Sovereign was hated by his people. Tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, prevailed. Obsequious judges sacrificed law and equity at the will of their monarch, and the Star Chamber and the High Commission, "guided chiefly by the violent spirit of the Primate, and freed from the control of Parliament, (which had not been convoked for eleven years,) displayed a rapacity, a violence, a malignant energy, which had been unknown to any former age." By such agencies the opponents of the Government were imprisoned, pilloried,

and mutilated. The whole nation was agitated and incensed. The persons and liberties of Englishmen were imperilled; and such was the general despair that men who feared God, and would have obeyed a righteous king, quitted the country which they loved, and sought and found an asylum in the Transatlantic wilds. Amid forests which the hand of man had neither planted nor reared—under the shelter of the oak and the pine, whose pedigree stretched back into primeval times—within the reach of the Indian's tomahawk, and in the jungle ringing with the cries of the beasts of prey, did the aristocracy of England's faith lay the foundation of the cities of the West, and give birth to a race of freemen, to avenge on a future generation of their oppressors the wrongs of their fathers.

At this emergency the insane bigotry of the King and the Primate took the fatal step which led to their ruin. In the "mere wantonness of tyranny, and with a criminal contempt of public feeling, they resolved to force upon Scotland a liturgy more Popish than that of England, and to this rash attempt," as Mr. Macaulay justly observes, "our country owes her freedom." A riot took place at the first exhibition of the hated ceremonial. The nation rose to arms. The Scots marched into Yorkshire. The English troops "were ready to tear the hated Strafford to pieces," and the hapless King was compelled to abandon his arbitrary purpose, and call to his aid the wisdom of Parliament. The Star Chamber and the High Commission were abolished; the dungeons and the prisons were thrown open; the wicked counsellors of the wicked King were impeached. Strafford was imprisoned, and afterwards executed; Laud was sent to the Tower, tried by the Lords, and executed;* and the Lord Keeper Finch saved himself by flight.

In order to pacify our justly indignant countrymen, Charles visited Scotland in 1641, and put his sign-manual to an act declaring Episcopacy to be contrary to the Word of God! The enemies of Prelacy were thus encouraged to oppose it; and when the Parliament re-assembled in October, 1641, it was split into two formidable parties, the Cavaliers and Roundheads—the faction of the King and of the people. In the one were marshalled the Roman Catholics—the frivolous votaries of pleasure, "who affected gallantry, splendour of dress, and a taste in the lighter arts"—together with the poets, the painters, and the stage-players, "down to the rope-dancer and the Merry-Andrew." In the other were combined the members of the English Church who were still Calvinistic, the Protestant non-conformists, the municipal corporations, with their merchants and shopkeepers, the small rural freeholders, headed by a "formidable minority of the aristocracy, including the rich and powerful Earls of Northumberland, Bedford, Warwick, Stamford, and Essex." The rebellion of the Roman Catholics in Ulster gave strength to the popular party. The remonstrance of the Commons against the royal policy, the base impeachment of the five leaders of the House, and the attempt of Charles in person to seize them by armed force within the walls of Parliament, inflamed the zeal of the Whigs, brought down upon the perfidious King the execration of his people, and forced him to fly from his stormy capital, to return only to a harsh and terrible doom.

The story of the Civil war, and of the Protectorate of Cromwell—of the trial and execution of Charles I. as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy"—of the march of General Monk and the army to London—of the restoration of Charles II., and of his triumphal return to the throne of his fathers, is briefly and eloquently told by Mr. Macaulay.

The reign of the restored monarch had an auspicious commencement. Recalled by the consent of opposing factions, and regarded with a romantic interest from his personal sufferings and adventures, an opportunity was afforded for exhibiting the noblest virtues of a king, and embalming a righteous prerogative in the affections and liberties of his people. But it was otherwise decreed. Charles had neither the head nor the heart of a prince. Without the ambition of fame, he thought as little of making England great, as he did of making its people free. Without the guidance of faith, he cared little about religion; and without the restraints of conscience, he cared less about morality.

"He had," says Mr. Macaulay, "received from nature excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and the body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter

* Mr. Macaulay has omitted to mention the trial and execution of Laud.

experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanour of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him; when death was denounced against all who would shelter him, cottagers and serving men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation. Addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence; fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion; without faith in human virtue, or in human attachment; without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought. * * * Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honour and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

"It is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in man but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. * * * The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him, and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much; yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience."—Vol. i. pp. 167-170.

In his political character Charles had no resemblance either to his father or his brother. The doctrines of divine right and passive obedience made no appeal to his prejudices. Unfit for business, he detested and shunned it in every form; and such was his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerk of council often sneered at his silly remarks and his childish impatience. In his religious character he stood aloof, not perplexed, but indifferent, between the two bundles of hay—Infidelity and Popery. In his social and moral character he is not easily described. He was as little impressed by kindnesses as he was annoyed by injuries, and hence gratitude was not numbered among his virtues, nor revenge among his faults. His master-passion was to enjoy a life of undisturbed repose, and to riot among the pleasures that make life a paradise, and Eternity a torment.

That the reign of such a prince would be turbulent and disastrous might have been readily anticipated. That it would be disgraceful to the honour of the king and the nation could scarcely have been foreseen. To curb the ambition of the French king and support the Protestant cause in Europe, England had entered into the Triple Alliance with the States General and Sweden. The English Parliament and both sections of the people had loudly applauded this salutary union of Protestant States, but the king viewed it as but a temporary concession to popular opinion. Anxious to be emancipated from constitutional control, he looked to the power and riches of France for the accomplishment of his views; and, with the approbation of the Duke of York, the heir to the throne, he opened a negociation with the French king. Through his sister, the beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, he offered to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to unite in making war against Holland, provided Louis gave him such aid as to make him independent of his Parliament. These welcome propositions were accepted by France, and formed the secret treaty signed at Dover in 1670; and, in order to maintain his ascendency at the English Court, Louis sent the beautiful Louisa Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, to direct and control the royal will.

Although this treaty was signed with the concurrence of the *Cabal Ministry*,* yet Charles himself suggested the most degrading of its articles, and concealed most of them from the majority of a Cabinet whose unprincipled compliance he might readily have obtained. Mr. Macaulay has well described these political miscreants. Clifford, the most respectable of them, was "a man of fiery and impetuous temper," with "a strong though a lamentably perverted sense of duty." Arlington, from his vagrant life abroad, was attached to despotism and Po-

* The Ministry, in 1671, consisted of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, the first letters of whose names made the word CABAL.

pery. Buckingham, a faithless voluptuary and a traitor, "was eager to win the royal favour by services" from which others "would have recoiled with horror." Ashley, full of levity and selfishness, "had served and betrayed a succession of Governments." "Lauderdale, loud and coarse both in mirth and anger, was perhaps, under the outward show of boisterous frankness, the most dishonest in the Cabal. He had been conspicuous among the Scotch insurgents of 1638, and zealous for the Covenant. * * * * He often talked with noisy jocularity of the days when he was a canter and a rebel. He was now the chief instrument employed by the Court in forcing Episcopacy on his reluctant countrymen, nor did he in that cause shrink from the unsparing use of the sword, the halter, and the boot. Yet those who knew him, knew that thirty years had made no change in his real sentiments—that he still hated the memory of Charles I., and that he still preferred the Presbyterian form of Church government to any other." Men of such a character were the fit servants of such a king. They made his Majesty fraudulently profess great zeal for the Triple Alliance. They obtained money from the House of Commons and the Goldsmiths of London on false and flagitious pretences, and cowering under the wing of the French monarch, they issued the declaration of indulgence, abrogating by royal authority all the penal laws against the Catholics, including also those against Protestant Dissenters. This nefarious measure was, in terms of the secret treaty, followed by the declaration of war against the Dutch.

At this critical juncture there appeared on the stage of European politics a remarkable individual, who was destined, as Mr. Macaulay observes, "to save the United Provinces from slavery, to curb the power of France, and to establish the English constitution on a lasting foundation." William Henry, the posthumous child of William II. Prince of Orange, and Mary, the daughter of Charles I., was the possessor of a splendid fortune, a sovereign prince of Germany, and a prince of the blood-royal of England. The invasion of Holland, the result of the base treaty of Dover, subverted the existing Government. The Grand Pensionary John de Witt was torn in pieces by the rabble, and the Prince of Orange became the head of the State.

"Young as he was," says Mr. Macaulay, "his ardent and unconquerable spirit, though disguised by a cold and sullen manner, soon roused the courage of his dismayed countrymen. It was in vain that both his uncle and the French king attempted by splendid offers to seduce him from the cause of the Republic. To the States-General he spoke a high and inspiriting language. He even ventured to suggest a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been accomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the whole compass of modern history. He told the Deputies that, even if their natal soil and the marvels with which human industry had covered it, were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. The Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty and pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from Europe, might take refuge in the farthest isles of Asia. The shipping in the ports of the Republic would suffice to carry two hundred thousand emigrants to the Indian Archipelago. There the Dutch Commonwealth might commence a new and more glorious existence, and might rear, under the southern cross, amidst the sugar-canes and nutmeg trees, the exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden. The national spirit swelled and rose high. The terms offered by the Allies were firmly rejected. The dykes were opened. The whole country was one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands. The invaders were forced to save themselves from destruction by a precipitate retreat. Louis, who, though he sometimes thought it necessary to appear at the head of his troops, greatly preferred a palace to a camp, had already returned to enjoy the adulation of poets and the smiles of ladies in the newly planted alleys of Versailles."—Vol. i. pp. 218, 219.

Thus baffled in his designs, Louis could not supply the means of coercing the English press. Parliament assembled in the spring of 1673, after a recess of two years. The country party attacked with consummate skill the policy of the Cabal, and in a short time the declaration of indulgence was cancelled. The test act, excluding Papists from civil and military office, was re-enacted, the Cabal was broken up by intestine quarrels and the treachery of Shaftesbury, and the King was compelled to conclude a peace with the United Provinces, and induced to consent to the marriage of his niece, the Princess Mary, with the Prince of Orange.

The peace of Nimeguen, which in 1678 terminated the seven years' war, was speedily followed by a political crisis in England. The passion for civil liberty was rendered more intense by a prevailing sense of national humiliation. The imbecility of her councils, and the thirst of her sovereign for foreign gold, had brought England into just contempt. The introduction of a foreign army was dreaded. A feeling prevailed that a blow was to be struck at the Protestant faith, and that the cruelties of Bloody Mary would again afflict the land. Under the excitement of these feelings, Titus Oates put in circulation his wild romance of a Papist plot to burn London,

and to murder the King, his ministers, and the Protestant clergy. The nation was convulsed. The murder of Sir E. Godfrey gave probability to the rumour, and every precaution was taken against the dreaded calamity. Informers and spies added to the general belief, by swearing away the lives of Roman Catholics. The judges, and even statesmen, encouraged the delusion, and the apostasy of the Duke of York induced even the Episcopal clergy to join in the outcry against the Catholics. In this emergency the King called to his counsels Sir W. Temple, who proposed a Privy Council of thirty individuals as the royal advisers; and among the statesmen who were called to carry this new system into effect, were Viscount Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, whose characters are finely drawn by Mr. Macaulay.

"Among the statesmen of that age," says he, "Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among the English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamours of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritan. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative. In theory he was a Republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a Privy Councillor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot, that he was called by the uncharitable an Atheist: but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and, in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions. * * *

"His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but lastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. * * * Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either."—Vol. i. pp. 242, 243.

Sunderland did not, like Halifax, belong to the class of politicians called *Trimmers*.* He was a base intriguer, an accomplished flatterer, and the most servile instrument of arbitrary power. "In this man," says Mr. Macaulay, "the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner. Nature had given him a keen understanding, a restless and mischievous temper, a cold heart, and an abject spirit. His mind had undergone a training by which all his vices had been nursed up to the rankest maturity." He had been envoy to the Court of Louis, and from that bad school he came out "cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principle."

The changes introduced by Sir W. Temple had calmed for a while the storm of political agitation, but it soon resumed its violence. The Exclusion Bill, by which the Duke of York, an avowed Papist, was excluded from the succession, was the great object at which the opposition grasped; but the King frustrated their designs by proroguing the Parliament without the advice of his Council, or even their knowledge that he intended to prorogue it. The day on which this unconstitutional act was perpetrated—the 26th May, 1679, was a day glorious for England. On that day the Habeas Corpus Act received the royal assent, and while the King disowned the House of Parliament he emancipated the press. A dissolution and a general election soon followed the prorogation.

These violent measures gave a new impulse to the Opposition. The Exclusion Bill was demanded in a louder voice; and for the first time the rights of Mary and Anne were assailed. When the King was resident at the Hague, Lucy Walters, a beautiful Welsh girl, had become his mistress, and had borne to him a son. James

* Halifax glorified in this nickname, and assumed it as a title of honour, on the principle that every thing good *trims* between extremes.

Crofts, the name of the youth, fortunate in having been assigned to a prince, was received at Whitehall with paternal fondness. Honours shared only by princes were heaped upon him. He was married to Miss Scott, the heiress of Buccleuch, and was created Duke of Monmouth in England, and Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland. Distinguished by his personal beauty and affable manners, and celebrated for his gallantry as a soldier, his return to England was hailed with universal acclamation. It had been rumoured in well-informed circles that Charles had married Lucy Walters, and that Monmouth was the lawful heir to the Crown. The Protestant party naturally gave credit to a rumour which excluded their enemy from the throne, and the condescension and popular manners of Monmouth ingratiated him with the people. In this posture of affairs the Privy Council of Sir W. Temple ceased to exist, and Laurence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin became the advisers of the Crown —the one a rancorous partisan, a violent champion of Church and Crown, and the virulent enemy of Republicans and Dissenters—the other a flexible courtier, hating change either for good or evil, and one who, as Charles expressed it, "was never in the way nor out of the way."

The year which followed the prorogation in 1679 was pregnant with portentous events. The nation was split into angry factions, and counties, towns, families, and even schools, were similarly agitated: The cry on the one side was to exclude a Papist king—the cry on the other was to support the prerogative. The Pope was burned in effigy. The Covenanters in Scotland, driven mad by persecution, had murdered Archbishop Sharpe, and risen against the Government; and the French king, bribing and flattering both the Court and the Opposition, "exhorted Charles to be firm, and James to raise a civil war in Scotland, while he exhorted the Whigs not to flinch, and to rely with confidence on the protection of France."

In the new Parliament, which met in October 1680, the Exclusion Bill, opposed by Hyde, and defended by Godolphin, was, without difficulty, passed; but though supported by Shaftesbury, Essex, and Sunderland, in the House of Lords, it was, with the aid of the Bishops, rejected by a great majority, chiefly through the commanding eloquence of Halifax. This defeat of the Opposition was followed by the trial and execution of a Roman Catholic peer, Viscount Strafford, who had been accused as a party in the Popish Plot, and found guilty of treason, on the testimony of Titus Oates and of two other false witnesses.

When Parliament assembled at Oxford in March 1681, a reaction was distinctly visible. A majority of the influential classes began to rally round the throne, and the Whigs were doomed to every species of persecution. The Acts against non-conformists, hitherto dormant, were rigorously enforced. Shaftesbury was tried for high treason, but acquitted. The Earl of Argyle was condemned as a traitor, because he refused to take the test; but he fortunately escaped from prison, and found an asylum in Holland. Pilkington, Colt, and Oates were fined £100,000 for speaking disrespectfully of the Duke of York, and Barnadiston £10,000 for having expressed, in a private letter, sentiments that were considered improper; while Sir R. Wood, who was once Lord Mayor of London, was tried for perjury, and condemned to the pillory simply because he had given evidence in favour of Pilkington. The Whigs, however, were still powerful and bold. Schemes of resistance, and even of rebellion were projected, and two plots were secretly hatched. The object of the one, to which Monmouth, Russell, and Sydney were parties, was to rouse the nation against an arbitrary Government. The other, which was carefully concealed from them, was the Rye-house plot—the scheme of a few desperate spirits, to assassinate the King and his brother.* The two plots were discovered, and considered as one, and the whole Whig party were involved in the indignation which one of them so justly excited. Shaftesbury had fled to Holland, and died. Monmouth went into voluntary exile. Russell and Sydney, guiltless of the crime for which they suffered, perished on the scaffold—the one with the fortitude of a Christian, the other with the philosophy of a Stoic; and other acts equally cruel and unconstitutional, everywhere marked the temper and conduct of the Government. The marriage of the Lady Anne to the Prince of Denmark —a man of Protestant principles—raised the hopes of the English Church, and led them to new acts of aggression. The pulpits resounded with harangues against rebellion. The doctrine of Divine Right was the text of many a godless homily, and on the day on which Russell became a martyr to liberty, the fanatical University of Oxford decreed, by a public act, that the great doctrines of liberty were impious, seditious, and heretical, and ordered the political works of Bu-

* Mr. Fox is of opinion that some of those engaged in this plot had merely a notion of assassinating the King, but doubts whether it ever ripened into a design, or was evinced by such an overt act as was necessary for conviction.—*Hist.* James II., p. 46.

chanan, Milton, and Baxter, to be burned in the court of the schools.

At this memorable juncture there was a student at Christ's Church, Oxford, whose genius and virtue were destined to adorn his country and his age, while they were the means of bringing into disgrace the University which dishonoured and disowned him. John Locke—a name which will survive that of the tyrant and the bishop that oppressed him—was intimately acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury, and was unjustly suspected to have been the author of a pamphlet offensive to the Government. At the command of the King, Sunderland informs Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, that there is "one Locke, who belonged to the late Earl of Shaftesbury," and who has "behaved very factiously and undutifully to the Government," and wishes "to know the method of removing him from being a student." The Bishop replies, that he "has had an eye upon him for divers years," but can confidently affirm, after strict inquiries, that those most familiar with him have never heard him *speak a word either against or concerning the Government*. Doctors and graduates, as the Bishop unblushingly confesses, had, in public and private, introduced conversations "to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs," but could never discover in the student *a word or a look* as if he took any concern in the matter. His immediate expulsion was demanded, and the Dean and Chapter made haste to obey.* "In this instance," says Mr. Fox, "one would almost imagine there was some instinctive sagacity in the Government of that time, which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny."

While the factions who were struggling for power were each promised in their turn the support of the Sovereign, an event occurred which produced a mighty change on the political condition of England. The health of Charles had begun to give way, and at the close of 1684, a slight attack of the gout was the prelude to a severe illness which had a fatal termination. The circumstances under which this took place, and the event itself, are beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay:—

"The palace had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday the 1st of February 1685. * * * The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which, twenty years before, overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the Court where her uncle was supreme. His power, and her own attractions, had drawn a crowd of illustrious visitors around her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, and fled from her husband,—had abandoned her vast wealth, and after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favourite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill humour. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and St. Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then, the King complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken, but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early. * * *

"Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed, when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their Sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury. A physician, who had charge of the

* The history of this tyrannical act, fully given by Mr. Fox, with all the documents, took place on the 15th November, 1684. It is, we suppose, by mistake, placed by Mr. Macaulay in the reign of James II., and without any date.

royal retorts and crucibles, happened to be present. He had no lancet, but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely, but the king was still insensible. He was laid in his bed, where during a short time the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The Queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favourite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments."—Vol. i. pp. 429-432.

Physicians, Whig as well as Catholic, were admitted to the dying king. After a copious bleeding, hot iron was applied to the head, and "a loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth;" and when he recovered his senses, "he complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him." His medical attendants were replaced by his spiritual advisers. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Bath and Wells offered him the last rites of their Church, but he would not declare that he died in her communion, and he refused the Eucharist from their hands. At the instigation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, through the French Ambassador Barillon, the Queen asked the King if she should bring a Catholic priest. "For God's sake do," replied the dying man, "and lose no time." Father Huddlestone was introduced to the death-chamber by a private stair, and administered extreme unction and the Lord's Supper to the King, who thus declared by the last act of his life that he died a Roman Catholic. On the morning of Friday the 6th of February, he apologized to his attendants for the trouble he had caused. "He had been," he said, "a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it." "This was the last glimpse," says Mr. Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation." His speech soon after failed him, and he died at seven without a struggle.

Before commencing the history of James II., Mr. Macaulay introduces a Chapter of 150 pages on the state of England at the death of Charles II. This chapter evinces great research, and will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers. But, however much we have been gratified with its brilliant pictures and its instructive details, we are of opinion, that a dissertation of this kind is an unnecessary appendage to a work of history, and, if deemed essential by the author, that it should have formed an introductory chapter. In our progress through Mr. Macaulay's fascinating narrative, we have found it an obstruction in our path; and have felt somewhat as a lover of the picturesque would feel were he taken into a penitentiary and a cotton-mill, in order that he might understand why the peasantry were moral and the villages populous. The object of the chapter is "to correct some false notions which would render the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninstructive;" but we felt no want of the information which it contains, while we perused the chapters which precede it, and have obtained no advantage from it in perusing those which follow. To describe the condition of England as it ought to be described, in all its interesting relations, would require a range of knowledge which the historian cannot be supposed to possess; and we can expect only that department of it to be well executed which is most intimately connected with the author's studies and opportunities of observation. In his lively sketch of the state of Literature and the Fine Arts, Mr. Macaulay has been singularly successful, but he has as singularly failed in his account of the Sciences and Useful Arts. Misapprehending, as all literary men do, the precise value of the labours of Bacon, he has formed a most erroneous estimate of their influence on the progress of the Physical Sciences. His praise of Sir Isaac Newton is exaggerated, indiscriminating, and incorrect. We have striven in vain to understand what Mr. Macaulay means by *the New Philosophy;* and we are equally at a loss to fathom his allusion to "the long series of glorious and salutary reforms" which the Royal Society was destined to effect.

In contrasting the present with the past condition of England, Mr. Macaulay might have spared a passing eulogy to those illustrious philosophers and inventors, to whom alone she owes her present gigantic attitude of civilisation and power. It was not to statesmen and orators, and still less to historians, and poets, and painters, that we owe the mighty change which Mr. Macaulay has described;—it was to the Watts, and Arkwrights, and Brindleys—to the Bradleys and Herschels,—to the Cavendishes, and Davys, and Wollastons, and Youngs, those lofty columns which compose the Portico of the British Temple of Science, and whose proud names are imperishably united with the glory and greatness of their country. Had Mr. Macaulay thus appreciated the services of his countrymen, he would doubtless have viewed with sympathy that large and distinguished class of intellectual labourers who, without national encouragement or support, are striving, as he once strove, to

advance the literature and science of England; and having in his eye the constitution of that Royal Society which is sustained by the annual charity of philosophers themselves, he would have called the attention of the Government, to which he belongs, to those noble academical associations, patronized by continental Powers, in which all the genius of the nation is generously marshalled for its intellectual service, and to that just appreciation of mental glory under which the savans even of despotic governments are permitted to share in the honours and offices of the State. But on these subjects the voice of eloquence is dumb. Raised to a high niche in the Elysium of the State, Mr. Macaulay looks down from his azure canopy upon the chill and troubled regions, where genius and learning are allowed to vegetate, to wither, and to die.

Notwithstanding our gentle criticism on Mr. Macaulay's statistical chapter, we are sorry that we cannot indulge our readers with some specimens of its excellence. His portraits of the swearing and drinking old country squire, of the domestic chaplain, of the parochial clergy, and of the mounted highwayman of the time, are finely drawn and full of interest. We shall make room for his description of the least and most worthy of these public characters.

"The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. * * * The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping forest even in broad day-light. Seamen who had been just paid off at Chatham, were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated, near a hundred years earlier, by the greatest of poets as the scenes of the depredations of Poins and Falstaff. * * * It was necessary to the success, and even to the safety of the highwayman, that he should be a bold and skilful rider, that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity—of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature—of their amours—of their miraculous escapes—of their desperate struggles—and of their manly bearing at the bar, and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner—that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich—that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honour to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders—how at the head of his troops he stopped a lady's coach in which there was a booty of £400—how he took only £100, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath—how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women—how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men—how at length in 1670 he was seized when overcome by wine—how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life—how the King would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect—and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies."—Vol. i. pp. 381-384.

Although the domestic chaplain was treated with urbanity and kindness in the houses of men of liberal education, it was otherwise under the roof of ordinary country gentlemen:—

"The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded."—Vol. i. p. 327.

When the chaplain was promoted to a living it was expected that he should take a wife. A waiting-woman in his patron's service was considered as a suitable match; and the chaplain was fortunate if the ser-

vices of his helpmate had not been of an equivocal character. Nor was his position much improved by the change.

"Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his Concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible: for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves."—Vol. i. p. 330.

When James II. quitted the bedside of the departed monarch, he commenced his reign by a speech to his Privy Councillors, then assembled in Whitehall. He expressed his resolution to maintain the established government in Church and State, to defend the Church of England, and support the just liberties of the people. How soon and how completely these pledges were broken, the events of his reign will show. Rochester became premier; and the other ministers of the late King were retained in office, more for the purpose of insulting than of honouring them. Though the Great Seal was left with Guilford, he was dishonoured by having associated with him, in the administration, the notorious Sir George Jeffreys, a man whose depravity has become proverbial.

"He was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary, could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages —for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. * * * There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits, by dilating, with luxuriant amplification, on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail,—'Hangman,' he would exclaim, 'I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!' * * *

"Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful. But in general his reason was overclouded and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humoured. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way; for the recollection of the familiarity to which he admitted them inflamed his malignity;

and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favour."—Vol. i. pp. 449-453.

A peerage, and a seat in the cabinet, was the retaining fee by which the King of England secured the services of the basest of his subjects. The advice to break the spirit and the letter of the law, by levying the customs for his own use, was the compensation which James received for the dignities of office. It had become necessary to summon Parliament, but James knew that the King of France had employed both bribes and threats to prevent Charles from assembling the Houses, and was ready to become, like him, the hireling and the vassal of Louis. He therefore resisted the advice of his Council, but when his dread of the consequences had compelled him to yield, he thus addressed himself privately to the French ambassador:—"Assure your master of my gratitude and attachment; without his protection I can do nothing. If the Houses meddle with foreign affairs, I will send them about their business. He has a right to be consulted, and I wish to consult him about everything, but in this case a week's delay might have produced serious consequences." Next morning Rochester repeated these excuses to Barillon, and even asked for money. "It will be well laid out," he said, "your master cannot employ his revenues better." "The King of England should not be dependent upon his own people, but the friendship of France alone!" Thirty-five thousand five hundred pounds were remitted to Whitehall. The King received it with tears of joy, and the venal minister embraced the ambassador. The return for this bag of gold was the permission to annex Brabant and Hainault to France, and an ambassador extraordinary was selected to assure Louis of the gratitude and affection of the King. To discharge this duty, John Churchill, the germ of the infamous but illustrious Marlborough, was selected.

"Soon after the Restoration," says Mr. Macaulay, "James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honour who waited on his first wife. The young lady was not beautiful; but the taste of James was not nice; and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing; their loyalty was ardent; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have attained such high preferment.

"Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations; but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colours in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity, that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been so much neglected, that he could not spell the most common words of his own language; but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book learning. He was not loquacious; but, when he was forced to speak in public, his natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never in any emergency lost, even for a moment, the perfect use of his admirable judgment.

"In his twenty-third year he was sent with his regiment to join the French forces, then engaged in operations against Holland. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers. His professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers. He was publicly thanked at the head of the army, and received many marks of esteem and confidence from Turenne, who was then at the height of military glory.

"Unhappily the splendid qualities of John Churchill were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities, which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to shew themselves in him. He was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was during a short time the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero instantly bought an annuity of four hundred a-year, well secured on landed property. Already his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces, which, fifty years later, when he was a duke, a prince of the empire, and the richest subject in Europe, remained untouched.

"After the close of the war he was attached to the household of the Duke of York, accompanied his patron to the Low Countries and to Edinburgh, and was rewarded for his services with a Scotch peerage, and with the command of the only regiment of dragoons which was then on the English establishment. His wife had a post in the family of James's younger daughter, the Princess of Denmark."—Vol. i. pp. 459-461.

After the ambassador had been a few weeks at Versailles, Barillon received

£112,000, with instructions to furnish £30,000 to the Government, for the purpose of corrupting the members of the new House of Commons, and to "keep the rest in reserve for some extraordinary emergency, such as a dissolution or an insurrection."

Thus faithless to the State, James soon became faithless to the Church. Roman Catholic rites were performed at Westminster, with regal splendour, and Protestant ceremonies were studiously omitted at his coronation. Blind to their master's character, the Tories were enthusiastic in his praise. Corporations and companies offered their adulation, and Oxford and Cambridge paraded their offensive loyalty. The electors, too, were so loyal that James did not require to put the French gold in circulation, and thus blessed with an obsequious Parliament, he began to gloat over the pleasures of revenge. Oates* and Dangerfield were the first of the just objects of his wrath, and as if he had wished to shew for further ages how his avenging spirit could bestride the gulf which separates the extreme of vice from the extreme of virtue, he summoned Richard Baxter, the celebrated Non-conformist divine, to the court of King's Bench, on the same day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard.

"He belonged," says Mr. Macaulay, "to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body. He was a young man when the Civil War broke out. He thought that the right was on the side of the Houses; and he had no scruple about acting as chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army; but his clear and somewhat sceptical understanding, and his strong sense of justice, preserved him from all excesses. He exerted himself to check the fanatical violence of the soldiery. He condemned the proceedings of the High Court of Justice. In the days of the Commonwealth he had the boldness to express, on many occasions, and once even in Cromwell's presence, love and reverence for the ancient institutions of the country. While the royal family was in exile, Baxter's life was chiefly passed at Kidderminster, in the assiduous discharge of parochial duties. He heartily concurred in the Restoration, and was sincerely desirous to bring about an union between Episcopalians and Presbyterians. For, with a liberality rare in his time, he considered questions of ecclesiastical polity as of small account when compared with the great principles of Christianity, and had never, even when prelacy was most odious to the ruling powers, joined in the outcry against bishops. The attempt to reconcile the contending factions failed. Baxter cast in his lot with his proscribed friends, refused the mitre of Hereford, quitted the parsonage of Kidderminster, and gave himself up almost wholly to study. His theological writings, though too moderate to be pleasing to the bigots of any party, had an immense reputation. Zealous churchmen called him a Roundhead; and many Non-conformists accused him of Erastianism and Arminianism. But the integrity of his heart, the purity of his life, the vigour of his faculties, and the extent of his attainments, were acknowledged by the best and wisest men of every persuasion."—Vol. i. pp. 491, 492.

Lestrange, the oracle of the clergy, raised the note of war against Baxter. An information was filed against him, and the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, came to Westminster Hall to request time to prepare for his defence.

"Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage. 'Not a minute,' he cried, 'to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together.' When the trial came on at Guildhall, Pollexfen and Wallop appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: 'Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long sounded cant without book,' and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying, 'Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a Bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city * * * * Wallop sate down; and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. * * * * 'My Lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.'—'Baxter for bishops!' cried the judge, 'that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourselves, Kidderminster bishops, factious snivelling Presbyterians!' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed, 'Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court?' Richard, thou art an old knave! Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And then,' he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Baxter, 'there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!'"—Vol. i. pp. 492, 493.

* Mr. Macaulay's description of the punishment and sufferings of Oates is so powerful and horrible, that we dare not transfer it to our pages. It may be read with safety after an inhalation of chloroform.

A fine of £500, with imprisonment till paid,* was the lenient punishment which the other three judges are supposed to have wrung from their savage chief, who is said to have proposed that the good man should be whipped through London at the cart's tail. Baxter went to prison, and remained there two years.

While these things were transacting in England, the infamous Claverhouse, with his bloodthirsty dragoons, was oppressing and murdering the Scottish Covenanters.

"The story ran," says Mr. Macaulay, "that these wretched men (the dragoons) used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice, and all these instances must be taken from the history of a single fortnight."—Vol. i. p. 498.

After giving an affecting and eloquent account of the sufferings of some of our noble martyrs to civil and religious liberty, Mr. Macaulay indignantly adds:—

"Thus was Scotland governed by that prince, whom ignorant men have represented as a friend of religious liberty, whose misfortune it was to be too wise and too good for the age in which he lived! * * * While his officers were committing the murders which have just been related, he was urging the Scottish Parliament to pass a new Act, compared with which all former Acts might be called merciful."—Vol. i. p. 502.

The affection of the King for William Penn, and his treatment of the Quakers, form a remarkable contrast with his conduct to Dissenters. Mr. Macaulay has given a very interesting account of the singular transactions which took place between Penn and the King, and candidly confesses that it requires some courage to speak the whole truth regarding this "mythical" personage. The Society of Friends, who worship him as an apostle, must either weep over his equivocal character, or fulminate their anathemas against the discriminating, and yet, perhaps, the too flattering delineation of him by Mr. Macaulay.*

The last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's first volume is occupied with the history of the rebellion in which the Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth fell a sacrifice to ill-judged, ill-concerted, and ill-executed schemes. Among the men whom the oppression of the Stuarts had driven from their native land, the Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth, who met the other refugees in Holland, were the most active and influential. Actuated by different motives, but impelled by the same hatred of their tyrant King, these bold men resolved to unfurl the standard of rebellion. Argyle was entrusted with the command in Scotland, subject however to the control of a committee, of which Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane were the leaders. Argyle's force of 1800 men assembled in the isthmus of Tarbet; but the Government, who had received early intelligence of his intention, had collected the clans that were hostile to him, and sent ships of war to cruise in the Frith of Clyde. The committee thwarted him in all his plans. The provisions were insufficient for the wants of the troops. The Highlanders deserted in hundreds, and Argyle, in place of taking a position among his native mountains, was compelled, by the rash counsel of his friends, to carry the war into the Lowlands. Disaster followed disaster, till his troops and their leaders were obliged to seek for safety in flight. Argyle himself was made captive in the disguise of a peasant, and was ordered for execution, not on account of his share in the rebellion, but under the sentence which had been previously pronounced against him for refusing to sign the Test Act.

This noble victim of arbitrary power exhibited, in his hour of suffering, that courage and peace of mind which faith and hope could alone inspire. His cause, he said, was that of God, and must be triumphant. "I do not," he added, "take upon myself to be a prophet, but I have a strong impression on my spirit, *that deliverance will come very suddenly.*" After his last meal, which he had taken with appetite, he lay down as he was wont to do, in order that he might be in full vigour to mount the scaffold.

"At this time, one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member,

* See Nelson's *Puritan Divines*, Life of Baxter, p. xxiii., Lond. 1846, for a full account of this interesting trial.

* If our author wishes to retain the favour of our good friends, we would recommend him to "mend his Penn" for another edition of his work.

came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered, that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the *renegade* smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' he said, 'that will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me, ——' When Argyle was brought to the Council-house, he was allowed pen and ink to write thus to his wife:—'Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest, Adieu!' When mounted on the scaffold, one of the Episcopal clergymen in attendance called out loudly —'My Lord dies a Protestant.' 'Yes,' added the Earl, stepping forward, 'and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, of Prelacy, and of all superstition.' Having embraced his friends, he knelt down, laid his head on the block of the Maiden, and gave the signal to the executioner."—Vol. i. pp. 563, 565.

Before the termination of this unfortunate rebellion, Monmouth, with a stronger force, landed in the port of Lynn in 1680, having escaped the vessels of the enemy that were lying in wait for him, as well as the disasters that threatened him at sea. No sooner had he landed than he issued a manifesto full of falsehood and violence, denouncing James as a murderer and usurper, and declaring that he himself was legitimate, and King of England by right of blood. Recruits flocked to his standard, and after some skirmishes with the Royal troops under the Duke of Albemarle, he entered Taunton, where he foolishly allowed himself to be proclaimed king on the 20th of June. On the 5th of July, the Royal army pitched their tents on the plain of Sedgemoor, about three miles from Bridgewater. After surveying their position from the lofty steeple of Bridgewater Church, Monmouth resolved upon a night attack, but upon bringing his forces up to their position, he was startled at the discovery that a deep trench lay between him and the camp which he expected to surprise. He halted, and fired on the Royal infantry on the opposite bank. The battle raged for three quarters of an hour, but the other divisions of the Royal army having come up, the cavalry of the insurgents under Grey were panic-struck, and the advantage which darkness and surprise had given to the assailants, was soon lost, and Monmouth himself retreated and rode from the field, leaving more than a thousand of his men lying dead on the moor. The loss of the King's army was only 300 in killed and wounded. Monmouth was taken prisoner in the New Forest, and was conveyed to Ringwood under a strong guard.

Though brave in the field, the courage of Monmouth failed him in the solitude of a prison. He begged his life from the King, with a craven spirit unworthy of his name and his lineage. He implored and obtained an interview with the King. He crawled to his uncle's feet, embraced his knees with his pinioned arms, and with tears in his eyes he confessed his crime, and endeavoured to find some apology for it by throwing the blame on the noble Argyle. He would have renounced his religion for his life, but James was inexorable, and the day of his execution was fixed. The Duchess of Monmouth, with her children, visited him in prison, but he received them and parted with them without emotion. His heart had strayed from its first love, and had squandered its deepest affections upon Lady Wentworth, by means of whose wealth he had been enabled to fit out his hapless expedition. The circumstances connected with his execution are too painful to be minutely detailed. The fatal axe placed in a faltering hand refused to do its work, and Monmouth perished with difficulty amid the suppressed sympathies of thousands, and the deepest execrations of the mob against the unskilful executioner. The head and body, placed in a coffin, were buried privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Beneath the same pavement, and beside Monmouth's remains, were laid within four years the remains of Jeffreys.

"In truth," says Mr. Macaulay, "there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is not there consecrated as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown, not as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconsistency, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the

leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts. Thither was borne before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there beside the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, Royal favour and popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens, who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."—Vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

The week which followed the battle of Sedgemoor was marked in the annals of the West with cruelties that disgrace the reign and the age in which they were committed. A ferocious colonel of the name of Kirke, butchered an hundred captives, without even the form of trial. The rich purchased their lives for thirty or forty pounds, while the poor captives were executed amid the mockery and carousals of a brutal soldiery. The sign-post of the White Hart Inn of Taunton served for a gallows, and on the spot where the bodies were quartered, "the executioner stood ankle deep in blood." Military execution was speedily followed by civil murder, wearing the mask of law. A ferocious judge, more brutal still than the brutal soldier, stimulated by a King as brutal as himself, stalked in ermine through the West, with the stake and the gallows in his train, to complete the desolation of an already desolate land. Jeffreys presided at the bloody assize, and reaped his harvest of seventy-four lives in Dorsetshire, and two hundred and thirty-three in Somersetshire. The history and fate of the most interesting of the unhappy victims has been beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay. We can only notice the story of Lady Alice Lisle, the widow of John Lisle, who had been raised to the peerage by Cromwell, and who was assassinated by three Irish ruffians at Lausanne. She had given food and a resting-place to two outlaws, John Hickes, a non-conformist divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer, who had been concerned in the Rye-house Plot. By brow-beating the witnesses, and threatening the jury, the judicial hyæna obtained a verdict against female humanity, that noble quality which even uncivilized woman has a prescriptive right to exercise. Her sentence, to be burnt alive on the same day, was commuted to beheading, and she met her fate heroically in the market-place of Winchester.

But neither the hyæna Judge, nor his congener the Royal Tiger, were satisfied with blood. Even the carnivorous appetite delights in a change of food. The goblet of red wine may derive some zest even from the cup of fetid water; and when the axe is too sharp to give pain, and the hempen coil too quick to kill, torture may be prolonged by the scourge, and agony made ductile by imprisonment and exile. In these varieties of revenge the bloodthirsty Court wantonly indulged. Several of the rebels were sentenced to scourging not less terrible than that which Oates had undergone, and women who had merely spoken some idle words, were condemned to be whipped through all the market-towns in Dorsetshire. A youth, named Tulchen, was condemned to be imprisoned for seven years, and to be flogged every year through every town in the county. Upwards of 840 prisoners were ordered to be transported as slaves for ten years to some West India Island. One-fifth of these wretched exiles perished on the voyage, and so narrow was the space in which the living were confined, that there was not space for them to lie down. The men who survived these calamities were reduced by starvation to the state of skeletons, and the persons to whom they were consigned were obliged to fatten them previous to their sale. In many cases life was spared not from mercy but from avarice. Jeffreys accumulated a fortune from the ransom money for which he bartered the lives of the higher class of Whigs;* and the parasites who assisted him were allowed to appropriate to themselves the price of pardons. Nor was this variety of life insurance confined to Jeffreys and his minions. The name of the Queen, of Mary of Modena, however honoured it may be by fortitude in adversity, has received a stain which no stoical virtues can efface. The ladies of her household, encouraged not only by her approbation but by her example, did not scruple to wring money out of the parents of the young women who had walked in the procession which presented the standard to Monmouth at Taunton. When Sir

* Edmund Prideaux paid the Chief Justice £15,000 for his liberation.

F. Warre refused to assist in this ignoble extortion, William Penn accepted and executed the commission! The Queen had never saved or tried to save the life of a single victim of her husband's cruelty. "The only request," says Mr. Macaulay, "which she is known to have preferred, touching the rebels, was that 100 of those who were sentenced to transportation might be given to her! The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage, cannot be estimated at less than a thousand guineas."

When Jeffreys returned from his Western campaign, as the King styled it, leaving the country strewed with the heads and limbs of the rebels, a peerage and the Great Seal of England were his rewards. Another campaign in the city of London was arranged and carried out. The rich Whig merchants proved a noble quarry for the Royal Sportsman and his Gamekeeper. To them the gold in their purse was of more value than the flesh on their bones, and it was possible, too, that the double prey might be secured. The aggressions against the wealthy traders, however, were not equal in atrocity to the execution of Elizabeth Gaunt, an old Anabaptist lady, who was distinguished by her acts of benevolence to the needy of all denominations. A wretch of the name of Burton, one of the Rye-house plotters, had received money and assistance from this lady, to enable him to save his life by escaping to Holland. He returned with Monmouth, and fought at Sedgemoor, and when pursued by the Government, who had offered £100 for his apprehension, he obtained shelter in the house of one John Fernley, a barber. This honest man, though besieged by creditors, was faithful to the stranger under his roof. Burton, however, surrendered himself, and saved his life by giving information, and appearing as the principal witness, against his two benefactors. They were both tried and both convicted. Fernley perished by the gallows, and Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. At her dying hour she forgave her enemies, leaving them "to the judgment of the King of kings." During this the foulest of judicial murders, an awful tempest broke forth—destroying ships and dwellings, as if Heaven were lifting its voice and its arm against the workers of iniquity.*

Towards the close of 1685, James had reached the climax of his prosperity and power, that giddy height to which Providence raises tyrants in order to magnify their fall. It is when the meteor shoots from the zenith that we can best contrast the brightness of its flash with the rapidity of its descent, and the extinction of its splendour. The Whigs were shorn of their power. The clergy were the King's worshippers—the corporations his creatures, and the judges his tools. He meditated the repeal of the Habeas Corpus and Test Acts, and the formation of a standing army; and forgetting that he had been the pensioner and vassal of Louis, he was willing to place himself at the head of a confederacy which should limit the too formidable power of France. In all these schemes James was doomed to disappointment. The Habeas Corpus Act was as dear to the Tories as to the Whigs who passed it. A standing army, associated with the events of the Protectorship, and incompatible with the militia force, which was officered by the gentry, was highly unpopular, and the admission of Catholics to civil and military office was equally adverse to the feelings and the principles of the whole Protestant community. Roman Catholic divines had argued in their writings in favour of equivocation, mental reservation, perjury, and even assassination; and Catholics of acknowledged piety did not scruple to defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Gunpowder Plot. Popery was therefore justly dreaded by every friend of Protestantism. Nor was this dread confined to the populace and to the intolerant among the clergy. Tillotson warned the House of Commons "against the propagation of a religion more mischievous than irreligion itself;" and declared that the idolatrous Pagans were better members of civil society than men who had imbibed the principles of the Popish casuists; while Locke contended that the Church which taught that faith should not be kept with heretics, had no claim to toleration. In place of removing these feelings by moderate and constitutional proceedings, James gave them a new and irresistible force by the most illegal exertions of his power. In opposition to law, many Roman Catholics held commissions in the army, and he was determined to increase their number. Halifax, though unsupported by his colleagues, was bold enough to express in the Cabinet his disgust and alarm; and the King, after trying in vain to corrupt him, dismissed him from his service. A section of the Tories was animated with the same feelings as the Whigs. Even the Bishops expressed the sentiment, that there were principles higher than loyalty; and the very chiefs of the army gave utterance

* "Since that terrible day," says Mr. Macaulay, "no woman has suffered death in England, for any political offence."

to their dissatisfaction. The obsequious Churchill ventured to insinuate that the King was going too far, and the bloodthirsty Kirke, who had pledged his word to the Emperor of Morocco that if he changed his religion at all he would become a Mussulman, swore that he would stand by the Protestant faith.

These feelings were greatly strengthened by the persecution of the Huguenots in France, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Massacres and executions had preceded this arbitrary act, and cruelties unheard of followed in its train. Fifty thousand of the best French families quitted the kingdom for ever, carrying with them to foreign lands their skill in science and literature, in arts, and in arms. These events, which became known immediately before the meeting of Parliament in November 1685, foreshadowed to the English mind the consequences of a standing army officered by Roman Catholics. James applied to the Commons for a large supply to increase the regular army; and he intimated to them his resolution not to part with the Roman Catholic officers whom he had illegally employed. The House voted the Supply for making the militia more efficient, which was equivalent to a declaration against a standing army; and they agreed to an Address reminding the King that he could not legally employ officers who had not taken the statutory test. To this Address the King returned a cold and sullen reprimand; and when it was proposed that his Majesty's answer should be taken into consideration by the House, John Coke in seconding the motion said, "I hope that we are all Englishmen, and shall not be frightened by a few high words." The words were taken down, and Coke was sent to the Tower. The spirit of opposition spread to the Lords, and even to the Episcopal bench. The Earl of Devonshire and Viscount Halifax boldly took the lead, and Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, a prelate of noble blood, declared in the name of his brethren, that the Constitution of the realm, civil and ecclesiastical, was in danger. An early day was fixed for considering the King's speech, but James dreading the result, came down next morning and prorogued the Parliament, dismissing from office all who had voted against the Court.

These violent proceedings created alarm even in the minds of his Ministers. They had seen how highly the gentry of England valued the Established religion, and were anxious that discreet and moderate counsels should prevail. A knot of Roman Catholics of broken fortune and licentious character, however, headed by the Earls of Castlemaine and Tyrconnel, opposed themselves to the Protestant policy of England, and were impatient to fill the highest offices of the State. The Court was thus divided into two hostile factions—the Protestant Ministers supported by the most respectable Catholic nobles and gentlemen, the ambassadors of Spain, Austria, and the States General, and even by the Pontiff himself; and the violent Catholics, supported by the French King and the whole influence of the mighty order of Jesus.

Mr. Macaulay has drawn a powerful picture of the virtues and vices of the Jesuits. We enumerate their merits when we mention their eloquence in the pulpit, their genius in science, their acquirements in literature, and their powers of instruction. We enumerate their virtues when we admit their heroism in deeds of mercy, and their self-devotion in missionary labour. Their vices are thus embalmed in Mr. Macaulay's eloquence.*

"But with the admirable energy, disinterestedness, and self-devotion, which were characteristic of the society, great vices were mingled. It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and of mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful; and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interest of his society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted that he had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real. He had, indeed, laboured with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard till it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the remote regions of the East; but it was reported that from some of those converts the facts on which the whole theology of the Gospel depends had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to avoid persecution, by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating Paters and Aves. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practised. It was not strange that people of all

* See our review of Pascal's Writings, vol. i., for an earlier account of the Jesuits, by a Roman Catholic.

ranks, and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the Confessionals in the Jesuit temples; for from those Confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigour as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tones of the primitive fathers; but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, and not religion enough to keep them from doing wrong, he followed a very different system. Since he could not reclaim them from guilt, it was his business to save them from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry which had been written by his brethren, and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might without sin secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The pander was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favour of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained men from doing what the Society of Jesus assured them that they might with a safe conscience do."—Vol. ii. pp. 56–58.

That James would yield to the counsels of the Jesuitical cabal must have been foreseen even by their enemies. He laboured under two delusions, the one that he should make no concessions, because his father who had made concessions was beheaded; and the other, that the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance should be the practice, because it was the theory, of the Anglican Church and its lay supporters. The Protestant members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Sunderland, who had been converted to Popery, and joined the Jesuits, made the dangerous attempt to govern James by means of a concubine. The lady who was supposed to possess so potent an influence over the King, and whom he created Duchess of Dorset, was Catharine Sedley; but though she exercised a complete control over the royal will, she failed in the object which she was expected to accomplish.

The King had now determined upon a line of policy which he knew would be opposed by his Parliament. He resolved to have his dispensing power conjoined with his ecclesiastical supremacy, that he might by the one admit Catholics to civil, military, and even spiritual offices, and by the other make the English clergy the instruments for destroying their own religion. The Court of King's Bench decided in favour of the dispensing power, and four Roman Catholics were speedily sworn of the Privy Council. Protestant Clergymen who had become Catholics, were allowed to retain their livings, and a Papist was made Dean of Christchurch College, Oxford, within whose walls mass was daily celebrated. Not content with these violations of law, the King placed the whole government of the Church in the hands of six commissioners, viz., three prelates, and three laymen, and having the same seal as the Old High Commission. Convents sprang up in the city; cowls appeared in the streets; and in order to keep down the general discontent, and overawe the metropolis, a camp of 13,000 was formed on Hounslow Heath.

Similar attempts were made in Scotland in favour of the Roman Catholics, but, after a noble struggle, the Lords of Articles, the tools of the King, were contented with the proposal that Roman Catholics should not incur any penalty by worshipping God in private houses, and even this the Scottish Estates would only pass with great restrictions and modifications. Ireland was governed on the same tyrannical principles. Roman Catholics were admitted to office, and the object of the King, and of his infamous deputy Tyrconnel, was to destroy or drive from the island the whole English population. These violent measures were crowned by the dismissal of the two Hydes, the brothers-in-law of the King, his steady adherents in adversity, and his obsequious servants in power. Their sole crime was their religion. "The cry now was," says Mr. Macaulay, "that a general proscription was at hand, and that every public functionary must make up his mind to lose his soul or to lose his place. Men looked round for help and a deliverer was at hand. William Henry Prince of Orange was destined to vindicate the liberties and wield the sceptre of England. The merit of this great man has never been appreciated as it ought by the people whom he delivered. It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Macaulay to do justice to his memory, by a minute and powerful delineation of his character. Occupying very many pages, and incapable of abridgment, we must refer our readers to the work itself, and content ourselves with the following fragment:—

"He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities; but the strength of his convictions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief. But those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself. But when he was really enraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged, as tempted them to wish he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secresy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William, whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, candid, open, even convivial and jocose, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation."—Vol. ii. p. 170.

In his political character William was neither a Whig nor a Tory. "He wanted," says Mr. Macaulay, "that which is the common groundwork of both characters; for he never became an Englishman. He saved England, it is true, but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance, and quitted with delight." It was not for her welfare that he fought. Whatever patriotic feeling he possessed was for Holland, and the moving spring of all his actions was his attachment to the Protestant faith, and the deepest hostility to France and her ambitious and persecuted king. Under the influence of these views, William was the prime though concealed mover in those arrangements for mutual defence, which were embodied in the treaty of Augsburg.* The power of England was alone wanting to give energy to this powerful confederacy; and to obtain her concurrence, he placed himself at the head of the Protestant opposition, which, after the fall of the Hydes, had increased in numbers and in strength. At this time apostasy was the road to power. The Earls of Peterborough and Salisbury were converted to Popery, and John Dryden, the poet who "had led a life of mendicancy and adulation," bartered his conscience for a pension of £100 a-year, and prostituted his already licentious pen in defending both in prose and in verse the new faith which he embraced. Mr. Macaulay notices the remarkable fact, that in Dryden's political poem of the Hind and Panther, the Church of England, at first mentioned with respect, is exhorted to ally itself with the Papists against the Puritans, but at the close of the poem, and in the preface written after the poem was finished, the Protestant dissenters are invited to make common cause with the Papists against the Church of England. This was the foreshadow of James's policy. His enmity to the Puritans disappeared in his hatred of the English Church, and on the 4th April 1687, appeared the unconstitutional Declaration of Indulgence, which gave entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects. He abrogated a long series of oppressive statutes, and authorized Roman Catholics and Protestant dissenters to celebrate their religious rites in public. The hitherto persecuted Puritan could not but rejoice in the repeal of acts under which he had been so long oppressed, while the Anglican Church stood petrified with terror. "Her chastisement was just, she reaped that which she had sown." She had ever urged the Stuarts against the Presbyterians. In her distress she now sought their friendship, and thus did the Protestant dissenters hold the balance of power between the King and the Church, who were bidding eagerly for their favour. James declared that he had persecuted the Dissenters in order to please the Church, and the Church retorted that they had aided in the persecution in order to please the King. Those who were lately schismatics and fanatics, were now "dear fellow Protestants," and it was even held out to them by Churchmen, that they might sit on the Episcopal bench.

At this singular crisis, "The Letter of a Dissenter," a masterly tract, believed to be written by Halifax, was circulated in thousands throughout the kingdom. It urged the Non-conformist to prefer an alliance with the Church to an alliance with the King; and such was its force of argument, that the great body of Dissenters, including Baxter, and Howe, and Bunyan, declared themselves hostile to the dispensing power, and took part with the Established Church. William of Orange and the Princess Mary entertained the same views, and conveyed them respectfully to the King. Under such a leader the opposition waxed daily in power. Dykevelt, the Dutch ambassador in

* Signed in July, 1686, by the Princes of the Empire and the Kings of Spain and Sweden.

name, was in reality an envoy to the opposition. The Earls of Danby and Nottingham, and Halifax, the chief of the Trimmers, were in constant communication with Dykevelt. Through Bishop Compton he looked for the support of the clergy, through Admiral Herbert for that of the navy, and Churchill, foreseeing that nobody would be safe who would not become a Roman Catholic, was the instrument by which the army was to be secured. This aid was in another respect most desirable. It was important that the Princess Anne should act in union with her sister, and this could only be brought about by the agency of Churchill's wife, who absolutely governed her, and who, as the Duchess of Marlborough, played such an important part in the future history of Europe.

"The name of this celebrated favourite was Sarah Jennings. Her elder sister, Frances, had been distinguished by beauty and levity even among the crowd of beautiful faces and light characters which adorned and disgraced Whitehall during the wild carnival of the Restoration. On one occasion, Frances dressed herself like an orange girl, and cried fruit about the streets. Sober people predicted that a girl of so little discretion and delicacy would not easily find a husband. She was however twice married, and was now the wife of Tyrconnel. Sarah, less regularly beautiful, was perhaps more attractive. Her face was expressive; her form wanted no feminine charm; and the profusion of her fine hair, not yet disguised by powder according to that barbarous fashion which she lived to see introduced, was the delight of numerous admirers. Among the gallants who sued for her favour, Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, insinuating, eloquent and brave, obtained the preference. He must have been enamoured indeed. For he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland; he was insatiable of riches. Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion; and, to the last hour of his life, Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment, who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was servilely feared by that intrepid spirit.

"In a worldly sense the fidelity of Churchill's love was amply rewarded. His wife, though slenderly portioned, brought with her a dowry which, judiciously employed, made him at length a Duke of England, a sovereign prince of the empire, the captain-general of a great coalition, the arbiter between mighty princes, and what he valued more, the wealthiest subject in Europe. She had been brought up from childhood with the Princess Anne; and a close friendship had arisen between the girls. In character they resembled each other very little. Anne was slow and taciturn. To those whom she loved she was meek. The form which her anger assumed was sullenness. She had a strong sense of religion, and was attached even with bigotry to the rites and government of the Church of England. Sarah was lively and voluble, domineered over those whom she regarded with most kindness, and when she was offended, vented her rage in tears and tempestuous reproaches. To sanctity she made no pretence, and, indeed, narrowly escaped the imputation of irreligion. She was not yet what she became when one class of vices had been fully developed in her by prosperity, and another by adversity, when her brain had been turned by success and flattery, when her heart had been ulcerated by disasters and mortifications. She lived to be that most odious and miserable of human beings, an ancient crone at war with her whole kind, at war with her own children and grandchildren, great indeed and rich, but valuing greatness and riches chiefly because they enabled her to brave public opinion and to indulge without restraint her hatred to the living and the dead. In the reign of James she was regarded as nothing worse than a fine high-spirited young woman, who could now and then be cross and arbitrary, but whose flaws of temper might well be pardoned in consideration of her charms."—Vol. ii. pp. 256–258.

Notwithstanding these differences in disposition and temper, Lady Churchill was loved and even worshipped by Anne, who could not live apart from the object of her affection. If filial duty had disposed the Princess to take part with her father, her regard for the Protestant faith, and the influence of the Churchills, could not fail to decide the question, and she accordingly joined the party which was destined to drive her father from his throne.

Early in the year 1687, the infatuation of the King was singularly displayed in his mad attempt to insult and plunder the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—corporations which had ever been distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their liberality to the Crown. In February 1687, the King sent a royal letter to Cambridge, directing the University to admit to the degree of Master of Arts an ignorant Benedictine monk of the name of Alban Francis. This degree had been conferred as an *honorary* one on ambassadors of foreign princes, and even on the secretary of the ambassador from Morocco, but never on persons in the situation of Francis. It was offered, however, to Francis provided he took the necessary oaths, but he refused; and having carried his complaint to Whitehall, the vice-chancellor and the Senate were summoned before the new High Commission. The vice-chancellor, Dr. John Peachell, accompanied by Sir Isaac Newton and other seven deputies, appeared before the Commission. Though the case was clear, it was ill plead-

ed by the weak and timid vice-chancellor, and when any of the deputies, perhaps Newton himself, attempted to supply the defect of their chief, Jeffreys, who occupied the chair, ordered them to hold their peace, and "thrust them out of the Court without a hearing." Upon being called in again, Jeffreys announced that Peachell was deprived of his vice-chancellorship, and suspended from all his emoluments as Master of a College. "As to you," said Jeffreys to Sir Isaac Newton and the other delegates, "most of you are divines. I will therefore send you home with a text of scripture,—'Go your way, and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you.'" The University chose another vice-chancellor, who pledged himself that neither religion nor the rights of the body should suffer by his means; and the King, awed no doubt by this pledge, was obliged to abandon his designs.

The attack upon the privileges of Oxford was more serious still. The stubborn tyrant had resolved to transfer to Papists the wealthiest and noblest foundations, and he began with the presidency of Magdalen College, which had just become vacant. A royal letter was despatched, recommending one Anthony Farmer, once a dissenter, now a papist,—a wretch whose scandalous and profligate life unfitted him for any situation, and whose youth, had he been spotless, disqualified him for the charge of a college. Hoping that the King would be moved by the remonstrances addressed to him, the College delayed the election till the very latest hour. When the day arrived, the electors took the sacrament, and elected John Hough, chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, then Chancellor of the University, and a man of eminent virtue and prudence. The Commission, headed by Jeffreys, summoned the refractory Fellows to Whitehall, loaded them with abuse, and pronounced Hough's election void. Another royal letter arrived, recommending Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who was not a papist. The College refused to comply, and peace for a while reigned within its walls.

In the autumn of 1687, James set out upon a long progress to the south and west of his kingdom. When he reached Oxford, he summoned the Fellows of Magdalen to his presence. They tendered a petition on their knees. He refused to look at it, exclaiming, "Get you gone. I am King. I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant, and admit the Bishop of Oxford." Mortified by their refusal he tried the agency of Penn, the ever ready tool of the tyrant; but the Quaker failed in his attempts to intimidate or cajole them. A visitatorial Commission was then appointed, headed by Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, and flanked by three troops of dragoons with drawn swords. They entered the hall of Magdalen, ejected Hough, inducted Parker, and expelled the recreant Fellows, pronouncing them incapable of holding Church preferment, or of receiving holy orders. Thus did this noble institution become a Popish seminary, presided over by a Roman Catholic bishop after Parker's death, and harbouring a brood of Roman Catholic Fellows in its sacred cloisters, and among its verdant bowers.

A scheme was about this time in agitation to set aside the Princess Mary as successor to the Crown, and prefer the Princess Anne, provided she turned Catholic; and James had even begun to listen to suggestions for excluding both from the succession. An event, however, occurred, which put an end to these speculations. The Queen was reported to be with child. The Virgin of Loretto was supposed to have granted this boon to the supplications of the Duchess of Modena, and St. Winifred to James himself, when he implored it during his visit to the Holy Well. The Popish zealots predicted that the unborn child would be a boy, and one fanatic foresaw a couple of them, one of whom was to be King of England, and the other Pope of Rome! One party rejoiced, and the other sneered. The poets hailed the new marvel in rhymes, and the country squires with roars of laughter. A suitable thanksgiving was offered from the pulpit, but the people were not thankful, and the congregations made no reverential responses.

Determined to obtain for his contemplated measures the sanction of Parliament, James proceeded with energy and method to obtain one to his mind. The Lords Lieutenants of counties were ordered to their posts to take steps for influencing the elections; but half of them refused, and were dismissed from their office, and among these were the Earls of Oxford, of Shrewsbury, and of Dorset. Mr. Macaulay has drawn with a fine pencil the characters of these three noblemen. We cannot resist the temptation to give that of Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset:—

"In his youth he had been one of the most notorious libertines of the wild time which followed the Restoration. He had been the terror of the city watch, had passed many nights in the round house, and had at least once occupied a cell in Newgate. His passion for Betty Morrice and for Nell Gwynn, who always called him her Charles the First, had given no small amusement and scandal to the town. Yet, in

the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart, had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged were common between him and the whole race of gay young Cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering, and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured, were all his own. His associates were astonished by the distinction which the public made between him and them. 'He may do what he chooses,' said Wilmot; 'he is never in the wrong.' The judgment of the world became still more favourable to Dorset when he had been sobered by time and marriage. His graceful manners, his brilliant conversation, his soft heart, his open hand, were universally praised. No day passed, it was said, in which some distressed family had not reason to bless his name. And yet, with all his good-nature, such was the keenness of his wit, that scoffers whose sarcasms all the town feared stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset. All political parties esteemed and caressed him: but politics were not much to his taste. Had he been driven by necessity to exert himself, he would probably have risen to the highest posts in the state: but he was born to rank so high and wealth so ample that many of the motives which impel men to engage in public life were wanting to him. He took just so much part in parliamentary and diplomatic business as to suffice to show that he wanted nothing but inclination to rival Danby and Sutherland, and turned away to pursuits which pleased him better. Like many other men, who with great natural abilities are constitutionally and habitually indolent, he became an intellectual voluptuary, and a master of all those pleasing branches of knowledge that can be acquired without severe application. He was allowed to be the best judge of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of acting, that the Court could show. On questions of polite learning his decisions were regarded at all the coffee-houses as without appeal. More than one clever play which had failed on the first representation was supported by his single authority against the whole clamour of the pit, and came forth successful from a second trial. The delicacy of his taste in French composition was extolled by St. Evremond and La Fontaine. Such a patron of letters England had never seen. His bounty was bestowed with equal judgment and liberality, and was confined to no sect or faction. Men of genius, estranged from each other by literary jealousy or by difference of political opinion, joined in acknowledging his impartial kindness. Dryden owned that he was saved from ruin by Dorset's princely generosity. Yet Montague and Prior, who had keenly satirised Dryden, were introduced by Dorset into public life; and the best comedy of Dryden's mortal enemy, Shadwell, was written at Dorset's country seat. The munificent earl might, if such had been his wish, have been the rival of those of whom he was content to be the benefactor. * * * In the small volume of his works may be found songs which have the easy vigour of Suckling, and little satires which sparkle with wit as splendid as that of Butler."—Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

The royal plan of obtaining submissive Parliaments was a signal failure. The obsequious Lords Lieutenants returned f rom their counties with the most mortifying refusals, and even the Roman Catholic Sheriffs refused to give false returns. The Corporations, too, were refractory, and when the King could not intimidate them into compliance by the dismissal of aldermen, he resolved to revoke their charters, when the right to do it belonged to him, and to obtain the rest either by a voluntary surrender, or a decision of the King's Bench. The great majority of the burghs, however, refused to abandon their privileges, and the King was driven to new measures of coercion. A second declaration of indulgence was issued on the 27th April 1688, and on the 4th May it was ordered in Council that the declaration was to be read in all the churches. Before the mind of the Anglican Church could be known, the Protestant Dissenters, with Baxter, Bates, and Howe at their head, resolved to take part with the members of the Church in supporting the Constitution, and at a meeting of the Primate and several of the bishops, it was resolved that the declaration ought not to be read. In order to carry these views into effect, a meeting of prelates and deans, headed by Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock, agreed to a petition, in which they pronounced the declaration to be illegal, and declared that they could not be parties to its solemn publication in the house of God. This paper written in the Archbishop's own hand, was signed on Friday evening by himself and six of his suffragans. As the Primate had been long ago forbidden the Court, the six bishops set off for Whitehall, and Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, placed the petition in the hands of the King.

"James read the petition," says Mr. Macaulay, "he folded it up, and his countenance grew dark. 'This,' he said, 'is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion.' The bishops broke out into passionate professions of loyalty; but the King, as usual, repeated the same words over and over. 'I tell you, this is a standard of rebellion.' 'Rebellion!' cried Trelawney, falling on his knees, 'For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the Crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West.' 'We put down the last rebellion,' said Lake, 'we shall not raise another.' 'We rebel!' exclaimed Turner; 'we are ready to die at your Majesty's feet.' 'Sir,' said Ken, in a more

manly tone, 'I hope that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind.' Still James went on. 'This is rebellion. This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion. I will have my declaration published.' 'We have two duties to perform,' answered Ken, 'our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honour you; but we fear God.' 'Have I deserved this?' said the King, more and more angry; 'I who have been such a friend to your Church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it.' 'God's will be done,' said Ken. 'God has given me the dispensing power,' said the King, 'and I will maintain it. I tell you that there are still seven thousand of your Church who have not bowed the knee to Baal.' The bishops respectfully retired."—Vol. ii. p. 352.

By means which have not been discovered, the petition was printed that very night and circulated in thousands, and a short letter, believed to be by Halifax, and sent to every clergyman, warned him in eloquent language of the danger of submission. The declaration was read only in four out of one hundred places of worship in London, and the Church, as if with one heart, refused to obey the despotic mandate. The Dissenting body applauded the bishops and the clergy, and the people joined in the triumph of faith over power.

James stood awe-struck amid the storm which he had evoked. The seven prelates were summoned before the King and Council, and armed with the best legal advice, they repaired to the palace on the 8th of June. The tyrant browbeat them with his usual coarseness, and the Chancellor called upon them to enter into recognisances to appear to take their trial for libel. The bishops refused, and were ordered to the Tower: No sooner had the holy men come forth under a guard, to be conveyed by water to their prison, than the feelings of the people burst forth in one simultaneous expression of admiration. Thousands prayed aloud for them, and blessed them, and dashing into the stream, asked their blessing. The sentinels at the Traitor's Gate asked the prisoners to bless them. The soldiery drank the healths of the bishops, and a deputation of ten non-conformist divines visited them in the Tower.

On the morning of Sunday the 10th of June, two days after the imprisonment of the bishops, the Queen bore a son, "the most unfortunate of princes, destined to 77 years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick. The nation believed that the young prince was a supposititious child; and though the suspicion is now considered unjust, yet it naturally arose from the absence at his birth of every person who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud.

After remaining a week in custody the bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench, pleaded *not guilty*, and were allowed to be at large upon their own recognisances. The trial took place on the 29th June in Westminster Hall. The contest between the Crown lawyers and the counsel for the bishops was long and fierce, and from the sudden changes that took place in the hopes and fears of the parties the trial excited the most dramatic interest. The judges were divided on the question of libel; but the jury, with the exception of the brewer to the palace, who at last gave way, were unanimous, and no sooner had the foreman pronounced the bishops NOT GUILTY, than Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. "At that signal," says Mr. Macaulay, "benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar." The note of triumph passed along the river, and along the streets and highways, with electric speed. Tears were mingled with acclamations. The acquitted prelates took shelter in a chapel from the tumultuous gratulations of thousands, and the jury, as they retired, received the blessings of the people. Bonfires, rockets, illuminations, and the burning of the Pope, everywhere expressed the popular joy. Whitehall was the only locality where no thrill of gladness was felt, and James, who received the dread news when in his camp at Hounslow, had their impression deepened on his guilty heart by the shouts and cheers of his soldiers.

It was now time that Liberty endangered, and Faith oppressed, should put forth their avenging arm. The flower of the English nobility determined on resistance, and William of Orange appreciating the magnitude of the crisis, resolved to obey the call. Difficulties, however, of no ordinary kind beset his path. He could not trust to a general rising of the people. An armed force was required, and that force must consist of foreign mercenaries, even if he could obtain it. The state of parties in Holland might prevent him from receiving military aid, and

as the object of his expedition was to establish a Protestant government in England, how could he enlist in his cause princes attached to the Church of Rome? All these difficulties were gradually overruled by the folly of his enemies and the wisdom of his friends. James threatened to punish for disobedience the whole body of the priesthood, but even the High Commission quailed, and it received its death-blow by the resignation of Bishop Sprat. A royal mandate was dispatched to Oxford, requiring the University to choose Jeffreys as their chancellor, but they had previously elected the young Duke of Ormond. Discontent reigned among all classes, and the clergy, the gentry, and the army, were ready to welcome their noble deliverer.

Animated by these favourable incidents, William was preparing ships and troops for his expedition. Louis withdrew his army from Flanders into Germany, and the United Provinces being thus free from alarm, gave its formal sanction to the expedition of their chief. On the 17th October, 1688, the armament set sail from Helvoetsluys, and the manifesto of William was dispatched to England. Driven back by a storm, the fleet again sailed on the 1st, and the army was landed in Torbay on the 5th November. Under the command of Count Schomberg, it marched into the interior. William reached Exeter on the 9th, and on the 11th, Burnet preached before him in the cathedral. Men of all ranks flocked to the Protestant standard. William's quarters had the aspect of a court, and at a public reception of the nobility and gentry, he said to them, "Gentlemen, friends, and fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your followers most heartily welcome to our court and camp."

James had gone to Salisbury on the 17th. He had been impatient for a battle, but now desired a retreat. On the following day Churchill and Grafton fled to the Prince's quarters. Kirke refused to obey the royal commands. The camp at Salisbury broke up. Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Drumlanrig, deserted to the Prince, and with the aid of Lady Churchill, the Princess Anne made her escape from Whitehall, and took refuge in the country house of the noble-minded Duke of Dorset, in Epping Forest.

After receiving intelligence of these events, James summoned the Lords spiritual and temporal to the palace. He yielded to their advice to call a Parliament. He sent Halifax and other commissioners to Hungerford to negociate with the Prince of Orange, who generously agreed to propositions which were acceptable to the partisans of the King. The negociation, however, was on James's part a feint. His object was to gain time. The Queen and the Prince of Wales, whom the King entrusted to the charge of M. Lauzun, a French nobleman, made their escape to France. James assured the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who had been summoned to his presence, that though he had sent his wife and his child out of England, he would himself remain at his post, and with this "unkingly and unmanly" falsehood on his lips, he had resolved in his heart to fly, and he fled at daybreak on the 11th December, 1688, tossing the Great Seal into the Thames, as he crossed it in a wherry, and taking the road to Sheerness.

The news of this event spread like wildfire through the city. At the advice of Rochester, the Earl of Northumberland, with his guards, declared for the Prince of Orange, and strove to prevent any breach of the peace. The attempt, however, was to a certain extent fruitless. The cry of No Popery rung through the city. Convents and Catholic churches were demolished. Piles of Popish trumpery—images and crucifixes, were carried about in triumph. The house and library of the Spanish ambassador was consigned to the flames, and it was only by the aid of the military that the hotel of the French ambassador was saved.

While the city was thus heaving beneath this moral earthquake, there was one fiend whose guilty soul quailed under every shock, and started at every sound. With the instinct of carnivorous life, the Judicial Tiger rushed into the thicket;—but an unsuspected Eye detected him in his lair, and, saved with difficulty from the whips and halters of his pursuers, he was conducted to his cage in the Tower. That fiend was Jeffreys—and that Eye was the Eye of an insulted litigant, on whose visual memory the hideous physiognomy had been indelibly impressed. Our readers will doubtless partake in the vindictive pleasure with which Oldmixon viewed, and with which Mr. Macaulay has painted this remarkable scene.

"A scrivener, who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the sea-faring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lost a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond; and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. 'A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster—what is it made like?'

The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half-dead with fright. 'While I live,' the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance.' And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows indeed had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the trainbands; and he was carried before the Lord Mayor (Sir John Chapman.) * * * When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room begrimmed with ashes, half-dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitations of the unfortunate Mayor rose to a height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found this duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge, pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying, 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake, keep them off!' At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their best days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror."—Vol. ii., pp. 561–563.

The return of James to London,—his subsequent flight to Rochester, and escape to France,—the summary dismissal of the French ambassador,—the meeting of the Convention of the States of the Realm,—and the plans of various parties for the future government of England,—form the remaining topics of the last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's work. After the most anxious discussion of these plans of government, the House of Commons resolved, "that King James the Second, having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between King and People, and, by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the Throne had thereby become vacant." The House of Lords experienced great difficulty in acceding to this resolution. They refused, by a small majority, to consider the Throne vacant; but a letter from James to the Convention, as usual, assisted his enemies and disconcerted his friends. When the question was again submitted to them, the House of Peers resolved, almost unanimously, that James had abdicated the government, and, by a majority of 62 to 47, it was decided that the throne was vacant. It was then proposed, and carried without a division, "*that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.*"

On the 13th of February 1689, both Houses met in the magnificent Banqueting House of Whitehall. The Prince and Princess of Orange took their places under the canopy of State. The resolution of Parliament was read; and after it, the Declaration of Right, embodying the principles of the constitution. In the name of all the Estates of the realm, Halifax requested William and Mary to accept the Crown. William tendered his own gratitude and that of his Queen, and assured the assembled legislators that the laws of England would be the rule of his conduct. Such was the termination of the English Revolution, and such its triumph—Liberty achieved—Law inviolate—Property secured—and Protestant truth established.

Such is a very imperfect analysis of Mr. Macaulay's immortal work. Enriched with the wisdom of a profound philosophy, and laden with legal and constitutional knowledge, these volumes will be read and prized by Englishmen while civil and religious liberty endures. In Mr. Macaulay's historical narratives the events pass before us in simple yet stately succession. In his delineations of character we recognise the skill of a master whose scrutiny reaches the heart even through its darkest coverings. His figures stand out before us in three dimensions, in all their loveliness, or in all their deformity, living, and breathing, and acting. The scenes of listening senates—of jarring councils—and of legal and judicial strife—are depicted in vivid outline and in glowing colours; and with a magic wand he conjures up before us the gorgeous pageant-

tries of state—the ephemeral gaiety of courts—and those frivolous amusements by which time's ebbing sands are hurried through the hour-glass of life. May we not hope that such a work will find its way into the continents of the Old and New World, and reach even the insular communities of the ocean, to teach the governors and the governed how liberty may be secured without bloodshed,—popular rights maintained without popular violence,—and a constitutional monarchy embalmed amid the affections of a contented and a happy people.

We are unwilling to mingle criticism with praise like this; but, occupying the censorial chair, we must not shrink from at least the show of its duties. Mr. Macaulay's volumes exhibit not a few marks that they have been composed with a running pen; and we have no doubt that, in subsequent editions, he will prune some of their redundancies, and supply some of their defects. There is occasionally a diffuseness both of description and discussion. The same ideas occur under a slight disguise, while dates are omitted, and events are wanting to unite different portions of the narrative, and to gratify the curiosity of the reader. The work is obviously defective in the proportion and symmetry of its parts. Historical sketches, sometimes of men beneath any peculiar notice, and literary, ecclesiastical, and political disquisitions often break the continuity and mar the interest of the story: And we occasionally recognise, in argumentative discussions, the copiousness of the writer in search of converts, when we might expect the rigour of the logician in quest of truth. In the early part of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, he frequently illustrates his narrative by analogous or parallel facts drawn from ancient and modern history. These illustrations, however agreeable to the classical scholar, or the learned historian, startle the general reader without instructing him. The feelings "of the Ionians of the age of Homer," for example,—the comparison of "Rome and her Bishops" to the "Olympian chariot-course of the Pythian oracle,"—the relation "between a white planter and a Quadroon girl,"—and the robberies "of Mathias and Kniperdoling,"—are not happy illustrations of other relations and events.

The very brilliancy and purity of Mr. Macaulay's style tend, by the mere effect of contrast, to display the most trivial blemishes. We are startled, for example, at the passages in which we are charged "with pleasuring our friends"—with "the accomplishing a design"—with "committing a baseness"—with "the tincture of soldiery"—with giving "allowance" to do any thing—with "swearing like a porter,"—and with "spelling like a washerwoman." These and similar phrases have doubtless escaped from Mr. Macaulay's pen when the intellectual locomotive was at its highest speed.

We cannot close these volumes without giving expression to the deep and painful feelings which the events they record have left upon our mind. While we rejoice at the triumph of Divine truth over Human error, and of constitutional government over a licentious despotism, we blush at the thought that religion, and the forms and rites of religion, should have been the mainspring of those bloody revolutions which have desolated England. The domestic history of Britain during the seventeenth century is but a succession of plots, and seditions, and rebellions, prompted by religious fanaticism, or springing from religious persecution. The struggle between the popular and the monarchical element was but the result of that fiercer conflict which the Rights of Conscience had to wage against an intolerant priesthood and a bigoted royalty. Opposed by the Church and the Aristocracy, the popular will possessed neither the moral nor the physical strength that was required to change a constitution and dethrone a Sovereign. The Revolution of 1688 would never have been effected had not persecution driven the Anglican Church into rebellion; and the civil liberties of England would never have been secured had not religious liberty been previously achieved by the broadsword of the Covenant. It is the religious principle alone—strong and deep in the soul—pointing to the sure though distant crown—nerving the weak man's heart, and bracing the strong man's arm, that can subvert dynasties and unsettle thrones; and there is no Government, however stable, and no Constitution, however free, that is safe against the energy of religious truth, or the bitterness of religious error. The Revolutions which are now shaking society to its centre, have been neither prompted nor sustained by religious zeal. Like the hurricane they will but leave a purer atmosphere and a more azure sky. Subverted institutions will reappear purified by fire, and expatriated Princes will return improved by adversity.

With these views we cannot congratulate ourselves, as Mr. Macaulay does, that the great English Revolution will be our last. Our beloved country is doubtless safe from popular assault. The democratic arm will never again be lifted up against the monarchy; but a gigantic and insidious foe is

now preparing the engines of war, and, inflamed by religious zeal, is now girding himself for a bloody combat. Prophecy—events passed—events passing, and events lowering in our horizon, foreshadow the great struggle which is to decide between religious truth and religious error. Misled by wicked counsellors, statesmen have combined to break down the great bulwark of Protestantism which Scotland had so long presented to the enemy in one undivided and massive breastwork. The Protestant strength of our sister land, too, has been paralyzed by her recreant priests; and a bigoted king, devoted to the Popery of rubrics and liturgies, is alone wanting to convert the most powerful Church of the Reformation into a fief of the Holy See. The wild population of a neighbouring island are "biding their time," and watching the issue with a lynx's eye. Continental States, anxious to bring bigotry and priestcraft into reaction against popular turbulence, are conspiring to restore a spiritual supremacy in Christendom; and in an atmosphere thus constituted, an electric spark is alone wanting to combine these antagonist elements into one tremendous storm, in which secular religions must either triumph or fall.

ART. VI.—"*Presbytery Examined:*" *An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation.* By the DUKE of ARGYLL.

THE Author of this work is a very young man, and occupies the highest rank in the Peerage. He is the descendant and representative of men whose memory is held in veneration by the people of Scotland, on account of their labours and sufferings in behalf of Protestantism and Presbyterianism —in the cause of civil and religious liberty. He himself, at a very early period of his life, before, we believe, he had entered upon his twentieth year, defended from the press, with an ability and a boldness that excited the highest admiration, principles which nothing could have led him to espouse but an honest and ardent love of truth and righteousness. The book treats of topics which, though well worthy of the attention of statesmen, and intimately affecting the welfare of nations, have not, usually, of late, been much discussed by laymen, but have been left in a great measure to the ministers of religion. On all these grounds the work is one which is fitted to call forth no ordinary measure of interest, and, independently of all adventitious considerations, it has many strong claims to respect and commendation. It manifests ability and eloquence of a high order, and a very considerable acquaintance with some of the subjects of which it treats. It is characterized in general by gravity and seriousness, and appears plainly to be the production of one who understands what religion is, and who appreciates its value and importance. We do not know that there is any other of our hereditary legislators who has given to the public evidence of possessing at once the talent and the knowledge which would have enabled him to produce such a work; and of all our eminent public men, probably not more than two, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Macaulay, possess in combination so much ability and so much information upon ecclesiastical subjects as this work exhibits; while its Author, though much younger than these distinguished men, has attained to sounder and more accurate views than either of them upon some of the politico-religious questions which are attracting so much attention in the present day.

This Essay was originally intended as a contribution to a periodical work, in the shape of a review of some of the publications of the Spottiswoode Society. The "Spottiswoode" was a society formed a few years ago in Edinburgh, and now, we believe, extinct, for republishing the works of Scottish Prelatists in defence of their peculiar principles and polity. These publications are specimens of prelatic controversial discussion in its worst form and in its most offensive spirit; and are accompanied with notes, which prove that Scottish prelacy retains, in our own day, the principles and the temper which made it so odious to former generations, and which have secured for it the deep and lasting disapprobation and dislike of the Scottish people. The work, however, begun with this view, gradually extended, and it now appears in the shape of a goodly volume, divided into two parts, the first, which occupies about two-thirds of the book, presenting a pretty full and elaborate survey of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland from the Reformation till the Revolution, and the second, giving an exposition and illustration of the leading principles which the Noble Author regards this historical survey as suggesting. To this there is added an Appendix of Notes, chiefly directed against the principles and reasonings of the Free Church, and pervaded by a considerable amount of severity and bitterness.

It is greatly to be regretted, for the Noble

Duke's own sake, that the work should have been an occasional one—should have been, in some measure, the result of circumstances, and not of a deliberately-formed and well-digested plan. With all the ability which the Essay manifests, it displays likewise a good deal of confusion—a want of distinct and definite principles; and it contains some indications that its Noble Author is not altogether unconscious that he has not attained himself, and presented to others, a clear, consistent, well-digested system of doctrines, as to the relations of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. It was highly honourable to the Duke of Argyll that he should have thought of writing a review of the Spottiswoode publications, and exposing the true character and tendency of Scottish prelacy and of Church principles:—for this he was well qualified, and this part of his task he has executed most successfully. But it would, we think, have been better if, for the present, he had confined himself to this topic, and given a little more time to reading and reflection, so as at least to have formed a definite and consistent scheme of opinions for himself, before he ventured to pronounce, and to pronounce so dogmatically, upon all the great questions involved in the controversy *inter imperium et sacerdotium*. The old Scottish Presbyterians, whom his Grace so freely charges with extravagance and fanaticism, had read much more extensively, and had reflected much more profoundly, upon these subjects than he has yet done; and we have no doubt that their views, as to their substance, are quite able to stand, without injury, a much more careful and elaborate investigation than that to which he has subjected them. His Grace's present position, ecclesiastically, is not favourable to a deliberate and impartial investigation of these questions; and we fear that he has allowed the position which he has chosen to occupy to affect his opinions, instead of letting his opinions, fairly and freely followed out to their legitimate consequences, determine his position—his ecclesiastical relations. In the early part of the year 1842, his Grace, then Marquis of Lorn, published a "Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son," on the constitutional principles which were involved in the Auchterarder Case, and which soon after led to the disruption of the Church of Scotland. In this pamphlet, which exhibited a very remarkable specimen of precocious talent, and an intrepidity and elevation of tone which reminded men of his heroic and martyred forefathers, he proved, most ably and conclusively, 1*st*, that by the existing laws and constitution of Scotland, the Church was legally entitled to do what she did in the case of Auchterarder, viz., reject the presentee of the patron upon the ground of the opposition of the congregation; and 2*d*, that even conceding, for the sake of argument, that this proceeding of the church was, under the statutes, illegal and *ultra vires*, the utmost extent of interference legally competent to the Civil Court in the matter, was to find that the patron, in consequence, was entitled to retain the fruits of the benefice; and that the control or jurisdiction over the proceedings of the Church Courts which the Civil Courts assumed, was thoroughly precluded by the fundamental principles of the constitution of Scotland, by the powers which the statutes did not indeed confer upon the Church, but sanctioned or ratified as vested in the Church *jure divino*. His Grace then conclusively and unanswerably established these important positions; and he still holds them to be true, having unequivocally declared his adherence to them in the Essay which we are now considering. It might have been expected that, when the Legislature sanctioned the violation of the constitution which the proceedings of the civil courts involved, every one who held these positions would have felt himself called upon, in consistency, to cast in his lot with the Free Church. The Duke of Argyll, however, took a different course, and continued a member of the Scottish Establishment; and we fear that, in doing so, he was somewhat influenced, though no doubt unconsciously, rather by some of the accidents and accompaniments of the subject, than by a deliberate and impartial investigation of its intrinsic merits. This position and procedure were certainly not favourable to progress in the clearness and soundness of his conceptions with regard to the principles that ought to regulate the relations of Church and State, or of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities; and it is an easy matter to shew, by a comparison of his Letter to the Peers with his Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, that his views upon this subject are more indefinite and erroneous in 1848 than they were in 1842. If the Duke of Argyll had seen it to be his duty to join the Free Church in 1843, instead of adhering to the Scottish Establishment, we have no doubt that he would now have possessed a much better-defined and more accurate knowledge of the relations of the civil and the ecclesiastical than his Essay exhibits; and that he would also have enjoyed a more assured conviction of the firmness and consistency of his posi-

tion, than, notwithstanding the dogmatism and severity with which he frequently assails the Free Church principles, we feel called upon at present to concede to him.

We mean to devote the remainder of this article chiefly to a brief notice of what we reckon erroneous in the Duke of Argyll's Essay; but it is fair, in the first place, to give our readers one or two specimens of the work; and in doing so, we shall select some passages presenting views in which we cordially concur, and which we regard as of no small practical importance.

The following passage contains some striking and important thoughts, most creditable to the talents and character of their author, with respect to the bearing and tendency of "Church Principles:"—

"Admit the sacerdotal theory of the nature and authority of 'The Church,' and we admit that from which the whole system of Romanism has been a gradual and natural development. It is possible, certainly, to maintain a successful defence against many of the specific forms of error which have belonged to the Papacy. But even this defence we have to maintain with arms, on the efficiency of which it is not safe to risk the high interests involved. Brought into ground where reason has no room to work, the fight becomes one of subtilty, doubtful in its progress, and at best but unsatisfactory in its issue. Obscure facts of history—still more obscure memoirs of tradition—and doubtful passages of possibly misreported Fathers, such are the ruinous positions for which we have to keep up the most laborious contention. But are these fit defences for the citadels of doctrinal Truth? Even if some, by dint of great tenacity of purpose, succeed in maintaining them, do we not feel that others, less skilful or less determined, must infallibly be driven out? This then is one grand objection against the principles of Priesthood—that though despite of them the learned and the acute may possibly maintain themselves in purity of faith, they rob the great mass of mankind of all security against the gradual but steady growth of error and corruption. If the voice of a visible government of Priests be invested with the authority of 'The Church,' men will accept, and ought logically to accept, that voice as it comes to them *in their own days*. They have no time, no opportunity, and on those principles, no right, to appeal from its present teaching to its teaching fifteen or sixteen centuries ago. Divines living in the quiet courts of Oxford may defend their Orthodoxy against 'The Church' of the sixteenth, by quoting 'The Church' of the third or fourth century. But granting that on their own theory this appeal is open to 'Churchmen,' it is clear that it is one which the great majority of the human race neither can nor will make; and therefore that if the Truth is to be maintained at all, its interests must be trusted to some more open and more sufficient plea.

"But this is not the only radical objection to the sacerdotal theory of the nature and authority of 'The Church.' Not only is it one which removes all security against corruption, but it is one which positively induces and involves it. The grossest practical idolatry which we may see in every Oratory and Chapel and Church in Italy, is but the last development of the subtle spirit which animates the sacerdotal idea of 'The Church.' The poor ignorant peasant who there falls down before a waxen doll, dressed in frocks of tinsel, is but the coarse representative of the more refined idolater who bows to the mystic authority of an immemorial priesthood, calling it 'The Church' of God. Such principles we willingly admit do not interfere with earnest personal piety, nor discourage a solemn and devotional spirit. They did not so when their power was greatest—in the darkest time of the 'dark ages'—and they do not do so now. But the capital charge against the whole system on which those principles are founded is, not that it checks, but that it misdirects devotion. Its mystic symbolism and its Levitical Priesthood seem rather to add intensity to its religious feelings, in proportion as it gives visible embodiment to the objects of worship. But in the same proportion, likewise, it introduces into the services of Christianity a foreign element of such corrosive power, that purity of faith, and with it, purity of practice, surely, though insensibly decline.

"Against this power the mere restraint of Creeds and Articles are, as we have lately seen, of little value. Such barriers cannot dam up the subtleties of mind. Nor is there anything mysterious in the influence we ascribe to the 'Church Principles' of Priesthood. The mind which is imbued with them is already entered on the course which has led, and must lead, to grosser degrees of error. Forms and symbols have already caught the mental eye, and riveted its attention. The outward and the nominal is taking the place of the inward and the real. Symbolism is growing into Idolatry. The transition is easy and often imperceptible. We have only to cherish the natural emotions of reverence, without a corresponding exercise of the reasoning power in choosing the objects of their worship, and by the most natural and certain process, our Faith is converted into superstition. The laws of our material nature have, naturally, power enough over the conceptions of our spirits. We need not help them to be more material than they incline to be. Idolatry, strange to say, was the besetting sin even of that peculiar people who heard the voice of the Living God.

"It has been necessary to convey spiritual truth to man in language which his human nature could read and understand; and two great methods have been adopted to convey it to him. Under the Old Dispensation there was the language of symbols; under the New there is the language of facts, which at once interpret the symbols, fulfil, and end them. The services of the one were typical and prophetic—typical of spiritual meanings—prophetic of events to come. The services of the other are only suggestive and commemorative—commemorative of events which have come to pass—suggestive of all that those events procured and did. The First Dispensation required a Priesthood, not merely as the mechanical performer of its rights, but as it-

self one of its most important symbols. But in the Second Dispensation this symbolism has been done away, because it has been fulfilled. And the Priesthood, among the rest, has been summed up and ended. There is no more need of sacrifice; the work and the office of those who were wont to offer it are no more. Christianity is not a Parable; it is a History. There is a corresponding difference, therefore, in the object of its rites. It is their purpose to remind us of facts, and by so doing to keep alive that frame of mind which God requires of us, when we do remember them. We are not called to exercise faith in them; but they call us to exercise faith in things which they bring to mind, not so much symbolically as commemoratively. There is danger enough surely that the mere performance of rites should occupy that place in our religion which is due only to the use we make of them. But how much is that danger increased when we systematically exaggerate the importance, not merely of the rites, but of what may be called the accidents of their administration! To expect spiritual blessings from the efficacy of a rite is perilous enough. It *must* take us very near the edge of our Christian faith, —it may take us into that ritual idolatry which lies wholly outside the boundary. But if, advancing still farther in this direction, in which we are naturally inclined to go, we interpose between ourselves and the efficacy of the rite, the efficacy of a ceremonial Priesthood, we indeed give ourselves a tremendous impetus down the steep descent which had led, and must lead, to the coarsest idolatry of Rome.

"For two reasons, therefore, the Sacerdotal theory of the nature of 'The Church' tends to corrupt the Faith. First, because it commits its purity to a power which controls the exercise of reason, and is not worthy of the trust. Secondly, because in so committing it we allow a principle essentially at variance with Christian truth, and having an inevitable tendency to obscure it more and more."—Pp. 271-276.

The next quotation is also somewhat long, but we consider it a very interesting and valuable summary of the view that ought to be taken of the present character and past history of the genuine native Scottish Prelacy:—

"We premise one thing, however, in respect to the Episcopal Church in Scotland. That communion, considered as—what it is—a transplant from the Church of England, which gradually, and by legitimate means, has successfully struck root in another country, is thoroughly entitled to sincere respect. But, in so far as it represents, and professes to do so, the spirit and temper of that party with which its name is historically connected, it is to be held, we think, in not much higher estimation than in former times. External circumstances have indeed greatly tended to improve its character; and so far as the influence of these has been inevitable, its character is accordingly improved. But, judging from the publications of the Spottiswoode Society, and such other evidences as have come before us, it continues to retain only too much of its ancient temper. Its clergy are not perhaps now incited by the desire of possessing the revenues of St. Andrew's or of Glasgow; but they take part with those who were. They would not, probably, urge the persecution of those who attend Presbyterian 'Conventicles;' but they identify their party-history, and associate their sympathies, with those who did. They cannot grasp the place, or the power, which their predecessors succeeded in usurping; but they indulge the same spirit of violence and injustice in dealing with the facts and with the characters of history which the elder Scottish Prelacy evinced in dealing with the people and with the laws of Scotland. They twist, and misrepresent, and conceal, and special-plead, in order to secure for themselves that national rank in the history of Scotland which never did belong to them, except by usurpation.

"Whoever doubts this description, or thinks it unwarrantably harsh, let him read the publications of the 'Spottiswoode' and other productions of the same school. There is evident throughout, the same bad effects which have ever flowed from the sanctification of human passions by religious parties,—the same contempt of *Jus Humanum* in following self-grateful notions of *Jus Divinum*. And all this, at least in a great degree, is the result of that one passion which has been always the curse of Scottish Prelacy, and the incentive to all its crimes—the ambition of nationality. At this moment, the consequences of this passion threaten the Episcopal Church in Scotland with deserved division. Although owing all it has, and all it had, to the support of English Bishops and English power, Scottish Prelacy roused the indignation of Laud by a display of pettish independence. They wished for a Liturgy; but it must be a Liturgy of their own. Accordingly, the Service Book appeared, with some few Romanist alterations from the English form. But Laud had a principal hand in framing this. It was known all over the world as Laud's Liturgy. The pride of nationality, therefore, has not been entirely satisfied; and more recent patchings have vindicated the right of Scottish Prelacy to a theology more Romanist than that of England. It can boast that, unlike the English Church, it has needed no revival from the school of Oxford —no teaching of Anti-Protestant opinions, for it has held them long ago.

"This boast has much foundation. From its birth to the Revolution—the period during which its character was formed—Scottish Prelacy has been more or less connected, directly or indirectly, with the 'Popish party,' and as constantly opposed to the whole genius and tendency of the Scottish Reformation. It is quite natural that its opinions should have a corresponding tendency. It is not our intention, however, in these pages to enter into the merits of any tenet purely theological. It is enough that we point out the opposite tendencies which divide so naturally and so widely the two schools of opinion which are represented by Presbytery and Prelacy in Scotland. But the historical pretensions of the latter, as an existing developement of its ancient spirit, and as having an intimate bearing on its

ecclesiastical principles, is a matter specially connected with our present purpose. We cannot suffer any concealment or misrepresentation of that stubborn array of facts which stamp Episcopacy in Scotland, from the day when it first appeared in the Reformed Church to the Revolution, as a system destitute of every element of national life—hostile to the rights, to the institutions, to the opinions, and to the prejudices of the people.

"A desperate and fruitless struggle is maintained by the zealous 'Churchmen' of Scotland to represent it otherwise. They would actually have us to believe that we entirely mistake the meaning of all those sounds of struggle, of remonstrance, of battle, and of execration, which assail us at every step as we follow the march of Scottish Prelacy. We can understand the feelings which prompt to this attempt, though we are astonished at the rashness of the attempt itself. It would be very desirable, no doubt, if it were possible for them, to throw some better light on the life and course of Scottish Prelacy. But we would seriously warn the Episcopal Church in Scotland from endeavouring the task. We do so for several reasons. In the first place, no religious party can associate its sympathies with such a course, without serious injury to its own character and its own reputation. By doing so, it deliberately places itself under the strongest temptation to indulge in the worst vices of religious animosity—to be violent—unjust—untruthful. In the next place, there is a better way of removing this scandal upon their name and principles. They can repudiate the connexion. They gain much, and can lose nothing, by so doing. They can retain all their distinctive, and, as we think, their vicious principles unimpaired. They may say—'It is true that the Reformation in Scotland did not retain Episcopacy; that when its name was introduced, it appeared under circumstances of corruption, and in a false and counterfeited form; that when it became genuine, by being possessed of Apostolical Succession, it was associated with the irregularities of political despotism—then with violence—then with cruel persecution. It is true, therefore, that it was never fairly represented to Scotchmen, and we are not surprised at their fanaticism having been roused against it. Nevertheless, we deem it the foundation-stone of the Christian temple. We cannot recognise as a Church any communion which refuses to build upon it—and we therefore consider ourselves the only representative of "The Church" in Scotland.' This would be a straightforward, open, intelligible, reputable statement of their views—views which, with all respect to the many excellent men who hold them, we regard as the emptiest superstition.

"But for Scottish 'Churchmen' to cling to the desperate ambition of nationality at the expense of identifying themselves with the history of the most corrupt and mischievous religious party which ever has existed in any country—to quibble and misrepresent as to the Episcopal character of 'Superintendents,' or of the Prelacy of the Regents,—or to palliate or defend the monstrous course of Scottish Episcopacy under Charles and James II.—this is neither straightforward, nor rational, nor reputable. It must tend, too, to cast some suspicion on their confidence in those far higher claims on which they rest the exclusive 'Churchism' of their Church. If those higher claims be just, they had better not be associated with other claims which are so clearly false. On all these grounds, then, the affectation of nationality had better be given up. Let them fall back upon their own independent claims. Considering the position of Episcopacy in Scotland, the principles of Priesthood, in their most stringent and repulsive form, are its natural resource. It is natural that its clergy and more zealous members—placed as they are in a country where every parish church reminds them of the final triumph of its opponent in the great struggle of the Civil Wars—should be deeply imbued with those doctrines in regard to their peculiar spiritual privileges, which, even under less provoking circumstances, must be so grateful to spiritual pride. But for the credit of these opinions, and for its own internal peace, let it not identify itself with the elder Prelacy of Scotland. Let it confess itself a branch of the Church of England. More than once has the spiritual chain, which connects it through the dark vistas of the middle age with the Twelve Apostles, had its failing links welded at the forge at Lambeth. This connexion had better be remembered and cherished—other less honourable connexions had better be relinquished and forgotten. It is better surely for the credit of the Divine right of Bishops, and of Apostolical Succession, to be connected with a Church which—whatever be the blemishes in its history—has often acted a very honourable part, and now possesses a firm foundation on truth, and a firm hold on national opinion, than with one which, if it deserves the name of Church at all, stands out among all the parties of our history, as the great enemy of civil and religious liberty—as the unscrupulous advocate and employer of oppression—as one of the principal causes of the Civil Wars of Britain, and as the grievous aggravator of the miseries they occasioned."—Pp. 231–237.

It is but an act of justice to the Duke of Argyll to quote a brief passage, in which he declares his present adherence to those great constitutional principles which he advocated with such singular ability when Marquis of Lorn:—

"The struggle which has ended in the formation of the Free Church, originated very much in the same cause from which all the former struggles of Presbytery began. It arose from the principles of Presbytery being infringed—in violation of natural right, and of positive institution—by an unconstitutional use being made of that statute's provisions; and its fatal result was precipitated by the most blind and prejudiced obstinacy on the part of the civil government. The Government of 1637 were hardly more ignorant of the elements they had to deal with than the Government of 1842. The former believed that very few would ultimately resist the Liturgy, until they heard of the aspect and of the arms of the thousand 'Supplicants' who crowded the streets of Edinburgh. The latter believed that only some

five—or ten—or twenty ministers would maintain their principles at the expense of their livings, until they heard of the number of that resolved procession which, on the 18th of May 1843, tramped with psalm-singing from the Assembly Hall to the Canonmills.* There is this difference to be marked, indeed, between the two governments: That of 1637 had the excuse of bigotry—that of 1842 had not. And it will be recorded in history, not certainly to the honour of those who were responsible, that the institutions of Scottish Presbytery received their most fatal blow under a 'Conservative' government, and for the sake of a statute manifestly—undeniably—unconstitutional: because manifestly—undeniably—in violation of the Revolution Settlement."—Pp. 230, 231.

We cordially approve of the Duke of Argyll's views upon the subject of Scottish Prelacy and the subject of Church Principles, and we believe that he has rendered important service to the cause of true religion by what he has said upon these points; but we do not concur with him in the opinion "that Scottish Presbytery has left her house of worship needlessly bare of furniture" (p. 299), though we fear that the chief ground on which we rest our disapprobation of his Grace's views upon the subject, will be regarded by him as affording another specimen of that tendency of Scottish Presbyterians, which he so frequently and so earnestly deprecates, to exalt their notions into religious dogmas resting upon Scriptural authority. We believe that this position can be established upon Scriptural grounds, viz., that it is unwarrantable and unlawful for men to introduce into the worship and government of the Christian Church any rites or arrangements which have not the positive sanction of the Word of God. We take this position, of course, with the necessary and reasonable limitation expressed in the first chapter of the Westminster Confession, "that there are some circumstances concerning the worship of God, and government of the Church, common to human actions and societies, which are to be ordered by the light of nature and Christian prudence, according to the general rules of the Word." Thus understood, we believe the position can be shown to rest upon scriptural authority, and to constitute a law binding upon the Church of Christ in all ages. And if so, it fully warrants all that the most rigid Presbyterians have ever maintained or practised. It is true that the considerations urged by the Duke of Argyll, and by prelatists in general, in favour of a more complete and ornate furnishing of the "house of worship," derived from certain features and tendencies in man's constitution, have some measure of plausibility, and can be made to wear a sort of philosophical aspect: but we think it no difficult matter to show, that it is a much sounder and deeper philosophy which demonstrates, both from an examination of man's constitution and a survey of the testimony of experience, the consummate wisdom of the scriptural prohibition—of the "bareness" which it demands.

But the main object of this Essay, in addition to that of exposing the true character and tendency of Scottish prelacy and of Church principles, is to refute the doctrines and reasonings of the Free Church in regard to the distinctness and mutual independence of the Church and the State, and the unlawfulness of the authoritative interference of the civil power in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs; and the work may thus be fairly regarded as an exposition of the grounds and reasons why his Grace—though persuaded that those proceedings of the Civil Courts which produced the Disruption of the Church of Scotland were violations of the constitution of the kingdom—did not consider himself called upon to join the Free Church, but continued in communion with the Scottish Establishment. Our space of course forbids our attempting to follow his Grace through the details of his historical and critical investigations, but his leading arguments may, we think, be fairly embodied in the following positions; and we propose making a few remarks upon each of them in succession.

1st, That the doctrine of the Free Church about the incompetency and unlawfulness of the interference of civil rulers in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs was not held by John Knox and the original Reformers of Scotland, who had the same views in regard to the relation of the Church and State as Dr. Arnold of Rugby!

2d, That the doctrine upon this subject held by the subsequent generations of the Scottish Presbyterians, and now maintained by the Free Church, is one "of mere local origin, and of mere local meaning," the result mainly of circumstances, and of the exaggeration and extravagance which these circumstances produced.

3d, That this doctrine, though plainly taught in the Westminster Confession, has no scriptural authority to rest upon.

4th, That many formidable objections can be adduced against it, especially that it is based upon the ascription of the office and functions of priesthood to ecclesiastical office-bearers, and that it implies that church

* This "psalm-singing" is a pure fiction.

courts are the representatives of Christ in such a sense as to be entitled on that ground to implicit submission.

And 5th, That the Free Church stands out pre-eminently distinguished even among Scottish Presbyterians for its irrelevant and illogical application of scriptural statements to the defence of its peculiar principles.

1. The Duke is at some pains to establish that John Knox did not teach the doctrine held by the Free Church, and indeed by all Scottish Presbyterians except those now connected with the Establishment, concerning the separation between temporal and spiritual things, and the incompetency and unlawfulness of civil interference in the regulation of the affairs of the Church; but he has produced no evidence that really bears upon the point which he undertakes to prove. The quotations he has given from Knox, and from the Confession of 1560, prove that our Reformers held that the word of God imposed upon civil rulers certain duties and obligations in regard to the prosperity and welfare of the Church and the interests of true religion, requiring them to aim at these objects, exempting them in the discharge of these duties from implicit submission to the judgment of any other party, and authorizing them to regulate their conduct in aiming at these objects by a sense of their own direct responsibility to God and His word. The Reformers likewise held that the Church of Rome had made unwarrantable encroachments upon the province of the civil magistrate, in assuming jurisdiction in temporal matters, and in exempting the clergy in civil and criminal questions from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals; and they had no hesitation in calling upon the civil authorities to resist these encroachments, and keep the Church within its own proper province. It is quite manifest that the statements of John Knox and our first Reformers, when examined deliberately, and viewed in connexion with the occasions which produced them and the immediate purposes to which they were directed, prove nothing more than this, and afford no ground for the allegation that they confounded the provinces of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, or that they ascribed to the civil magistrate any jurisdiction or right of authoritative control over others in ecclesiastical affairs. In short, the power which John Knox and the old Confession ascribed to the civil magistrate, is also ascribed to him by the authors of our second Reformation and by the Westminster Confession. No one can deny that the Westminster Confession ascribes to the civil magistrate a right to a large measure of interference in regard to religious affairs, and imposes upon him obligations with reference to all the matters which are comprehended within the ecclesiastical province; and every one acquainted with the writings of Gillespie and Rutherford must know that it is quite easy to produce from them statements about the power of the civil magistrate in regard to religion, as strong as any that ever proceeded from John Knox. The truth is, that at the period of the second Reformation and the Westminster Assembly, Presbyterian writers, being generally accused by their Erastian opponents of denying the just rights of the civil magistrate, because they maintained strictly and resolutely the line of demarcation between things civil or temporal, and things ecclesiastical or spiritual, and denied to him all jurisdiction or right of authoritative control within the Church's province, were particularly careful to bring out prominently and to express strongly, the whole power which they could honestly and consistently ascribe to the civil magistrate in regard to religion, and this was quite as much as John Knox ever conceded to him. The only difference is, that Knox has not laid down the distinction between the provinces and functions of the Church and the State, and the unlawfulness of mutual encroachments, so fully and distinctly as Melville and Henderson and their associates have done, just because the circumstances in which he was placed, the struggles and controversies in which he was engaged, did not lead him to do so. But there is no ground whatever for maintaining that he denied or rejected any of the principles which they, or the Free Church, have held upon these subjects. It is well known that Calvin, who died in 1564, had asserted all the fundamental principles which have since been generally held by Presbyterians, and are now held by Free Churchmen, on this point. The account given in the old Confession of the nature and definition, the functions and objects, of the Church of Christ—and these are the points on which this whole controversy really turns, make it perfectly palpable that our Reformers never could have concurred, as the Duke alleges they did, in the views of Dr. Arnold. And lastly, the famous letter of Erskine of Dun to the Regent Mar, written in 1571, a year before Knox's death, contains abundant evidence, that they held the same views about the distinction between temporal and spiritual powers and functions as their successors, and were quite prepared to act upon them, whenever, in providence, they might be called upon to do so. His Grace is acquainted with

this letter, and it is rather a curious circumstance, that, in 1842, he prefixed as a motto to his Letter to the Peers an extract from it, which asserts the substance of all that Scottish Presbyterians and Free Churchmen have ever contended for. His grace may have since that time seen reason to change his mind, and to adopt the Erastian, Antipresbyterian views of Dr. Arnold, but he ought not to have ascribed these views to John Knox and the Scottish Reformers.

We must also take the liberty of telling his Grace, that it is utterly inexcusable in any man, after all the discussion which these topics have recently undergone, to imagine, as he does, that he gains anything by proving that John Knox held the right of the civil magistrate to "interfere" in religious matters. It will not do now to run off with the vague and ambiguous idea of "interference." A right of interference in religious matters the Westminster Confession unquestionably ascribes to him, and this right no Free Churchman has ever disputed; but the question, and *the only question*, is, whether he has *such* a right of interference as warrants him to exercise jurisdiction or authoritative control in the regulation of the affairs of the Church, such a right or jurisdiction as entitles him to issue direct formal deliverances upon ecclesiastical questions, *and imposes upon other parties a valid obligation to obedience*. We are not aware that any Scottish Presbyterian has ever ventured formally and explicitly to ascribe to the civil magistrates such a right of interference, although it is quite plain that every defender of the existing Scottish Establishment is bound, in consistency, either to ascribe to him this right, or to abandon his present position. We doubt much whether the Duke of Argyll, notwithstanding his having adopted Dr. Arnold's views, and notwithstanding his having been able to discover the identity of the views of Arnold and John Knox, would venture to ascribe such a right of interference to the civil magistrate, and yet he ought to have known that nothing, whether in the way of argument or authority, that did not tend to establish *this* right, could afford him any assistance in his assault upon the principles of the Free Church.

2. One great object of the Duke's elaborate survey of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, is to establish the position, that the views with regard to the distinctness of the provinces, and the independence of the jurisdictions, of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, which were maintained by Melville and Henderson, and which his Grace admits to be the same as those held by the Free Church, were merely of local origin and of local meaning, resulting chiefly from the circumstances in which they were placed, and characterized by exaggeration and extravagance. We cannot enter into the details by which his Grace labours to give plausibility to this piece of Quixotism. But we are confident that he has proved nothing under this head which could not be shewn to apply, more or less, to every arduous and protracted struggle for truth that has occurred in the history of the Church. In every such case there has been some ground, more or less, for charging even those who were honoured to defend the truth with something like exaggeration and extravagance, with a tendency to over-estimate and overstate the importance of the doctrines for which they were called upon specially to contend and to suffer, and with the use of language with which the calmer judgment of a subsequent generation might not fully sympathize. We believe that it has never been given to any body of uninspired men to rise wholly, in their precise mode of stating and defending their opinions, even when they were true and sound, above the influence of their position and circumstances, to avoid exhibiting some traces of the weakness and imperfection of the human faculties. It is well to notice these indications of human infirmity as affording useful lessons, but it is unreasonable to dwell upon them, as if they afforded any presumption against the substantial truth and soundness of the opinions in connexion with which they may have been exhibited. We are satisfied that the doctrines of the Scottish Presbyterians of the 16th and 17th centuries, on the subject of the relation of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, can, as to their substance, be successfully defended against all opponents, except in the one point of their not admitting the views then almost universally rejected, and now almost as universally adopted, upon the subject of toleration and the rights of conscience, and what naturally resulted from this. We are persuaded that as to their mode of stating and defending them, they need as little the allowance that ought to be made for the common infirmities of human nature, as any body of men who have ever been called upon in providence to carry on a protracted struggle, and to endure much suffering, for great principles, and the Duke of Argyll has produced nothing at all fitted to shake these convictions in the mind of any one adequately acquainted with the subject. The only thing brought forward by his Grace upon this point, which is at once tangible and plausible, is a statement to this effect, that the fact, that our views about the independent jurisdiction of the

Church, and the unlawfulness of the exercise of civil authority in ecclesiastical affairs, were not brought out prominently by the first Reformers, but were developed gradually by the struggles with the civil power in which the Church became afterwards involved, affords a proof, or at least strong presumption, that these views were not really derived from Scripture or sanctioned by its statements. But this notion has no solid foundation to rest upon, and is indeed contradicted by the whole history of the Church. A very large experience has fully proved, that doctrines which can be shewn to be taught in Scripture have been overlooked or disregarded by the Church in general, until events in providence brought them out, pressed them upon men's attention, and led to a more careful examination and a more accurate apprehension of the Scriptural statements which relate to them. Indeed, it might almost be said that scarcely any of the doctrines of Scripture has ever been brought into due prominence, has been fully explained and illustrated, and has been stated and defended with perfect precision and accuracy, until events occurred which made it the subject of controversial discussion, until contradictory opinions concerning it were propounded, and were discussed between men of learning and ability taking opposite sides. No one acquainted with the history of the Church can regard it as affording even the slightest presumption against the Scriptural truth of Free Church principles, that they were first fully and explicitly developed in Scotland by Andrew Melville, in his noble struggle against the unlawful interference of the civil authorities in ecclesiastical affairs.

3. The Duke strenuously contends that Free Church principles about the authoritative interference of the civil power in ecclesiastical matters, though held, as he admits, by Scottish Presbyterians in general since the time of Andrew Melville, and taught in the Westminster Confession, have no foundation in Scripture. His Grace, we have seen, admits that the claims of the Free Church are founded upon the constitution of Scotland, and that the rejection of these claims by the Legislature was a violation of the Constitution. The main grounds on which he and others have rested this conviction, are, that these claims are clearly sanctioned by the great charter of 1592, and by the Act of 1690, c. 5, which embodies and ratifies the Confession of Faith. The whole of the Westminster Confession is at once the standard of the Church and a portion of the civil law of the land. The Confession professes to be a summary of what is taught in Scripture on the various topics which it embraces, and to contain nothing which does not rest upon Scripture authority. As such it is received by the Church and by all her office-bearers, and as such it is recognised by the legislature; so that, if the view taken of the meaning of the 30th chapter of the Confession by the Duke of Argyll and the Free Church be correct, we have the united testimony of the Church and the State, that the principles and claims of the Free Church are not only just and sound in themselves, and fully sanctioned by the constitution of Scotland, but also, moreover, that they are warranted by the authority of the Word of God. In his "Letter to the Peers," he referred to the 30th chapter of the Confession as clearly establishing the principles and claims of Free Churchmen, without any intimation that he did not believe its statements to be in accordance with Scripture, but rather in such a way as seemed to imply that he regarded them as having the sanction of the Word of God, as well as of the law of the land. He then said—

> "The Church has declared, *and the constitution has adopted the opinion*, (the italics are the Duke's,) that her government resides exclusively in the hands of her spiritual office-bearers; and farther, that this separation of jurisdictions is not a mere result of human expediency, created and liable to be cancelled by human laws, but is one of Divine appointment, and essential to the wellbeing of both."—*Letter to the Peers*, p. 29.

It is true that there is nothing in his Grace's present opinions to preclude him from adopting this statement as it stands, but it is more than probable that if he had believed then as he does now, that both the Church and the Constitution were wrong in holding this great principle to rest upon Divine appointment, he would have given some indication of this opinion. We fear, then, his Grace's opinions upon this subject have undergone a change, and it is one which we do not regard as an improvement. We cannot but suspect that it is to be ascribed not to a more deliberate and impartial examination of the subject on its merits, but to the influence of the writings of Dr. Arnold, and of the unfortunate position which he has chosen to occupy as an adherent of the Scottish Establishment. His Grace may, perhaps, think that he can consistently remain in the Established Church while maintaining, as he does, that an important article in its creed is inconsistent with Scripture, but he could scarcely have adhered to it, if he had felt himself compelled to admit, that on the precise question which produced the Disruption, the principles of the Free

Church had the express sanction of the Word of God.

It will be proper to quote his Grace's deliverance upon the important doctrine which is taught in the 30th chapter of the Confession, and which may be said to be the basis and foundation of the controversies which have attracted so much attention, and led to such important consequences. The doctrine is this:—"The Lord Jesus Christ, as King and Head of the Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hands of Church-officers distinct from the civil magistrate." And his Grace's commentary upon it is as follows:—

"When analyzed it is simply an assertion: 1st, Of the fact that Christ is King and Head of His Church; 2d, That He has appointed a government in the hands of Church-officers; 3d, That He has ordained that this government should never, under any circumstances, be interfered with by, or merged in, the civil government of society. The first assertion is an indisputable truth, although a truth of so indisputable and so abstract a nature that we must watch, with jealous care, the use which controversialists, and priests especially, may make of it. The second assertion is one which has a certain degree of truth in it—enough to make it very easily received and very incautiously handled—so that suddenly we may find ourselves committed to assertions which are not true—but false. The third is an assertion which I unhesitatingly declare my belief to be utterly groundless and untenable, unsupported by the shadow of proof from any relevant part of Scripture—unnatural, and at variance with the spirit of the Christian scheme, and so repugnant to the true instincts of all men that Presbytery itself has repeatedly and perpetually been flying in the face of its own dogma, whenever that dogma ceased to be serviceable as an entrenchment against assaults upon itself."—*Essay, Note* H., p. 317.

We must call the attention of our readers to the importance of the admission here made, viz., that the fundamental principle of the Free Church is clearly sanctioned by this statement of the Confession. Before the Disruption the controversy was carried on chiefly between two bodies of men in the same Church, who had both equally subscribed the Confession, and who professed to regard all its statements as sanctioned by Scripture. The one of them, those who now form the Free Church, were in the habit of appealing to this doctrine of the Confession as affording a complete sanction to the leading principles which they professed, and to the general course of conduct which they pursued. Those with whom they then argued could not dispute the authority of this statement, which they themselves professed to receive as a doctrine of Scripture. They were able to distort or pervert its meaning so as to show that it did not sanction Free Church principles and practice, and, accordingly, judging discretion to be the better part of valour, they carefully abstained from considering it. During the whole controversy that preceded the Disruption, not one of those who now constitute the Establishment ever ventured to grapple with this statement of the Confession, though often challenged to do so. But now that the Duke of Argyll, a member of their own communion, has publicly maintained, 1st, that this doctrine of the Confession is untrue, and, 2d, that it fully sanctions Free Church principles, we hope that some of the ministers or professors of the Establishment will be constrained to come forward in defence of their standards and their position; and we trust, that when thus called upon to defend the Scriptural truth of one of the doctrines of their standards, they will at the same time embrace the opportunity of supplying the strange omission of which they have hitherto been guilty, by trying to explain how it is that, in consistency with this doctrine, they can oppose Free Church principles and defend their own.

The Duke has made what we must take the liberty of calling an unworthy attempt to throw discredit upon this statement of the Confession, by perverting a passage from Baillie, describing the circumstances in which the Westminster Assembly adopted it. Baillie's statement is this:—Coming on the article of the Church and Church notes, to oppose the Erastian heresy, which in this land is very strong, we find it necessary to say, that;"* and then follows the passage substantially as we now have it in the Confession. This passage of Baillie has been often quoted by Free Churchmen for the purpose of showing that the statement in the Confession was intended, as it is certainly fitted, to exclude all Erastianism, *i.e.*, the ascription of *any* jurisdiction or authoritative control to the civil magistrate in the affairs of the Church. The Duke's commentary upon it is this:—

"'We find it necessary to say:—This is a full and accurate explanation of the origin of that passage of the Confession which, in the form I have above examined, reasserts that which Scottish Presbytery had very often 'found it necessary' to assert before.—What we find it 'necessary to say,' we are very easily persuaded to be true."—P. 319.

* This is evidently the right punctuation, although Laing's admirable edition of Baillie follows the old one, which is full of such blunders, in not putting a period before "Coming," and in putting one after "strong."

This seems intended to insinuate that the *necessity* under which they acted did not arise from a conviction of truth and a sense of duty, but from some inferior or unworthy consideration, or at best from some temporary controversial emergency. Now, this insinuation is wholly unwarranted by anything said by Baillie, or by anything in the known character or situation of the men. The necessity under which they acted was only that of stating plainly and fully what they believed to be the truth of God upon the point, and of stating it in such a way as to exclude the opposite error, even in the subtlest form into which it might be cast by the able and learned Erastians with whom they had to contend. It was their duty to do this, and it was necessary just because it was their duty. They discharged it well and wisely, and the history of the Church proves that in laying down this position they rendered a permanent service to the cause of truth. The English Parliament, under Erastian influence, excepted the 30th and 31st chapters from their ratification of the Confession.* No such exception, however, was made by the Scottish Parliament in 1690, and the consequence has been, that those who, in the recent controversies, were manifestly acting under Erastian influences and pursuing an Erastian course of conduct, did not venture openly to avow Erastian principles, and that when the Duke of Argyll fell into the "Erastian heresy," he was compelled openly to renounce this portion of the standards of his own Church. All honour to the far-sighted men who saw the *necessity* which a regard to the permanent interests of truth imposed on them, and acted on it.

We do not mean to enter into any exposition of the Scriptural evidence for the doctrine of the Confession, or into any refutation of the Duke's attempt to shew that it has none, because this is not a very suitable occasion for such a work, because his Grace has really done little more than assert, in very strong and dogmatic terms, the irrelevancy of some of the Scriptural statements commonly adduced in support of it, and because we would not like to anticipate the champions of the Establishment, who are no doubt preparing to come forward to defend their standards against his Grace's attack upon them. We think it more important, and more appropriate at present, to give a compendious connected statement of what the Scriptural principles are which the Free Church maintains, and which she admits to be necessary, but at the same time holds to be amply sufficient, for the defence of her position, so far as concerns the general subject of the relation between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities. We have no material objection to make to the Duke's statement formerly quoted, of what is contained in the extract from the Confession so often referred to; but we think that the principles of the Free Church may be stated in such a way as to make more palpable, both their true import and their relevancy to the practical questions on which they have been brought to bear, and in such a way likewise as to include some points not perhaps actually contained in the statement of the Confession, but fairly deducible from it, or intimately connected with it.

Her principles then upon this subject are these:—

1st, That the visible Church of Christ, and every branch or section of it, is an independent society, distinct from the kingdoms of this world, and differing from them in many essential particulars—its origin, nature, constitution, government, subjects, objects, &c.

2d, That Christ is its only King and Head, and that He alone can settle its constitution and laws, and determine how its affairs are to be regulated.

3d, That the Sacred Scripture is the only rule or standard for regulating its constitution and laws, and the ordinary practical administration of its affairs.

4th, That the only parties authorized to administer the ordinary affairs of this society, according to the constitution and laws which Christ has prescribed, are ecclesiastical office-bearers, appointed and qualified according to the Word of God.

5th, That the civil magistrate, though bound to aim in the exercise of his lawful jurisdiction in civil or temporal things, at the prosperity of the Church of Christ, does not as such possess any jurisdiction or right of authoritative control in ecclesiastical or spiritual matters, and of course cannot, by any laws he may pass, or by any decisions

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* Neal's History of the Puritans: Part III. c. viii., and Part IV. c. iii., vol. ii., pp. 429 and 691, of edition of 1837, in 3 vols.

It is a curious and interesting circumstance, that among the instructions sent by the leading Presbyterian divines of Scotland to Sharpe, while their agent in London, at the time of the Restoration, one was that he should labour to procure the civil sanction for these portions of the Confession. Wodrow has preserved a paper, sent to him from Scotland, and drawn up by Robert Douglas, which contains the following passage:—"For England, it is expected from the Parliament thereof, that is shortly to sit, that they will ratify the 30th and 31st chapters of the Confession of Faith, as well as the late Parliament (the Long Parliament) hath ratified all the rest of it."—*Wodrow's History. Introduction*, vol. i. p. 15.

he may pronounce, impose a valid obligation to obedience upon the Church in general, or upon her office-bearers, in the execution of their respective functions.

6th, That the distinct government which Christ has appointed in his Church—the spiritual or ecclesiastical province—the sphere within which ecclesiastical office-bearers possess jurisdiction, or are entitled to exercise a certain ministerial (not lordly) authority, comprehends not only the preaching of the Word and the administration of the sacraments, but also the whole of the ordinary necessary business of the Church as a visible society,—the whole of these processes which must be going on wherever the Church is fully executing its functions; in short, the exercise of discipline, including of course the admission and exclusion of members, and the ordination and deposition of office-bearers.

And 7th, That Christ having established all these arrangements as King and Head of the Church, the maintenance of them on the one hand, and the infringement of them on the other, specially concern His honour and dignity as the Church's only head and ruler.

All these positions, we are persuaded, can be fully established upon Scriptural authority, not indeed by express texts which assert them *in terminis*, but by fair and legitimate deduction from Scriptural statements and principles; and being sanctioned not only by the Word of God, but also by the law of the land, they form, in their practical application, a conclusive vindication of the course pursued by those who now constitute the Free Church in the struggle which led to the Disruption. There is nothing in them that has any appearance of extravagance, or that seems to go beyond the general scope and strain of scriptural language. They have been held in substance by almost all Christian Churches, except those which having basely yielded to the usurped authority of the civil powers, were constrained to beat about for something to excuse or palliate their unworthy submission, and with this view were tempted to labour at the degrading task, in which the Duke of Argyll has done his best to aid them, of involving the doctrine of Scripture upon the subject in obscurity and uncertainty. There have, no doubt, been cases in which men have shown an undue tendency to claim Scriptural authority for their peculiar notions, and to represent points as settled by Scripture, on which it cannot be proved to have given any deliverance. But the tendency has been far more common, and quite as injurious, to contract unduly the circle of topics, in regard to which Scripture gives us sufficient materials for determining our opinions and our conduct, and to represent as open and unsettled—as affording fair scope for the exercise of human wisdom, the operation of worldly motives, and the influence of temporary circumstances, subjects, which it can be satisfactorily proved, that the Word of God has irreversibly determined. The allegation of either of these errors in any particular case cannot be established by general presumptions, or by adventitious considerations, but only by an investigation of the precise grounds in which, in each case, Scriptural warrant is either asserted or denied. Even if the Duke of Argyll had proved his position, that Scottish Presbyterians have in some instances shown an undue tendency to exalt their peculiar opinions into religious dogmas resting upon Scriptural authority, we would still insist that their views upon the distinctness and mutual independence of the civil and the ecclesiastical powers, should be tried upon their own merits, and it would then be no difficult matter to shew that their principles upon this subject, in the form in which we have stated them, can be proved to have the sanction of the Sacred Scriptures, and to constitute the general directory by which the Church of Christ, and all its branches—every society, great or small, calling itself a Church of Christ, ought to be regulated in every age and country.

The Duke admits that there is a good deal of truth and soundness in these general principles, and intimates that he would not object much to receive them, if their supporters would abandon all claim on their behalf to a *jus divinum*, and be contented with a mere *jus humanum*, so as to leave room for the authoritative interference of the civil power in the government of the Church, and for some measure of accommodation to the devices of human wisdom and the influence of external circumstances. He admits that the Church is entitled to the privilege of self-government, but he regards this privilege as resting only upon a natural right, such as is common to it with other societies. The whole controversy may be said to turn upon the Church's right to the power of self-government, and much may be adduced in confirmation of the views of Scottish Presbyterians upon this subject, from the principles of natural right as applicable to societies in general. But the application of the general principles of natural right to particular cases must be regulated by correct views of the origin, nature, and constitution of each society. If the Church is a mere corporation, created by the State, and

receiving from the State a delegated power of self-government, then of course the State may withdraw or modify this power. But if the Church be, by its institution, a distinct and independent society, subject to Christ as its only sovereign, and to his word as its only law, then the principles of natural right as well as a regard to Christ's authority, reclaim against any other society assuming any jurisdiction over it, and against any party, whether within or without the Church, deviating in any respect from the arrangements which he has sanctioned as to its constitution and government. The Church has not a right to self-government even upon natural principles, unless it be a distinct and independent society; and if it be a distinct and independent society, then the principles of natural right are sufficient to establish the inviolability of its title to the power of self-government.* But it is only from Scripture that it can be proved to be in its nature and constitution a distinct and independent society, and the same Scripture that establishes this fundamental position, lays down certain general principles as to its constitution and government, its relation to Christ and his Word, which, when fairly and honestly applied, exclude the civil power from all right of authoritative interference in the regulation of its affairs, and make it unlawful as being a violation of duties which Christ has imposed, for the Church to be a consenting party to any such interference.

4. We must now hasten to advert briefly to the principal objections which the Duke has adduced against the doctrine that has been generally held by Scottish Presbyterians, in regard to the exclusive jurisdiction of "Church officers" in ecclesiastical matters, and the unlawfulness of the authoritative interference of the civil power in the regulation of the affairs of the Church. His first and principal objection is, that this doctrine can consistently rest only upon an ascription of the office and functions of priesthood to the office-bearers of the Christian Church. But this is a pure misconception, having no solid or even plausible ground to rest upon. We, of course, in common with all Scottish Presbyterians, disclaim the idea of the existence of any priesthood in the Christian Church, except the priesthood of Christ. We abjure all intention of ascribing any priestly power to Christian ministers or to Church Courts; and we maintain, that neither the principles which we hold, nor the arguments by which we defend them, afford any appearance of ground for the allegation on which this objection is based. All that the Duke has adduced in support of this objection is mere vagueness and confusion; and he has made no attempt to apply it, specifically and in detail, either to the statement of our principles, or to the course of argument by which they are commonly defended. His Grace has neither attempted to show that Scottish Presbyterians have ever ascribed any priestly power to Church Courts, nor to prove distinctly and in detail, that any of the arguments they have used require them in logical consistency to do so. He has done little more than repeat the assertion, that our principles imply, or lead to, the ascription of a priestly power to ecclesiastical office-bearers. But this matter cannot be allowed to rest upon a mere assertion, or a vague impression of resemblance. We ask his Grace to survey in detail the statement we have given of our principles, and the course of argument by which they are usually defended, and to point out distinctly, where and how it is, that the idea of priestly power and function does come in, or, in logical consistency, should come in, and we are very sure that if he attempt this he will be utterly unsuccessful.

Our principles, indeed, necessarily imply that it is Christ's will that there should be office-bearers in his Church, as distinguished from ordinary members; and that these office-bearers should perform certain duties and execute certain functions. We presume that his Grace, being a Presbyterian, will not formally dispute this position, and yet he has made a sort of attempt to evade it or set it aside, by representing the authority and functions of office-bearers as resting solely upon natural principles, and by describing them as merely the representatives of the people. Presbyterian, in common with almost all other Churches, reject this notion, and maintain upon Scriptural grounds, that it is a part of the constitution which Christ has prescribed to his Church, that it should have certain office-bearers, qualified and appointed according to his directions, and that these

* If his Grace had been acquainted with the writings of the eminent men who have defended Erastianism in former times, he would probably have admitted that a *jus naturale* might be sufficient to exclude interference and change in the regulation of the affairs of the Church, as well as a *jus divinum*. Grotius, a very high authority on such a subject, and the more so, in some respects, because of his Erastianism, while conceding it to be naturally just and right that Christian congregations should choose their own office-bearers, denies that this arrangement is so fixed and determined as not to admit of being altered by the interference of the civil power; but in labouring to support this position, he distinctly admits that a *jus naturale* might establish immutability and exclude interference, as well as a *jus divinum positivum*. —*De imperio summarum potestatum circa sacra*, c. x., s. 3.

office-bearers, when so qualified and appointed, have authority from him, and not merely from those who elected and ordained them, to execute certain functions, and to do so in accordance with his word, without regard to any other rule or standard. It thus appears, that while his Grace unwarrantably charges us with elevating, in opposition to Presbyterian principles, ecclesiastical office-bearers to the position of priests, he has been tempted to fall into the opposite extreme, and to violate Presbyterian principles, by sinking them to the position of mere representatives of the people. Upon Scriptural and Presbyterian principles, ecclesiastical office-bearers are neither priests on the one hand, nor the mere representatives of the people on the other. They are functionaries, for whose appointment Christ has made provision, whose position and duties he has settled, and who, when once appointed in accordance with his directions, are both entitled and bound to look to him as their only master, and to his word as their only rule. So much for the general position and standing of office-bearers in the Christian Church, and their general right to execute certain functions.* With regard to the precise nature and extent of these functions, our principles do not attach to them anything priestly, and we are not required in consistency to do so by any of the arguments we ever employ. The function of ecclesiastical office-bearers consists in the administration of the ordinary necessary business of the Church as a visible society; and no priestly power is involved in, or necessary to, the execution of this function. Indeed the whole of what we ascribe to them may be defended upon natural principles, as justly and rightfully belonging to the legitimate office-bearers of a society. But we do not rest it solely upon this ground. We think we can prove from Scripture that Christ has attached this function to their office, and that therefore neither the people nor the civil magistrate is entitled to take it from them, or to interfere authoritatively in regulating the mode of its execution. But there is nothing priestly in the nature or constituents of the function, and the unlawfulness of authoritative interference from any quarter is based *solely* upon this consideration, that it is an interference with the provision which Christ has made as to the way and manner in which the administration of the ordinary necessary business of his Church as a visible society, is to be conducted. There is no dispute at present about the preaching of the word or the administration of sacraments. The recent controversy turned only upon the administration of discipline, that is, in substance, admission to and exclusion from ordinances, and ordination to and deposition from office. And there is certainly no assumption of priestly power necessarily involved in the execution of this function. If there are to be ordinances administered and office-bearers appointed, then this function must necessarily be executed by some party; and the only question is, to what party Christ has committed it. The party to whom he has committed it, is entitled and bound to execute it, in subjection to him, and in accordance with his word; and no other party is warranted to assume jurisdiction or authoritative control in the matter.

Let it be observed, that in the statement of our principles, we have said nothing whatever about the bearing of admission to and exclusion from the communion of the visible Church, or of ordination and deposition, upon men's relation to God, and their eternal destinies; and that there is nothing in any part of the argument by which we defend our principles, requiring us to assume any definite position, or to indicate any opinion whatever, upon this point. Views have indeed been propounded upon this subject, which would fully warrant the charge against their supporters, of claiming for ecclesiastical office-bearers a priestly domination. But these views have never been professed by Scottish Presbyterians. Any deliverance upon this subject is unnecessary either to the statement or the probation of our case, and belongs to a wholly distinct and ulterior question.

The Duke imagines that he makes a very strong point against us, when he shows that our Presbyterian principles prevent us from ascribing to Church communion and sacraments, to ordination, and to the exercise of the power of the keys, the important results or consequences which Papists and High Churchmen ascribe to them. But this is trifling. We have never put forth any claims to priestly domination, and we have never made any attempt to establish such claims. His Grace seems first to assume that we put forth claims to priestly domination, and then he holds us up to

* A good deal of prominence has been given of late, in opposition to Popish and High Church claims, to the non-priesthood of ministers and ecclesiastical office-bearers, and to the universal priesthood of believers. These are Scriptural and important principles. But it requires some knowledge and discrimination to apply them aright, and to guard them against perversion and abuse. The Duke of Argyll does not understand them, and he has, in consequence, been led into a denial of some important principles with regard to the constitution of the Church of Christ, which have always been strenuously maintained by Presbyterians, though not by them exclusively.

ridicule, because we do not follow out these claims to their legitimate consequences. But the truth is, that we claim nothing more for the Church than the right of self-government, as a distinct independent visible society. We claim nothing more for ecclesiastical office-bearers, than the right of administering, in subjection to Christ, the ordinary necessary business of this society, or of deciding, according to the word of God and their own conscientious convictions, without being subject to any civil or foreign authority, those questions concerning the admission of particular men to office and ordinances, which must be continually arising wherever a Church exists. We claim this, and nothing more; but we claim it not merely on natural but on Scriptural principles. We claim it on the ground of an arrangement which Christ has made, and has indicated with sufficient plainness in his word, and which therefore we are not at liberty either to disregard or to infringe. It is true, indeed, and this seems to have confused and misled his Grace, who can scarcely be supposed to be very intimately conversant with these subjects, and ought not therefore to have written so dogmatically about them, that, not Presbyterians only, but Protestants in general, have regarded some of the Scripture texts which the Church of Rome is accustomed to quote in support of the priestly domination which she claims, as applicable in some sense to the ordinary powers of Ecclesiastical office-bearers in the administration of the ordinary affairs of the visible Church. But he ought to have known, that Protestants have always been careful to point out the distinction between their sense of these passages, and that which Papists attach to them; and he might have admitted the possibility at least, that the Protestant interpretation of them might be true, while the Popish one is false, and that Protestants might be warranted in deriving from them some countenance for their moderate and reasonable claims, without being suspected of participating in the extravagant pretensions to priestly domination which are put forth by the Church of Rome. Enough, we hope, has been said to shew the baselessness of his Grace's allegation, that the principles of the Free Church imply an ascription of priestly powers and functions to ecclesiastical office-bearers. It has been shewn, that neither in the nature of the function assigned to them, nor in the *only* principle on which there is claimed for them exemption from all authoritative civil control in the execution of this function, is there any ground for this allegation.

We would now advert to the Duke's second leading objection to the principles of the Free Church, viz., that they imply a virtual identification of Church Courts with Christ, in whose name they act, and on this ground claim for these Courts infallibility, and demand implicit submission to their decisions. This is a vulgar misrepresentation, and it is easy to shew of it, as of the former objection, that it has no solid foundation, either in the statement of Free Church principles, or in any of the arguments by which they are commonly defended. We have never claimed infallibility, or demanded implicit submission for Church Courts; and we have never propounded any principles that required us in consistency to do so. We have always professed to produce from the Word of God the grounds and reasons of the principles we have advocated, and of the course we have pursued. We have always admitted that we were bound to produce Scriptural authority for our opinions and practices, and that unless we succeeded in doing this, we had no right to claim assent or approbation. We have professed to produce Scriptural warrant for all we have said or done, both about the election of ministers, and about the relation, generally, between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities. We have never claimed for Church Courts an *exclusive* right to interpret Scripture, or expected that any man was to receive our opinion or practice as Scriptural, *because* Church Courts had asserted it to be so. We have uniformly, not admitted merely, but contended, that the civil magistrate is entitled and bound to judge for himself, on his own responsibility, of the meaning of the Word of God, and of the Scriptural warrant for the decisions and proceedings of Church Courts, with a view to the discharge of his own duty, whatever that may be, and the regulation of his own conduct, in the exercise of his lawful jurisdiction in civil or temporal matters. We have uniformly asserted the same right for every individual—the right of judging upon his own responsibility, whether the decisions of Church Courts are accordant with Scripture, with a view to the regulation of his own conduct, in so far as he may be affected by them. We have simply contended that Church Courts, being the parties who are alone authorized to administer the ordinary necessary business of the Church as a visible society, should also be left at liberty to act according to their own conscientious convictions of the meaning of God's word, *without being subject to the authoritative control of a party not vested with jurisdiction in that province.* We claim this for them, and nothing more; and we claim it both on the general ground of

liberty of conscience, and on the more special ground that Christ has invested them and no other party with this function, and that he has not only not authorized, but has virtually forbidden them to be guided by any other rule than his own will, as revealed in his word. We can honestly and consistently adopt the words of Richard Baxter, when answering similar misrepresentations adduced against the Nonconformists by prelatic Erastians, "it would satisfy us had we but freedom in our ministerial action, *not to go against our conscience*, however blind malice would make the world believe that it is some papal empire even over princes that we desire."*

That this is really the whole extent of the claim which has been put forth in behalf of Church Courts, and that they have not pretended, while contending for the headship of Christ, to identify themselves with him, and upon this ground to demand implicit submission, will be evident from considering the way and manner in which the subjects of the exclusive supremacy of the Bible, the exclusive jurisdiction of Church Courts in ecclesiastical matters, and the exclusive headship of Christ over his Church, were brought into the controversy which led to the Disruption, and from adverting to the real application that has been made of them in defence of the conduct of the Free Church. The Church resolved, in 1834, that she would never again intrude ministers upon reclaiming congregations. She did not expect that men were to approve of this principle of non-intrusion, merely because she had adopted it and resolved to act upon it. She professed to prove that this was a true and sound principle, and obligatory upon the Church of Christ. She proved this from Scripture, reason, experience, and her own constitutional standards, not to mention the united testimony of the primitive Church, and the great body of the Reformers. The civil power interfered, and virtually required the Church to abandon this principle, and to resume the old practice of intrusion. The Church answered that she had not changed her mind, and therefore could not change her practice, that she still believed, and undertook to prove, that the principle of non-intrusion was sound and obligatory, and that therefore she could not abandon or violate it. And when further urged to abandon or violate this principle, upon the ground that the civil power required her to do so, her answer was in substance this—that as a Church of Christ (for we leave out of view the legal or constitutional aspect of the question), she was not only not bound, but not at liberty, to defer to this requisition of the civil power, *for that* the word of God was the only rule by which the affairs of the Church ought to be regulated, and ecclesiastical office-bearers were the only parties authorized by Christ in his word to manage these affairs according to this rule. Of these positions, too, she professed to produce proof from Scripture, and she claimed assent to them only upon the ground that this proof was satisfactory. She drew from them this important practical conclusion, that the civil magistrate has no jurisdiction or right of authoritative control in ecclesiastical matters, and that therefore no enactment or decision of his can cancel the obligation of the Church to be guided by the word of God and her own conscientious convictions, and far less can impose upon her an obligation to act in opposition to them. And the practical result of the whole was, that, upon the grounds which have now been stated, the Church considered herself warranted simply *to disregard or set aside the adverse interference of the civil power*, to treat it as a nonentity, as affording no warrant, and imposing no obligation, to change her conduct, and to abandon the principle of non-intrusion, which she still believed and proved to be sound and obligatory. These are all the principles, and this is the whole process of argument, that are necessary for the full and conclusive vindication of the conduct of those who now form the Free Church, in their struggle with the civil authorities.

These statements embody the substance of the whole of the strict and proper dialectics of the controversy that led to the Disruption, viewed in its higher aspects, in its bearing upon the duty and conduct of the Church as a Church of Christ. Nothing more is necessary for the formal logical vindication of the whole principles asserted, and of the whole course pursued. And we challenge the Duke of Argyll to show that there is anything in the argument that is unsound and sophistical in itself, or that affords any appearance of foundation for the objection which we are considering. He will say, no doubt, that it is on the views held by the Free Church in regard to the sole headship of Christ, that the objection is based. But this is really nothing better than an evasion. We have taught no doctrine upon the subject of the headship of Christ but what we profess to prove from Scripture, we have claimed assent to our views upon no other ground than the Scriptural evidence we could adduce in support of them, *and we have not brought forward the doctrine of Christ's headship as furnishing directly and immediately the proper*

* True and only way of Concord, Part III., p. 126.

ground or reason of anything we have done ourselves, or called upon others to do. We admit that the only inference directly and immediately deducible from the doctrine of Christ's sole headship is, that every intimation which he has given of his will as to the constitution and government of his Church, and the manner in which the administration of its affairs should be conducted, ought to be implicitly obeyed. We admit, farther, that this general inference does not, directly and of itself, afford a full vindication of the proceedings which led to the Disruption, and that with that view, it is needful, in addition, to establish from Scripture the doctrines of the exclusive supremacy of the Bible, and the exclusive jurisdiction of ecclesiastical office-bearers, as involved in or flowing from the doctrine of Christ's sole headship. It is with these two doctrines of the exclusive supremacy of the Bible and the exclusive jurisdiction of ecclesiastical office-bearers, that we directly and immediately connect the formal defence of our cause as a question of dialectics. We do not introduce the doctrine of Christ's headship as affording a distinct and independent argument on which to rest our vindication, but rather as the basis and foundation of these two subordinate, but still important truths, the application of which to the practical matter in hand, constitutes the direct and proper argument on which we rest our case, and with which we call upon our opponents to deal. The headship of Christ then is not to be regarded in this matter as a distinct and separate doctrine from the exclusive supremacy of the Bible and the exclusive jurisdiction of ecclesiastical office-bearers, or as introducing any new and independent element immediately into the strict and proper argumentation of the question, but as a great general Scriptural principle, including or comprehending these two doctrines, furnishing the basis on which they rest, the source from which they spring, the point to which they are attached. The right use and application of the doctrine of Christ's headship in the present question, is not that it should be held forth as the direct and immediate ground of the precise argument by which the course pursued by the Free Church is to be defended against opponents, but rather, that it should be employed to enforce the importance of the doctrines comprehended under it and flowing from it, on which the strict argument more immediately depends, to impress the deep responsibility connected with the faithful maintenance and the full and honest application of these doctrines, and to animate and encourage to an uncompromising discharge of the Church's duty with respect to everything involved in, or flowing from, or in any way connected with, "the crown rights of the Redeemer," to whatever dangers she may in consequence be exposed. This was the use and application made of the doctrine of Christ's headship, by the Scottish Presbyterians of the 16th and 17th centuries, and this is the use and application made of it by Free Churchmen. No other use or application of it is required by any of the principles they have ever professed, or by any of the arguments they have ever employed in the defence of them, and no other is needed for the full vindication of the course they have pursued. Now, this use or application of it manifestly does not afford a shadow of a ground for the allegation that our Church Courts in contending for the Scriptural doctrine of Christ's headship, and for their own right and duty to follow out all that is involved in it, and all that either directly or by consequence results from it, are identifying themselves with Christ, and are upon this ground virtually claiming infallibility, and demanding implicit submission.

Let the Duke of Argyll contemplate the Free Church case as bearing upon the duty of a Church of Christ, not in detached portions, but in its amplitude and totality,—let him attend to the true logical relations of the different parts of which the argument consists,—let him distinguish between what is strictly and properly argumentative, and what is fitted to illustrate the importance and solemnity of the points involved in the argument, and to enforce the discharge of practical duty in regard to them, and then we think he will be satisfied that this objection is utterly groundless.

5. The Duke, while charging Scottish Presbyterians in general with an irrelevant and illogical application of Scripture in defending their peculiar opinions, tries to show that Free Churchmen have surpassed all their predecessors in the extravagance and fanaticism which they have manifested in this respect. Nothing but the most extraordinary ignorance or inconsideration could have led his Grace to make such a charge. This has been conclusively established in a very able and effective pamphlet by the Rev. Mr. Gray, entitled, "Correspondence between the Duke of Argyll and the Rev. A. Gray, Perth," in reference to his Grace's Essay, entitled "Presbytery Examined." We shall not dwell upon this topic, but refer our readers to Mr. Gray's pamphlet, where they will find also some very valuable materials for assisting them in forming a right estimate of his Grace's work, and of the merits of the controversy to which it chiefly relates.

The Duke of Argyll, notwithstanding the ability which he has brought to the task, has,

we think, utterly failed in obscuring the import, or in depreciating the value, of the testimony of the Church of Scotland to the independence of the Church of Christ and its exemption from civil control, as connected with the doctrine of His sole headship over it, or in producing anything fitted to shake the confidence of intelligent Free Churchmen in the Scriptural truth and practical importance of the principles which they have been called upon to maintain. It is easy enough, in surveying the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, to point out traces of human imperfection and infirmity, but it is not easy to show that Scottish Presbyterians did not thoroughly understand the great principles for which they were so signally honoured to contend, or that they were not able to defend them from Scripture and reason against all who might assail them. It is easy enough to excite a prejudice in the minds of English readers against the principles of the Free Church, and against the men who have advocated and applied them, but it is not easy to show that these principles involve anything inconsistent either with the particular statements or the general doctrines of the Word of God, or that, in their substance, they have not the countenance and support of almost all the Churches of Christ, and of the great body of those whose testimony is entitled to the highest respect. The Duke seems to affect the character of an Eclectic in his ecclesiastical views, but we doubt much whether he is yet altogether qualified to sustain this position with credit and advantage. He can scarcely be said to have any definite well-digested system of opinions on the subjects which he discusses. He rather criticises all other systems, and selects from them what suits his taste, without much regard to the unity or harmony of the combination. He can scarcely remain long in his present position, or continue to adhere to all the views which he now supports on ecclesiastical questions, and we greatly fear that the probability is in favour of his changing for the worse, of his deviating still farther than he now does from the paths of truth and sound doctrine. He still professes himself a Presbyterian, but we fear that he will land at length, like the great body of our Scottish aristocracy, in the Church of England. He is evidently prepared for at least tolerating almost any amount of Erastian interference by the civil power in the regulation of the Church's affairs. He sees nothing objectionable, but, on the contrary, evidence of enlarged wisdom, in the introduction of the inventions of men into the worship of God; and he has already become familiar with the dangerous and delusive process of explaining away or evading the testimony of Scripture on all subjects on which its decisions are not direct, formal, and explicit. In these circumstances we see little or nothing to protect his Grace from the influence of those outward and inferior considerations which have led so many of the Scottish nobility to adhere to the English Establishment. He seems at present to be much in the same undecided and perilous position which his illustrious ancestor occupied during the earlier sittings of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, but we scarcely venture to expect in this case an equally noble and magnanimous decision. And yet we would very willingly cherish the hope that one who is the descendant and representative of the illustrious men that did and suffered so much for the cause of civil and religious liberty in Scotland, and contended so nobly for those great principles, the maintenance of which forms the distinguishing glory of Scottish Presbyterians, and who himself possesses no ordinary personal claims to the admiration and respect of his countrymen, may yet attain to more clear and Scriptural views of the relations and duties of Churches and nations, and be honoured to contribute largely by his talents and influence to diffuse these views in the community, and to promote their practical application. May the Lord give him understanding in all things.

His Grace seems to have adopted to a large extent the views of Dr. Arnold in regard to the Church and its relation to the civil power, though we doubt much whether he fully understands them, and are pretty sure that he is not yet prepared to follow them out fully to their legitimate consequences. Dr. Arnold's favourite principle upon this point, was the identification of the Church and the Christian State, or in other words, a virtual denial that the Church is, by its institution, and according to Christ's appointment, a distinct and independent society, with a fixed and unchangeable constitution and government, and with settled laws for the regulation of its affairs. This is the notion which was devised by Hooker, and expounded by him in the Eighth Book of the Ecclesiastical Polity, for the purpose of sanctioning authoritative interference on the part of the State in the government of the Church, and warranting the civil power to regulate and control ecclesiastical matters, just as it does military or financial matters, or any other department of the ordinary national business. We do not suppose that the ingenious and benevolent mind of Dr. Arnold was influenced by any such motive

or object in advocating that notion, but it fairly admits of being applied, and will of course be generally applied by politicians, to sanction a system of low and degrading Erastianism. The notion is so palpably inconsistent with the plainest Scriptural principles, that, notwithstanding the high authority of the "venerable" Hooker, it has never found much countenance among the clerical defenders of the Erastianism of the Church of England, who have preferred to try other shifts and expedients, in order to palliate their position, but has been taken up chiefly by worldly politicians. The only plausibility of the notion is derived from imagining what might, and probably would be the state of matters, if true Christianity pervaded the whole community, and affected the proceedings of the civil rulers and the general regulation of national affairs; and the essential fallacy of it lies in this, that it implies a total disregard and a virtual denial of all that the Scripture teaches us concerning the Church of Christ, its fixed and unalterable relation to Him and to his Word, and the perpetuity and unchangeableness of its constitution, government, and laws. Dr. Arnold defines the Church to be an association for the moral reformation of the community, and this might without impropriety enter as one feature into a detailed description that might be given of the Church, but it is not the *definition* of it furnished by Scripture. It omits everything essential and fundamental which Scripture teaches concerning the Church. It leaves out all the leading ideas which Scripture requires us to introduce into our conception and definition of the visible Church Catholic, and all the main principles which it obliges every particular society calling itself a Church of Christ, to act upon, in the discharge of its duties, and in the regulation of its conduct. And of course it is evident that we ought to regulate our definition of the Church, and our views of its nature, constitution, government, functions, and objects, by the statements of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever, and not by our own imaginings of what is possible or probable, nor even by any actual realities in the state of society that might be presented before us. Even if Dr. Arnold's idea of a Christian community and a Christian State were to be fully realized in fact, this should not in the least affect the Scriptural doctrine concerning the Church and its constitution and government, and it would afford no warrant whatever to civil rulers *as such*, to interfere authoritatively in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs.

There seems to be a strong desire in the present day on the part of politicians to acquire for the civil power a larger measure of control over Churches, not only over those which are Established, but over those also which are unconnected with the State, in order to employ ecclesiastical influence for political purposes. And it is melancholy that such men as Dr. Arnold, the Duke of Argyll, and in some degree also the Chevalier Bunsen, should have propounded views which are fitted to encourage them in the prosecution of this object, by encouraging Churches to accept of and submit to their interference and control. The general current of opinion, however, among thinking and earnest men of all denominations, is, happily, running in the opposite direction. There is now, perhaps, more generally diffused in society than ever before, an intelligent appreciation of the true character of the Church of Christ as a distinct independent society, and of the obligation that attaches to every society calling itself a Church of Christ, to maintain its true position and character as such, to the exclusion of all civil control over its affairs, and with the forfeiture, when necessary for this end, (as it certainly is in the case of all existing ecclesiastical Establishments,) of civil advantages and emoluments. The Disruption of the Established Church of Scotland, with the prominence thereby given to the principles of Scottish Presbyterians, may be fairly regarded as one of the influences which have contributed to produce this desirable result, and we trust that this and other concordant influences, will continue to operate with increasing power, until all the Churches of Christ are wholly emancipated from civil control, and are walking "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free."

ART. VII.—*Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell.* Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his Executors. London, 1849.

FOR something more than half a century the custom has been gradually increasing, of publishing with but little reserve, such letters of eminent men as have been written in the ordinary management of the affairs of life, or the careless confidence of domestic intimacy. In Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," we scarcely remember a single private letter being printed as illustrating any one statement in the work, or as affording an exhibition of the character of any one of the wri-

ters, whose lives he relates. A short time before the publication of "The Lives of the Poets," Mason had, in his Memoirs of Gray, introduced a new style of biography which has affected, more or less, every work of the kind since written. The journals of Gray, a retired scholar, who took accurate notes of whatever he read, supplied much that was instructive and interesting to the earnest student; and Mason had the opportunity of selecting, from a correspondence conducted through the whole of Gray's life with one friend or another, a vast body of information, on a great variety of subjects. There were few personal details; and though Mason made great use of Gray's letters, yet there was scarcely a single letter published without omissions. The example given by Mason, was followed in two remarkable instances by a writer whose poetry was once popular, and whose prose works, in spite of great affectation, which deforms every thing he has written, are still very pleasing. Hayley, in his Life of Milton, has woven together passages from Milton's letters, calculated to make his readers sympathize with the great poet, and which give a wholly different aspect to his life from that which the readers of Johnson had received. Milton's minor poems had been published by Thomas Warton, with notes, curiously illustrative of the mental process by which Milton's poetical language was elaborated; but in those notes, and through the whole book, Milton's controversial writings were assailed in a temper of bigotry scarcely intelligible in our days, and which Hayley's "Life" did much to counteract. To an extent which is quite surprising, he was enabled to effect what Michelet and others have done in the case of Luther, and thus Milton became his own biographer.

Some years after, in his Life of Cowper, Hayley gave to the public the very most interesting volumes of biography that have perhaps ever been published. The state of health which separated Cowper from the active business of life, was consistent with systematic study, and with the exertion of the poetical faculty. Cowper's residence at a distance from his relatives—the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded—and some circumstances connected with his pecuniary affairs, created a correspondence which was the amusement, and in some sort, the business of his life. These letters, above all comparison the most charming that have ever been published, and from which, as we best remember, every passage that it could be thought unreasonable to living persons to bring before the public, had been first removed, rendered this style of biography popular. In formal autobiography there can seldom be absent some appearance of vanity. In passages selected from letters in which the author is unconsciously writing his life, this fault is at least absent, and for the last half century rarely an eminent man has died, whose friends have not been solicited for copies of such letters as accident has left undestroyed.

It was scarce possible that the great poet, Campbell, should have escaped the common lot; and a considerable mass of his letters are now given to the public by his friend and executor Dr. Beattie. The volumes also contain some biographical notes drawn up by the poet at the request of Dr. Beattie, and though we can imagine this voluminous work improved both by compression and by omission, and though we think a more diligent inquirer, without taking very much trouble on the subject, might have given us more scenes from the London life of a man who lived so much in the eye of the public—we yet think some gratitude is due to Dr. Beattie for many of the letters in these volumes. The book will aid us in appreciating the character of a man whose works will probably for many generations continue to give delight.

Campbell was a true and a great poet; he was, what is better, a true-hearted, generous-minded, and honourable man.

With all men life is a struggle. With such a man as Campbell—peculiarly sensitive—the struggle was from adverse circumstances more than ordinarily severe. He was the youngest of ten children. The father of the poet, Alexander Campbell, had for many years been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. During the earlier part of his life he had lived at Falmouth in Virginia. He had come to the sober age of forty-five, when he married Margaret Campbell, the sister of his partner in business. We will not follow Dr. Beattie in disentangling the intricate pedigree of the Campbells. Margaret was, it seems, of the same clan, but not a blood-relation, of "the Campbells of Kirnan," to which family her husband belonged. "The Campbells of Kirnan," a locality with which the poet's people were connected by their traditions, and not by the fact of having ever resided there, was a sound that had its magic; and the mother of the poet would, late in life, when sending home an article from a shop, describe herself as Mrs. "Campbell of Kirnan," mother "of the author of the Pleasures of Hope." The Union with England had opened the American trade to Scotland. Previously to that, Scotland could only deal with the colonies of England on the footing of a foreign

nation. When the trade was once opened, the industry and intelligence of the Glasgow merchants gave them almost a monopoly of the business. The war with America drove trade into other channels; and among the houses ruined by the change was that of which the poet's father was the senior partner. The savings of forty years of industry, amounting to about twenty thousand pounds, were swept away in an hour. The old man was sixty-five, too old to commence a new score with the world. His eldest child was a daughter of nineteen. The poet, if we read dates aright, was not born for two years after his father's business had been broken up.

It would appear that the debts of the firm were paid, and that a small surplus remained. In addition to this, Mr. Campbell received a small annual sum from the Merchants' Society, and from a provident institution, of which he had long been a member. This was no doubt a very different amount of income from what he had enjoyed. His wife was a sensible woman, who instantly acted on the changed state of circumstances—lived with the most severe economy, and did what she could to educate her family. The floating traditions which Dr. Beattie has collected describe her as "of slight but shapely figure, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, and well chiselled features,"—"a shrewd observer of character—warm-hearted, strongly attached to her friends, and always ready to sympathize in their misfortunes. She was often the author of substantial but unostentatious charity." One gentleman recollects being taken to see her in his boyhood when she was very old. She bought a cane for him, and amused him by her good nature in walking up and down the room, twirling it, to show him how the young gentlemen in Edinburgh managed their canes. She had a natural taste for music; and in her old age she would to the last sing snatches of old songs—"My Poor Dog Tray," and "The Blind Boy," were her favourites. It was to the former air that Campbell wrote "The Harper." "It is," says Dr. Beattie, "one of the few I heard him sing in the evening of life, when for an instant the morning sun seemed again to rest on it; and it was probably the first that soothed the infant poet in his cradle, long before he attempted to lisp in rhyme."

Alexander Campbell, the poet's father, lived in social intimacy with several of the University professors. Adam Smith was his friend, and Reid baptized the poet—hence his name Thomas. When Reid sent a copy of his "Inquiry into the Human Mind" to Alexander Campbell, and heard from him the pleasure with which he read it, he said there are two men in Glasgow who understand my work—Campbell and myself.

The elder Campbell is said to have been liberal in politics. We shall not seek to determine the precise meaning in which the word is used. He was religious. The traditions of his family told of chiefs of the clan that had suffered martyrdom for the doctrines of the Church of Scotland, and his pride as well as his better feelings were interested in the cause. Family worship was then almost the universal habit of Scottish families—and the fervour of the old man's extempore prayers was such that the very expressions which he used never passed away from the minds of his children. The poet, a short time before his death, said that he "had never heard language—the English liturgy excepted—more sublime than that in which his devotional feelings at such moments found utterance."

Poetry was not among the old merchant's studies, but he loved music, and could sing a good naval song—he loved better a metaphysical wrangle or a theological dispute—and when the young poet was caught verse-making, the father was perhaps happiest, for then most did the spirit of contradiction awake, and then only was he quite sure of being right. Whatever he might think of Reid's principle of Common Sense, he could not but feel that there was something to be said for Berkeley and Locke, and in his most vehement theological discussions he would sometimes feel that the subject had slipped through his fingers, and that while the sense of positiveness remained, the very topic of the disputation had altogether vanished from his memory. Not so when young Tom's scribbled manuscript was before him. There it was—nonsense—absolute nonsense. The poor boy had to retire crest-fallen and ashamed—the father did not perhaps know that all early poetry is imitative—he thought little (and who could think much?) of the poetry of the day, the cadences of which were echoed in every line of the boy's verses—

> "His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
> Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
> Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
> He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth."

The old man lived, however, to be gratified by the reception of "The Pleasures of Hope." Had Mr. Campbell been able to get rid of the anxieties of property, when he was compelled to retire from business, he would have been comparatively a happy man; but the restless ghost of his former prosperity haunted him for the rest of life in

a series of never ending lawsuits. A correspondent of Dr. Beattie's tells us, that in the year 1790 he passed an evening at Mr. Campbell's.

"The old gentleman, who had been a great foreign merchant, was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of the same snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present besides Thomas, his brother Daniel, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Isabella. The father then at the age of eighty, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons, Thomas I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age, was speaking of getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colours. Tom was partial to green, I preferred blue. 'Lads,' said the senior, in a voice that fixed our attention, 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown colour; but he added, 'I have a *suit* in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years; and I think it will never wear out."

Situations were found for the elder sons in the colonies. They ended in forming respectable mercantile establishments in Virginia and Demerara. The daughters engaged in the education of children—two as governesses in families—the third in the management of a school. Daniel was placed in a Glasgow manufactory, where weaving and cotton-spinning were conducted on a large scale. He was a politician, and the days in which he lived were less prosperous times for a radical reformer than our own. He found Scotland too hot for him, and went to Rouen, where the poet found him conducting a large manufactory. He ceased to correspond with his family, and became a naturalized Frenchman. It is not impossible that he may be still living. Of this large family, one died in early life; he was drowned while bathing in the Clyde, when he was but thirteen years old, and his brother Thomas six. He is alluded to in an affecting passage towards the close of "The Pleasures of Hope"—

"Weep not—at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again.
* * * *
Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee.
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship bless'd, when life was new?"

The elder part of the family had been dispersed during the early infancy of the poet, or before his birth. The father's temper was indulgent to everything but poetry, and his affections were centred on the child of his old age. The mother's temper was severe, and her notions of a parent's rights were almost as high as a Stuart's fancies of the royal prerogative, yet it was observed that her natural asperity relaxed in the management of her youngest son. Mary, the eldest sister, had already left her father's house; Isabella still remained to assist her mother in domestic details, and with her the playful child was a delightful plaything. The poet has in his letters called Isabella his poetical sister, and from her or from his mother his ear had become familiar with the ballad poetry of Scotland long before he could understand its meaning.

At eight years old he was sent to the school of Mr. Alison; his triumphs are solemnly recorded—he was always at the head of his class; his father assisted him in preparing his lessons—a fact commemorated by his classical biographer in language that swells into dignity suitable to the subject. "It must have been," says he, "a picture in itself of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus."

The boy was overworked, and was obliged to be sent to the country. In about six weeks his health was restored, but to the effect of running wild about the fields his biographer refers his love of the country, and much of the imagery of his poems. About this time his first verses were written. Of these and of his school exercises, Dr. Beattie gives us far too many. Translations of Anacreon, and thefts of strawberries distinguish his twelfth year. In the thirteenth, young Tyrtæus learned to throw stones, and gave—in plain prose—what turned out to be a very poetical or very fabulous account of the battle. The inspired boy was not unlikely to be spoiled by the young Glasgow blackguards, who with every care on the part of his parents, could not but be his companions for a considerable part of the day.

Of brother Daniel our readers are probably prepared not to think very well—he was four years older than Thomas, and was now sixteen or seventeen. An old lady—a relative of their mother's—lived about two miles from Glasgow, and one of the boys was each day sent to know how she was. It was Thomas's turn, and the message to the old lady's interfered with the young urchin's gathering blackberries. "Why

go there at all," said Daniel; "can't you do as I do—say she is better, or worse, and don't take the trouble of going to inquire." For weeks and for months the young scoundrels went on with fictitious bulletins, and finding that unfavourable reports were likely to make more frequent messages sent, they adopted a form that "Mrs. Simpson had a better night and was going on nicely." They at last announced her perfect recovery, and were starting on some expedition of their own, when a letter arrived "as broad and as long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's head on its seal," inviting the old gentleman to attend Mrs. Simpson's funeral.

"Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another. But such were their grief and astonishment that neither of them could utter a word. 'At last,' says the poet, 'my mother's grief for her cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers, who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example.'"

In spite of this unpromising scene, Campbell's school-days gave promise of good. Alison, his school-master, thought well of him. Mr. Stevenson, a surviving schoolfellow of his, remembers him as taking care that fair play should be shown to him, who was an English boy, and probably the only one in the school. He past from school to college with favourable auguries. He was in his thirteenth year when he entered College, and even from this early period his support was in part earned by his teaching younger boys. At this period he printed a ballad, called Morven and Fillan, in imitation of a passage in Ossian, and which contains some lines that bear a resemblance to his after poem of Lord Ullin's daughter.

"Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."
Morven and Fillan.

"By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking."
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

Campbell and his young friends formed debating societies, and the poet seems to have been distinguished for fluency of speech. A number of Campbell's exercises are printed by Dr. Beattie, for no better reason than that "they may revive the faded images of college life" in the minds of Campbell's few surviving college friends. Lines on the death of "Marie Antoinette" are given. They are perhaps worth preserving, as they show how early the poet's ear was tuned to something of the notes in which his Hohenlinden was afterwards written.

The third session of Campbell's college life was distinguished by his continuing to take the lead in debating societies, and in his obtaining prizes for composition. He wrote a number of pasquinades on his brother students. They were written without any other feeling than that of amusing himself and others, but they were not disregarded by those who were their objects. Dr. Beattie tells that in some cases the resentment generated by satires written at this time, and utterly forgotten by Campbell in the hour in which they were thrown off as mere sportive effusions, has absolutely survived the poet himself.

Some of Campbell's jokes were for the purpose of getting a place near the stove when attending the logic class on a winter morning. He would scratch some nonsense on the walls—a libel, perhaps, on the tall Irish students that crowded round the fire. While they rushed to read such rhymes as

"*Vos Hiberni collocatis*
Summum Bonum in potatoes,"

he managed to get to the stove.

Campbell was at this time an ardent politician. The French Revolution had everywhere evoked the contending spirits of Aristocracy and Democracy.

"Being," says Campbell, "in my own opinion a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but unable to follow his subtleties or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats, that he was a sophist. It was in those years that the Scottish reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others, were transported to Botany Bay—Muir, though he had never uttered a sentence in favour of reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered, and Gerald for acts which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the reform question in Scotland by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments, and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was how to get to Edinburgh.

"While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh—a kind, elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said—'O

mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh. If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.' * To my delightful surprise she answered—'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back, but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day.' That was twenty-two miles. 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I never shall forget the beautiful coin—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of Elijah fed by ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.

"Next morning I took my way to Edinburgh, with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch Lords did not help to a conception of it, speaking as they did bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defence, he said—'And now, gentlemen of the jury—now that I have to take leave of you for ever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain.' At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger who sat beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

Political passion is contagious; and Campbell returned from Edinburgh an altered man—if the expression may be used in speaking of a boy of sixteen. "His characteristic sprightliness had evaporated." He did not neglect the studies of his class, but his heart was elsewhere; and his attention was divided between the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, of which he meditated a translation, and the democratic journals of the day. The case of Muir and Gerald was one singularly fitted as a topic for debating clubs, for the men were transported, under the laws of Scotland, for an offence which, at that time, was in England punishable only by fine and imprisonment. Campbell vehemently denounced the conduct of the State trials in his debating clubs, and in private society exhibited the manner of one "who suffered some personal wrong which he could neither forgive nor effectually resent." His change of manner was so sudden—the violence of his indignation was such—his declamation against modern society and all its institutions was so unceasing—that there seems to have been among his friends an impression of his actually having become insane; and it was not till the demon of poetry entirely possessed him that they felt wholly free from this fear. His translation of scenes from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was rewarded with a prize, and with the more gratifying acknowledgment from Professor Young of his version being the very best of any that had ever been given in by any student at the University. An essay on the Origin of Evil, which obtained a prize at the same time, is a skilful imitation of Pope's manner. In the course of the next session he translated some Choruses from the Medea of Euripides and the Chœphori of Æschylus. Dr. Beattie boldly says that the passages from Euripides "hardly lost anything of their original beauty by his translations." They gave more pleasure to the Professors at Glasgow than they have given to us: and Campbell, compelled to look round him for bread, found recommendations for the office of private tutor to a family of his own name residing in the remote Hebrides.

The poet's solemnity seems to have relaxed about this time. He thought less of politics, and was up to a piece of fun. A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had over his door in the Trongate, printed in large letters, "Ears Pierced by A. Fife," meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing ear-rings. Fife's next door neighbour was a spirit-dealer of the name of Drum. Campbell and his brother Daniel, assisted by a third party, who we believe is still living, got a long thin deal-board, and painted on it in capitals—

THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM—THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE.

This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, to the great annoyance of Drum

* A distance of forty-two miles—"long Scotch miles."

and Fife, and to the great amusement of every one else in Glasgow. In a few days afterwards Campbell set off for Mull.

From the first Campbell was thrown on his own resources for support. At thirteen or fourteen years of age, his means of paying his class-fees depended on his obtaining employment as a teacher of younger children; for surely, at that age, it is scarce fit to call him by any other name. The genial life of childhood or boyhood never was his in the sense in which it is that of almost every person in the rank of life in which Campbell early took his natural and rightful position. We think that this forced and premature exertion of his faculties dwarfed his intellectual powers—that the perpetual excitement in which he was kept by his debating societies, and his competition for college prizes, could not but be injurious—and that it was above all things fortunate when he was separated from Glasgow, and forced into the solitudes of the Hebrides. His prize-verses had been the subject of such admiration that he ran the chance of being spoiled for ever; and nothing less than a separation from Glasgow and its coteries could have saved him. On the 18th of May, 1795, he started from Glasgow, in company with a class-fellow, Joseph Finlayson, and took the road to Inverary. Wordsworth, in a note to the Excursion, vindicating his choice of a pedlar as the hero of his poem, quotes a passage from Heron's Letters from Scotland, in which he says—"A young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose *to carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman." Poor Campbell, carrying his store of learning to the Hebrides, did not feel the same elevation of spirit, when he thought of the value likely to be set on the articles in which he dealt. "I was fain," he says, "from my father's reduced circumstances, to accept, for six months, of a tutorship in a Highland family at the farthest end of the Isle of Mull. To this, it is true, my poverty rather than my will consented. I was so little proud of it, that in passing through Greenock, I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair, at that time a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of the town, with a family of nine daughters, one of whom I married some nine years afterwards." He would not tell his pretty cousins he was going out in that capacity. He tells of an evening past in the open air for the sake of economy. When he and Finlayson were repairing dinnerless to their beds, they saved the life of a boy who was drowning, and then thought they earned a fair right to their dinner. The poet tells of beef-steaks vanishing before them "like smoke;"—then came tankards of ale—and then a night past in singing and reciting poetry.

"Life," says Campbell, speaking of this scene, "is happier in the transition than in the retrospect, but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was, it is true, very poor, but I was as gay as a lark and hardy as the Highland heather." We wish we had room for Campbell's account of this journey. "The wide world contained not two merrier boys. We sang and recited poetry throughout the long wild Highland glens." They believed in Ossian, and Ossian had given an interest to the Gaelic people in their eyes. The Highland inns gave them herrings, potatoes, and whisky, and nothing else. Their walk seems to have been in glorious weather. Full forty years afterwards, when Campbell wrote of it, he tells of his unmeasured delight at the roaring streams and torrents—the yellow primroses and the cuckoos—the heathy mountains, with the sound of goats' bleating at their tops. "I felt a soul in every muscle of my body, and my mind was satisfied that I was going to earn my bread by my own labour."

They met a boy, in a postman's dress, quietly playing marbles on the road-side. "You little rascal," we said to him, "are you the post-boy and thus playing away your time?" "Na, Sir," answered Red-jacket. "I'm no the post; I'm only an express!" At Inverary, he and Finlayson parted company, and Campbell walked alone to Oban, under drenching rain. From Oban he crossed over to Mull.

"In the course of a long summer's day I traversed the whole length of the island—which must be nearly thirty miles—with not a foot-path to direct me. At times I lost all traces of my way, and had no guide but the sun going westward. About twilight, however, I reached the point Callioch,* the house of my hostess, Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol—a worthy, sensible widow lady, who treated me with great kindness. I am sure I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils. I never beat them—remembering how much I loved my father for having never beaten me.

* "The Point Callioch" is on the northern shore of Mull, where the house of Sunipol may be easily seen by any one sailing from Tobermory to Staffa. It stands quite upon the shore, and occupies the centre of a bay immediately before you turn that point of Mull where you first get a view of the wondrous island which contains the cave of Fingal.

"At first I felt melancholy in this situation, missing my college chums, and wrote a poem on my exile as doleful as anything in Ovid's Tristia. But I soon got reconciled to it. The Point of Callioch commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer, sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol before I took my leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands."

The solitude in which Campbell now lived was strangely contrasted with the busy scenes which he had left; and it must have been of great use to him to have time for actual communing with his own mind. In spite of its eminent men there was in the whole of the Glasgow literature something of a mercantile—not to say peddling—character. It was disputative in its progress, and all progress stopped at an early stage. The exchangeable value of learning was chiefly thought of, and the great object in life was the dictatorial position of the professor's chair. By the system early proficiency and considerable accuracy of information, up to a certain not very high point, were attained; and Campbell was as near being ruined by the admiration of a little provincial circle as ever great man was, when his poverty fortunately interposed to rescue him.

It was the wisdom and the will of heaven
That in a lonely tent had cast
The lot of Thalaba;
There might his soul develop best
Its strengthening energies;
There might he from the world
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

We have no doubt that solitude is the true nursery for a great poet; and we think that the narrative of Campbell's life—both in his success and his failures—is calculated remarkably to illustrate this. In the lonely residence, where he educated a few children, there was time for thought; nay, self-reflection was strangely forced on him, for the box containing his books did not arrive for some time, and till it arrived he was even without paper. A letter of his, dated June, 1795, tells a friend of his that "there is no paper in Mull." To have passed some time in thinking, instead of writing, would have been no bad discipline for a young prize-poet. Campbell would write, however, as much as he could, and he scribbled as much as he could on a white-washed wall. By the time pen, ink, and paper arrived, the wall appeared like a broad-sheet of manuscript.

Of Campbell's verses before he left Glasgow, the only ones at all worthy of preservation are a hymn, most of which was afterwards worked into the Pleasures of Hope. While in Mull he employed himself in adding to his translations from Æschylus and Aristophanes, probably thinking that a character for scholarship was more likely to lead to some provision by which he might support life, than any exertion in the way of original poetry. Dr. Beattie, however, gives us some lines descriptive of the scenery of Mull, which when shown to Dr. Anderson two years afterwards, led him to predict Campbell's future success as a poet. The lines are well worth preserving:—

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.

O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers;
The classic haunts of youth for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheer'd the close of day;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wandering eye;
The white wave foaming to the distant sky—
The cloudy heavens unblest by summer's smile—
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below—
The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled—
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild!

Far different these from all that charmed before
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind;—
Hail! happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way;
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.
June 1795.

In a letter of June 1795, one of his correspondents says to him—"We have now three 'Pleasures' by first-rate men of genius, viz., 'Imagination,' 'Memory,' 'Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in 'Alma Mater.'" This is the first time that "The Pleasures of Hope" is mentioned. "The Pleasures of Solitude," commemorated in the same sen-

tence, are a few lines enclosed to Campbell, and written by his correspondent. That correspondent was the Rev. Hamilton Paul, afterwards and still minister at Broughton in Peebles-shire, specimens of whose poetry will be found in an interesting volume entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns and the more recent Poets of Ayrshire."*

Through all Campbell's poetry we find the traces of this residence in the Hebrides. The effect is well described and illustrated by Dr. Beattie, whose own account of Highland scenery is quite admirable. But for this we can only refer to the book, as within the space to which we must limit our paper, it is quite impossible to give any lengthened quotation. Campbell himself describes Iona and Staffa in one or two letters, but there is nothing peculiar in his account—and we think Dr. Beattie might have not unwisely omitted or greatly abridged these letters. Of the superstitions of the people an amusing instance is given, of which the poet was himself the hero and the historian :—

"A mile or two from the house where I lived, was a burial-ground on the lonely moor. It was enclosed with an iron railing so high as to be thought unscaleable. I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to see me skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two after this adventure, I observed the family looking at me with an expression of not angry but mournful seriousness. It was to me unaccountable; but at last the old grandmother told me with tears in her eyes, that I could not live long, for that my *wraith* or apparition had been seen. "And where, pray?" "Oh, leaping over the old burial-ground!" The good old lady was much relieved by hearing that it was not my *wraith* but myself."

Dr. Beattie had inquiries made at Mull as to any recollections of the poet that might linger there. Nothing was remembered but that he was "a pretty young man." Some local tradition also exists there, that the heroine of his poem, Caroline, was some fair Caroline of that district, and to this opinion his biographer inclines, though he tells us of another Caroline that claims the same distinction. Goethe got into a serious scrape by transcribing the same love verses into the album of more than one young lady; but we have no evidence that Campbell gave either lady any reason to think that she was the source of his inspiration. We suspect that the Carolines and the Marias of the poets have no earthly representatives—that the golden locks which the poet describes are not in general to be regarded as proving his admiration of red-haired beauties, but rather as his form of escaping from the plain realities of earth—that when we find the place of his residence is in a prose letter described as "only fit for the residence of the damned," and verses of the same date, such as follow :—

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home,
Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let that name be Caroline.

The lady, in such verses, seems to us as unreal as the landscape; and we regret to say, that the poem called Caroline, though for a considerable time not printed in any of the poet's own editions of his works, has been introduced into the last. It is, we think, wholly unworthy of the poet's reputation.

In the winter of 1796 he returned to Glasgow, to continue attending his classes, and to support himself by private tuition. Among his pupils in this and a former session was one who is described in Campbell's journal, "as a youth named Cuninghame, now Lord Cuninghame in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. Grave as he now is, he was, when I taught him 'Xenophon and Lucian,' a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabour him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility."

Lord Cuninghame's recollections of the period are distinct. "He left on my mind, young as I was, a high impression not only of his talents as a classical scholar, but of the elevation and purity of his sentiments." He tells us, that in reading Cicero and Demosthenes, he was fond of contrasting their speeches with those of modern orators. He used to repeat Chatham's most impassioned passages in favour of American freedom, Burke's declamation against Warren Hastings, and Wilberforce's description of the "Middle Passage." In the domestic circle, consisting of Campbell's parents, sisters, and some lodgers, the elder portion of the society were deep haters of democracy and all innovation; Tom Campbell and his brother Daniel were earnest democrats.

When this session closed, Campbell again went to the Highlands as tutor; Hamilton Paul was similarly occupied in the same neighbourhood, and the friends often met. "In the course of the autumn," says Dr.

* Edinburgh, 1840.

Beattie, "Campbell and his friend Paul indulged in frequent rambles along the shore of Loch Fyne. They then would climb some rocky precipice to enjoy the landscape at ease, and afterwards enjoy a frugal dinner at the Inverary Arms." We have Paul's account of their last day of this kind. They dined, by appointment, at the Inverary Arms, with two college friends. All met punctually at the inn-door. All were joyous; "but never did schoolboy enjoy an unexpected holiday more than Campbell. He danced, sang, and capered, half frantic with joy. Our friends had to return to the low country, and we accompanied them across Loch Fyne to St. Katharine's, where we parted; they taking their way to Lochgilphead, while Campbell and I promenaded the shore of the loch to Strachur. The evening sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake—the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary—the sun-lit summits of the mountains in the distance—all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstasy. He recited poetry of his own composition—some of which has never been printed—and then addressed me—'Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures—you will be Roderick Random, and I will go through the world with you as Strap.'" At Strachur they parted, not without visiting the inn there, and taking a bowl of punch with the landlord. "We parted with much regret. We never saw each other again, until we met at the great public dinner given to him as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow."

Campbell's letters, from what he calls "The solitary nook," in which he lived, are dreary enough. They have also the misfortune of being the letters of a man whose time hangs heavy on his hands, and who is always complaining that friends who have demands on their time are not as active correspondents as he could wish. His cause of complaint with the world seems his own inaction. "The present moments," he says, "are of little importance to me. I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. * * * I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a rod and flute, and a choice collection of Scotch and Irish airs." It would appear that he read diligently for a while, with some hope of making his way to the bar, and afterwards, when want of funds rendered this out of the question, with some view of becoming an attorney, or earning his bread in an attorney's office.

The young poet was in love; and he tells of the enchantment of his evening walks, accompanied by one who "for a twelvemonth past has won my purest but most ardent affection:

> "Dear precious name—rest ever unrevealed,
> Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed."

He speaks of sending his friend some lately written morsels of poetry. In fact, "The Pleasures of Hope," playfully alluded to by Hamilton Paul in a letter of the year before, was now seriously commenced.

The Reverend Mr. Wright, Campbell's successor at Downie, has supplied Dr. Beattie with some account of the scenery of this part of the Western Highlands, and of the poet's habits. Everything recorded proves what we have before suggested, that all the elements of Campbell's poetical life were at this time formed, indeed almost all the subjects which afterwards appeared in succession, and after a late manifestation, were here first presented to his kindling fancy. In the Pilgrim of Glencoe, his last poem of any length, the very house in which he lived is described.

The "*Jacobite white rose*" festooned their door, and the inmates

> "All had that peculiar courtly grace,
> That marks the meanest of the Highland race,
> Warm hearts, that burn alike in weal or wo,
> As if the north-wind fanned their bosom's glow."

From a hill above the farm-house, which was his residence at Downie, and which was the poet's constant place of resort, "the eye looks down towards the beach where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The island of Jura forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southwards the sea opens in broader expanse towards the northern shores of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of Corrievrecken, whose mysterious noises may be heard occasionally along the coast." The pictures in Gertrude of the scenery, calculated to affect the Highland emigrant's imagination, were no doubt suggested by what the poet was fond of beholding at this period of his life.

> "But who is he that yet a dearer land
> Remembers over hills and far away?
> Green Albin, what though he no more survey
> Thy ships at anchor on her quiet shore,
> Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,

Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar?

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer
That want's stern edict e'er and feudal grief
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!"

It would appear that Campbell's youthful passion was the cause of his leaving Downie. He felt that the business of tuition was insufficient for more than his own support in the very humblest form, and he returned to his father's house. The aspect of things was unchanged there. Letters of mixed good and ill had arrived telling of the fortunes of the members of the family who had found a home in Virginia, and Thomas thought of going thither to share their fortunes. His love-dream interfered with this; his health too was breaking. He had lived too much alone—he had laboured too hard at his studies—he had in spirit fought too many battles with the world, which he thought wronged him even by the fact of not knowing of his existence—he had, with the pardonable pride of the poor, imagined intended insult in every word addressed to him by those whom he called aristocrats, and the mind itself seemed likely to be wrecked in the sort of excitement in which he lived—"eating his own heart," doing infinite wrong in imagination to everybody and everything of which he thought, and resenting in the very depths of his nature injuries that he had never suffered. He absolutely saw nothing in its true aspect, and if fever had not supervened, and thus diverted the current of his thoughts, the case must have ended in madness. The injustice which he did the world it is probable never occurred to him. At this very time the greater part of the poem, which was to place him among the great men of England, had been already written. So far from there being any indisposition at any period to acknowledge his merits, they had from the first hour of his connexion with the University of Glasgow, been rapturously hailed both by professors and students. The only means that the University had of serving him was taken from them by his determination not to continue engaged in the education of pupils, nor to take orders in the Church. To the first he had an invincible repugnance, and though "the deep-seated impressions of religion which he had received under his father's roof," resumed their sway over his mind in after-life, yet he had at this period adopted opinions incompatible with his taking orders.

When he recovered from fever he went to Edinburgh, and was for a while employed as a copying clerk in an attorney's office, and seems to have thought himself entitled to discourse on the morality of the profession. His earnings seem to have been but a few pence a day, and he left the business—not of attorney, but of mere writing-clerk—with this sounding diatribe: "Well, I have fairly tried the business of an *attorney*, and upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! such meanness—such toil—such contemptible modes of peculation—were never moulded into one profession. It is true there are many emoluments, but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh." He was fortunately introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the British Poets—an exceedingly amiable man, and who, if we may judge by the numberless dedications of volumes of poems to him, was the general patron of any unfriended persons of whose talents he thought favourably. Anderson made out among the booksellers some employment for him, and he was engaged to abridge Bryan Edwards's West Indies—his first dealing with the printer's devil.

His earliest published poem, "The Wounded Hussar," was produced at this time, and to this period Dr. Beattie refers "The Dirge of Wallace," which we thought had been written at Altona, some two or three years later. This poem has been reprinted in the American editions of Campbell, but was never admitted into any edition authorized by the poet. Beattie was, therefore, right in printing it. It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of "The Tales of Wonder." Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells, and midnight tapers are scattered in waste profusion over the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife—nothing can well be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell.

"Yet knew not his country that ominous hour
That the trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her warrior sung.
* * * *
Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,

"And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand."

The habits of life at this period, both in the Highlands and at Glasgow, were unfavourable to temperance. In wild districts where there were few inns, the virtue of hospitality required every gentleman to throw his house freely open, and to detain as long as possible whatever guest might arrive. At Edinburgh and Glasgow men drank till day-break; in the Highlands the sun was shut out till long after mid-day. At college the Glasgow students never met at each other's rooms without "a third companion, in the shape of a black bottle, that exercised no little influence on their discussions." Campbell admired the Celtic character, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Campbell was a diligent student and of social temperament; he lived amid strong temptations, which he is described as resisting firmly. Dr. Beattie, relating this part of his life, tells us that he lived temperately, and that he was uniformly simple and spare in his diet.

In the next year he migrated to Edinburgh, to seek such bread as it could give to a man of letters. His abridgment of Bryan Edwards was ready for the press. He had received his twenty guineas—the first fruits of the poor trade in which he was about to embark—and he looked for another commission from the publisher. His mornings he proposed to give to attendance on College lectures, and his evenings to the booksellers. A letter of his, written soon after, says—"I have the prospect of employment sufficient for this winter. Beyond that period I dare not hope."

His winter's work for the booksellers was compiling extracts from books of travels for a grammar of geography, "by a society of gentlemen;" hard work, and it gave him a chest complaint, which soon disenabled him to make any further exertions in this way. The hope of joining his brothers in America was again indulged and again disappointed. He now attended pupils and taught Greek and Latin. "In this," he says, "I made a comfortable livelihood, till 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off." At this time he had already formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey and Brown. With Lord Brougham he was also acquainted. He had relatives in Edinburgh, and his parents joined him in the course of the year.

Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which "The Pleasures of Hope" was first published. Anderson succeeded in obtaining for the copyright sixty pounds, and about two hundred copies of the poem, for which Campbell found friends to subscribe. The copyright must have been very profitable to the booksellers, but we are not sure that what was given was as inadequate a price as Campbell afterwards thought. He made some additions to the poem when it came to be reprinted, for which the publishers gave him fifty pounds on each edition of a thousand copies, and they once, at least, allowed him to print a subscription edition for his own exclusive benefit. On the whole we think they dealt liberally with him. At Dr. Anderson's Campbell became acquainted with Leyden. Leyden and he soon disagreed. They were both disputative; they were both strugglers for bread; and both were seeking distinction in the same circle, and through very much the same means. Leyden's own conduct was often such as to suggest doubts of his sanity, and he seems to have really thought Campbell insane. A story had been circulated in Edinburgh society that Campbell was about to commit suicide, when Anderson met him, diverted him from his purpose, and made arrangements for the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell denied the truth of the story, and believed Leyden to have been the inventor of it, and hence arose between them an irreconcilable feud. Some years afterwards Sir Walter Scott, who had been first introduced to Campbell by Leyden, repeated to him the poem of "Hohenlinden." "Dash it, man," said Leyden, "tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." "I," says Scott, "did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.' * * * 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, what tigers he will have torn to pieces.'"* That Campbell seriously meditated suicide there is no evidence—evidence abundant there is of his having exhibited such excitement of manner as to have rendered anything he might do not surprising. Mr. Somerville, landscape-painter, lived in the house where Campbell lodged; he saw some fragments of the forthcoming poem, and was astonished at seeing anything "so highly finished and dignified in tone from a

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

youth whose demeanour was so unpretending, and whose ordinary conversation was quaint, queer, desultory, comic, occasionally querulous and sarcastic, but always the reverse of poetical." This led Somerville to watch his eccentric neighbour, and moods of "dark but very transient despondency" occasionally gave him great alarm.

"It often happened," says Somerville, "that he wanted 'to get away from himself.' One night, especially, he stalked in, knitting his brows, and without uttering one word, sat himself down before the fire—then, after a while, he took up the poker, and began to trace mathematical figures among the soot on the back of the chimney." In the manner of an insane man he addressed Somerville in insulting language; and, at last, the true pent-up feeling burst out. He had been working at the proofs of his poem till—whatever meaning the verses had or seemed to have—vanished away, and the whole thing appeared to him to be trash. It became torture to him to look at what he had done. "There are days," he added, "when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of those days. How heartily I wished for night."

That night they supped together. We are not sure that Dr. Beattie is right in his statement that Campbell was, at this period of his life, always temperate. They sate up till after one o'clock; and at that hour there seems no probability that they separated, as Somerville says, that about that hour Campbell became wildly merry—regarded it as a settled point that his poem was to make him a great man—fixed how and where he was to live; and his friend regarded him in all this as perfectly in earnest. "I told him," says Somerville, "that he had got a cross of the Spanish hidalgo in his character. Pride and hauteur shared largely in his composition. He would fire up at the remotest indications of an intentional slight or offence."

Never was a poem subjected to a severer ordeal than "The Pleasures of Hope," while yet in manuscript. Anderson insisted on the jealous correction of every line. The opening altogether dissatisfied him; and the publication was delayed till some happy hour of inspiration might supply something poetical enough for Anderson's scrupulous taste. His own character for discrimination was risked, as he had everywhere praised the poem; and Campbell was actually thrown into a fever by the perpetual efforts at correction imposed on him. At last the opening of the poem, as it at present stands, was hit upon. The original manuscript of the poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh. We trust that in future editions of "The Pleasures of Hope" such variations as the manuscript presents may be communicated to the public.

The poem was instantly successful, and it deserved its instant and great success. Its finished versification, in all probability, aided its immediate impression on the public mind more than it would, had it been published a few years after, when Scott had familiarized the lovers of poetry to the looser ballad rhymes in which his verse-romances were written. There was something in "The Pleasures of Hope" to delight every one: the leading topics of the day were seized on—the Slave Trade—the French Revolution—the Partition of Poland—a number of unconnected pictures were united by a bond which the imagination recognised, and which the judgment did not repudiate; for, distinct as the objects of Hope are, Hope itself is sufficiently one to give a kind of unity to the subject—a unity greater than was felt sufficient for poetical purposes in the case of Akenside's and Rogers' poems. Campbell is said, late in life, to have shed tears while reading the poetry of Goldsmith; and in some of his earliest verses he gives him praise of a kind that shows with what delight he had read the Traveller and the Deserted Village. A stronger proof of this is his unconscious imitation of Goldsmith's forms of expression—his easy idiomatic style in the description of the familiar scenes of domestic life—and the very cadence of his verses. No young writer's style can be altogether his own; but through Campbell's style, while it is often an echo of Goldsmith's, and yet oftener of Darwin's, there is a distinguishing tone—in some respect superior to that of either. In Darwin everything peculiar is glaring picture of mere sound: where he is best he is most unlike himself. Campbell, when he most reminds us of Darwin, is yet sure to relieve us from the intolerable glare by some appeal to the heart and mind. There is in Darwin a strange confusion, as if sounds were addressed to the eye and colours to the ear, and in all this dealing with the human mind, as influenced through the senses alone, he does not succeed in either producing music or picture. In Goldsmith we sometimes find repose, and almost languor, where you look for elevation. Campbell, though he can scarcely be said to have the exquisite graces of Goldsmith, even in his happiest passages, rarely allows the spirit of his reader to flag. Open anywhere "The Pleasures of Hope." One of Tur-

ner's beautiful engravings, in Moxon's edition of 1843, directs our eye to a passage near the beginning of the poem. The watchman on the moonlit sea is thinking of his home :—

"His native hills, that rise in happier climes—
The grot, that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale," &c.

These lines surely were the effect of Goldsmith's lines still echoing on the young poet's dreaming ear :—

"The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail," &c.

We transcribe a few lines, without saying whether they are from Darwin or from Campbell. Those who have but a general recollection of both poems will, we think, find some difficulty in saying from which poem they are :—

"Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime;
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky, ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush;
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct in one long centre fall,
And death and night and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form—
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same."

The poem immediately introduced Campbell into whatever of literary society there was in Edinburgh. Burns was but three years dead; and the men who hailed the advent of Burns were still living, and disposed to welcome with honour the young poet. Each day increased the popularity of his poem—each day increased the circle of his acquaintances. The Edinburgh booksellers gave him so many new commissions, that there was considerable danger of his becoming little better than a provincial literary hack. The Edinburgh *savans* and their wives asked him to so many dinners and soirées, that he describes himself as fagged to death, and as unable to fulfil his engagements with the booksellers. He appears to have at once given up, and for ever, all notions of studying medicine, which, when he came to Edinburgh, was among his purposes, to make his way to London. As his object was to obtain the means of livelihood among the booksellers, and as the profits of "The Pleasures of Hope" gave him the opportunity, he determined to ramble for a while through Germany, there to learn something of its language and literature before visiting London. In June 1800, he went to Newhaven, and then to Leith, from which he and his brother passed over to Hamburg. He was introduced to Klopstock, whom he describes as "a mild, civil, old man." "Our only intercourse was in Latin." He gave Klopstock a copy of the third edition of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Klopstock made his visit to Germany pleasant by giving him letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. He proceeded to Ratisbon; a letter to Anderson describes the scenery. We must make room for a sentence.

"The journey to Ratisbon was tedious but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forests, equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favoured spots there is such an union of wildness, variety, richness, and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road though a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable heaths that intersect each other. At last the shades of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad, grassy glen, lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon. It united with all the wildness of a Scotch glen the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempe itself. I would travel to the walls of China to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications that stretched in bold broken piles across the ridge of the mountains, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia, (where the French were expected to penetrate,) passed our carriage in a long broad line, and encamped in a wide plain at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of Red cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees; whilst the sound

of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills."

In all Campbell's poetry there is nothing better—we had almost said nothing so good: and the incidents of actual war which he beheld are described with equal effect. He was hospitably received by the Benedictine Monks of the Scottish College of St. James. He describes the splendour and sublimity of the Catholic service, which he probably heard for the first time; and the Cathedral music at Ratisbon he speaks of as grand beyond conception.

"On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a solemn ceremony was held. The passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate,' was chanted by a loud single voice from one end of the long echoing Cathedral. A pause more expressive than any sound succeeded, and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets, and drums broke in. I never conceived that the *terrific* in music could be carried to such a pitch."

In the Benedictine Monastery of St. James's, young Scotchmen were educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Its revenues have declined, and the Brotherhood, Dr. Beattie tells us, has latterly amounted but to six or seven individuals. They were strongly attached to the interests of the Stuarts; they had for the most part left Scotland at six or seven years of age, and every prejudice of religion and politics was carefully nourished. They and Campbell did not long continue friends. The Jacobite and the Jacobin cannot long hunt in couples. The monks had recommended Campbell to lodgings, where he was robbed by his host or his servants; and when he complained, the monks took part with the native against the stranger. Then came letters home from Campbell, describing the monks as "lazy, loathsome, ignorant, and ill-bred." He tells of one of them attacking him with the most blackguard scurrility, and this in their own refectory.

"I never," says Campbell, "found myself so carried away by indignation. I flew at the scoundrel, and would have rewarded his insolence had not the others interposed; but prevented as I have been from proceeding to extremities, what I have done is punishable by law, and the wretch has malevolence enough to take advantage of my rashness. O, if I had him at the foot of John's Hill, I would pummel his carroty locks, and thrash him to the gates of purgatory. I saw him to-day. I was on the bridge along with him, and had grasped my yellow stick to answer his first salutation if he had dared to address me, but he slunk past without saying a word."

This scene would have been enough to have separated Campbell from the Scotch monks; but he also speaks of the conversation whenever he went there turning on politics, and with very ignorant men—and both Campbell and the monks were exceedingly ignorant of the actual springs of European politics—it is not surprising that a temper of disputativeness on both sides, which seems inseparable from the blood which both inherited, rendered all society, in any true sense of the word, impossible.

Campbell's pecuniary means now began to fail, and his letters evince increasing gloom; but his was a mind that the slightest gleam of sunshine is sufficient to cheer, and even for his gloom he had then an unfailing resource in the glorious faculty of imagination. An engagement to supply occasional poems to the Morning Chronicle, by which he earned some two guineas for each little copy of verses, makes him the happiest of men, and the very incidents that had almost overcome his spirit, and made his friends fear that melancholy might deepen into insanity, became the subject of his poems. The lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria, are evidence of this. Campbell took advantage of an armistice between Austria and France, to make several excursions into the interior, but when hostilities were renewed, he became apprehensive of personal danger, and returned to Hamburgh. He settled for the winter months at Altona. From Altona his communications with the Morning Chronicle became frequent. Several of the poems which have been since collected into the authorized editions of his works, appeared for the first time in this form—many of them with his name, and some—for he began to fear that his name appearing too frequently in newspapers might injure his reputation—were printed without his name. Among the latter was "The Mariners of England," and we believe "The Exile of Erin." "Lochiel," and "Hohenlinden," at an after period, were first published without the author's name. Of "The Exile of Erin," we have Campbell's own account of the origin:—

"While tarrying at Hamburgh, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among them was Anthony M'Cann, an honest excellent man—who is still I believe alive—at least I left him in prosperous circumstances in Altona a few years ago.* When I first knew him,

* Written in 1837—M'Cann is since dead.

he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote 'The Exile of Erin.'"

The song is to an Irish air, to which more than one set of words had been written in Ireland—resembling Campbell's in metre, and the general turn of the sentiment. It seems certain that either among the Irish students at Glasgow, or with M'Cann and his associates, Campbell had fallen in with the air, and some one or other of these songs. One of these songs, which is said to have been written in 1792, begins with the words—

"Green were the fields, where my forefathers dwelt, oh
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
Though our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt, oh
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
At length came the day, when our lease did expire,
And fain would I live where before lived my sire;
But oh, well a day, I was forced to retire,
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh."

Campbell's acquaintanceship with M'Cann and his other Irish friends was likely to lead him into trouble. Perhaps some feeling of this made him not solicitous to connect his name with the "Exile of Erin." At Ratisbon he knew that his politics were more than suspected. In April he returned, *viâ* London, to his mother's, who had during his absence become a widow. While in London he made the acquainance, chiefly through Perry, of Lord Holland, Mackintosh, Rogers, and others of that class. His stay was short. He returned by sea. A lady who travelled by the same vessel, startled him by the information that Campbell the poet had been arrested in London for High Treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed. This was rather serious. "Coming events cast their shadows before." When he got to his mother's, he found her alarmed by similar reports. He at once wrote to the Sheriff of Edinburgh, saying he would wait on him to refute the calumny. Next morning he found the Sheriff disposed to deal kindly with him, but believing in his guilt. "Mr. Campbell, I wish you had not come to me, there is a warrant out against you for High Treason; you are accused of conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish in Hamburgh, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Take my advice, and do not press yourself on my notice." "Where are the proofs?" "Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburgh, and you came over from thence, in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill." Campbell insisted on an investigation of the charges. His trunks had been seized at Leith—they were examined for documentary proofs of his treason; among his papers was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England." This was not an hour to say more than was necessary of the authorship of the "Exile of Erin."

The Irish traitors after all were not treated with any great severity. Campbell tells Donovan's story, which, we dare say, was the story of dozens. At first, things looked bad enough. At Leith he was put into a post-chaise with a King's messenger, who humanely observed at every high post they passed on the road—"Look up, you Irish rascal, and see the height of the gallows from which you will be dangling in a few days."

"A twelvemonth after," says Campbell, "I met Donovan in London, and recognised my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. 'Ha, Donovan, I wish you joy in getting out of the Tower, where, I was told, they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.'—'Och!' said he, 'good luck to the Tower; black was the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one would get me into it for life.'—'My stars! and were you not in confinement?'—'Ne'er a bit of it. The Government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a State prisoner. The Tower jailer kept a glorious table; and he let me walk out where I liked all day long, pretty secure that I should return at meal times; and, then, he had a nice pretty daughter.'—'And don't you go and see her in the Tower?'—'Why, no, my dear fellow; the course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money, and she found out that my Irish estates, and all I had told her of their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So then your merciless Government ordered me to be liberated as a State prisoner. I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a Reporter to one of the newspapers."

While Donovan was living comfortably in the Tower, Campbell was experiencing the Irish adage, that virtue is its own reward. The poverty of his family had increased. An annuity, which constituted part of their support, had died with his father, and distress stared them in the face. A subscription edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" was the only resource that suggested itself. It is a sad thing to think how much of advantage to society has been lost by no arrangement having been made in Scotland, where all education is conducted by professional teaching—in Scotland, so justly proud of her literary men—

for Campbell's support, by connecting him with one of her Universities. In his project of a new edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" Scott and Jeffrey gave him such aid and encouragement as they could; and he went to Liverpool to see what could be done there. From Liverpool he went to London, and seems to have been connected with Lord Minto in some capacity of secretary. In the course of this year (1802) "Lochiel" was written. With the booksellers he contracted for a continuation of Smollett's "History of England," in three volumes, at £100 per volume, which appeared under the title of "Annals of George III." It is an exceedingly useful abridgment, plainly and unambitiously written; and we have found it a work of very convenient reference.

In a poem written in Germany, there are some allusions which Dr. Beattie does not think himself authorized distinctly to explain, to some love-dream which had been floating before the poet's fancy—

> "Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain,
> Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again."

And, at the same time, we find some verses, which we suppose his cousin Matilda was likely to think very beautiful:

> "Oh cherub, Content, at thy moss-covered shrine
> I could pay all my vows, if Matilda were mine.
> If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
> I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is not very passionate—still it was good enough for the newspaper in which it appeared, and the young lady was not likely to be a severer critic than Mr. Perry or his editor. Campbell, however, does not describe himself as falling in love with Matilda Sinclair for a couple of years after writing these verses; and as more than one political Irishman claims the honour of being the exile of Erin, perhaps some other Matilda was the heroine of these rhymes. The final Matilda, we are told by the poet, was a beautiful, lively, and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Rhine and Danube were more than matched by hers of the Rhone and Loire. In Geneva, too, she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish Ambassador seeing her at the Opera in a turban and feathers asked who she was; was told she was a Scottish lady; and thereupon said, he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health." The subscription for Campbell's poems was going on well; the booksellers owed him money for the "Annals," or rather he would be entitled to some when the commission was executed,—he had contracted, to be sure, a debt of £200, for which he paid £40 a-year interest—and he had in his desk a fifty pound note. The lady's father in vain endeavoured to persuade the young people of the madness of marriage in their circumstances. The poet would not listen; the lady did listen; but she got ill from anxiety—and so married they must be and they were.

Early in the next year, it was suggested to Campbell to apply for the Regent's chair in the University of Wilna. The best chance of the poet's success in obtaining the appointment depended on its not being known to those who might be his competitors that he was a candidate. He could not be expected to use the artifices of low intrigue, which, it was to be feared, could alone be successful if the office were thrown open to competition, and the very mention of his name in connexion with the appointment would at once have the effect of terminating the kind of engagements with publishers and journalists by which his daily bread was obtained. Passages from "the Pleasures of Hope" were likely to be cited by his opponents on the subject of the partition of Poland, which would at once dispose of his claims. The secret did, in spite of his care to guard it, transpire; and, after some communication with persons connected with the Russian legation, he felt it prudent to retire from the contest.

Campbell's letters at this time, though often written in ill health, and under depressing anxieties, shew that his married life was happy. A letter from a young female relation, who was at this time on a visit with them, says, "they were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusions, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep at him. On one occasion, she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would shew me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye

was raised—the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

He thought for awhile of Edinburgh for a residence, but London or its neighbourhood was the only place where the kind of employment he wanted was to be obtained. He had formed a connexion with the *Star* newspaper—we believe, translating for them matter from the foreign journals—which gave him four guineas a-week. He also wrote for Reviews; and he seems to have been anxiously looking round him to purchase a share in some Magazine, thinking something might be made by adding the publisher's profits to those of the literary man. His health, and that of his young family, rendered it desirable to live in the country; and he found a house at a moderate rent at Sydenham Common, from which he rode into town every day. He could scarcely have placed himself in any situation more favourable for health, or for study; and society was, in every sense of the word, good. He could reckon on two hundred a year from the "Star," and the "Philosophical Magazine;" both of which were conducted by the same proprietor. This did little to supply his wants, when out of it it is considered he had to keep a horse. He took whatever employment he could get. He wrote a vast deal, "dispirited," he says, "beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labour, and, of course, at an humble price." Overwork produced restlessness at night, and the necessity of having recourse to opiates. His Edinburgh friends continued to obtain subscriptions for his poems. Richardson—a friend of his who yet survives, was indefatigable—and Scott was active. There are some letters from Campbell to Scott, in which two or three projects of publishing lives of the British poets, and large editions of their works, in partnership, are suggested; they failed. In one of the letters to Scott, we have the "Battle of Copenhagen," the first form of the "Battle of the Baltic." Some exceedingly spirited stanzas are omitted in the recast, still the second poem is far superior to the first. Dr. Beattie has also given us the opportunity of comparing "Lochiel's Warning" as it now stands with the original draft. The "Battle of Copenhagen" is cut down to a third of its original dimensions. "Lochiel" is amplified by additional incidents, and the pictures are throughout heightened. Both poems are greatly improved; and to young poets, we think, the comparison of these works in their first and in their finished state, would be a most useful study.

A letter to Scott, dated Oct. 2, 1805, concludes with the postscript, "*His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of* £200 *a-year on me.* God save the King."

Campbell himself, and other writers who have addressed the public through the various channels of periodical literature, have been the main instruments in creating a Public, and thus giving the chance of respectable bread to those who may select this unobtrusive way of communicating instruction. It is probable that the author will at all times be less highly paid than the clergyman or the physician, but that he has the means of living at all, with the ordinary decencies of life, is due to Johnson, above all other men, and, after him, to those who have rendered it impossible that men shall consent to do without intellectual food. There is not a nook of Scotland which is not better for having produced Burns. His poems and Campbell's would not, in all probability, have been published at all, if it were not for local subscriptions. The love of letters, now diffused everywhere, renders such patronage no longer necessary; and there now is, probably, a stronger feeling against an expedient of the kind than suggested itself to any one in the year 1805. However this be, at the time when Campbell obtained the pension, which, as far as is known, was given by Fox at Lord Holland's solicitation, it did not appear unbecoming to his friends to seek to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. Horner worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, "It may do you good, among the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt* put his name to the subscription when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the Ministers will follow him."

With this letter, says Beattie, "closed the year 1805—an eventful year to Campbell. It left him in improved health, with new friends, a settled income, and cheering prospects."

There appears strong reason to believe that Fox did not intend his favours to Campbell to end with the pension. It was small, and it was reduced by taxation and fees of office, to £168 a year. Lord Grenville interested himself for him, and his friends thought their success certain, when Fox's death defeated their hopes. It is probable that Fox himself would have felt delight in serving Campbell. Campbell tells of a dinner in company with Fox at Lord Hol-

* Pitt died three weeks after the date of this letter.

land's—the poet was charmed with him. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time—to converse familiarly with the great man whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners—and to walk arm-in-arm round the room with him." They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell; he is so right about Virgil."

Campbell, we said, rode each day into London. This became fatiguing; there were frequent invitations to dinner parties which could not well be refused. His health was unequal to the slightest excess, and "the foundation was laid for habits, that in after years he found it hard, or even impossible to conquer."

It would appear that the variety of his engagements, and still more the perplexity of his circumstances, prevented his writing any poetry for some two or three years. He looked round him for some German poem to translate, and asked Scott to direct his attention to something in that way. It is fortunate that he found none, as we should probably not have had his Gertrude of Wyoming, which was now commenced.

Among Campbell's most intimate friends at Sydenham was a family of the name of Mayo, and in a letter to one of the ladies of the family he tells her, that in his description of the father of Gertrude, Wynell Mayo, the father of his correspondent, was represented.

He quotes a few lines of the poem from his manuscript, which are not materially altered in the printed copy:—

"How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
Undimm'd by weakness, shade, or turbid ire,
When all but kindly fervours were assuaged:
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire:
And though amid that calm of thought entire
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire,
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day."

We regret that Dr. Beattie seems unable to tell us anything about the origin of Gertrude, the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works. This is the more provoking, as, from the complexity of the stanza alone, it is impossible that it should not have undergone, in almost every line, repeated changes. A passage from La Fontaine's romance of Barneck and Saldorf, is printed by Dr. Beattie, from some fancied resemblance to the story of Gertrude. We have not read La Fontaine's romance, but there is nothing in the passage quoted which would suggest the slightest obligation from either writer to the other, and there is not any evidence that Campbell ever saw La Fontaine's work, which, from the date given by Beattie, would appear to have been printed in Berlin only a year or two before. Between Campbell's poem of Gertrude and Chateaubriand's Atala, there are some points of resemblance—not in the story, but in the general picture of American scenery and of Indian manners. The contrasts of savage and social life are also brought out in very much the same kind of feeling. The "Areouski" and the "Manitous" are, perhaps necessarily, common property; and the mention of the God to whom the Christians pray, in the same language, does not show more than that each imitates, with such skill as he can, the reputed dialect of the native tribes. The same may, perhaps, be said of "the fever-balm and sweet sagamite;" and the sound of Outalissi, as a name for an Indian warrior, may have equally affected both poets; but there are resemblances of a different kind, and we think that the study of Chateaubriand, more than anything else, has misled Campbell into the few instances of false painting that surprise us in Gertrude. Chateaubriand's scene is in Florida. This Campbell forgets; and we suspect that some of the plants and birds of Florida are by this accident brought into Pennsylvania.

The deep untrodden Grot,

"Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore,"

was closed by mountains to the east, and open to the west. It was a spot where the native tribes in days of old might perhaps "explore their father's dust, or lift their voice to the Great Spirit"—

Rocks sublime,
To human heart a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by time.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue.
And now suspended was the pleasing din—
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ—heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet the symphony begin.

Chateaubriand's description of the Indian cemeteries, in a passage which we are com-

pelled to quote at length, we cannot but think suggested the passage we have quoted from Campbell.

"De-là nous arrivâmes à une gorge de vallée ou je vis un ouvrage merveilleux: c'était un pont naturel, semblable à celui de la Virginie, dont tu a peut-être entendu parler. Les hommes, mon fils, surtout ceux de ton pays, imitent souvent la nature, et leurs copies sont toujours petites; il n'en est pas ainsi de la nature quand elle a l'air de vouloir imiter les travaux des hommes, mais en leur offrant en effet des modèles. C'est alors qu'elle jet des ponts du sommet d'une montagne au sommet d'une autre montagne, suspend les chemins dans les nues, refond des fleuves pour canaux, sculpte des monts pour colonnes, et pour bassins creuse des mers.

"Nous passâmes sous l'arche unique de ce pont, et nous nous trouvâmes devant une autre merveille. C'était le cimetière des Indiens de la Mission, ou *les bocages de la Mort*. Le père Aubry avait permis à ses néophytes d'ensevelir leurs morts à leur manière et de conserver à leur sépulture son nom sauvage. Le sol en était divisé, comme le champ commun des moissons, en autant de lots qu'il y avait de familles. Chaque lot faisait à lui seul un bois, qui variait selon le goût de ceux qui l'avaient planté. Un ruisseau serpentait sans bruit au milieu de ces bocages; on l'appelait *le ruisseau de la paix;* ce riant asile des ames etait fermé à l'orient par la pont sous lequel nous avions passé: deux collines le bornaient au septentrion et au midi: il ne s'ouvrait qu'à l'occident ou s'élevait un grand bois des sapins. Les troncs de ces arbres, rouges, marbrés de vert, montant sans branche jusqu'à leur cime, ressemblaient à de hautes colonnes, et formaient le peristile de ce temple de la Mort. Dans ce bois régnoit un bruit religieux semblable au sourd mugissement d'une église Chrétienne: mais lorsqu'on pénétrait au fond du sanctuaire on n'entendait plus que les hymnes des oiseaux, qui célébraient à la mémoire des morts une fête éternelle."

The remarkable expression of the forests rolling their "verdant gulfs," we have in another passage:—

"J'entraînai la fille de Simagham aux pieds des côteaux, que formaient des golfes de verdure, en avançant leur promontoires dans la savane."

In Campbell's description of Pennsylvanian scenery minute inaccuracies have been shewn, but in the descriptions of a terrestrial paradise this is a permitted license, and the general effect is true. An American who met him at Dr. Beattie's in 1840, told him it was as true to nature as if written on the spot. "I read," said Campbell, "every description I could find of this valley and could lay hands on, and saw several travellers who had been there. I should wish to see it, but am too old to undertake the voyage, and yet I don't like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. My heart is as young as ever." His American friend told him of a pilgrimage that he and others were led to make to the spot, from their admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and, when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius." Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said —"God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. This is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before—to think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet." When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. "Take it with you," were his words, "and if, with *your* '*Gertrude*,' you ever go again to the valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this.'"

Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of Gertrude, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, who was represented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper.

"The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brandt—
With all his howling desolating band."

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman, with an English name, called on Campbell, demanding, on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in Stone's "Life of Brandt," addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyonwalghs*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Grand River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his notion of Brandt's character was founded, and which it seems misrepresented it altogether. It was no doubt a strange scene, and the poet could with truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that he should ever

have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error; and he does so, by saying in a note, that the "Brandt" of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction. This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks anything less than this is a repetition of the offence. Beattie ought to have published the correspondence.

The next poem of Campbell's was O'Connor's child. "The theme," says Dr. Beattie, "was suggested by seeing a flower in his own garden, called 'Love lies bleeding.'" Beattie in communicating this information, uses inverted commas, but does not say whether he gives us the poet's words or not, and we should wish to know the fact, as it would in some degree affect our estimate of the poem. Nothing can be more perfect than this poem is throughout. In one or two passages of "The Pleasures of Hope," and in a few wild words at the close of the "Battle of the Baltic," the students of Campbell's poetry might be prepared for lines expressive of what Schiller, or one of his translators calls, "the fancifulness of despair."*

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

"Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!"

The wildness of the fancies through the whole poem—the leading thought of her lover's death everywhere re-appearing, and linked with the flower that first grew upon his grave, is, we think, almost more beautifully conceived, and more beautifully expressed, than anything we know in English poetry. The old fancies of the hyacinth and Shakespeare's little western flower'—' before milk-white, now purple with love's wound" —fade into nothingness before it.† Campbell himself has been known to say that he preferred "O'Connor's Child" to any other of his poems. It was, he said, rapidly written—the work of a fortnight. In the illustrated edition of the poems, there are two misprints, which, as they alter the meaning, we had better point out. One is—

"And I behold, Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod."

The other is—

"Dragg'd to that hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day."

In the first, the word printed "behold" should be *beheld*,—in the other, the word "knew" should be *know*. In both, a meaning inconsistent with the general feeling of the passage is unfortunately suggested.

We cannot follow Dr. Beattie in narrating how the means of life were made out by Campbell. He lectured—he published specimens of the poets, accompanied with criticism, always sensible, often acute; but his prose has no abiding life. It did its day's work. Letters from Paris, which he visited in 1814, are printed. They contain little more than his impressions about works of art, with the principles of which he was not sufficiently acquainted to justify us in transcribing what he says—and his opinion of Mrs. Siddons, which he afterwards worked into a sort of trade life of her. In 1821, he undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, which he continued for nine or ten years. At the end of this time, he found himself in the publisher's debt, and felt obliged to look round him for employment of the same kind. He became editor of the "Metropolitan Magazine," and soon after, Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to purchase a share in the Metropolitan. The money had a narrow escape, as the bankruptcy of some copartner occurred at the time. Rogers had refused taking any security, but Campbell insured his life, and had some deed executed that gave Rogers rights against whatever property he had. Camp-

* See a translation of the "Kindesmörderinn" in Merivale's Schiller.

† A fancy of the same kind now and then appears in the old ballads or poems published as such. In a Jacobite song of 1745, printed in Cromek's Remains, we have the lines:—

"My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that harebell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom."

For Shakespeare's "little western flower," the reader who has the opportunity of referring to Halpin's "Essay on the Vision of Oberon," published by the Shakespeare Society, or Craik's "Romance of the Peerage," will probably receive great pleasure and instruction from their examination of the allegory. We do not say that we quite agree with them, or either of them. Craik's "Romance of the Peerage" is a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature. Much of it is drawn from sources hitherto neglected, or very imperfectly explored.

bell, though always a struggling man, seems to have been anxious that his improvidence should not injure his friends. To his own family—his mother and sisters, his generosity was very great.

The book contains some very painful scenes,on which,we do not think it desirable to enter. Of two children of his marriage, one died in infancy; the other was, during his father's life, in such doubtful health as to render it necessary that he should live at a distance from home under medical care. Campbell felt it necessary to live in London, and he felt it necessary to allow himself to be made chairman of Polish Clubs, and to preside at patriotic dinners. This brought him acquainted with strange companions, whom it was not at all times possible to get rid of. Dr. Beattie tells us of some affecting scenes, when the broken-hearted man was thoughtlessly reproached at his own table by a guest who thought the host had taken too much wine, and who ought himself either not to have taken any, or not stopped at what is not inappropriately called the cross drop.

In the cause of education Campbell was at all times an enthusiast. To him, above all others, is to be ascribed the origination and success of the London University. His election to the Rectorship of Glasgow University was the most gratifying incident of his life, and it resulted in permanent advantages to that institution.

Campbell resided for a while at St. Leonard's, and afterwards settled in London. These were moments of great pecuniary difficulty and embarrassment; but towards the close of life, and at the moment when such relief was most seasonable, additions came to his income by some two or three legacies. In one instance, the sum that seemed providentially sent came in vain, for without waiting to consult any one, he laid it out in an annuity for his own life, which lasted for little more than a year after this transaction.

His wife had been some years dead. There is some obscure intimation of his making some overtures towards a second marriage, which failed. He was fond, passionately fond of children, and it occurred to him that one of his nieces—a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years of age—might come from Scotland to be his housekeeper. He was to teach her French. His only son was sufficiently provided for; and the poet promised her parents to leave her whatever little property he might have at his death.

In one respect alone are we dissatisfied with Dr. Beattie's book. In every line of it there breathes the strongest affection towards the poet, and yet how, where, or when their intimacy commenced, the book gives us no information whatever. For many of the latter years of Campbell's life, Dr. Beattie was his most anxious friend, and we believe it is in the strictest sense of the word true, that but for him that life must have closed long before it did. Campbell removed to Boulogne in September 1843. Every object of his removal was disappointed. He found the place scarcely cheaper than that which he left; he found the climate worse; he had all the trouble and expense of a removal. He fixed plans of study, and tried to execute them. The custom-house regulations interfered with his receiving English books. He would, when weary of reading, diversify the day by conversation; but where were his old friends? "Home-sickness," says his kind physician, "was on him."

He sought to write to his friends, but his letters became few and short; still they were cheerful. At last, a letter from his niece brought over Dr. Beattie. When he arrived, he found a Sister of Charity assisting her in attending on the dying poet. When Beattie was introduced into his chamber, he complained of chilliness—morbid chilliness. He held out his hand, and thanked Beattie, and the other friends who had come to assist him.

This was June the 4th. On the 6th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing. I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

The next day swelling of the feet appeared. In answer to an inquiry, he replied, with a remarkable expression of energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind. I am quite"—Beattie lost the last word, but thinks it was "resigned." "Then, with shut eyes and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent but thoughtful. When I took leave at night, his eyes followed me anxiously to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?'" Dr. Beattie's journal records a few days passed like the last. Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. Beattie was thinking of the lines in THE LAST MAN, when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour."

> This spirit shall return to Him
> Who gave the heavenly spark;
> Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
> When thou thyself art dark!
> No! it shall live again, and shine
> In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
> By Him recall'd to breath
> Who captive led captivity—
> Who robb'd the grave of victory,
> And took the sting from death.

"To his niece he said, 'Come, let us sing praises to Christ;' then, pointing to the bedside, he added, 'Sit here.' 'Shall I pray for you?' she said. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'let us pray for each other.'"

The liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." "The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, '*We shall see* * * *to-morrow*,'—naming a long departed friend." On the next day he departed without a struggle.

This was the fifteenth of June; on Thursday, the 27th, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, in a new grave, in the centre of Poets' corner. Among the mourners in the funeral procession were the Duke of Argyle, and other representatives of the house of Campbell; Sir Robert Peel and Lord Strangford. Lord Brougham was there, and Lockhart and Macaulay. A monument is projected to his memory, and on the committee are Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

Among Dr. Beattie's recollections of the poet's conversations a year or two before, he tells of the emphasis with which he repeated Tickell's lines on the burial of Addison. "Lest I should forget them," Dr. Beattie adds, "he sent me a copy of them next day in his own handwriting." With these lines from one of the most affecting poems in the language, we close our notice of a book in many respects honourable to its author; in none more than in his anxious wish to conceal the faults and to vindicate the memory of his distinguished friend.

> Can I forget the dismal night that gave
> My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
> How silent did his old companions tread,
> By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead!
> Through breathing Statues, then unheeded
> things;
> Through rows of warriors, and through walks
> of kings!
> What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire—
> The pealing organ, and the pausing choir!
> The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
> And the last words that "dust to dust" convey'd.
> While speechless o'er thy closing grave we
> bend,
> Accept those tears, thou dear departed friend.
> Oh, gone for ever! take this last adieu,
> And sleep in peace.

ART. VIII.—*Report from the Select Committee on Public Business, together with the Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th August, 1848.

THE ensuing Session of Parliament can scarcely pass over in the same manner as the last. The upheaving of the Continent, with the overthrow of its Governments, on the one hand, and the outbreak in Ireland, on the other, combined with the disorganized state of our political parties to enable ministers, last year, to tide through an unusually prolonged Session without any effective opposition, notwithstanding the signal and disgraceful failure of their budget, the abandonment of almost all their promised measures of improvement, and the derelinquishment, in a great measure, so far as legislation was concerned, of the functions of a Government. They cannot expect a like forbearance during the Session that is about to commence. The country will not again submit, to the mockery of Parliament sitting for nine months, and leaving no results beyond three, or at most four, Acts which will be of any permanent benefit to the country, and these not of great value in themselves, except the Health of Towns Bill, and far within—in respect to the advantages conferred by them—what they ought to have been. Even if the state of

the Continent and of Ireland should continue as unsettled and disturbed as during the eventful year which has lately closed, men would not acquiesce in that policy of stationary inaction which during its currency our Legislature pursued. The first effect, indeed, of such convulsions, as we have witnessed among the nations abroad, is to produce a pause,—to create a cautious dread of making *any* movement, lest the mere motion should precipitate an unlooked for and disastrous crisis. Now, however, that our stability for the time has been ascertained, and our position thoroughly reconnoitred and understood, reflection and experience draw from such convulsions, as the true lesson which they teach, this conclusion, that not another moment should be lost in remedying existing abuses, relieving the people from unjust burdens, convincing them that the Constitution under which they live is truly fitted beneficently to improve their condition and to fulfil the objects of social government, and enlisting in its support, by a participation in its franchises, those classes who may be relied on as intelligent friends of order, instead of leaving them to swell the ranks of its enemies, driven there by a sense of the injustice done them in their exclusion. We can scarcely believe that there exists a single anti-reformer or protectionist, who, looking back to last February, would calmly and deliberately desire that the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws had been then still to be agitated for, and who does not now feel in his heart that the safety of this country, amid the crash of continental kingdoms, was owing, under God, to these two measures having been previously accomplished. All thinking men must be more thoroughly confirmed, by the events of last year, in their conviction of the fearful danger of resisting reforms rendered necessary by the advance of society, till the pressure becomes so great as to burst through every barrier, and, consequently, in all likelihood, to sweep away in an overwhelming flood, not merely the obstacles to improvement, but the whole existing political institutions of the country, leaving it open to the disorders and desolations of anarchy, or, to what is scarcely less to be deplored, the iron domination of military despotism. A loud call will therefore be made on the Government for *action*—for an advance onward ; and if they do not respond to it in a way fitted to meet, to a considerable extent, the desires of the country, they must be prepared to abide an assault which, though it may not peril their existence as a Ministry, will at least require all their own energies, and the strenuous aid of former political opponents, in order to repel it.

Arrangements have already been made for such an assault, in the more complete organization, as a separate political party, of those liberal members of the House of Commons who recognise Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden as their leaders, and whose strength and influence will mainly depend on the zeal with which they are supported, beyond the walls of Parliament, in regard to the special question which they have selected for their first battle-field, that of Financial Reform. The position about to be taken up by these members will render necessary some re-formation and new combinations among the other parties in the House. The Ministry, bereft of the support of so large a portion of their followers, now to be arrayed resolutely against them, must, of necessity, rely on the aid of former opponents of the Conservative party, unless they are prepared to go much further than any one at present expects ; and, so far as regards the high Tory portion of that party, we believe they may rely with confidence on such aid being given them—not only on the question of Financial Reform, but also generally, to maintain them in the administration of the affairs of the country. For a short time after the death of Lord George Bentinck, it was supposed that that event might open up a way for a re-union of the two divisions of the Conservative body, so as to hold out the prospect of the restoration of an united Conservative Government with Peel at its head ; without which re-union, a Conservative ministry could not be constituted with any hope of permanency. Subsequent declarations, however, of continued personal hostility to Sir Robert, on the part of the protectionists, seem to preclude all likelihood of their again taking him for their leader ; and, indeed, the circumstances attending their previous connexion and separation present, we should think, an insurmountable barrier to their acting together. So far back as May 1844, when Sir Robert was still upholding the Corn Laws, we ventured to record our opinion, that even then, the aristocracy whom he served looked on him with lively suspicion. "On the other hand," we observed, "they, mortified to find themselves, with all their power and influence, so dependent on his talents and management, jealous of his profession of liberal views which they can scarcely reconcile with devotion to their service, cannot but harbour the strongest suspicion, that if he could base his own power on another equally sure foundation, he would betray their

cause." They now believe that he *did* betray their cause; and though this might be forgiven in consideration of the effect of the repeal of the Corn Laws, in the protection which that measure must now be acknowledged to have provided against revolution and anarchy, they are doubtless convinced that his change of conduct as to that matter did not result from a change of opinion, but was the mere carrying out of long held, but long concealed, views which would lead him again, if he had the power, to the adoption, when fitting opportunities occurred, of other measures, equally obnoxious to them, and equally injurious, as they fancy, to their interests as a class. Even, therefore, in their present hopeless destitution of leaders of their own body, they will not in all likelihood turn again to Sir Robert Peel. If so, however, they can scarcely venture to assume power themselves, and consequently, they will not seek to turn out the Whigs, and so place the reins of government in hands in which they would be far more unwilling to see them. To them, therefore, Lord John Russell may confidently look for support against the attacks of the more advanced section of the Liberal party, not only in resisting their demands for retrenchment and further reform, but generally, we should anticipate, in maintaining him in power, inasmuch as they may justly consider the interests which they chiefly regard, safer under his government than under one in which the influence of Sir Robert Peel would be predominant.

The old division, into Whig and Tory, is fast breaking down, and a new fusion and casting of parties is in rapid progress. Of this the recent contest in the West Riding of Yorkshire presented at once a proof and a specimen. The immense constituency of that important district may be taken as affording a fair representation of the general constituency of the empire, including, as it does, within it all classes and all interests, in a proportion not differing greatly from that in which they exist in the nation at large. At the late election this constituency was nearly equally divided; but the two divisions were totally distinct from those which, from time immemorial, had prevailed in Yorkshire. The Fitzwilliams and the Lascelleses no longer headed the opposing hosts of Whigs and Tories, each phalanx combining a due mixture of the aristocracy, the farmers, and the traders of the county. They now fought in the same ranks. The Tory and the Whig aristocracy, with their respective dependents and adherents, were arrayed, as one united body, in opposition to that of the great mass of the free-trading reformers who, with the force derived from the enthusiasm consequent on the victory of the Corn-Law League, so triumphantly seated Mr. Cobden, at the last general election, without a contest. The division exhibited on this occasion will, we doubt not, ere long, be that which will separate the whole constituencies of the kingdom into two opposing parties. The members of the present House of Commons who hold the views represented by the defeated candidate in the Yorkshire election are, as yet, it is true, a comparatively small portion of its total number; but they constitute a nucleus round which will be formed a most powerful and influential body, constituting one of the two divisions between which the contest for power, and for the administration of the affairs of the empire, will thenceforward be waged. Preparatory to this contest, the *old* Whig party will disappear. As Mr. Fitzwilliam had to retreat from the arena in Yorkshire, so the party of which he was a representative will have to withdraw from the national arena whereon it has so long performed such a conspicuous part, and it will be chiefly merged in the general aristocratic body, formed by such a union throughout the nation as was effected for the time between the Whig and Tory aristocracy of Yorkshire at the recent election.

Meanwhile, and until the new parties in the progress of arrangement shall be more fully developed, and more distinctly formed, the Protectionists, who must now be hopeless of resisting the further progress of free-trade principles, but who, in regard to many subjects of the deepest concern to the aristocracy, as a body, have ground to rely far more certainly on Lord John Russell than on Sir Robert Peel, will incline to support the former. His natural sympathies, like his connexions, are all towards the aristocracy; and the old Whig party, whose sentiments he very truly reflects, was eminently aristocratic. In particular, his support of the Established Church, being founded on real attachment and decided principle, will be persevering and resolute; and the maintenance of the Establishment will *ultimately* form one of the grand questions on which the two future political parties of the country will be mainly opposed. The great strength of the Church of England, founded not merely on its intimate connexion with the aristocracy, and the existence of such a powerful interest on their part to maintain it, but on the opinion and reverence of a large proportion of the population of all classes, will prevent any question as to its

overthrow being directly raised for years to come. But come that question will; and, considering the railway-speed at which events advance now-a-days, it may come sooner than is anticipated. The prospect of its advent, however, must even now affect the composition of the political parties undergoing the process of re-casting. Accordingly, in the West Riding election the supporters of the Establishment were found generally ranged on the side of the aristocracy, while the great body of the Dissenters took their place in the opposing ranks. Now, on this great question, while the aristocracy may fully rely, as we have said, on the hearty and continued support of Lord John Russell, they can scarcely look for that of Sir Robert Peel beyond the period during which he may need the support of the Church more than it needs his. They will not probably forget that he was the champion of the cause of Roman Catholic exclusion till the moment when his defection secured the triumph of that of Emancipation; and that he upheld the Corn Laws till the crisis when a blow from his hand could deal destruction to them; and they will consequently anticipate that, if the period should arrive when the Church has to engage in a life-and-death struggle for existence, though he may have stood by it steadily up to that instant, he might then turn round, and lead its assailants to a certain victory. We incline, therefore, to look for such a co-operation between the Tory party and Lord John Russell as will, for the present, maintain him in power, and may ultimately lead to a permanent connexion between him and them. As for Sir Robert Peel, he will scarcely commit himself to the movement now commenced, till it has made farther progress, and attained a surer prospect of final success. Meanwhile, he will give a general countenance to the principle of effecting every practical reform in the financial and other branches of administration; and, standing aloof from any specific proposition as to extent or details, he will exhibit his own unquestionably superior qualifications for dealing with such reforms —pointing out the practical errors of the authors of the various "amateur budgets" that have been or may be brought forward, and leading the country as much as possible to the inference that no one is better fitted than himself to effect a great and substantial relief in the burdens of the country, without any sacrifice of its security or influence. And truly the country is well prepared to believe this of him. With a nearly unbounded confidence in his sagacity, and in his tact in seizing the critical moment for accomplishing his objects, they believe that he is, at heart, in favour of the *movement*, while his very caution and system of concealment impress them with a mysterious conviction of his skill and power in commanding success. If he saw his way clear to assume the leadership of the movement party, and to take office with their support, he would probably enlist under him many of the adherents of the present Ministry, who would not willingly make the stand to which their leader inclines; and we believe that the great mass of the non-partisan portion of the people, and almost the whole of the trading and commercial community, would rally round him, raising him to power, and maintaining him there, in despite of all the aristocratical or party interest that could be exerted against him. He is too cautious, however, to take such a step suddenly, and before he himself sees clearly that such anticipations as these would certainly be realized. During this session, therefore, in all probability, while we shall witness a more thoroughly organized opposition to the Ministry, and more numerous as well as more vigorous assaults on their administration, we shall also, in all likelihood, unless the feeling out of doors be so strongly expressed as to encourage a decided movement on the part of Sir Robert Peel, see them still in office at the end of it; more from the non-existence, as yet, of any party able to take their place, than from confidence in them on the part either of the constituency or of their representatives. Still they will have an arduous session to work through, and several most important and urgent questions to dispose of. To one or two of these we propose shortly directing the attention of our readers, but we must first advert to a preliminary subject of no inconsiderable importance, which will probably engage the attention of Parliament, viz., the improvement of the mode of conducting its business, so as, in some measure, to check the interminable delays which interrupt, to such an extent, the progress of legislation, and to admit of a greater approximation being made towards the business of the country being really done.

Not long before last session closed, this subject was referred to a select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed "to consider the best means of promoting the despatch of public business in this House." The Committee included the leading men on all sides of the House; and it had the peculiar advantage of receiving evidence not only from the Speaker, as to the improvements which his experience suggested, but also from M. Guizot, as to the conduct of business in the French Chambers, and from Mr. Curtis, an American citizen, as to that

of the United States' Congress. The recommendations of the Speaker had mainly in view the checking of the interruptions to debates, by motions for adjourning the House, or for adjourning the debate, affording a means of bringing to a close a debate already adjourned, and saving some out of the "eighteen" questions which, in addition to those in Committee, must of necessity be put in order to carry any one bill through the House, and on each of which questions, and every amendment upon them, a separate debate and division may now take place. The evidence of M. Guizot and Mr. Curtis chiefly related to the methods in use, in the French Chambers and in Congress, for closing debates, and as to the rule, in the latter Assembly, for restricting the length of the speeches of individual members, called the "one hour rule," from the period to which each member is limited.

The privilege possessed in our House of Commons of over and over again, in the course of the same discussion, moving an adjournment of the House, or of the debate, affords a means of most unduly and unfairly obstructing the business, and of evading the rule which prevents any member from speaking twice on the same question; while the practice of adjourning debates from night to night, extending them sometimes over several weeks, has become an intolerable nuisance, grievously wasting the time of Parliament, and seriously injuring the effectiveness of the discussions. During last session, this grievance reached an unprecedented height. Several adjourned debates were more than once depending at the same time; and the whole public business was disarranged, and postponed, in a manner destructive to the service of the country, and most pernicious from the disgust and contempt towards the proceedings of the House of Commons which were thereby generated in the minds of the community. For checking these great and yearly augmenting evils, the Speaker suggested, that all questions for adjournment made in the course of a debate—whether for the adjournment of the House or of the debate—should be decided *without discussion;* that a division on it—which occupies a considerable portion of time—should not be allowed, unless at least twenty-one members should stand up in their places and say "aye" to the motion; and that such motion, if negatived, should not again be repeated till after the lapse of one hour; while, for bringing adjourned debates finally to a close, he proposed, that a modified scheme, like the methods resorted to in the French Chambers and the United States' Congress, should be adopted. In the former, any member, or members, wishing the debate closed, call "la clôture;" one member only of those objecting to this can be heard to speak against it, and none can speak in its favour; but the question is put without further discussion, "must the debate be closed?" and if that question be decided in the affirmative, the debate ceases, and the main question is put to the vote. In Congress, again, the same object is effected by means of what is termed the "previous question." This is very different from that which goes by the same name with us, and is simply this, "shall the main question be now put?" When this question is demanded, the Speaker inquires if it be "seconded," or supported, and all who concur in the demand rising, they are counted by the Speaker, who, if there be a majority in its favour, then puts this previous question, and if that pass in the affirmative, all debate ceases, and the questions on the amendments made, and on the bill before the House, are put without further debate. These methods are said to have worked well, and never to have been abused by the majority; but, unless somewhat modified, they could scarcely be adopted in our House of Commons without risk of surprises; the quorum of the House being only forty, and the residences of members so scattered and distant as to preclude their being speedily brought up on an unexpected motion to close the debate. The modification suggested by the Speaker was, that the motion for this purpose should only be competent at one specific period,—namely, before the order of the day for resuming an adjourned debate is read; and that it should not be actually carried into effect by a compulsory closing of the discussion, till two o'clock in the morning of the sitting at which the resolution to close may have been carried. His proposition was, that if the House should so agree to a resolution that the debate be not further adjourned, no member should be allowed to rise after two o'clock in the morning of that same sitting; at which hour, if not previously decided, the Speaker should put the question. If notice that such a motion was to be made on resuming an adjourned debate were required, nothing, we think, could be more reasonable and judicious than such a method of bringing a debate to a close; and we cannot doubt that it would greatly improve the character and spirit of the discussion, in addition to the immense saving in the time of the House, by compelling members to condense their speeches. The Speaker remarks, "I have frequently observed, that debates on Wednesdays," (on

which day the House always rises at a fixed hour,) "when there happens to be an important question under discussion, (for instance, the debates of last session on Lord Ashley's Bill,) are remarkably good. Some of the best debates I have ever heard in the House have taken place on Wednesday's sitting, when every member was obliged to speak very shortly to enable the House to come to a decision upon the question."

Neither of the Speaker's suggestions, however, whether as to adjournments, or the closing of debates, has been adopted by the Committee, who content themselves with recommending some useful enough, but comparatively immaterial changes, and also the waiver of the Commons' privileges, as to money clauses, in bills brought down from the Lords, so far as relates to certain pecuniary penalties or fees; and who chiefly rely "for the prompt and efficient despatch of business of the House," upon "increased consideration on the part of members in the exercise of their individual privileges," and, above all, "upon Her Majesty's Government, holding, as they do, the chief control over its management."

We greatly fear that any reliance on the "increased consideration on the part of members" will prove altogether fallacious, unless matters be brought into such a state that their conduct will bring upon them a degree of odium, in reference to the opinion and feelings of the public as well as of the House, which could only be borne by men such as Mr. Chisholm Anstey. One of the drawbacks to the advantages derived from a more popular constituency is the greatly augmented desire, on the part of members, to exhibit themselves to their constituents as taking part in the discussions of the House; and, when circumstances favour, instead of repressing, the gratification of this very natural desire, it is not to be wondered at that the utmost possible advantage should be taken of these. Now, in the first place, the enormous extent of Committee business, which occupies so many members during the whole of the forenoon, produces this, among other injurious results, that the House is always very thin for the first four or five hours after it meets. Till ten o'clock, the attendance is so limited, that the leaders and chief speakers seldom address the House; and the consequence is, that many members who would not venture to compete for the eye of the Speaker with men of qualifications and authority universally acknowledged, seize with eagerness the opportunity, so constantly in this way offered them, of showing off in the eyes of their constituents, by speeches which, though spoken to empty benches, make as good an appearance in the newspapers as if addressed to a crowded House; and thereafter others of the same grade, in order not to appear behind, feel themselves subjected to a necessity of forcing themselves on the House, so as inevitably to lead to repeatedly renewed adjournments of the debate, before those members can be heard to whom the House and the country look for really discussing the question. To a certaint extent it is not undesirable that such opportunities should be given, but as matters go on at present, nearly half of the time during which the House sits for public business is lost, and there seems no prospect of a remedy, unless Parliament would consent to transfer to some other and more suitable tribunal a great deal of the business which calls for the morning labour of so many Committees. We are convinced that the rights of the lieges, so far as regards the subjects of railways, roads, the division of commons, and other matters of a like nature, could scarcely be in worse hands than those of a Committee of the House of Commons; but we have no hope whatever that they will give up their hold of these branches of their legislative power by subjecting them to the control of a judicial tribunal; and so we must continue to submit to the evils which result from their engrossing more business than they can possibly perform with a due regard to the service of the public and the State.

In the second place, however, the main encouragement to the practice of undue and unnecessary speechifying, on the part of individual members, arises from the circumstance that Government does not so conduct the public business of the country as to force them to feel, and enable the community clearly to see, that such parties are the real and true obstacles to the progress of measures which the well-being of the nation requires. If Government, at an early period of every session, were to introduce measures of national importance, fitted to excite the interest and cordial sympathy of the public, taking due care to have them reduced into the form of Bills well considered and thoroughly prepared, giving the House also to understand that they were determined to press through all that they introduced, and introducing only such as they were resolved to carry, unless rejected by the House,—instead of, as at present, bringing forward a number, of which it is well known that a half or a third will by and bye be abandoned,—and then actually urging them on with the constancy, energy, and resolution of men really in earnest, the obstruction offered by inconsiderate and useless

speech-making, and factious motions of adjournment, would not be endured either by the country or the House. Members tempted to offer such obstruction would be borne down by an overwhelming force of public opinion, as well as by a consciousness of the mischief they were effecting, and the odium they would inevitably incur in the eyes even of their own constituents; and we should have no fear of Government being compelled, as at present, to drop measure after measure, to such an extent that the Legislature, at the end of the session, looks like a blighted tree with its fruit, in all stages of growth, strewing the ground beneath it, and only a few scattered here and there on the branches, which have been allowed to ripen. As it is, however, they allow the early part of the session to pass without any important business being introduced; then they come down with a multitude of measures ill digested and ill prepared; these they are obliged to delay or postpone, in order to amend or reconstruct them; they know they cannot carry them all, and they hesitate and vacillate as to which they will press, and which they will keep back; they lose courage as to important measures which excite opposition, and shirk questions which they fancy may be hazardous to their tenure of office; the public business ceases to make progress, and the main cause of this lies so obviously with the Government itself, that no one feels any scruple, or has cause to feel scruple, at occupying unreasonably the time of the House, because it is impossible to allege that even though he did it, the business of the nation would have been at all more advanced. The protraction and delay may so clearly be traced to the way in which the Government conducts that business, that others are freed from responsibility, and are screened from an odium which they would not venture to encounter; and we conceive that the Committee might have expressed themselves even in stronger terms than they do, in the concluding paragraph of their Report, in which they say, "They believe that by the careful preparation of measures, their early introduction, the judicious distribution of business between the two Houses, and the order and method with which measures are conducted, the Government can contribute in an essential degree to the easy and convenient conduct of business."

One of the means enumerated in this extract for promoting the despatch of public business—namely, its judicious distribution between the two Houses—involves considerations still more important than even that of effecting the object immediately in view. It is, in itself, a grievous evil, and attaches disgrace to the Governments through whose fault the spectacle is presented, that the House of Lords, a branch of our Legislature well fitted to render the most essential services to the country, should, session after session, be held up to the scorn of the public as utterly useless, and should be treated as if it were unworthy to be trusted with any real share in the work of legislation. For at least three-fourths of the session this House is compelled to meet, day by day, with no business of the slightest moment to perform; and after sitting a few moments, and listening, it may be, to an extravaganza of Lord Brougham, to adjourn till the morrow; while during the latter portion of it they are inundated with bills brought up from the Commons, which it is utterly impossible they can properly consider, or render any effective aid in bringing to perfection; so that they are reduced to the dilemma of either acting simply and merely as a registering chamber to record the bills of the Commons, or—if they attempt to perform their functions as a branch of the Legislature—of obstructing the public business, and of postponing to another session measures which the necessities of the country urgently required to be passed. The whole blame of this sad and shameful exhibition lies on the Government of the day. As the legislation of the country is now, of necessity, carried on, almost all public measures must originate with the Government. Private members of the Legislature cannot hope to carry such through. They cannot be expected to make the attempt, and would not succeed if they did. On the other hand, the assistance of the Lords is of the utmost value in perfecting the hastily considered bills which are often passed through the Commons in their original crude state; and in certain branches of legislation—as, for instance, that of legal reforms, which is as extensive as it is important—the House of Lords is peculiarly fitted for taking the lead. That a great saving in the time of Parliament would be secured, and superior legislation attained, would alone be a sufficient reason for introducing a due proportion of their measures in the House of Lords; but they are under a still stronger obligation to do so in order to preserve to that House the respect of the nation, and its proper position as a co-equal branch of the Legislature. If a ministry hostile to the aristocracy, or opposed to the existence of a Second Chamber, were to seek for the means by which they could bring the peerage into contempt with the country, and effect the ultimate

abolition of the House of Lords, they could not find a method of accomplishing their purpose more certain of success than the system which for some years has been pursued towards that House; and it is utterly inconceivable to us how men really and sincerely attached to that part of our Constitution should allow any considerations to lead them to follow a course of conduct so injurious, or, indeed, so fatal to its continued usefulness and existence. We sincerely trust it will no longer be persevered in, and that, in the ensuing session, a change of practice will be introduced, essential alike to the proper disposal of the business of the country, and to the maintenance of our Constitution in all its integrity, which can only be effected by realizing the practical utility and value of every portion of it.

Of the subjects to which the attention of Parliament will chiefly be directed during this session, that of Financial Reform will, in all likelihood, excite the greatest interest, as it will certainly occupy the longest time. It is not a subject which can be concentrated into one discussion, and be disposed of by the vote on one question. Every committee of supply, and each separate item of the estimates, presents an opportunity for debating its general principles, or applying them to particular branches of the expenditure; and although the policy of the advocates of this growing cause will lead them to avoid, as much as possible, the risk of its being frittered down into fragments, and disposed of piecemeal, in questions of detail, the discussion must necessarily extend over a much larger space than that on any single definite measure, such as the abolition of the Corn Laws.

This subject has been of late far too much overlooked, and it has never at any time been treated in Parliament in a broad, comprehensive, and general way. It seems now likely to be dealt with in such a way, and with an earnestness corresponding to its vast importance. The state of our finances is itself sufficiently serious, and when viewed with reference to the fearful calamities which embarrassed finances scarcely ever fail to bring upon a nation, it is truly appalling. The existing evils of the restraints upon our trade—the repression of our industrial energies, and the burden on our people,—which result from the excessive taxation of this country, are sufficiently grievous; while, if we anticipate any events which might permanently diminish our national income, or still farther increase our national expenditure, such as an inevitable war—on the probability of the occurrence of which the opponents of the Financial Reform movement found their resistance to any effective reduction in our existing naval and military establishments—we must also anticipate the *risk*, at least, of a national bankruptcy, with all the fearful confusions, convulsions, and confiscation of property, which such an event would inevitably involve.

A great reduction in our expenditure is imperatively required. Sad experience, however, has taught, that neither the Government, of whatever party composed, nor the Legislature, will, of their own accord, effect the necessary retrenchment and economy unless compelled by the people. The people, therefore, must themselves take the matter in hand, and they are now preparing to do so with a zeal, determination, and unanimity, which cannot fail to prove successful. Mr. Cobden, whose persevering energies in forming and directing the Anti-Corn Law League, accomplished so great and wonderful a victory as that which crowned its efforts, has put himself at the head of a similar combination, of which the object is, "to reduce the public expenditure to, at least, the standard of 1835, and to secure a more equitable and economical system of taxation." In his addresses, Mr. Cobden refrains from entering into detail in reference to the particular items on which a saving should be effected. This course is at all events judicious, with a view to the success of his scheme of agitation. The great body of the classes whose support he must gain in order to carry the object proposed, would not listen with interest to lengthened statements of minute details in all the branches of the public service, nor could they be expected to form any strong or clear opinion as to each separate article. Neither is it necessary that they should. They can perfectly understand this:—that the country cannot afford to provide for the present amount of expenditure, and that, in point of fact, the public service was carried on, not many years since, for £10,000,000 less than it costs now. It is the privilege of the nation to determine how much they can and will spend, and they are perfectly competent to decide this, leaving it to the Government to prepare the scheme for applying the amount most beneficially for the service of the country. It would be idle folly in the leaders of a great movement like this, to fritter away their strength in separate attacks on a thousand separate items, instead of concentrating their whole strength for an assault on the grand extravagance of the country's expenditure—namely, that branch

of it which includes four-fifths of the whole —the military establishment, whether by land or sea.

In meeting this assault in Parliament, all parties will, doubtless, in general terms, acknowledge the necessity of economy and retrenchment; and the Government, we may be satisfied, will actually effect a number of praiseworthy reductions in matters of detail and of administration, which, though presenting a long list in enumeration, will exhibit a comparatively small sum total in the amount saved, certainly far within what the necessities of the country and the state of its finances require. But we have no hope that they will go further, or that they will make any approach to the standard of 1835, which has been suggested, and we doubt not will be generally adopted, as that for reducing our present expenditure, to which the efforts of the people should be directed. It is said, indeed, that this is altogether an arbitrary standard, and that the expenditure of 1792, or of any other year, might just as well be fixed on. But it is impossible, in this way, to evade the force of the facts, that the service of the State was efficiently performed at an expenditure by ten millions less than that of last year, so recently as 1835, and that the country is now in nearly the same condition as then; no event or change of circumstances having occurred which can, by possibility, warrant an increase of expenditure so great as that from £44,422,000 to £54,596,000. It may be that the economy of that period was not in all respects the most judicious with reference to particular branches, but making every allowance on this account, its expenditure must at least have very nearly approximated to the amount which was necessary for the public service. The country has, it is true, since then increased in population; but this ought to involve merely an increase in the expenditure in its civil service; whereas the augmentation has been almost entirely on the branches of the military service. It is, indeed, the expenditure on this service alone which presents room for a reduction of such probable amount as to excite any strong interest in the people at large, or to afford any sensible relief from their burdens. The whole civil service costs about six millions, while the expense of the military service (including in this the army, navy, and ordnance) is £18,502,000, a sum above the amount (£18,024,000) which provided for every branch of the public service, civil and military, in 1830, when the Duke of Wellington's Administration was turned out, by the party now in power, on a formal vote condemnatory of its extravagance. In 1835 the expense of the military service was £11,657,000, the increase since that date having been about seven millions. Now what has occasioned the necessity for such an increase, or imposes the necessity of continuing to maintain it? The standing justification of an extensive navy, and a large army, is rested on the risk of war, and the importance of preventing attacks on the part of other nations, by showing how well prepared we are to repel them. Now, we admit the paramount importance of the defence of the country to every other consideration, but we deny that the risks of war have increased since 1835, or that it is the existence of large military establishments which will deter hostile nations from provoking a quarrel with us. The probability of war, indeed, we rejoice to think, has greatly diminished since that period. Not only has the desire for peace between nation and nation gained strength, but occasions of war have been removed out of the way. The expulsion of the Orleans dynasty from France has, of itself, relieved us of the only cause of dispute which was likely to arise between that country and this, in connexion with the eventual succession to the throne of Spain; and the recent revolutions throughout Europe have, for the future, excluded those fruitful sources of war which spring from personal or dynastic ambition, or the family rights and interests of sovereigns, to which so many of the former European wars must be traced. Other nations also are, for the present, and indeed are likely for a long while to be, too entirely engrossed with their own internal affairs to quarrel with us, unless we should attempt to interfere with them in the regulation of these. No one seriously believes that any of the nations of Europe will be mad enough to attack us; and groaning, as *we* do, under the fearful burden of the debt incurred in our attempt to prevent the French nation from choosing their own form of government, and afterwards to compel them to give up the ruler whom they had themselves elected, and whose natural heir they have now seated in his place, we surely will not be mad enough again to engage in a similar contest with any nation. But even if there were more risk than we believe there is, of being embroiled with foreign powers, so as to render it wise to maintain a position which will deter them from assailing us, we deny altogether that it is the existence of extensive armaments kept up during peace which will, in this way, secure us against war. Our safety from attack must mainly depend on our na-

tional spirit, courage, and determination—the extent of our resources, and a financial condition capable of providing the means of a prolonged contest. The mere existence of an immense army and navy will not deter another nation from going to war with us, if they believe that our resources are inadequate to furnish our armaments with the necessary means of action, and that our national spirit is not such as will bear us up amid the difficulties and dangers of a lengthened contest; while the knowledge that we are strongly imbued with such a spirit, and that we possess abundant resources, will, even of themselves, create such a wholesome respect, as to check the temptation to seize any temporary advantage that might be at the outset of a war secured, in consequence of the limited extent of the armament actually kept up in time of peace. Of the truth of this remark, America affords a pregnant proof. With a navy much inferior in extent to that of France or that of Britain, she maintains a tone and position at least as confident as either of them, and is treated with a respectful observance—showing that she is as secure from encroachments as nations with armaments of far greater magnitude. Indeed, an excessive military force constantly kept up as a burden on a country, may, by crippling its finances, actually incite to the very attack which the dread of it is intended to avoid.

It is said, however, that besides the necessity of being prepared for actual war, a large armament is essential to the maintenance of our proper *influence* in European politics. We really do not know that it is now-a-days of much importance to this country that her Government should exercise a great influence in European politics; but whatever influence it may be desirable they should exercise a country like this cannot fail to possess, irrespective of the extent to which she keeps up her army and navy, if her relations with other countries be but conducted with wisdom, in a friendly as well as firm spirit, and with due respect to them; while, if conducted otherwise, and especially if our diplomacy be marked with an unwarranted intermeddling in their domestic affairs, we can only look for hatred, disregard of our advice, and a resolution to thwart us in every direction. Nothing can show more clearly how unavailing a mere extent of force is to maintain the influence which is thereby sought to be preserved, than the present state of our relations with the continental powers. Our naval and military force has never been so great in time of peace, and we have largely employed it in demonstrations over all the world in order to back our diplomacy; but scarcely at any time has our real influence been more contemptible than at the present moment. We have miserably failed in every object we have attempted; we have been subjected to slights and insults which would have been appropriate to the times of James I. or Charles II.; and our only relief from general contempt is, that we are hated even more than we are scorned. It is worse than idle to plead the importance of maintaining our diplomatic influence in Europe as a reason for keeping up an extravagant armament in time of peace; and, indeed, one great collateral benefit which may be expected to result from a reduction in our military establishments would be, that our Government would be less inclined to interfere in the disputes between nation and nation, or between the people of other countries and their rulers.

The great contest in the question of retrenchment will necessarily be as to the *extent* of the army and navy. That much may be saved by the introduction of greater economy into the details of the administration of these establishments, is true; but important as it is that such economy should not be overlooked, the great object is a reduction in the amount of the force, without which nothing in the way of retrenchment can be effected which will admit of any material relief to the nation. It is, indeed, highly satisfactory to observe that there is no appearance of any tendency to cut down the pay, whether of officers or men, below a fair and proper remuneration for their services. No one would propose for a moment to deprive the soldier of those provisions for his comfort and improvement which have been recently introduced under the superintendence of the present excellent Secretary-at-War, who, with kind-hearted and enlightened sympathy, has made so good a commencement in the attempt to raise the condition of the men in the ranks of our army. On the contrary, the people of this country would, we are persuaded, willingly see these provisions added to, and the allowances of the soldier and sailor made such as absolutely to supersede, in the army, the revolting arts of the recruiting service, and in the navy, the atrocious and cruel tyranny of the system of impressment. The country fully appreciates the merits of her gallant navy and army. She does not grudge, and will not refuse, a full remuneration for whatever services she really requires, but she will not submit to the burden of a per-

manent armament in time of peace, far beyond what she can afford, or what is necessary for her protection.

Eminently desirable and important, however, though it be, that the utmost possible reduction should be effected in our expenditure, it is impossible to keep out of view the depressing and discouraging fact, that out of the fifty-four millions which the nation pays annually, twenty-eight millions are required to defray the interest on the national debt, and that while that debt exists, this immense proportion of our expenditure must be excluded from the amount on which any retrenchment can be attempted. This consideration is apt to generate a feeling of hopelessness, which would nearly amount to despair, if we were in the habit of dwelling much on the subject. We have, however, been so long accustomed to our debt, that while we can never cease to be sensible of the *burden* of it, we have nearly lost sight of the *danger* which attends its continued subsistence. Yet no one who seriously thinks of the subject, and contemplates the not improbable occurrence of events which would produce still greater embarrassments in our finances than any we have yet experienced, can avoid a feeling of alarm at the almost certain consequences, of which the most immediate—the violation of the national faith—though that most to be condemned and deplored, would scarcely be the most fearful. As yet, the determination to maintain that faith with the public creditor is universal among all the respectable classes of society; but it will not stand the pressure to which, in the lapse of time, it must inevitably be exposed; and if the national creditor be once despoiled, the proprietor will not stand secure. We earnestly wish that men would bring themselves to look steadfastly in the face the danger the country is exposed to by the existence of a national debt, which is felt to be intolerably oppressive—which fetters the energies of the country—restricts her trade—obstructs her in the march of internal improvement—exposes her to assaults from abroad, and keeps her ever on the brink of anarchy and confusion at home. If they did, we should not absolutely despair of their deliberately considering some plan for effecting that which at present will seem the wild project of an extravagant dreamer—the payment of the debt; but which, we believe, would prove the only safeguard against ultimate national bankruptcy or repudiation, and all its attendant consequences.

Looking at the nation simply in its corporate character, no diminution in its wealth would result from effecting such a payment. The expenditure, so far as the nation is concerned, has already taken place. This consisted in the destruction and consumption of stores and munitions of war, the exportation of bullion, and, generally, the whole expenses incurred during our former wars. The loss took place then. To meet that loss, the State borrowed the funds of individual members of the community, to whom, or those in their right, it still owes the amount. In repaying that debt, the nation would not require to destroy any further wealth, nor, as in the case of China in the payment of the ransom to this country, to take out of the realm any portion of its property. The transaction would consist in the *transference* of property from one class of the community to another class of the community,—from the owners of property (among whom the creditors would so far be themselves ranked) to these creditors, almost exclusively members of the national body. The operation would be purely internal; and so far as the nation, in its corporate capacity, is concerned, the result would be one of advantage as unqualified as it was great. Taxes to the amount of twenty-eight millions a-year would be at once repealed, thus relieving the country from a fearful burden, and placing it in a position of commanding power to commence a new career of glorious prosperity and advancement, freed from the crushing weight which now represses all its energies and impedes its every movement. The burden would fall on the *individual* proprietors of the nation, but that would be counterbalanced to a greater extent than will generally be supposed. At present, so far as regards the national debt, every owner of property is in the situation of a man whose estate is under mortgage, and liable for a certain amount of yearly interest. That interest is levied in the shape of taxes, and if the taxes to pay the interest of the debt were all imposed upon the owners of property alone, the appropriation of such a proportion of that property as was necessary to pay off the debt, would simply be the redemption of a mortgage, or the buying up of an annual rent charge. This, however, is not the case. A large portion of the taxes levied for this purpose is raised on articles of consumption, from the labouring and trading population, on whom it would be impossible to lay a share of the debt. Still, though the proprietor paid more than the fair purchase-money of the taxes from which he would be relieved, he would obtain an ample consideration for this in the state of security to which he would thereby attain;

and, besides, no one can attend to the tendency of public opinion at present, without seeing that proprietors will ere long, if the debt continue, have to submit to a much larger portion of the taxation necessary for the payment of the interest of that debt than they at present bear. The whole real property of the kingdom may be taken in round numbers at 2300 millions, and the personal property at 2200 millions, in all 4500 millions. Stating the debt at 800 millions, it would require nearly one-fifth of the whole property of the kingdom to pay it. Each man would have to sacrifice that proportion of his estate or realized funds; but, as the sacrifice would be made by all, each would hold the same relative place which he occupied before, and in addition to his direct relief from taxation, he would also participate in the general prosperity of the country, which would rise with a buoyant spring on the removal of the weight which has so long pressed down its energies.

A natural feeling would doubtless arise that the debt incurred by a former generation might still be handed over to that which is to succeed, and that the existing generation cannot in justice be called upon to provide the capital of a debt, in the contraction of which they had no concern. But the question to be considered by the present race of proprietors, is, whether their own interest, safety, and security do not require all the sacrifice they would be called upon to make. Many, it is true, would be under the necessity of selling portions of their property, but the creditors who are paid off would require investments for their funds, and by coming into the market would prevent an undue depreciation; while a separate and collateral advantage would result in the division of estates, and the augmentation of the number of proprietors of land. While the process of incurring the greater portion of the debt was going on, another process was keeping pace with it, by which the number of separate properties was reduced to an extent that seems almost incredible. It is calculated that during the half century which preceded the peace of 1815, the land of England, previously parcelled out among 250,000 families, came to be held by only thirty-two thousand; and it would not be the least of the benefits attending the repayment of the debt, that the process would be reversed, and the basis of proprietorship again extended.

A proposal to pay off the national debt will, as we have said, seem utterly wild, but it will appear so only because no one imagines that the owners of property could evince such courage, patriotism, and self-denial, as to submit to a sacrifice which, looking to the actual relief from taxation it would purchase, could not be deemed very extravagant, while it would save their country—launch it on a new career of augmented prosperity, and secure themselves and their children from dangers of no light kind, and no improbable occurrence, should this burden be allowed to lie on the nation till its galling oppressiveness and a convulsive effort to get rid of it issue in revolution, confiscation, and anarchy. Meanwhile, it is the duty of all to seek to obtain whatever amount of relief is practically attainable, and we trust, that, though the combined efforts now commenced may not achieve much during this session of parliament, these will ultimately accomplish results well worth the struggling for.

Another subject of equal urgency with Financial Reform, and of far greater difficulty, which will press early on the attention of Parliament, is the condition of Ireland, with reference especially to the working of the Poor Law, now producing there such momentous results. When a compulsory provision for the able-bodied poor was first introduced into Ireland, in opposition to the deliberate opinion of the able and intelligent Commissioners who had spent three years in investigating the state of the country with reference to that question, it was on a scale so limited that its enactment could only be looked on as preliminary to the extension which has since taken place; or, if no such extension was contemplated, as having for its object some collateral and incidental advantage, such as the establishment of some universal rating which might serve as a means of testing the qualification for enrolment of voters for members of Parliament. It was obvious, however, to all who had considered the tendencies of such a Poor Law once introduced in connexion with the state of the Irish population, that, with whatever intention originated, it would inevitably advance with the fearfully rapid strides which have, in point of fact, characterized its progress. The machine to set up was of capacity sufficient to drain off the whole produce of the country;—the amount of unemployed population destitute of all self-dependence afforded a power capable of ultimately working it to the utmost extent of its capacity; and even already, a point has been reached which places the landed property of Ireland on the very brink of confiscation.

In some places one-fifth of the population are on the poor's roll; rates of five, seven, and ten shillings, in the pound, are frequent, and in one Union, as stated last session by the Chancellor of Exchequer, the amount had reached nineteen shillings and sixpence,

so that a rate in aid out of the public revenue of the empire was required and voted. These rates, too, are largely in arrear; the attempt to levy them has been resisted, and the aid of military force has been required in more than one instance, so that the poor-rate threatens to take the place formerly occupied by the tithe prior to the Commutation Act;—the peasantry in large numbers are throwing up their plots of ground and farms, that they may pass over from the rate-paying to the rate-consuming class;—the gentry are approaching fast to a state of bankruptcy;—many have been obliged to abandon their residences, which have, in several instances, been turned into supplemental poor's-houses for those who are now the true beneficiaries in the estates:—others have been compelled to give up the improvements on their own estates which they had previously been in use to carry on, but which the abstraction of so large a portion of their income, in the shape of poor's-rates, prevents them from further prosecuting;—dread and alarm pervade all classes above that composed of the recipients of relief, while the misery of the mass of the population appears to be as intense and as wide spread as ever.

Nothing can be more striking than the complete falsification of the views on which the introduction into Ireland of a Poor Law for the able-bodied was attempted to be justified. The foundation on which it was rested was the assumption, that such was the horror of the Irish for confinement, that the mere terror of the workhouse would operate as a stimulus to support themselves sufficient to effect that object. Mr. Nicholls, whom Lord John Russell employed to make a three months' scamper over Ireland in order to overthrow the report—the result of three years' inquiry and deliberation—of the Royal Commissioners appointed by the Government of which he was a member, and on whose judgment the original Poor Law was based, seemed to consider that the dread of "workhouse discipline" would accomplish what starvation discipline could not effect; overlooking this, that even if the Irish viewed confinement in a workhouse with more terror than starvation itself, neither the one nor the other could provide work which was not to be had. The Commissioners had reported that there "were out of work and in distress during thirty weeks in the year" no less than 585,000 persons, with 1,800,000 others dependent on them, making, in all, not under 2,385,000; and they justly observed, that "the difficulty in Ireland is not to make the able-bodied look for employment, but to find it profitable for the many who seek it." Mr. Nicholls, however, and the Government who acted on his opinion, full of the notion that the stimulus which answered in England, where, in general, the willing worker can find work, would answer in Ireland, where the grand want was the want of work, which no stimulus could supply, fancied that the sight of a workhouse and the apprehension of workhouse discipline were all that was needed. It is obvious, that even had the stimulus of the workhouse been more powerful with the Irish than the stimulus of starvation, which was in full operation previously, it never could have enabled them to find work when "work there was not for them." But what has experience shown even as to the assumed dread of the workhouse? So far from being shunned, the workhouses of Ireland are actually besieged for admission. Buildings erected to contain 1000 inmates are crammed with upwards of 3000, and enlargements, or supplemental houses, are everywhere in progress.

Again, it was assumed, that the necessary result of the introduction of a Poor Law for the able-bodied would be, that the landed proprietors, in order to keep down the rates, would afford employment to the labouring population in the improvement of their estates. This was to be the *stimulus* to the landlords, as the dread of workhouse discipline was to be the *stimulus* to the destitute; and it was relied on with equal confidence as certain to produce a complete transformation in Ireland, and to bring about that healthful state of full natural employment to which alone, as Mr. Nicholls truly remarks, "the labourers of a country can look for permanent occupation, and the means of support." But what has been the result? Why, that not only have none been thus stimulated to provide employment, but that numbers of those proprietors who had been in use to do so, have been compelled to give up the further improvement of their estates, and to dismiss the labourers employed by them, being unable to pay both wages and the enormous poor's-rates to which they are subjected.

This, however, was exactly the result which *ought* to have been looked for. Even if the estates of the Irish gentry had been altogether unencumbered, the exaction of a fifth, a fourth, or a half of their rental for poor's-rates, was not likely to lead to an increased expenditure in the improvement of these; but in the embarrassed condition of the greater part of the proprietors, the diversion of a much smaller portion of their income must, in most cases, have absolutely precluded the possibility of their undertaking any expenditure for this purpose. Besides,

in general, they could reap no advantage in the shape of relief from rates, by any extent of employment given by them to the labouring population on their own properties. Even had the parishes all constituted separate rateable divisions, there would be very few in which there would not be found one or more proprietors who provided no employment, and whose population would consequently fall to be supported by the rates; and, of course, the other proprietors could not be expected both to employ their own people, and to pay rates for the support of those whose landlords would not or could not provide employment for theirs. But as if to exclude the possibility of this motive, on which the advocates of the law so strongly rested, being operative to any extent, the rateable divisions generally embrace several parishes, all included in one union, and so extensive that, in no case, can a proprietor hope, in any sensible degree, to diminish the rate by whatever extent of employment it may be in his power to provide. The present Poor Law, instead of operating as a stimulus to the creation of natural employment, presents an almost insuperable barrier to its extension, and tends greatly to limit that which was previously provided.

Finally, it was confidently anticipated that the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland would stay the stream of mendicancy which poured over the whole surface of Britain such a flood of Irish paupers. But instead of this, that flood rolls on more copiously than before; so threatening to lower and degrade our own population, as to lead men almost seriously to entertain the idea of permitting a repeal of the Union, that we might the more easily erect some effective barrier against its overwhelming and destructive torrent.

All parties seem agreed that matters cannot be allowed to remain as they are; but the changes as yet suggested seem to us little calculated to supply the defects or redress evils so universally acknowledged.

The two principal alterations which have been advocated in Ireland are,—1. The diminution of the area of taxation, by taking for this purpose, the parishes or electoral divisions, instead of the unions; and, 2. The extension of the fund from which the provision for the poor is to be drawn.

1. Now, as to the first of these proposed amendments, it is no doubt true that, in some cases, to a certain, though, we believe, to a comparatively limited extent, the change of the area of taxation, from the union to the parish or electoral division, would remove the obstruction now presented to the employment of labourers, in the improvement of their estates by liberal-minded proprietors who have funds at their command, by the certainty that no efforts of theirs, in this way, will sensibly diminish or even keep down the rate; but there is a practical bar to the adoption of such a measure, in the circumstance that in almost every union there are one or more parishes or divisions, the whole rental of which would not support their own poor. If, then, these were severed from the union, how would the destitute population be maintained? It was stated by the Chancellor of Exchequer last year, that in some parishes, if the rateable division were changed from the union to the parish, the sum required for the support of the poor would amount to greatly beyond the whole produce of the parish, amounting, in one case mentioned by him, to no less than forty-four shillings in the pound. How then could they be supported? If the principle of the Poor Law be, that every man is entitled to work or subsistence, they cannot be excluded from the benefit of that privilege, legally acknowledged to be the right of all. They must then be supported either by a rate in aid, or out of the public funds. A rate in aid would, however, be substantially the same thing as the present rate over the union; and a supplemental provision out of the public revenue, which would be a rate in aid over the kingdom at large, will not, we presume, be contemplated by any one, at least on this side of the Channel, as admissible. To a certain extent, indeed, such a supplemental provision was voted by Parliament, last year, out of the general revenue; but such a mode of supplying the wants of Ireland cannot be continued. The distribution of a general fund by local boards, and that too in Ireland, would insure the most reckless extravagance, and an eager struggling between the various parishes for the largest possible share of the spoil; while the destitute population would expand with the amount granted, and is capable of exhausting far more than the funds of this country can possibly afford to pay. Besides, the people of England and Scotland will not submit permanently to bear the burden of maintaining the labouring population of Ireland. They nobly responded to her cry of distress under the providential visitation to which she has been subjected, but her ordinary destitution must be otherwise provided for.

2. The other mode of alleviating the burden now felt to be so oppressive, is by extending the fund from which the provision for the poor is drawn. It is proposed that moveable estate should be made liable to be rated as well as real estate. This is, and long has been, allowed in Scotland, and we

readily acknowledge the justice of equalizing the burthen, while it subsists, over all the holders of property whether personal or real. But although some relief would for the first year or so be thereby obtained, it would not be permanent. With three millions of a destitute population, and a capacity of indefinite increase, the demands would rapidly augment with the rateable fund, and in a wonderfully short time the rates would again reach, and then pass beyond their present point; and ultimately the only result would be to involve the merchants, traders, and shopkeepers, in the same ruin with the landed proprietors.

That ruin is certainly advancing with rapid strides; and the fearful evils which the domination of the ascendant body in Ireland has brought upon the people is now likely to meet with a fearful retribution, though not at the hands of those whom they have kept down and oppressed, but at those of the very Government whose predecessors were their abettors in the wrongs inflicted. A confiscation more gradual, indeed, but not less sure, than those of Henry, James, and Cromwell, is fast restoring to the descendants of the "mere Irish" the produce of the lands taken from their forefathers and bestowed upon the Saxon; and if the present system go on for a few years longer, the greater portion of the rental of Ireland will be transferred to the body of the population. If the Government were deliberately seeking to reduce the whole inhabitants, rich and poor, proprietor and peasant, to one common level, that they might rear a totally new framework of society, they could not pursue a course more likely to effect the object; and if the new erection were likely to secure prosperity and happiness in future to that wretched land, we might possibly succeed in shutting our eyes to the immediate misery which must be suffered, and in thinking only of the retribution on an unpatriotic selfish race, and the regeneration of the people they had so long degraded and oppressed. No such prospect, however, can reasonably be entertained. The reduction of the whole population of Ireland to one common mass of pauperism would only the more certainly secure its perpetual degradation and poverty, and remove every element through the operation of which the people might be elevated.

Meanwhile that process is going on with alarming rapidity, and we know not how it can be stayed, so long as the English nation and its representatives continue to view with such infatuated favour their system of Poor Law for the able-bodied,—to attribute to its operation all the results of the inherent independence and indomitable energy and industry of their people, and of the natural advantages of their country, and to look on it as the grand panacea for all the evils of every people, under whatever circumstances, and of whatever character. We had hoped that the exhibition of the real tendencies of the principle of that system which was presented to the world in France, immediately consequent on the recent Revolution, would have staggered men in their strange confidence in it; but with marvellous ingenuity or blindness, while condemning without qualification the steps attempted to be taken there for the permanent recognition of the "rights of labour," they will not see that the principle there contended for, and for a time carried into operation, is identically the same principle with that on which the English Poor Law is rested. That principle is, that every man has a *right* to be provided with labour, or failing that, with subsistence. In France, its natural tendencies, and the results to which it inevitably leads, appeared more palpable, because it was introduced without any check, and in circumstances which at once gave free scope to its power. The provision of work to the unemployed was there to be made by the State directly, and out of the public revenue. All the streams of destitution were consequently drawn into one channel, and directed, with united and overwhelming force, against the central Government, by which the relief was to be administered. All moral restraint, too, was withdrawn, and the working population, instead of feeling it a degradation to be dependent on the means of others, looked on their right to labour or support as one, or the chief, of the objects for which they had effected the Revolution, and as the legitimate reward of their exertions and their triumph; while the destruction of credit, and the stoppage of all private enterprises, vastly augmented the masses whose wants had to be supplied, and consequently the pressure on the Government. It soon became evident that a universal confiscation of property must inevitably result from the principle which had been recognised and put into operation. The only alternative was ruin, on the one hand, or the overthrow of this principle, on the other. After a fierce and bloody conflict, the friends of order and property triumphed,—the national workshops were closed, and the principle of the English Poor Law, which had wrought such wild mischief, and brought the nation to the brink of destruction, was solemnly negatived by the National Assembly, and refused to be admitted into the new constitution.

That it has not, as yet, fully developed its native tendencies in England, is owing in part to the character of the people, and in part to the practical checks which the mode of administration interposes. The English

people are so strongly imbued with an instinct of active industry, and a spirit of personal self-dependence, that they have long resisted the adverse influences of their own Poor Law system. The administration, again, being parochial, the streams, which in France were collected into one channel, and directed against a common centre, are distributed into thousands of rills, the force and pressure of which are vastly lessened by division, while they are easily subjected to all the checks and obstructions which the local management provides. These restraints, however, are daily becoming less efficacious. The habit of energetic industry is, among large classes, giving way; while the avowed recognition of the principle of a right of employment or maintenance is going far, by the substitution of a false and bastard independence, founded on the notion that they are *entitled* to employment or support, to supersede that true and noble self-dependence which scorns to live on the means of others, and which the mere *practice*, without the recognition of the *principle*, of the Poor Law so long failed to overcome. Accordingly, although the progress has been slow, the flood is constantly rising and advancing. The pressure on the checks interposed is daily becoming more severe; already the grand barrier—that of the work-house test—introduced by the Poor-Law Amendment Act as the only means of saving the country from an ultimate state of universal pauperism, is yielding and breaking down; and we are compelled once more to watch the rise of those waters whose progress it was hoped had been stayed, but which must, by an inevitable law of nature, continue to advance, so long as the principle which the French, by a convulsive effort to save themselves from instant ruin, expelled, continues to be fostered and acted on.

In Ireland, the moral restraints which have operated so powerfully in England in checking the natural tendencies of the principle of the Poor Law, have scarcely any existence, while the artificial obstructions have been to a great extent omitted. Partly from peculiarities of character which mark the race, but mainly from the circumstances in which, for generations, they have been placed, the Irish are without habits of permanent and steady industry, while they have scarcely any feeling of personal self-dependence which would make them rely exclusively on their own exertions for support. Kept under as a degraded race for ages,—all hope of raising themselves by their own efforts excluded,—the objects of a grinding oppression on the part of the dominant class, and with minds debased by an enslaving superstition, they have fallen into a state of degraded recklessness, and willingly abandon themselves to the condition of hopeless pauperism, which the Poor Law has legalized, and which holds out at least some prospect of maintenance at the cost of others, and without exertion on their own part. The population, too, thus constituted, has long been greatly in excess of the natural employment which the country provides; and, even subject to the artificial checks which exist in England, it would soon swallow up the whole rental of the land. But, as if to make matters worse, these have been, in a great measure, dispensed with by the Legislature. The rateable areas have been made much larger than in England, so as to increase the pressure; the administration has been made more central and less local, so as to diminish the resistance; while the great defence which was deemed necessary to secure England against being overwhelmed by a flood of pauperism—namely, the workhouse-test—has now been deliberately rejected as to Ireland, where it was much more imperatively needed. Accordingly, during the short period for which the Poor Laws have existed in the latter country, the system has advanced with gigantic strides. The proportion of the population receiving relief, and of the rents absorbed in providing it, already far exceed that which has been reached in England. These, too, are increasing with alarming speed. The population is becoming more and more sunk in the apathetic dependence of permanent and hopeless pauperism. The rental of some unions has already been exhausted by the rates, and all are fast approaching to that state; while British capital, through which alone natural employment could be expected to be provided, is absolutely excluded by its subjection—in addition to all the previous risk of insecurity—to an indefinitely augmenting burden, to which it is impossible to see a limit short of the exhaustion of all it is capable of yielding. No sane man on this side of the channel, however enterprising, would lay out his funds in improving land in Ireland, under a state of things in which every pound of return he may create is liable to a rate of five, ten, or fifteen shillings, with a not improbable prospect of being in a few years absorbed altogether. Even as regards the indirect and collateral advantages which are supposed to flow from a Poor Law for the able-bodied, Ireland is past the stage at which alone these could be available. Many who cannot stand up in defence of such a Poor Law with reference to its direct

operation, still insist that, by its action on proprietors, leading them to prevent the erection of additional dwelling-houses on their lands, it tends to keep the population within the existing means of employment and subsistence. In truth, we believe that this action only effects the undue accumulation of masses in towns and villages, and creates such nests of physical and moral pollution and disease, as was lately held up to the view of the public in the case of Hilton Abbas; but, supposing it really would operate in the way proposed, where the population had not already become excessive in numbers, and thoroughly degraded in habits, the time for applying such a check in Ireland is gone. The population has been allowed to increase so far beyond the exisiting means of employment, that nothing but a wholesale extirpation of millions would reduce it within due limits; while their habits have been so utterly degraded, that restraints on the erection of dwelling-houses, however great, would never prevent marriage and increase, but would only drive a large portion of them into lairs like those of the beasts of the field.

There is therefore no hope for Ireland so long as this system is maintained ;—not that its removal would, in itself, positively and directly advance the improvement of the Irish people, but that it would take out of the way that which not only occupies the place of something better, and excludes it, but which operates as an insuperable barrier to the beneficial operation of every measure for their good. What then is to be done ? Are the landlords to be relieved from the duties which property imposes on them, and the people to be left to unassisted misery and degradation ? Assuredly not. This is not the only alternative ; and, dark as the prospect is, there would be no reason to despair, if statesmen, instead of, with blind prejudice, applying to Ireland the systems which they fancy to have wrought well in England, under circumstances totally different, and in some respects opposite, would frame their remedies with some reference to the real condition and wants of Ireland itself, and the actual causes of its evils.

We have no desire to see the landlords of Ireland relieved from their proper duties as proprietors, or from any burdens for the benefit of the population which the long-continued neglect of these duties may have entailed upon them. The present state of that population is owing in a great measure to them and their predecessors. As a dominant class—as an alien race—as, from absenteeism, withdrawn to a large extent from the influence of those feelings which lead proprietors to seek the elevation or improvement of the dwellers on their land, they have been removed from the operation of the motives and sympathies which so powerfully stimulate resident proprietors, under ordinary circumstances, to fulfil the duties that property imposes. These have, with some bright and noble exceptions, been for generations, and are still, shamefully neglected by the landlords of Ireland. It is but right that the State should step in, and either compel the performance of these, or as it best can, itself accomplish them at their expense. We would spare the Irish landlords no burden for this purpose which would really conduce to the welfare of the people. At present, however, they are taxed and brought to the verge of bankruptcy only to render the degradation of the people more permanent and complete. We would not relieve them from all taxation for behoof of the labouring population, but we would make it just in amount and limited in duration, and apply its proceeds towards such improvements as a patriotic proprietary would voluntarily have undertaken and accomplished, and as will tend to advance a state in which sufficient natural employment would be furnished through the ordinary channels, while the labouring-classes were stimulated to industry, and elevated in habits and condition.

Till some progress has been made in bringing Ireland to the state in which it would have been had the proprietors done their duty, let there be an universal labour-rate there ; but instead of its being, as at present, liable to an indefinite augmentation which threatens, ere long, to absorb the whole rental, let it be subjected to a reasonable limit which it shall in no case exceed. Then, instead of wasting the amount so raised, on the idle inmates of a workhouse, or on multitudes employed in some mockery of useless labour, invented as a test which it can scarcely ever answer, let it be appropriated to the execution of those classes of public improvements which would open up the resources of the country, and form new channels for future employment—such as main lines of communication—canals—river navigation—making available extensive sources of water power—the erection of fishing harbours, and the like. Then let these be executed, not in the shape of relieving paupers, at test or pauper work, but by going into the labour market in the ordinary way, and benefiting the mass of the community simply by withdrawing a portion of the competitors for private employment, and the parties employed, by the payment of wages fully earned by their own work and inde-

pendent exertions. And further, let them be carried on, as far as may be, in co-operation with local proprietors or associations, and at mutual expense in those cases where a special advantage is to be derived by these parties, as has been done, with such eminent success, by the Destitution Committee in Scotland, in conjunction with the Highland proprietors, particularly in Ross-shire. In this way, the general fund, in addition to the employment provided, and the reproductive improvements effected, would stimulate largely an additional outlay by individual proprietors, whose interest would also lead to a more economical and efficient administration. Beyond this, the extensive improvable wastes now in the hands of proprietors who cannot or will not reclaim them, should be acquired by the State, by compulsory sale, under some such scheme as was contained in the bill introduced in the session before last, but then abandoned; and after the first great operations towards their improvement were effected, these should be subdivided and resold, in such a shape and at such terms as might induce men of some capital to undertake their complete improvement and cultivation, and so form a new race of valuable landowners. In the prosecution of the same object, additional facilities should be largely given for the sale of unencumbered estates, for removing the fetters of entails, and simplifying tenures and conveyances,—and for, in every way, promoting the transfer of properties from the hands of those who are unable to perform the duties of proprietors, into the hands of others who could do justice to their estates, give employment to the labouring-classes in improving these, and increase the amount of agricultural produce drawn from the soil. By such means a wide door would be opened for that which is so important to the future welfare of Ireland—an influx of British capital, to make available the vast resources of that fertile land, so rich in soil, and so abundant in the means of manufacturing and commercial wealth. But to effect this, one additional requisite is absolutely essential—namely, security; and while security to life and property is essential to induce the British capitalist to transfer his capital to Ireland, security to the peasant and cultivator of the ground, that he shall certainly reap the benefits of his labour and his outlay upon it, is as essential in order to lay a foundation for elevating the character and condition of the great body of the people.

These two things are very nearly allied. As long as the peasant has no confidence in the law, and in the existing constitution of society securing to him the fruits of his exertions and outlay, he will not only continue in a state of apathetic inaction and indolence, but he will, whenever he deems himself wronged, seek to right himself at his own hand. The peasantry of Ireland are without such confidence, and so long as they continue in this state, there can be no sufficient security to life and property among the classes above them, or among any classes by whom they may feel or fancy they are wronged. The very first step, therefore, towards giving security to life and property, and so rendering the investment of capital in Ireland safe, is to provide security to the peasant, and give him confidence in that security. Now his present want of confidence, and, we will also say of security, arises from two separate causes. *First*, the nature of the tenure by which the land is generally possessed by the peasant; and, *Second*, the administration of the law, in the class of matters and transactions with which he is chiefly cognisant.

As to the first of these, he almost universally holds his land at the will of the landlord, except in Ulster, where tenant right prevails, and where a security to life and property unknown elsewhere in Ireland, together with a much better condition, owing to various causes on which we cannot enter here, are found. Improve it as he may, he is liable at any time to be turned out or to have his rent raised. He has no security, he can have no security, that he will reap the fruits of whatever labour or outlay he may expend in making the land possessed by him more productive. He has not even the reliance, doubtful as that is, which the kindly feelings of a resident proprietor afford, for he has generally to deal with a middleman or agent, whose sole duty and object is to extract as large a rent as possible from the unhappy tenant. In such a state of matters, the peasant is deprived of all stimulus to exertion or improvement, and, crushed down as the whole class have been for ages, they are without the hope of bettering their condition by their own efforts, and raising themselves in the social scale, which is the great spring of industry, the indispensable pre-requisite to attaining a habit of self-dependence. The very first step, therefore, towards making a beginning in the process of lifting them from the degradation into which they have fallen, is to afford them a security, on which they can confidently rely, that if they, by their own exertions, labour, and outlay, improve the value of the land possessed by them as tenants, they shall reap a reasonable return;

and that the whole profits shall not fall to the landlord, or even be exposed to the risk of being appropriated by him.

To provide such security was the object of a bill recently introduced, but like many other similar measures, abandoned, by which it was proposed to be enacted, that tenants should be entitled to possess at the existing rent, until remunerated for improvements effected by them on the land. The details and regulations of the measure, however, were so complicated, and would have proved so troublesome, and given rise to so much litigation, that no practical good could have been looked for from it; and assuredly it was not of a character calculated to have given the tenant such assurance of recovering the value of his ameliorations, as to lead him to venture on any outlay, or even to expend much labour, in improving his ground. Nor indeed, we fear, could any measure of this kind be so framed as to be practically available, and to give that confidence without which no object of any importance will be attained. A much more simple and unequivocal measure is absolutely necessary; and unwilling as we are that the free power and discretion of a landlord in letting his own land should be interfered with, we conceive that the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, arising in so large a measure from the neglect of the proprietors themselves, would warrant a temporary interposition of the Legislature, to effect the first upward movement in the elevation of the peasantry—to give the primary impulse to that stimulus which alone will raise them from their present state of degradation.

What, therefore, we would suggest is this: that all the present possessors of land to a certain specified extent, excluding the very smallest holdings, should be entitled to continue to possess, at the subsisting rent, for some definite space of time,—say for ten, or possibly fourteen years, subject, of course, to removal, by an easy and summary process, on failure to pay the rent. No doubt, considerable inconvenience would, in many cases, arise from such a general measure, which would in substance be the creation of a universal leasehold tenure for the next ten or fourteen years, instead of the present tenancy at will; but this would be far more than counterbalanced by the benefits. The tenants would have a motive for exertion which they do not now possess; they would entertain a hope of bettering themselves to which they have long been strangers, and which would give a new spring to their existence; and they would enjoy an actual security calculated to inspire confidence, and to remove that distrust whence so many evils flow.

The other subject in regard to which it is essential to give the peasant security and confidence, is the administration of the law in those matters in reference to which he is chiefly brought into contact with it. Now, as regards these matters, the law is almost exclusively administered by the Justices of Peace in their Petty and Quarter Sessions. These Justices, however, consist, with few exceptions, of that very dominant class whom the peasantry look on as their oppressors and natural enemies, from whom also they chiefly suffer the wrongs, for redress of which they would seek protection of the law, had they any confidence in its administration. That, however, they cannot have; and considering how long the law has been administered by the class of landlords, it is no wonder that they should also deem it the ally of their oppressors, and view it with a like enmity and distrust. However purely administered, it cannot be expected that the peasant should confide in its impartiality, or deem himself secure of justice. There ought, therefore, on this account, as well as for providing a really more efficient and just administration, to be no hesitation in superseding altogether, in Ireland, the Justices of the Peace, and substituting county and district Judges, such as the Sheriffs and Sheriff-substitutes of Scotland, with their accessory Procurators-fiscal or public prosecutors. In no part of the empire is justice, whether in matters civil or criminal, distributed more speedily, more cheaply, and more satisfactorily, to the mass of the population than it is in Scotland by these judges. Unbounded confidence is reposed in their impartiality. The poorest man knows, and is convinced that, against the richest and most powerful, he will obtain justice; while crime is followed up, detected, and punished, with a degree of certainty unknown in any other part of the three kingdoms. We doubt not that an experience of a very few years of the working of a similar system in Ireland would create a like confidence and security on the part of the population at large; and if this were once attained, a blow would be given to the practice of private vengeance as a means of redress, which would ultimately issue in its total suppression.

Along with this, the efficiency of such a system, in repressing crime, would provide that security to life and property which is essential to the employment of British capital in making the many sources of wealth and employment in Ireland available. The beginning of a new order of things would

be made, and by the time the temporary interferences with property, and with the proprietor's free management of his estates, which have been recommended above, came to an end, channels of natural employment would have opened up, habits of exertion and industry would have been formed, and such progress would have been made, in elevating the condition of the population, as to hold out a prospect of prosperity and peace to that long distracted and misused land.

Although in the preceding remarks we have not referred to the religion of the Irish population, we, of course, cannot but look on it as a main cause of their present degraded condition. The Legislature, however, can do little directly towards promoting a sound faith; and the utmost we could look for at their hand would be to refrain from positively encouraging Popery, and to open up a free field for the enterprise of private Christians, or Christian Churches.

As to the encouragement of Popery, we know that the endowment of the Irish priesthood is a favourite part of the expediency policy of our leading statesmen of all sides, who look upon religion, and the ministers of religion, as fitting instruments of political rule, and are infatuated enough to suppose that, by paying the priests, they would purchase their services and their influence with the people, and that that influence would be worth the price. A few months ago, we should have thought it necessary to have entered somewhat at large on this subject, and to have warned our readers to be up and doing in resisting the proposition of Popish endowment. We incline now to hope that the proceedings at the elections in Yorkshire and Devonshire, have determined the Government to postpone, at least, their meditated attempt; and while, rejoicing at this, we refrain from any discussion of the question, we would still urge on the Protestants of the empire the duty of being prepared to take the field, if necessary, at a moment's warning. We must also earnestly point to the continued existence of the Church of Ireland, as creating the great, and we might indeed say, the only real danger of the endowment of the Romish priesthood being ultimately effected. That measure will never, we believe, be carried against the combined and determined opposition of all classes of Dissenters, unless through the acquiescence and support of the Church of England. The maintenance of the Irish Church, however, is such a gross and indefensible injustice, that nothing can permanently save it except the enlisting in a common support of endowments the great mass of the population of Ireland. Many friends of the Church of England, therefore, convinced of this, seek, with a lamentable sacrifice of the cause of truth to that of Establishments, to satisfy their brethren that the interests of the Church of England—sure to be shaken by the overthrow of that of Ireland—demand that they should submit to the endowment of Popery there, in order to maintain the Irish Church in existence, at least, if not in the uncurtailed possession of all her present endowments. As yet, this view does not generally prevail; but it will doubtless spread, and if it do, may urge upon us the attempt of effecting, on the earliest possible opportunity, the overthrow of the Irish Church. All danger of the endowment of Romanism would, in this way, be for ever averted;—a great barrier to the spread of the truth of the Gospel among the native Irish would be removed; and an opportunity would be afforded for ample provision being made for the support of hospitals, asylums, &c., for the blind, dumb, insane, and impotent poor, or for advancing the general prosperity of the kingdom by useful works of public advantage, when any temporary rate for such objects may have come to an end.

We had contemplated noticing some other of the more important matters likely to come under the consideration of Parliament this session, but our space does not admit of our doing so. If, however, even those which we have adverted to be well disposed of, the country will not have, on this occasion, again to complain of a session barren of results for the benefit of the people.

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